SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME X JULY - DECEMBER

·CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK·
·F. WARNE & Co LONDON·

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Printed by
Trow Directory, Printing and Bookbinding Company,
New York, U. S. A.

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DRAWN BY J. R. WEGUELIN.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

TO FAUNUS.

[Horace, Book III., Ode XVIII.]

(See page 22.)

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. X. JULY, 1891. No. 1.

SPEED IN OCEAN STEAMERS.

By A. E. Seaton.

ROM the earliest days the question of the speed of ships has been one of interest to those associated with nautical matters, both from its commercial value, its value in times of emergency, and its forming the chief attraction of a pastime common to all maritime nations. There is no doubt that the emulation excited by the yacht race of to-day does not exceed that of the ancients in their galley races. The skill of the naval architect is always more or less directed to getting the best possible speed permitted by the other conditions imposed upon him in the designing of ships of all classes, and his reputation has been, and is to-day, perhaps, more dependent on this than on any other subject connected with his profession. To-day he is faced with a competition that did not exist in the past, and his ears are constantly assailed by the cry for higher speed; and whereas a few years ago it was a common impression that the maximum limit had been reached, we have witnessed, during the past three or four years, performances by ships, both large and small, of speeds then undreamed of. It is quite true that there has existed in the minds of visionaries, whose chief occupation is to add to the receipts of the patent-offices, speeds even beyond those now attained, and although it is possible that some of their predictions may be verified, it is at the same time certain that success will not be achieved by the means suggested by these gentlemen. It is common experience with shipowners and shipbuilders to have propounded to them means whereby even thirty knots per hour may be realized, and these backed up by very elaborate calculations as proof, but which, when investigated, are found, like those of a well-known writer of scientific romance, to be wanting in some little detail, insignificant at first sight, but absolutely essential to complete the proof. So far no great departure from the existing form of ship, nor from the method of propulsion, has resulted in obtaining a higher speed than is common with ordinary ships of the same dimensions; and in nearly every case such departures have mortified the inventors as well as disappointed the public by turning out absolute failures; and there is no good reason to suppose that further successes than have already been attained will be achieved in any other way than by improving the conditions that now obtain, both as regards form of ship and method of propulsion, inasmuch as the physical causes which combine to retard the motion of a vessel, and the physical forces which are employed in overcoming that resistance, remain to-day as they ever were, and are—in fact, Nature's immutable laws. The commercial question is also one that presses very hardly at all times and must continue to do so more and more, as will be seen later on. The Atlantic greyhound of to-day is, in immersed form, substantially that of the viking's

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H. B. M. S. Polyphemus at Full Speed—18¾ knots.

craft of more than a thousand years ago. And if we look to Nature for our study we shall find that the swiftest fish are not unlike in general form to the submerged part of a ship; and the comparison is the more easily accepted when it is remembered that the fish is wholly submerged while the ship is only partially so. The one has to contend with waves and other surface disturbances, and must perforce keep above the water, while the other is free from such disturbing elements and conditions, and pursues its course in practically smooth water. H. B. M. S. Polyphemus is the nearest approach to the fish conditions in a sea-going ship that has proved successful.

In order to produce motion at all, the *inertia* of the ship, or that quality which every concrete body possesses of remaining at rest until disturbed, has to be overcome, and when the ship is in motion through the water there is resistance of a twofold kind—that due to the disturbance of the water, and that due to the frictional resistance of the immersed surface. If a thin sheet of metal is moved edgewise through water it offers a decided resistance, even if its surface be smooth and bright; it will also be noted that this resistance increases very rapidly as the speed is increased, and that the larger the area the greater is the resistance. If this sheet of metal is moved in a direction at right angles to its surface the resistance is of course great; in fact, it is very great compared with that of the previous experiment, and the disturbance of the water is considerable. If a log of timber is to be towed from one place to another, it is a common observation that an experienced boatman causes it to move with its big end first, because he finds it easier work that way than with the smaller end first; in the latter case he has the same section of timber offering resistance to the log's passage, but owing to its wedge-like form the pressure on its long sides is greater than when towed the other way, and the friction of the water past these sides—which are gen-

erally more or less rough—causes very great resistance ; no doubt, for the same reason, those forms of ships adopted for centuries by some European nations, and known to mariners as "cod's-head and mackerel-tail" shape, were such good sailers ; and if to-day we were content with the maximum speed attained by such vessels, it is possible we might copy their form with advantage. If, however, we attempted to move them, either by sail or mechanical power, at a higher rate, we should find the increase in speed to be of no account, but the increase in wave disturbance would be great ; in other words, the greater portion of the additional power would be used up in producing this water disturbance, or waves, instead of propelling the ship.

When the propeller of a steamer is first set in motion it does little else than project a stream of water in the direction opposite to that in which it is desired to move the vessel ; it is presently seen that the latter begins to move, indicating that the inertia of the ship has been overcome by the reaction of that stream of water from the propeller ; the propeller still continues to project the stream, the ship in the meanwhile increasing in speed, or, as sailors term it, "gathering way," showing that the power expended is still in excess of the resistance of the ship, inasmuch as something is producing an augmentation of speed ; it is afterward noticed that the ship continues to move at a uniform rate, and that the stream of water is still projected by the propeller, but at a lower velocity compared with the surrounding still water than was the case when the vessel was at rest. This means that the power and the resistance are evenly balanced, and that the work done by the ship in moving forward is exactly equal to that of the water moving in the opposite direction through the surrounding water. The vessel has now stored up in herself what is called *energy*, which is the power developed in overcoming the *inertia*, so that if the engine stops she still progresses forward and does not come to a standstill until the whole of that stored-up power is expended. If the vessel is a large and heavy one, its speed will be, when under way, virtually uniform, in spite of casual changes of resistance due to wind and waves ; and this is one of the reasons for large ships being a necessity for successful passages on stations like the North Atlantic, and it is likewise one of the reasons why light craft like torpedo-boats show such a poor performance in stormy weather.

The primary condition for high speed is fineness of form, so that the water at the bow of the vessel may be separated and thrown to one side, and brought to rest again at the stern and behind the vessel with the least possible disturbance, and the measure of efficiency of form for the maximum speed intended is inversely as the height of the waves of disturbance. A ship that has been designed to attain a speed of 15 knots will, when moving at 12 knots, show a very slight disturbance indeed, and in one designed for 18 knots, when moving at this lower speed, it will be scarcely observable ; but however fine the lines of a ship may be, she must at every speed produce some disturbance, although it may be very slight, as the water displaced by her must be raised above the normal level and replaced at the normal level ; hence, at or near the bow of a ship there is always the crest of a wave, and at or near the stern the

H. B. M. S. Impérieuse at Full Speed—17¼ knots.

hollow of one. When a vessel is going at its maximum speed, and is properly designed for that speed, the wave should not be very high, nor should it extend beyond the immediate neighborhood of the bow; likewise the wave of replacement should be the same at or near the stern of a ship, and the "wake," or disturbance of water left behind in the track of the ship, should be narrow.

Passenger Steamer Princesse Henriette at Full Speed—24½ miles per hour.
(Built by William Denny & Co., Dumbarton.)

Among naval architects and others it is usual to judge of the forms of ships by the relation they bear to rectangular blocks of the same dimensions; that is to say, a ship whose dimensions are—length, 100 feet; breadth, 20 feet, and draft of water, 10 feet, and whose displacement is 12,000 cubic feet, would be said to have a coefficient of fineness of 0.6, or that her fineness was sixty per cent., inasmuch as that of a rectangular block * of the same dimensions would be 20,000 cubic feet.

Modern experience has shown that for speeds not exceeding 9 knots, and with ships of the tonnage now common for general ocean work, the bow may be very bluff and the stern only sufficiently fine to allow free access of water to the propeller, so that the coefficient of such vessels is frequently 0.78, whereas that of our fastest warships is only 0.5, and of our large modern passenger steamers 0.55. As already stated, in the ship whose coefficient is 0.78 any increase of power produces very little gain in speed, and if such a ship were fitted with engines and boilers of the same size and developing the same power as those of a 20-knot Atlantic greyhound, the increase in speed would be very insignificant, but the disturbance in its immediate neighborhood would be very great; in fact, if any vessel is driven beyond a speed for which her form is suitable, she produces waves † both nu-

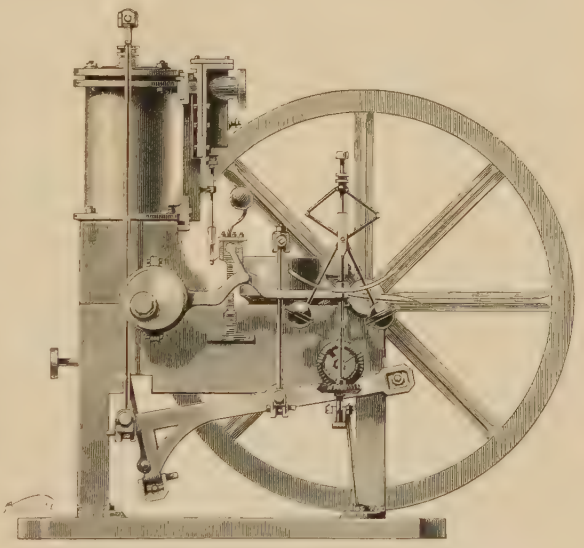
* This, however, is not an absolute test of the fineness of the *water-lines* of a vessel, and it can only be used as such on the assumption that the midship sections of ships are of similar form. The best test of the fineness of water-lines is made by taking the displacement as a percentage of the prism whose length is that of the ship and whose section is the same as the midship section of a ship; assuming, however, that the midship section of all ships is approximately that found in general practice today, in speaking of coefficients it will mean the percentage of the rectangular block above named.

† More than thirty years ago this matter had been observed by the officers of the British navy, and experiments were ordered to be tried with H. B. M. S. Flying Fish, a 1,100-ton cruiser, her length being 200 feet, breadth 30 feet 4 inches, and her draft of water 10 feet 6

merous and high, as may be seen by reference to the illustration on page 5 of H. B. M. S. Impérieuse being driven at her full speed of 17¼ knots when laden much deeper than the designed draft.

As before mentioned, when speaking of the experiment with a thin sheet of metal, the resistance to passage through the water increases very rapidly with the increase of speed, and careful observation has shown that *such increase is proportionate to the square of the speed*, so that an immersed body has four times the resistance when moving at twice the speed, and since it will travel double the distance in the same time the power required is eight times as great; that is, *the power needed to propel a ship varies as the cube of the speed.* It was also discovered that the *power varied with the cube root of the square of the displacement;* although more correct modern experiment has shown that this variation is not strictly true, it is sufficient for the purpose of this article to assume that it is so.

The indicated horse-power [called I. H. P. for brevity], or that power developed by the engine as registered by the indicator, is not all usefully applied to the propulsion of a steam-ship. A large portion of it is used up in overcoming the resistance of the engine itself, as well as the necessary adjuncts of it, amounting often to thirteen per cent. Then, again, another portion is absorbed in overcoming the resistance of the propeller and its shafting; and as at present there is no accurate method of determining these portions, the net effective horse-power, or that usefully employed in propelling the vessel, can only be guessed at, or approximated to by calculations more or less abstruse. It is, however, the gross, or *indicated*, horse-power that has to be obtained and paid for, and that, therefore, is the element that has to be considered in practice; so that, from this consideration alone, any great increase in speed has to be very dearly paid for. Moreover, as has already been said, to admit of a higher speed the ship must be made much finer, which means that her carrying capacity for cargo and fuel has to be decreased; besides which the greater engine-power will add to the dead load, thus still further diminishing the vessel's capa-



Engine of the Comet, 1811–12.

inches forward and 13 feet aft. With 1.290 I. H. P. her speed was only 11.64 knots, whereas with 577 I. H. P. it was 9.923 knots, and a speed of 11.201 was obtained with but 878 I. H. P. A false bow 18 feet long was then fitted, so as to give finer lines forward, or, as sailors describe it, "a better entrance," when it was found that with 1,285 I. H. P. a speed of 12¼ knots was attained, and with 1,345 very nearly 12¾ knots. There is also every reason to suppose that could the stern have been altered in a similar way, the speed would have been still higher, in spite of the ship being larger and with a consequent increase of immersed surface to cause resistance. It has, besides, been observed on many occasions that when steamers have been cut in two and lengthened there has been no diminution of the speed, but, on the contrary, in some cases there has actually been a gain; so that in these two instances there is an apparent anomaly, viz., that with the same power the larger ship is propelled at a quicker speed.

The late Dr. Froude investigated this matter some years ago, and showed that such results were quite possible, independently of any fining of the lines, owing to the effect on the ship of the waves set up when in motion. One very curious illustration of how such waves may seriously affect a vessel is in that of a yacht built many years ago by an eminent firm on the Clyde, which failed to come anywhere near the performances guaranteed, owing to the fact that as the speed increased the hollow following the wave formed at the bow increased and approached nearer and nearer to the paddle-wheels, until the water dropped below the floats and allowed the wheels to spin in the air; the propelling effect was thus entirely lost until the vessel slowed down sufficiently for the water to rise again to the level of the paddle-wheels. Such a thing could scarcely happen with a screw steamer; but the very bad steering qualities of certain naval ships is due to the fact that the inrush of water at the stern causes currents to flow *with* the ship, and therefore to produce quite different results with the rudder from those which generally obtain.

bility for carrying. This may be better understood by taking a steamer of moderate dimensions, and such as for many years was deemed sufficient for the Atlantic trade, say 300 feet long, 40 feet beam, and having a draft of water of 20 feet. Such a craft would have a displacement of about 4,800 tons, could steam 10 knots per hour with 1,000 I. H. P., and carry 3,000 tons of cargo, fuel, stores, and equipment. Taking the distance to be steamed at 3,200 knots, and the consumption of fuel at 4 pounds per I. H. P., it will be seen that the net consumption of coal is 571 tons; adding to this twenty-five per cent. for contingencies of weather, for raising steam, cooking, heating, etc., the ship would have to leave port with 714 tons of fuel and rather less than 2,300 tons of cargo, stores, etc., on board. If a steam-ship of similar dimensions were required to do the voyage at 15 knots, her design would have to be such that the displacement would not be more than 4,100 tons, the I. H. P. at least 3,400, and the amount of fuel stored at the commencement of the voyage 1,618 tons. The machinery would probably have to be at least 400 tons heavier, so that the capacity for cargo, stores, etc., would now be reduced to 1,000 tons. The cost, too, would be greatly increased on account of the extra engine-power, and the expense in fuel would be more than doubled. The engine and boiler room staff would likewise be materially increased, while the earning power of the vessel would be less than half.

Passenger Steamer Duchess of Hamilton at Full Speed—21 miles per hour.
(Built for service on the Clyde.)

Seeing, however, that the power required for a certain speed varies with the cube root of the displacement squared, the proportion of power to tonnage will decrease considerably with the increase in the size, so that if, instead of the steamer above referred to of 4,100 tons, one were taken of 8,200 tons, the I. H. P. for 15 knots—all other things remaining the same—would be very little more than 5,000; *i.e.*, with a ship of twice the size the increase of engine-power is only forty-seven per cent. The carrying capacity and consequent earning power of such a boat is immeasurably more than that of the small one. The larger ship will, moreover, make better passages, and generally be much more economical in working, as the officers and crew will not very largely exceed that of the smaller vessel.

It was, however, owing to the more economical engine that advances in speed were rendered possible, and this is seen by referring back to the origi-

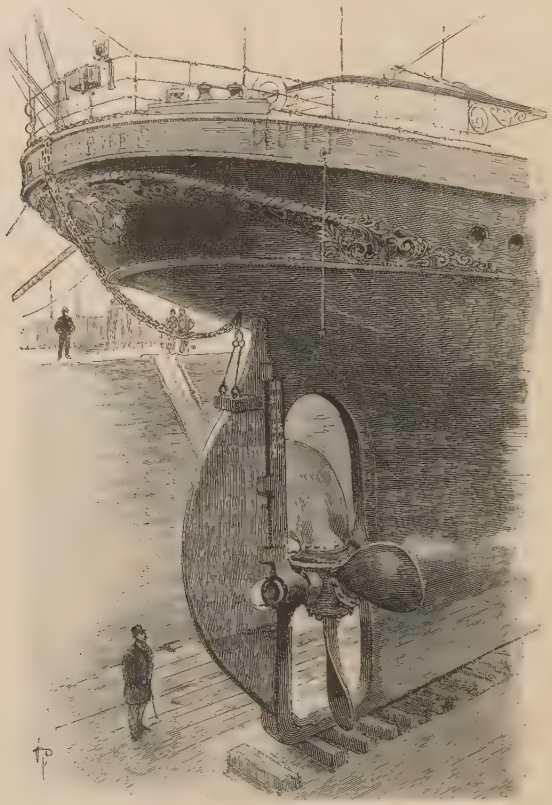
DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

The White Star Steamer Majestic.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE LORME.

nal ship, and supposing that instead of engines burning 4 pounds of coal per I. H. P., it had ones consuming only $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds per I. H. P., in which case the expenditure on the voyage would be reduced from 1,618 tons to 1,004 these engines in competition with the old-fashioned ones that the day of the latter was gone.

The first pioneers of steam-ship construction were apparently satisfied to find their efforts result in some motion,



The Propeller of the North German Lloyd Steamer Havel.
(From a photograph of the steamship in Handren & Robins's Erie Basin Dry Docks, Brooklyn.)

tons; so that 600 tons more cargo could be taken and the cost of 600 tons of fuel per voyage saved. This was actually the case on the substitution of compound for the old-fashioned low-pressure jet-injection engines fitted to the Cunard Company's steamers as late as 1862, when their largest, fastest, and most improved steamer, the Scotia was put on the service. But it was not until many years after the advent of the Scotia that such economic engines were in general use on the Atlantic, and it was only in 1874–75, when the Inman Company and White Star Company placed steam-ships having for we find exultation rather than disappointment in the accounts extant of Patrick Miller's experiments with a small steamer on a Scotch canal in the year 1787; and later, in 1789, when, with a larger and better boat and machinery, he was able to obtain a speed of 7 miles an hour (equivalent to 6.07 knots *) it was deemed a great achievement; later still, in 1807, Fulton's first attempt with the steam-ship Clermont, in a run from Albany to New York and back, the average speed was only

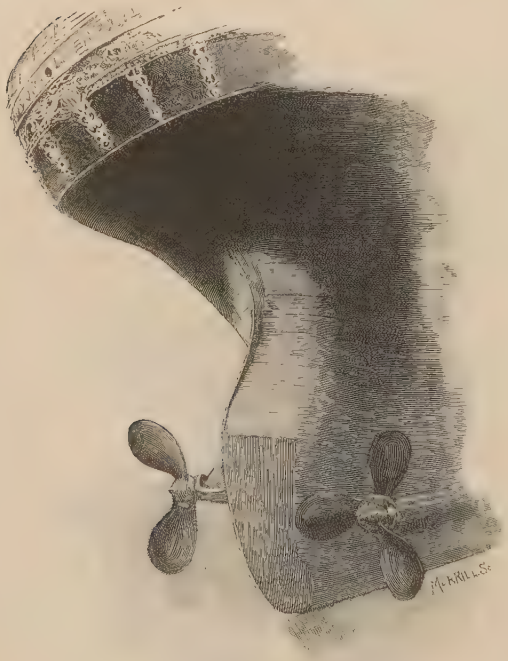
* A nautical mile is 6,080 feet, the land mile being 5,280 feet. The knot is a measure of *rate* of speed per hour. A vessel makes 20 knots when she is travelling at the rate of 20 nautical miles per hour.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

The Inman Line Steamer City of Paris.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

5 miles an hour. In those days so long as a steamer was able to face wind and tide she was deemed a success. The competition of steamers in early times (when there was any) was with sailing ships, or with land conveyances whose maximum rate would be 10 miles an hour, and that effected at considerable cost in horse-flesh. It is, however, true that sailing ships did then, and can now, sail, under favorable circumstances, at very much higher rates than we have just mentioned, and even as much as 15 knots an hour can be obtained with one of fine lines with a favoring wind; but a sailing ship is not always free to traverse the shortest distance from port to port, and even when wind and weather permit of this, the *average* speed falls far below 15 knots with the best-designed vessels; hence if a steamer could do 9 knots an hour she would make shorter passages than any sailer; and from the nearer approach to uniformity in the time occupied, passengers were attracted to steamships, and the passenger sailing vessel, except for very long voyages, became a thing of the past.



The Twin Screws of the City of New York.

The Clermont, constructed by Fulton in America, and supplied by him with engines made by Messrs. Bolton & Watt, in Birmingham, England, was 133 feet long, 18 feet broad, and 9 feet deep; the engine had a diameter of piston of 24 inches with 4 feet stroke; she took 32 hours performing the voyage from Albany to New York, and 30 hours in returning—the journey can now be done in one-fourth that time. In 1815 the steam-ship Caledonia was placed on the service between Margate (England) and Holland, and her speed did not exceed 7½ knots per hour. Steam-ships now perform the passage at double that speed, and the most recent additions to the continental service between Dover and Ostend are steam-boats that can travel at nearly three times the pace of the Caledonia. The Princesse Henriette is 300 feet long, 38 feet broad, and 13 feet 6 inches deep, and has engines whose cylinders are 58 inches and 104 inches diameter, with a stroke of 6 feet, and on page 6 is shown a drawing of her, taken from a photograph when travelling on her trial trip at a speed of 21.28 knots, or 24½ statute miles per hour.

The first steam-boat constructed and used for serviceable purposes in Great Britain was the Comet, built by Henry Bell, on the Clyde, in 1812. She was only 40 feet long, 10 feet broad, of 24 tons measurement; her engines were of 4 nominal horse-power, and of very curious design, as shown by the engraving on page 7; her speed under favorable conditions was only 5 miles an hour. She continued to ply for some years between Glasgow and Greenock, and was doubtless a very great convenience to the public at that time; but the advance that has been made in the construction of river steamers for service on the Clyde and its estuary is seen by reference to the illustration of the steamer Duchess

of Hamilton, reproduced on p. 8, whose dimensions are length, 250 feet; breadth, 30 feet; and depth 10 feet; her engines having cylinders 34½ inches and 60 inches diameter, with a piston-stroke of 5 feet. Her speed is over 18 knots, or very nearly 21 miles per hour, at which rate she was going when the photograph was taken. The paddle steamer Puritan, is another example of the very great progress made since the days of the Clermont, and is also a marked advance in many ways on the Bristol, which was the wonder of a few years ago; and another noted case is the steam-ship Columba, built for service on the Clyde, and illustrated on this page.

Passenger Steamer Columba at Full Speed—21 miles per hour.
(Built for Clyde passenger service.)

The first steam-ships to cross the Atlantic from England were the Sirius and Great Western,* names never to be forgotten. The Great Western was built at Bristol, England, and completed in the year 1838. She was 212 feet long, 35 feet 4 inches broad, and 1,340 tons burden, and had engines of 450 horse-power. She did the voyage from Bristol to New York in 15 days.

In 1840 the Britannia, the first of the Cunard steamers, was put on her station. She was a paddle boat, built of wood, and was 207 feet long. Her speed on service was about eight and a half knots per hour, so that she did the passage in 15 days.

Ten years later the now renowned Inman Line commenced with an iron screw steamer named the City of Glasgow, of 1,600 tons burden, and 350 nominal horse-power, a new departure in both ship and propeller.

It was not until 1855 that the Cunard Company built an iron steamer, and they continued to employ paddle boats until 1862, when the celebrated steamship Scotia was completed.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that the average length of voyage in the Cunard Line, in 1856, from Liverpool to New York was 12.676 days, and from New York to Liverpool 11.036 days.

Thirteen years after the Scotia was built the White Star Company placed on the station two vessels that were very great advances on anything then existing; they were marvels of the ship-builder's and marine engineer's skill, and even to-day hold their own in many respects with the most modern ships. That these

* The dimensions, speed, etc., of the steamers here referred to, as well as other representative steamers from 1836 to 1890, are shown in the table on page 17.

should compete successfully, and eventually drive off the line such a ship as the

ted to be all that could be desired ; almost as much as was physically possible,

Italian Cruiser Piemonte at Full Speed—22.3 knots=25¾ miles per hour.

Scotia, is easily seen by reference to contrasted particulars in the table on page 17. The Britannic is a screw vessel 455 feet long ; her I. H. P. on trial trip was 5,400, and at sea is about four thousand nine hundred, or practically the same as that of the Scotia ; but the speed on trial was nearly two knots more, and the average of eleven voyages gives a mean of 15.045 knots per hour ; while as recently as September last, in her old age, she traversed the Atlantic from New York to Queenstown at an average speed of 16.08 knots. She has compound engines with 4 cylinders, the two high-pressure being each 48 inches diameter, and the two low-pressure each 83 inches diameter, with a stroke of 5 feet. Her consumption of coal will be about one hundred and thirty tons per day, and on leaving port she will have on board, say 1,300 tons of fuel. She can carry a considerable cargo. The weight of her machinery is 1,112 tons. She and her sister ship, the Germanic, were in their day admitand certainly as much as was then possible commercially.

Since then, however, many changes have taken place that will be alluded to later on, so that to-day we have numerous boats running on the Atlantic at an average speed of 19 to 20 knots per hour, with a reputation for being commercial successes as well as triumphs of engineering skill.

The most recent and noteworthy of these are the steam-ships Teutonic and Majestic, owned by the same enterprising gentlemen, and constructed by the same famed builders as the Britannic and Germanic ; and the City of Paris and City of New York, sailing under the same house flag as the steam-ship City of Berlin, which was a worthy competitor of the Britannic.

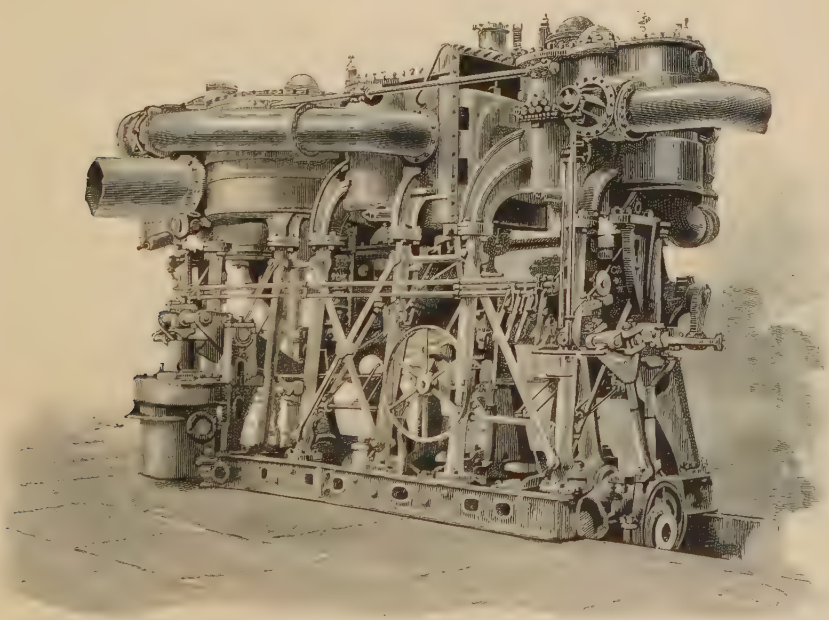
The Majestic is a twin-screw steamer of 9,851 tons gross, 565 feet long (or 110 feet more than the Britannic). Each screw is driven by a set of triple-expansion engines. Her consumption of fuel is about two hundred and ninety tons

per day, while on leaving port she will have on board about two thousand four hundred tons of coal. Her I. H. P. on trial trip was 17,000. Her best speed on service is a mean of 20.18, and taking the mean of ten voyages it is 19.72 knots. A picture of the ship, taken while afloat on the Mersey, is shown on p. 9.

The City of Paris (illustrated on page 11) is 10,499 tons gross register, and is 527 feet long; she also is a twin-screw vessel. It will be observed by comparison with the Majestic [see table, p. 17] that the City of Paris is the larger ship, although she is 38 feet shorter, her extra beam of 5.4 feet giving her this advantage. Her speed with 20,100 I. H. P. is 21.952 knots per hour, her best run on service being 20.01 knots; and her daily consumption of coal is about three hundred and twenty tons, which necessitates her leaving port with over two thousand seven hundred tons of fuel on board for the trip.

Previous to the advent of these vessels on the Atlantic, and their performances are highly creditable to all concerned. The best voyage from Queenstown to Sandy Hook by the Etruria was done in 6 days, 5 hours, 3 minutes, and the best from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 6 days, 7 hours, 32 minutes, and the average in 1886 was about six days, fifteen hours, as compared with the 11 days, 19 hours of 1856. The average of the Britannic for ten years was 8 days, 9 hours, 36 minutes, Queenstown to New York; and 8 days, 1 hour, 48 minutes, New York to Queenstown.

It may well be asked how what seemed to be an impossibility in 1876 has been achieved so successfully in 1890, and it is perhaps less interesting to note the changed conditions than the causes that have produced them. In the very early days of steam navigation the engines were substantially those used for pumping and other purposes on land. Had the genius of Trevithick exerted itself in the direction of improvements in ship propulsion as much as it did in



Recent Naval Engine.

(Made by Earle's Shipbuilding Company, Hull, England, for twin-screw fast cruiser for the British Navy, of 9,000 I. H. P.)

the Cunard Company's steam-ships Etruria and Umbria were the fastest boats abortive efforts to make the locomotive a success, there is no doubt we should

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

The North German Lloyd Steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE DEL'ORME.

Comparative Table of Atlantic Steamships and their Speeds.

Name of Ship.	Paddle or Screw.	When built.	Length on Water-line.		Breadth.		Draft.		Horse-power.	Tonnage.	Trial speed.	Cylinders.		Working pressure.	Time occupied on quickest passage.		
												Diameter in inches.	Stroke in inches.		D.	H.	M.
			Ft.	Ins.	Ft.	Ins.	Ft.	Ins.	Nominal.		Knots.			Lbs.			
Sirius	Paddle.	1836	170	0	.....		.....		270	700	....	.....	....	....	18	11	15
British Queen	"	1839	234	0	40	4	16	0	500	2,016	8.5	Two 77⅛	84	....	13	18	10
Liverpool	"	1839	210	0	36	0	.....		404	1,150	....	Two 75	84	....	11	18	5
Great Western	"	1838	212	0	35	4	16	0	450	1,340	....	Two 73	84	....	10	10	15
Britannia	"	1840	206	0	34	6	.....		450	1,155	....	Two 72	82				
Scotia	"	1862	366	0	47	9	22	0	1,000	2,358	13.9	Two 100	144	....	8	4	30
City of Richmond	Screw.	1873	440	0	43	6	.....		700	4,780	....	68 and 120	60	....	7	18	50
City of Berlin	"	1874	488	6	44	2	.....		1,000	5,526	....	41, 65, and 101	66	....	7	14	12
									Indicated.								
Germanic	"	1874	455	0	45	2	23	7	5,400	5,008	16.0	Two 48 and two 83	60	70	7	11	37
Britannic	"	1874	455	0	45	2	23	7	5,400	5,004	16.0	Two 48 and two 83	60	70	7	10	53
Arizona	"	1879	450	0	45	1	18	9	6,300	5,164	17.0	One 62 and two 90	66	90	7	3	30
Servia	"	1881	515	0	52	0	23	3⅛	10,300	7,392	16.9	One 72 and two 100	78	....	6	23	50
City of Rome	"	1881	542	6	52	0	21	5⅛	11,890	8,144	18.23	Three 46 and three 86	72	90	6	21	4
Alaska	"	1881	500	0	50	0	21	0	10,000	6,932	18.0	One 68 and two 100	72	100	6	18	37
America	"	1883	482	0	51	0	26	7	7,354	5,528	17.8	One 63 and two 91	66		6	14	18
Oregon	"	1883	501	0	54	2	23	8	13,300	7,375	18.3	One 70 and two 104	72	110	6	9	51
Umbria	"	1884	500	0	57	2	.....		14,320	8,128	19.0	One 71 and two 105	72	110	6	6	8
Etruria	"	1884	500	0	57	2	.....		14,320	8,120	19.5	One 71 and two 105	72	110	6	1	47
City of New York	"	1888	527	0	63	0	.....		18,400	10,500	20.13	Two sets 45, 71, and 113	60	150	5	23	7
City of Paris	"	1888	527	0	63	0	.....		20,100	10,500	21.952	Two sets 45, 71, and 113	60	150	5	19	18
Majestic	"	1889	565	0	57	6	26	0	17,000	9,861	19.87	Two sets 43, 68, and 110	60	180	5	21	20
Teutonic	"	1889	565	0	57	6	26	0	17,000	9,686	21.0	Two sets 43, 68, and 110	60	180	5	19	5

have had fast passenger steamers before we had railway trains; and had not the prejudice of Watt hung over the engineering world as a cloud which obscured the clear light of science, some other engineer would have accomplished the same result. It is disappointing to find that a man of Watt's genius and reputation should have attempted to damp the ardor of men like Symington and Miller by predicting failure for an engine when applied to marine propulsion, and by threatening the pains and penalties of the law for infringement of patent should those enterprising geniuses disprove his predictions. There can be no doubt that the statement from a man of his position, that Trevithick and others who were experimenting, as well as working, with steam of high pressure deserved hanging for their diabolical inventions, would have great effect on the engineering world, then in its infancy; and the few accidents that in later years occurred on steam-boats, through the crass ignorance or the reckless negligence of those placed in charge, recalled to the mind of another generation the words of Watt, and made them doubly impressive as well as deterrent to further progress. Even in our own days the use of steam at such pressures as have enabled the present wonderful monuments of mechanical skill to be commercial successes has been animadverted upon, and prophesied about, and openly denounced, and it is only those who are engaged in this pioneer warfare who know how depressing and discouraging such language is, or who appreciate the great responsibility taken in advancing into the unknown—that is, unknown to the world at large. Moreover, the body of every nation is more or less conservative and slow to comprehend, much less to appreciate, new inventions or new forms of old inventions. Hence, no doubt, it was that an enterprising company like that presided over by Sir Samuel Cunard should refrain from building its ships of the superior material, iron, and adhere to the inferior propeller, the paddle.

The paddle-wheel was obviously the first instrument accepted by the early engineers as a means of propulsion. Long after the experiment of H. B. M. S. Rattler had demonstrated the contrary, the public faith in the visible wheel was greater in reality and more sincere than that in the invisible screw; and it is probable that it was more the question of cost than anything else that gained the victory for the screw for ocean and general service. The paddle-engine is in itself heavier and occupies more room than the screw engine; it is as a rule more expensive per I. H. P.; and in wear and tear—especially of the propeller itself—it far exceeds the screw. It occupies the best part of the ship, and its position is not a matter of choice, as with the screw engine, but is, of necessity, at or near the middle of the ship.* It is evident that a paddle steamer must require more room, and that in moving among ships or other obstructions the liability to damage the propeller is greater than with the screw steamer, and in the case of a long voyage the paddle, generally worked at a disadvantage, as at the commencement it was too deeply immersed, and at the end not immersed enough for efficient working. If the sails were set so as to steady the vessel, or if set in sufficient quantity to be of any use in quickening the speed, she was inclined until the lee wheel was "buried" and the "weather" wheel doing very little work, besides there being a general tendency on the part of the ship to turn round, which had to be counterbalanced by the rudder. The race of water from the wheels past the ship being at a high velocity, and raised above the normal level, causes a resistance to the ship beyond that due to her passage through the water, as in the case of a screw ship. On the other hand, the paddle-boat is more readily got into motion and her speed more rapidly arrested than is the case with the screw steamer; and it is claimed for the paddle-wheel—although the foundation for such a claim is rather nebulous—that when the engines are working at full speed the ship is prevented from the excessive rolling observable with a screw vessel. But against this it must not be forgotten that the

* In the case of river steamers of moderate size there is not the same restriction on the position of the wheel, and as a matter of fact, as in the case of stern-wheelers, it is altogether at one end.

paddle engine is far more trying to the structure of the ship, on account of the great weight of the wheels being taken on the sides of the hull, as well as from the effort of the wheels in propelling being applied at the same place. Then there is the additional danger, and that not a remote one, that in case of the shaft breaking and a wheel falling clear of the ship she would upset. An accident of this kind has occurred more than once, but there is no record of the actual result being so calamitous as just stated, owing to other fortuitous circumstances. That which retains the paddle-wheel in favor to-day, and renders it a necessity in spite of argument or prejudice, is the fact that the screw requires that the draft of the ship shall not be less than its own diameter, whereas in the largest paddle-boats a dip of wheel of six feet is generally sufficient. Hence it is that nearly all fast steamers plying on rivers or shallow estuaries, and channel steamers running to ports where there is little water when the tide is low, are of necessity paddle-wheel. By employing two screws (one on each side instead of one amidships) the draft of water can be reduced by at least thirty per cent. Likewise by increasing the number of revolutions smaller screws will do, and the draft of water may be still less, so that some thirty years ago, on the introduction of twin screws, there were soon many ships built for services that had hitherto been monopolized by paddle-boats;* and to-day, when there is a demand for higher speed and more power, and where paddle-wheels are not admissible, three screws are being employed. Ships have also been employed with four screws, viz., two at the bow and two at the stern, and, for the purpose for which they were required, answered very well indeed; but the worst possible place for a propeller is obviously at the bow, and therefore in these ships the bow screws were not very efficient, but they undoubtedly added somewhat to the power of the ship. In the same way some tug-boats have been fitted with a screw at each end.

All attempts at propulsion with internal propellers—that is, by turbine wheels, pulsometers, ejectors, or by pumps—have failed in consequence of the great friction set up by the water in its rapid passage through the pipes from and to the sea; the motion must be rapid owing to the size of the pipes being necessarily restricted. The best experiment with this kind of propeller was made on a costly scale by the British Admiralty in 1866, when they fitted the iron-clad gunboat Waterwitch, of 1,200 tons displacement, with a Ruthven's hydraulic propeller, consisting of a horizontal turbine wheel drawing its water through the bottom of the ship and discharging it fore-and-aft-ways at each side and driven by an engine of 160 nominal horse-power, and although this vessel was only 162 feet long, 32 feet broad, and drew 11 feet 4 inches of water, her speed was only a little over 9 knots, with an indicated horse-power of 801. The speed co-efficients whereby her performances could be compared with that of other ships were most disappointing.

But the achievements of screw steamers are not always satisfactory at first, and time has shown some curious instances where what appeared at first sight a little thing prevented great results. To-day we know somewhat of the screw propeller, but it is very difficult, if not impossible, for the cleverest and most experienced engineer to define his knowledge or to classify his facts so as to deduce any rules from them as shall enable him to lay down fixed laws for the practical guidance of others. In past years more was professed, but still less was actually known, and that which was to be a panacea for the ills of every screw ship proved useless in many instances and aggravated the evil in others. The patents for propellers are numerous, and some of the specifications interesting and amusing, but of them all there

* It is now claimed for the twin-screw ship that she is not only capable of entering shallower harbors, but that she is in every way much safer, and it is most unfortunate that, owing to an act of carelessness, this was not conclusively shown in the recent accident to the City of Paris. But there is safety in the twin-screw beyond that which is rendered possible, as in the cases of the City of Paris and Majestic, by the division of the engine-rooms, viz., the fact that if one engine breaks down it is improbable that the other would do so at the same time, and that the vessel, although somewhat crippled in speed, would still be able to pursue her voyage; also that in the event of accident to the steering apparatus the passage could be continued and the direction of the ship guided by regulating with one or both of the engines. Each of these features is pronounced, and the advantages have been proved on many occasions.

are less than can be counted on the fingers of one hand that have any practical value, or that have influenced the commerce of the world; and we find today that the propeller which gives the best results is very simple in form and its working surface a true helix. What is better understood, however, are the proportions, and in them lies the success of the instrument. It is quite true that the blades may be of such a shape and so arranged as to give bad results, but it is very difficult to alter the propeller blade now most generally used and get much improvement thereby.

In 1865 H. B. M. S. Amazon was found to fall short of her designed speed by nearly a knot, although the indicated horse-power was in excess of the requirements. With a four-bladed Mangin propeller, 12 feet 6 inches pitch, it took 1,940 I. H. P. to drive the vessel 12 knots. A two-bladed Griffith's screw of 13 feet 9 inches pitch was substituted, when 12.4 knots was obtained with only 1,664 I. H. P. But the most remarkable case was that of H. B. M. S. Iris, which had been designed for a speed of 17½ knots, but on her first trial trip, although the 7,000 I. H. P. was exceeded, the speed was only 16.58 knots. A series of trials was then entered upon to find out the cause of this deficiency, with the result that the screws were discovered to be too large; others of 2 feet 3 inches less diameter were substituted, when a speed of 18.57 knots was attained with the same I. H. P. Similar instances could be adduced, if necessary, to show how comparatively slight changes in the propeller can produce marked improvements in speed.

It has already been shown that the frictional resistance of the skin of the ship is very great, and generally speaking, in fast steamers, is by far the largest portion of the whole resistance. It necessarily follows, therefore, that for high speed it is essential that the submerged portion shall be as smooth as possible; and to that end ships are coated with enamel paints which, when dry, are perfectly smooth and glassy, or remain in a smooth, slimy condition. They do not, however, remain long in this state, as the action of sea-water destroys them, and even the best of these compositions admits, at times, of marine plant growth, and sometimes barnacles. The effect of a coating of weed is very serious indeed; the resistance induced thereby being greater than if the vessel were rough, from the fact that each filament of weed has to be towed through the water and the total surface thereby exposed may be two or three times that of the ship herself. It is a sound economy in any vessel to keep the bottom perfectly clean and smooth, but in the case of high-speed steamers it is absolutely essential, inasmuch as a very moderate amount of foulness will reduce their speed by 2 or 3 knots.

The introduction of Siemens-Martin steel, about the year 1875, and its continued and extended use since, has however been really the means of rendering possible the construction of steamships of all sizes with high rates of speed now so common, and is undoubtedly the means whereby those ships can be so economically built and worked as to pay as commercial ventures. The construction of their hulls with a material fifty per cent. stronger than iron has rendered it possible to make such appreciable decrease in weight as to admit of fining their lines suitably for high speed without sacrificing carrying capacity. With this same steel, boilers can be constructed for a pressure of 150 pounds per square inch without weighing very much more than iron ones for 75 pounds. By using steel for castings, forgings, etc., the weight of the machinery has been reduced from 5 hundredweight to 2 hundredweight per I. H. P., and when forced draught is employed it is as low as 1.6 hundredweight per I. H. P. for large powers, and less still for such engines as are used in torpedo-boats and catchers.

It has already been remarked that the consumption of coal, which enters as a most important factor into the question of high speed, both from the weight and cost, had been reduced, by the introduction of the compound engine, from 4 pounds to 2½ pounds per I. H. P., and latterly, as that engine was improved and higher pressures used, the consumption was further reduced to 2 pounds and in some cases as low as 1¾ pound per I. H. P. The triple expan-

sion engine, developed within the past eight years, and later the quadruple expansion, have effected a still further saving, until with them and such other means as are now employed, the consumption is under 1½ pound of coal per I. H. P.

The success of the locomotive was very questionable until the exhaust steam was turned into the chimney so as to create a rapid draught, and the steam-blast to-day enables the locomotive to travel at its great speed by causing the comparatively small boiler to generate such a large amount of steam. When this form of boiler was tried on board ship its power would have been very much crippled had not some other means been adopted for forcing the draught, as the steam could not in this case be allowed to escape through the funnel, but must be condensed into water for the use of the boiler. By closing the stoke-hole and forcing into it by mechanical means a plentiful supply of air, this boiler was made to be as efficient for a torpedo-boat as for a locomotive. This forced draught has now been adopted on large ships, and to-day the very high speed of naval vessels, and of many mercantile steamers, is due to it. Consequently, with the same weight of machinery higher powers are developed with a corresponding increase in speed, and the cruiser Piemonte, constructed by Sir William Armstrong & Co., of which an illustration is shown on p. 14, had her speed increased by means of forced draught from 20 knots to 22.3 knots, at which speed she was going when the picture was taken.

Mr. James Howden patented a forced draught process by which the incoming air is warmed by the heat (which would otherwise be wasted) in the uptakes and funnels, and then conducted direct to the furnaces; and he claims by this to be able to do with still smaller boilers, besides avoiding the danger to the tubes now sometimes experienced in warships with closed stoke-holes.

But there still remains the problem of how to feed the furnaces by mechanical methods, so as to save the very large staff now required in the boiler-room of our large steam-ships. So far all means hitherto adopted with success on shore have proved failures at sea, and at present there is no reason to suppose that any one of them can be so adapted as to prove generally efficient for service. It is necessary for such a purpose that the gear can go continuously for many days, and the coal be small and tolerably uniform, and the supply regular. Such coal is not convenient for passenger ships, and if the demand for the present supply of small coal were increased the price would preclude its use. Some success, however, has been achieved by which labor is saved in the stoke-hole, and the most noticeable invention to this end is that of Mr. Thomas Henderson, whose now well-known self-cleaning fire-bars do away with the necessity for the firemen raking the fires out to remove the clinkers which adhere to the grates and obstruct the air-passages. By means of this apparatus, the alternate bars having a very slight movement, the coal gradually travels to the back end of the grate together with the clinker, which latter is eventually deposited behind the bridges. Thus not only is considerable labor saved but the fires are always in such good condition that the full pressure of steam is maintained, and so a better speed kept up by the vessel herself.

On shore the tendency is to substitute gas for solid fuel, or to use the coke resulting from gas manufacture. That something of the same kind might be done on shipboard is possible, although not at present probable. The higher efficiency of the coal when treated in this way would enable still more power to be obtained from a pound of it, and there would be savings in other ways of a beneficial nature.

Then, again, if petroleum, or other liquid of a similar nature, could be obtained at a fairly low price, it might be used on shipboard; and as it has a heating power twenty-five per cent. higher than the best coal, and fifty per cent. higher than some of the commonest kinds weight for weight, the substitution of it would be a means of obtaining better speed. But it is always a question of *cui bono*, and when it is taken into consideration that the voyage between Sandy Hook and Queenstown

is now done in 140 hours, and to do the distance in 5 days would require a speed of nearly 23½ knots, with an increase in power of sixty-two per cent. and in fuel consumption of thirty-eight per cent., the cry must be regarded as a very far one at present. At the same time it is not desirable to believe that there is now finality in the speed of steam-ships, although by analogy with railway trains that conclusion might be arrived at.

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

[Faune Nympharum fugientum amator.]

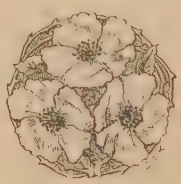
Henry Herbert's Translation.—Reprinted with Mr. Weguelin's drawing [frontispiece].

Walk lightly o'er my sunny fields and round my little farm,
And spare the firstlings of my flock from blight or wasting harm;
Dear Faun, who know'st the flying nymphs to follow and to charm.

We'll slay a kid, a tender kid of one full year, well grown,
And with the wine which Venus loves, the brimming cups we'll crown,
And round the ancient altar's horns the incense shall be strown.

And when December's nones come round, the nones beloved of thee,
In the long grass the herds and flocks shall sport upon the lea;
And man and beast in idleness the livelong day shall be.

For thee the very wolves shall play the fearless lambs among;
For thee the very trees shall shed their leaves so fresh and strong;
And the plowman shall adore thee with rustic dance and song.



A MATTER OF FACT.

By George A. Hibbard.

"Ah! sure within him and without,
Could his dark wisdom find it out,
There must be answer to his doubt."
—*The Two Voices.*

THE cool, dim library was very pleasant on this prematurely warm and glowing morning. There, the light seemed but to give tone to a tissue of shadows; the atmosphere was velvety.

It was only May, and yet a day of midsummer. Through the closed blinds, lapsed, at times, slow, subdued puffs of air, soft with the dull, caressing warmth of July. The street below—the library was in the second story of the big, massive house—was overlaid with a glare of metallic light. The rumble—the mumble of the carriages and carts as they rolled along the pavement of this the most aristocratic part of the city's Fifth and the world's first Avenue; the occasional cries of the small merchants of the sidewalk; the drone of a hand-organ, in which seemed drowsily to linger something of the lethargy of winter—one of those hand-organs that in our cities as certainly as the dandelions, herald the approach of spring—these, and a hundred sounds in mingled indistinctness, fell, with slightly accented monotony, upon the ear.

Clearly it was time to think of leaving town. The crocuses had been out some time; the "smells" would be soon in insurrection. Geoffrey Biddulph began to feel the rising pulse of such slight impatience as was peculiar to him—impatience more for change, after all, than for other circumstances. Of course, he thought, as he sat in his great armchair, he had gathered material enough to enable him to finish his monograph, "Beaumarchais and the American Revolution." Philbrook, his private secretary, who had filled volumes with facts and gossip, would of course go with him—and the sea-air of Newport would be far more inspiriting than the breezes that wander on Murray Hill. He would be off at once. Eleanor, with her husband, could follow at her leisure.

Biddulph hardly had the appearance of an old man. His hair was but slightly gray. The lines in his face were but few and fine. His eyes were bright. The afternoon glow still lit the dull ashiness of closing day in his complexion. His perfect dress modulated everything from the severity of age into aspects more belonging to middle life. Was the invalid's air a thing of mere languid habitude or was it real? Whatever it was, however, he had lived for years in the full luxury of an invalid's enjoyment in the study of his own sensations; with the invalid's defence against intrusion; with the invalid's immunity which enabled him to make his life wholly his own.

An elderly man, consciously, almost conscientiously deferential, noiselessly entered the room.

"Mrs. Armroyd, sir"—there was the preface of an introductory, a slightly deprecatory cough—"has sent to inquire if you could see her this morning."

"Certainly," said Biddulph, with calm graciousness, "at any time—you may say at any time."

The servant disappeared. In his manner he could have taught a ghost repose; in his action, ease.

Biddulph sighed impatiently. One hand, smooth, delicate, lay on the arm of his chair. He picked up the book open upon his knee, glanced at a line or two, and laid it down. "Armroyd," he repeated slowly, as if studying something latent in the two syllables. Even the strenuous name had never pleased him. To his delicate ear, it had always seemed too resonant, too clangorous; too suggestive of "self-help" and powerful machinery—things for which he certainly could not be expected to care. And

that Eleanor, his only child, with all her possibilities, with the Biddulph name as an inheritance, a great fortune in expectancy, should have fallen in love with this man, and afterward, with a firmness which he never had suspected in her, should have insisted upon marrying him —these were psychological mysteries too difficult for him to master. But she had never been a perfect Biddulph. She was small in stature, dark, gentle, timid, while the most of the race had been tall, light, confident, perhaps a trifle too assertive. She might be the heiress of the Biddulph millions; she took by inheritance none of the Biddulph beauty. Hers was merely an elusive prettiness — a prettiness, however, singularly significant and peculiarly personal.

The door opened and Eleanor Armroyd—she looked like a young girl—came slowly, almost shyly, into the room. She was very slight; her cheeks were tinged with the warm blood of youth; her eyes were clear and bright; her soft, dark hair was gathered in a lustrous knot at her neck. Dressed with the rare perfection of a woman who knows herself not beautiful, but who, with faultless taste and all means at her command, strives to make the most of herself, she was a dainty vision in the rich, sombre apartment.

"This is very kind of you, Eleanor," said Biddulph, "very kind of you to come and see me."

"But, papa," she said, in slightly reproving tone, "you know that I come every day — every day for a talk with you."

"That is what I mean; it is kind of you to come every day. You bring the outside world to me, and now that I cannot go to the outside world I find I cannot get on without it. I always did take a not unworthy interest in my kind."

"But I see very few people — you know I am not at all a gay person myself."

"You can tell me something, and I like gossip. My dear, no man is so profound that he can afford altogether to despise it. The gossip of yesterday is often history to-morrow. Really a great part of history has been at some time only gossip. What was once the idle talk of the agora or of the forum, is our history to-day, as the chatter of our club smoking-rooms will be history for those who come after us. Do not let us despise a rumor that posterity may respect. It is not courteous to our descendants."

His light, facile, satirical laugh followed as he looked fondly across the large, book-bestrewn library table, at his daughter.

"I wonder," he went on, "how many of them really remember me—how many will be surprised to find, when the newspapers announce my death—there must be a column at least—that I only died the day before."

Eleanor stepped to her father's chair and dropped on her knees beside it; her big, brown eyes—eyes of the sort in which it seems tears are ever ready to start—dimmed and suffused.

"Please," she implored; "please."

"I don't grieve," said Biddulph, kindly, "and why should you? I have had as much out of life as I deserve—more than many men more deserving; and if I must finally be resolved into my original elements—I forget what they exactly are—mostly, I believe, phosphate of something and water — that which happens to me has happened to others who had more to give up than I."

"And don't you really believe that there is anything else?" asked the girl, looking fondly up. "Do you really think that this is the end?"

"Nellie," said Biddulph, kindly, and laying his hand upon her head, "why think of these things? You are young, with a long, happy life before you."

"But," cried Eleanor, "if it is so—if there is nothing more—if we are never to meet each other again—it is awful."

"Why is it awful?" said Biddulph, smoothing her hair. "If we are sure that it is so, should it not make us care more for each other while we are here? should it not prevent us from weakening what we have here in hope of a remote future? No, my dear, the vague dreams of unestablished faith must be given up. As that great thinker, Auguste Comte, has explained beyond question, in his doctrine of 'The Three Stages,' we have advanced beyond such

delusions and should know that what we know is all."

"But," said Eleanor, almost shivering, "it makes all so lonely, so barren. I had rather believe, even if belief should be wrong."

"What real good," continued Biddulph, "can ever come of error? What facts can justify such vague belief? And Nellie, there is nothing, nothing but facts, that we can trust; nothing but facts that can convince the modern mind. Do we believe anything here on mere conjecture, and can we build a heaven, an eternity of life, upon such foundation? Who would ask me to believe that there is something—some condition of things most important to me—which facts do not prove and of which I am ignorant? And is it not even more absurd to ask me to believe that there is something beyond this life which neither sense nor reason recognizes?"

"And mamma," murmured Eleanor, bowing her head, "and the baby?"

Biddulph rose impatiently and now tottered with slow, vacillating steps, toward the great carved mantel, against which he leaned heavily. Invalid or not, there was now no affectation, no mere mannerism in look, or gesture, or action.

"Nellie," he said, sharply, "you must not indulge in such morbid thoughts. They are not worthy of you as my daughter. In your youth, I so taught you that now, when you are a woman, you should not be startled when you meet truth face to face—when facts which cannot be gainsaid are brought to your notice."

Eleanor had not risen, but, with her head bowed upon the arm of the chair, wept silently.

"Father," she sobbed, "when I was a child I believed all that you told me. Then mamma died—then my baby. I do not believe that my mother lived only to pass utterly away. I do not believe that I bore my child only that she should wholly perish. I am an ignorant girl; but I have no need of reason. I know and I believe. I shall meet my mother and I shall be her child again. I shall meet my child and I shall be its mother once more."

"I think, Nellie," said Biddulph, slowly, "that I understand you less and less every day. Really it is very perplexing—and annoying."

"I am very sorry, papa," said Eleanor. "I should be glad to be what you want me to be; I should have liked to have done what you wanted me to do. But it has been impossible. I think I was nearly everything—did nearly everything that you desired—until I met Stephen."

"I know—I know," he said, a little petulantly. "You seemed bewitched—tradition, training, all seemed to go for nothing."

"I loved him," said Eleanor, simply, looking at Biddulph with something in her air which, if not defiance, was more than mere assertion.

"Exactly," said Biddulph, a little impatiently. "You loved him; and in saying that you think you offer an explanation. But who will explain love? Your explanation does not explain. You answer a riddle with an enigma—substitute a mystery for a puzzle. You forgot yourself and your position. The strongest of all influences, habit and association, were as nothing. You did what I did not desire, because one day you met a certain man. With the fortune you will have, with your name, there were many whom the world, as well as I, considered much more eligible—who would have been glad to marry you, who wished to marry you, but you would not look at them or listen to them."

"But he loved me," answered Eleanor.

"Loved you!" exclaimed Biddulph, with rising impatience. "How do you know that he loved you more than any of the others? He had more to gain than they, and yet you believed him, and thought all the others fortune-hunters."

"You cannot tell how you know those things—you feel them."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Biddulph, almost scornfully. "He was a good-looking fellow and he took your fancy, as the fancy of many another rich girl has been taken by a handsome face, a manly air, a ready tongue, and a resolute spirit. Don't you suppose he

thought of your money exactly as did the others?"

"I—do you want to make me doubt him?" moaned Eleanor. "I wanted so to think he cared for me, that I could not help doing what I did. And now, if I thought he only married me because he thought I would be rich, I should die."

"You were not a reigning beauty, nor one to arrest attention in the world," continued Biddulph, "but it may not have been altogether for the '*beaux yeux de ma cassette.*' Let us hope so. I think you never sufficiently realized your position, or else you never cared enough about it. Still, I never expected all to end as it did."

"But we have been so happy."

"I must confess," said Biddulph, "that the result has been better than I expected. I really cannot find fault with the man you insisted upon having for a husband. Stephen Armroyd has done wonderfully well considering who and what he was — a man from the masses, self-made and self-educated."

"But he had made himself even then," said Eleanor, proudly. "He needed nobody's money, nobody's aid to accomplish that."

"He had," conceded Biddulph, "attained a very respectable position. But what I desired for you was a man of brilliant rank, rich, your equal."

"My equal," exclaimed Eleanor, scornfully. "As if Stephen——"

"Yes," interrupted Biddulph, "I know — we've discussed all this before — did it thoroughly when you were about to be married. There is no need to go over it again. I have quite often listened to the enumeration of Armroyd's qualities — intelligent, capable, honest, of excellent presence and presentable manner — altogether a very admirable person."

"If you could only do him justice."

"But," continued Biddulph, with that perversity which was one of his characteristics, "really, a man who had only then made some little money by the invention of a clever machine; a man whom you met by accident—for he had no recognized position in your world—was about as much out of place there as a white bear would be in Sahara. No, he was not one that I had been led to expect you would marry, or that I would care to have for a son-in-law."

"Has he not always been perfect with you?"

"Personally," said Biddulph, "I do not complain. He has borne himself with a deference and delicacy truly remarkable considering what must have been his early—disadvantages. I have no reason to say anything. I do not say anything. I am satisfied if you are happy."

"And I am," she answered, "I am; you do not know how happy."

"I suppose," said Biddulph, losing something of his habitual half-raillery that so easily changed to querulousness, "this is all I really ask, but we seem to have such different ideas of happiness. I had imagined I could give you something better; but you did not want anything better; you wanted Armroyd, you wanted him, and what one wants is so often so much better than the best, that I suppose I have been wise in letting you have him. Whatever else one may do, one can never be happy in another's way. I may have been weakly indulgent, as I always have been, and have given him to you as, at another age, I would have given you any costly plaything. I have known many women and have learned something of their ways. Never oppose them. Let them go to the devil, or his equivalent, in their own way, and they will bear you no grudge. Obstruct them but with a straw, and they will hate you, for they will not doubt that they would have enjoyed, but for the straw, that supreme, that final happiness that every woman seems continually and feverishly to seek. Instinctively I acted toward you as toward any other woman—knowing that you are all alike—for all women are the same; only the conditions that make them so are really ever different."

"But, papa, are you not contented now? has it not all been for the best?"

Biddulph did not at once reply.

"If your mother had lived," he said, in a moment, "she would have wished you to do as you have done. That thought influenced me. It has always seemed to me that you were like her, really more her child than mine, and I thought she would understand what

was best for you much better than I could hope to do. I loved her dearly, but I am afraid that I sometimes made her—not quite happy—not as happy as she might have been. I felt that I did not fully understand her, and it was the fear that I might not understand you—might inflict upon you some grief that I could not fully comprehend—that made me finally give my consent."

"Yes," said Eleanor, gently.

"Yes," continued Biddulph, "she—your mother could believe — well — in short, believed, and my incredulity, my scepticism was always a grief to her. At the last," Biddulph paused, and passed his hand across his forehead, "at the last, when I knew that she was dying, then I first realized the barrenness of disbelief. How happy they must be who can trust in that hereafter! How comparatively bearable would have been even that separation, if I could have thought that we would ever meet again! But," Biddulph's voice broke, for a minute he could not speak, and when he did, it was with the weak tremulousness of fore-running age, in the shaking, time-worn articulation of senility which was not yet his, "since then," he continued, more composedly, "I have never been the same. But I could make you happy, and in yielding to your every wish I sought to make some atonement to her. And I gave up more than you know. If Armroyd was not positively repugnant to me, there could be no sympathy between us. The slight tentacles which nature puts forth in first distrust, brought to each knowledge of the unlikeness of himself to the other. But time has so softened our relations that, whatever I may be to him, I am glad that we more than bear with each other. He knew that you were all that was left to me, and has not insisted upon taking you wholly from me. I am grateful to him that he has consented to live in my house, something another might not have been willing to do—and I do not misinterpret his reason. He did not, I am convinced, wish to separate us utterly; but then he must, of course, have realized that you were both largely dependent upon me."

Eleanor's face burned with a quick, indignant flush; she with difficulty withheld the words that evidently pressed for utterance.

"Of course it was a great advance," continued Biddulph, in the same vein—"a wonderful piece of good fortune for him, and he should have been grateful. He had the good sense also to recognize my sacrifice—his inequality—"

"Papa!" exclaimed Eleanor, facing her father with eyes blazing through unshed tears, "I will not bear it, I will not have you say such things. Stephen is more than my equal. He is good, wise, noble, brave, strong, and—so handsome."

"Yes, yes," said Biddulph, indulgently.

"You do not know him," continued Eleanor, "you do not understand him. You have lived in your assumed superiority, you have made it impossible for him to reach you. His position has not been an easy one. You say he has been perfect with you. He has been as perfect with everyone, about everything. Think how splendidly he has always treated that Mr. Runyon."

An unwonted look of stern severity came into Biddulph's face, and Eleanor paused for a moment.

"You know very well," she continued more calmly, "that Runyon never really did anything for him. The money he lent him to advance his invention. Stephen could have got anywhere. Still, when the machine was successful, Stephen paid Runyon over and over again. He has helped him in trouble after trouble, and Runyon is always in trouble. It was only yesterday that Stephen first refused any one of his demands, and then only because it was so outrageous."

"Runyon has been to see him again, has he?" half sneered Biddulph, visibly annoyed however by what he heard.

"Yes," said Eleanor. "I didn't mean to tell you, but I forgot. I knew it would trouble you. Runyon has been here once more. And after all Stephen has done for him, too."

"What did he want?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," answered Eleanor, "and when Stephen refused, Runyon was angry and insolent, and said he would bring a suit against him."

"And your husband?" asked Biddulph.

"Told Runyon," replied Eleanor, "that the threat confirmed the refusal."

"Nothing can be done?"

"Stephen prefers to endure the annoyance of the suit. There is nothing he says of the claim."

"Nothing of the claim!" exclaimed Biddulph, excitedly. "But there is, in one sense. Do you think that it is nothing that a suit will be brought against your husband, my son-in-law, for money claimed to have been lent, advanced—whatever it is called—to aid him in something about a machine," and he scornfully, spitefully accented the word, "a machine making I believe more cheaply something greatly superior to anything of the kind that could be produced before. Do you know what the world will say? It will say that Armroyd has robbed Runyon. And there will be talk and newspaper articles. Probably my name—your name—will be brought into the affair in some way."

"What would it matter?"

"A great deal," answered Biddulph, impatiently. "It would not be pleasant—it would not be endurable. In a business sense the affair may be wholly justifiable, but, I know nothing about business and I don't like it." He paused a moment, then he added: "I suppose that if the man got the twenty-five thousand dollars, even that would not be the last of it."

"Yes," answered Eleanor, positively, "Runyon would sign papers, do something that would end everything. I wanted Stephen to give him the money, but he would not. He said that it was not right to suffer such an imposition; as a matter of business principle he could not allow it."

"Business!" said Biddulph, in a tone too well bred perhaps to be a sneer, but still wonderfully suggestive of one. "Business! Are there not other considerations—that my name should be kept from common scandal? that his own name even should be kept from easy defamation?"

"I am sure," said Eleanor, "that Stephen would never do anything that would be unworthy of your name or his own."

"I do not know," said Biddulph; "I have seen something of these practical business men and—their ways are not my ways. Armroyd might do what he thought right according to his lights; but—" Biddulph shook his head—"he has no traditions, no inherited instincts to guide him."

The servant re-entered the room.

"Mr. Boscawen has called and says he desires to see you, sir," he announced, standing like some stiff but very life-like figure that had been rolled in upon well-oiled wheels, and left in that particular spot.

"Yes," said Biddulph, "and yet I did not send for him."

"Shall I go?" asked Eleanor.

"For a moment," answered Biddulph. "I do not know what Boscawen may want, and he may find it difficult to state his business with you here. He is an excellent man of affairs—has managed the estate for me admirably all these years; but he is hardly at his ease in the presence of a lady."

Biddulph had scarcely time, after Eleanor had left the room, to take a turn or two, as he did, with doubtful and wavering steps across the library, when the servant again appeared and announced:

"Mr. Boscawen!"

A small, neatly dressed man came uncertainly forward and nervously took the hand that Biddulph condescendingly held out to him.

"Ah, Boscawen," said Biddulph, "I am very glad to see you; indeed I may say that your coming has been most opportune. But first, about what do you wish to speak to me?"

"Nothing in particular, nothing," answered Boscawen, with his handkerchief at his heated forehead. "But you told me to call from time to time, and——"

"I believe I did. Sit down, Boscawen," said Biddulph to the still standing man. "But really I cannot imagine why. You know that I have perfect confidence in you; that I understand very little about the transaction of affairs; and that the property was very fortunately left to me in such condition that it has always been very easy to manage it."

"Yes," answered Boscawen.

"And I luckily have been so placed—inheriting from my father a fortune so wisely invested and a man of business in every way so capable as you—that I have not been obliged to give money matters even a thought. You cut the coupons, I spend the proceeds, that has been about all that has been necessary; and I think our respective tasks have been quite congenial to both of us—for I have observed, Boscawen, that it has always been a certain satisfaction to you, the mere handling of money, while the only pleasure I have ever had in it has been the getting rid of it."

Boscawen laughed as one who feels that a laugh is expected, but still uncertainly, as if fearful that what he was doing might not be quite right.

"But I said your coming was opportune," said Biddulph. "If you had not come, I should have been obliged to send for you. There is a certain little matter to which I desire that you should attend at once."

"Certainly, Mr. Biddulph."

"The fact is that I want some money for a particular purpose."

"Yes," said Boscawen, again becoming monosyllabic and speaking as if his only thought was to avoid any possibility of discussion.

"It's a largish sum, but of course there will be no difficulty about your letting me have it—well—to-morrow morning."

"No," answered Boscawen, but there was more of hesitation than of certainty in his tone.

"I want twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars!" repeated Boscawen, perceptibly startled.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," said Biddulph, sharply, "a mere trifle—an amount that, with my fortune invested as it is, you can easily raise in an hour."

"But—" began Boscawen.

"To-morrow morning will do," said Biddulph, rather peremptorily. "I shall not want the money before then."

"But—" again began Boscawen, sitting on the very edge of his chair, "the purpose—if I might know why you want this sum—this large sum of money."

"Boscawen, my good friend," said Biddulph, suppressing his annoyance, "it has never been my custom to consult you about the disposition of my money, and I do not see any reason for doing so now. Indeed, I may say that I consider what you have said, ill-timed, and extremely unsuitable."

"Still, Mr. Biddulph," insisted the little man, in pitiable agitation, "if I should venture to inquire——"

"What!" exclaimed Biddulph, in unrestrained anger, "am I not to do what I please with my own? We have known each other a long time, Mr. Boscawen, and I must say you have served me faithfully and well, but do not, I pray, forget yourself, Mr. Boscawen. I cannot, even in view of the many years you have been in my employ—the employ of my family—permit you to inquire into my motives or question my actions."

"But I must know, Mr. Biddulph," said Boscawen, in an agony of embarrassment. "You have never asked for so large a sum before, and I must ask you to tell me, or else——"

"Or else?" interrupted Biddulph, in astonishment. "What do you mean—that otherwise you cannot get it?"

"I do not know," answered Boscawen, so confused that he evidently had lost all self-control. "Only tell me," he went on, beseechingly, "and I will see that it is all arranged."

"There is something here that I do not understand," insisted Biddulph, with great severity, looking squarely at the almost trembling man before him. "Am I to believe that it is necessary for you to know what disposition I intend to make of the money, before you can procure it? You cannot mean to imply that, for it would be absurd."

"You said you have always trusted me, Mr. Biddulph," begged the man; "trust me in this. I am not good at concealments, and if you will only not question me, you will find that it will be all right."

Biddulph seated himself in front of the now thoroughly excited man, with great deliberation and with something of a judicial air.

"Boscawen," he said, "there is some mystery here. I intend to know what it is. As you say, you are not skilful in subterfuge, and you had best tell me at once."

"I beg that you will ask me nothing —for your own sake and for the sake of others."

"I direct you to raise for me a certain sum of money which, although large, is not enormous," continued Biddulph, utterly disregarding Boscawen's entreaties, "and you insist upon my telling you what I am going to do with it, implying that if you do not know this, the thing cannot be accomplished."

"Not exactly that," groaned Boscawen.

"That, at least, was the impression I gathered from your words," continued Biddulph, pitilessly, "and I must conclude that it was a just one. If the knowledge of my purpose is all that is necessary in order to effect the procurement of this sum, then there cannot be any real lack of power to raise the money."

"No," Boscawen hastened to respond.

"The money will be forthcoming from somewhere," asserted Biddulph.

"Yes."

"But still there is something unexplained. You cannot assure me truthfully, on your word as an honest man, that I can have what I wish without revealing to you my intention?"

Biddulph, looking narrowly with his sharp old worldly eyes at Boscawen, saw that a tremendous struggle agitated him.

"No," answered Boscawen, at length.

"Ah! that is very well. Now we will soon understand. It must be then that there is someone else concerned in this affair."

"Mr. Biddulph," cried Boscawen, in utter dismay, "you really must ask me nothing more."

"There is someone else concerned, and I am not entire master of my own affairs. How can that have happened? through no fault of yours, Mr. Boscawen, I am sure——"

"No, Mr. Biddulph," said Boscawen, proudly, "everyone has conceded that. All that could be done I did, and when—" he paused now in even greater consternation than before, having evidently said more than he had intended.

"Something has happened," said Biddulph, quite pleasantly, "and from the connection, it has something to do with my money matters?"

He waited for an answer, looking at Boscawen with a fixedness that finally led the latter to hesitatingly murmur:

"Yes."

"Now, from the fact," continued Biddulph, relentlessly, "that you hesitate about complying with my demand, I must argue that it is something unpleasant. There is some difficulty that you have kept from me?"

"Yes, and—no," stammered Boscawen.

"As you will readily understand, it is of the utmost importance to me to find out what it is. If, with my fortune, I cannot at once raise so insignificant a sum as twenty-five thousand dollars, the situation must be very serious."

Boscawen was silent.

"This is a matter that will admit of no trifling," went on Biddulph, and his manner, which had been apparently easy and almost indifferent, suddenly became stern and impressive. "Misfortune has happened, and the fact has been withheld from me, as it could easily be, from one who has given no more attention to details than I have."

"Yes," gasped Boscawen, "but really it is nothing;" then using the phrase he had employed before, "it will be all right."

"You must allow me to think otherwise, Boscawen," said Biddulph, quietly. "From your manner I see that it is more serious than I had anticipated. Is it ruin?"

"Do not ask me," cried Boscawen, "I can say nothing—I——"

"It is ruin," said Biddulph, without the alteration of a tone or the variation of an inflection. "But why have I not been told?"

"It is not my fault. I advised it. I argued that it should be done."

"Then I am to infer that what I should have known—knowledge of my own affairs—has been kept from me by you through the influence of others—or another?"

"Mrs. Armroyd, sir, and Mr. Armroyd——"

"They desired that I should remain in ignorance of my loss?" quietly demanded Biddulph.

"They thought it was best—that you might be saved trouble—that, as it would make no difference——"

"Not make any difference?"

"No—you see, Mr. Armroyd has made such a large fortune in the last three years—that everything—could be carried on just the same."

"And it has been his money that has maintained this establishment—that has enabled it to go on as it has—that has given me what I have had?"

"Yes," continued Boscawen, now utterly demoralized, "since you lost all."

"All?" repeated Biddulph.

"Yes, sir, all. They thought—for they realized how proud you are—that you would be happier if you did not know, and so they forced me into helping them in the deception—and we have succeeded, although now——"

"And I have been mistaken about everything all these years?"

"Yes."

"And I am to understand that I have been living all this time on the bounty of Mr. Armroyd, my son-in-law?"

"Not exactly that. Of course I'm sure Mr. Armroyd never looked at it in that way."

"That I am a pauper dependent upon others?"

"No—no!" cried Boscawen, appalled at the effect of his revelations. "You do not see—let me explain."

"My good sir," said Biddulph, with his stateliest air, "I must ask you to withdraw for a short time; I wish to speak a few moments with my daughter, alone."

. . . . . .

As Eleanor entered the room she saw something unusual had happened.

"Oh," she cried, running to Biddulph and putting her arms about him. "What is it?"

Biddulph sat like one who, just recovering consciousness, has not yet reached full realization of his situation. As he did not at once answer, she asked again, with even greater evidence of apprehension:

"What is it?"

"I have learned the truth."

"Mr. Boscawen——?"

"Boscawen has told me all."

"And he promised us that you should never know," grieved Eleanor.

"I hardly think that he is really to blame," continued Biddulph, quietly; "I pressed him pretty hard, and he is not a person of great presence of mind or strength of resistance."

"But you will not think of it again. You will forget you ever knew or heard it?" besought Eleanor.

"I do not know what to say, or what to think. I am stunned, prostrated. The shock has been very great, and I cannot tell how it will affect me."

"But we did it for the best," she moaned. "We wished to spare you all we could. We knew you would feel the loss deeply, and Stephen——"

"Yes."

"When I proposed that we should try and keep you in ignorance, Stephen at once assented. I knew how you felt about him, and I was afraid that you might think of him mistakenly. Remember you are a very proud man——"

"And you did this to spare my pride?"

"We did it because there was no real reason why we should do otherwise. What you lost is little in comparison with what Stephen has gained—what he will gain. You do not know about him—he is one of the rich men of the city—of the country—a power—an influence. Within the last few years he has been successful in all he has undertaken, and everyone respects and honors him. You, living as you have, cut off from the world, have heard nothing of this. Father, you must say that you were wrong and that I was right. You must say it."

"Perhaps," answered Biddulph, sadly. "You must give me time to collect my thoughts. One cannot suddenly find the fabric of his life rent and ruined, and remain unmoved; one cannot discover that the idea of his whole existence has been utterly mistaken, and instantly command every faculty."

"But there is no reason why you should feel it—everything will—must go on as it always has," urged Eleanor, eagerly.

"I don't know—I don't know," murmured Biddulph, weakly and perplexedly. "I do not seem to have quite my accustomed vigor."

Indeed, he seemed to have aged with strange suddenness—a paleness overspread his face—there was a tremulous-

ness in his long, lean hand never there before; and his glance was for the moment wandering and objectless.

"There can be no change—everything is the same—except some miserable money."

"But I am penniless—a pauper."

"You are not. Do you think that Stephen was without pride and that it was not hard for him, comparatively without fortune, as he then was, to marry me—the heiress? You must now forget your pride as much as he did then—understanding that it is a joy to him to find himself in a position to benefit you—to benefit us."

"I do not seem very clear in my mind, Nellie," said Biddulph, continuing what he had said before rather than responding to her last speech. "It seems as if in some way my faculties had been benumbed by this blow. I am an old man," he paused, irresolutely, "I have been proud and imperious, and self-assured. Perhaps this is retribution."

But he did not appear to be really as much moved by the revelation to which he had just listened, as Eleanor would have imagined that he might be; either the callousness of age, or a certain indifference which he himself would never have suspected, seemed to enable him to endure so well the overthrow of so much that he had considered assured.

"You did it for the best," he went on, pitifully, "you and he—but still I should have liked to have known."

Eleanor looked at him curiously and then hastened to speak:

"And now everything shall be as it was, only you will understand Stephen better, and all—everything will be clear."

Biddulph slowly bowed his head with something of an inattentive air.

"Will you send Boscawen away. I don't think I care to see him again today. I am hardly equal to talking about business."

"Of course," answered Eleanor, leaning over him and kissing him upon the brow as he sat bent in his chair. "And now let me make you comfortable."

She brought a footstool and placed it before him — then she arranged the cushions for him to lean against.

"Now you are all right," she said, standing off and contemplating her work.

"Yes," he replied, listlessly.

She was going, when he stopped her.

"I should like," he said, "to see your —to see Stephen Armroyd. You will tell him so for me, and he will come."

"Yes."

"I have been mistaken," he said slowly, "but there was nothing to lead me to suspect that I was. It seemed so clear to me that I knew all that I needed to know, and so impossible that there could be anything else." Then he added, returning to his former careless, courtly manner, and speaking with his habitual lightness — as it were shrugging aside annoyance with the graceful ease of which he had always been master: "Before you go could you give me a book? Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*. You'll find it on the third shelf at the right of the door. I wish to verify a quotation."

As Eleanor handed him the volume he spoke again.

"Spinoza perhaps did not see with the complete clearness of some; still his conclusions are always interesting. Facts to him were perhaps not the paramount and only things they should always be. But his was a marvellous intellect—a charming personality. Thank you. And do not forget that I would like to speak with your husband. I can manage to see him at almost any time."

Japanese Voter Approaching the Ballot-box.

STARTING A PARLIAMENT IN JAPAN.

By John H. Wigmore.

Japanese Policeman.

A GLANCE at the feudal period, which passed away less than a quarter of a century ago, enables us to realize what fulness of meaning there must be in the new Parliament to the elder generation among the Japanese people. Then was the time when Sakura Sogo, that brave figure whose story every Japanese knows, heading a protest against the cruel oppression of the lord of Shimosa, humbly thrust a petition into his *kago*, or palanquin, as he passed, and for this heinous presumption suffered crucifixion in the presence of his fellow-villagers, while the headless trunks of his children were brought for his dying gaze to rest on. Then was the time when the farmers, ground to misery and desperation under some insolent seneschal, would stick their sickles in their belts and trudge together to the gate of the *daimio's* mansion, and, making their *mon-so*, or complaint, at the gates, would loudly demand redress; and then it was that for this unseemly impertinence the ringleaders would suffer death or banishment, and their companions find themselves in the stocks.

Even as late as twenty years ago the spirit of the departing times found typical expression in the suicide of Yokoyama Shotaro, the Satsuma *samurai*. He drew up for presentation to the Government a memorial containing ten articles of counsel for the times, and then, proceeding to the door of his house, calmly committed *hara-kiri;* for he deemed himself not worthy of life after a deed of insolence and effrontery which no motive could justify.

Men say now that Yokoyama was foolish; but their saying so shows what a change has occurred in their views of their political rights and their lawful aspirations. Within twenty years from the death of Yokoyama an inspired member of the Government has declared, in a commentary on the Consti-

tution, that the Ministry "must be open-minded to the multitude and must appeal to public opinion." The same twenty years now sees a Parliament whose members may offer public counsel, not as Yokoyama did, but with the same complete immunity that exists in America and in constitutional Europe. The brother of Yokoyama has lived to see the day when his

> "Voice shall be as strong as any man's
> In the disposing of new dignities."

The day of the *kago-so* and the *mon-so* has passed; the era of the ballot, the quorum, and the previous question has come.

An Election Clerk Writing Out Ballots for Voters.

Strangely enough, however, the old days, too, were days of the ballot. In many of the provinces of old Japan it was the custom to elect the chiefs of the villages by ballot. Certain of the larger landholders were privileged to choose, and when the position became vacant they all assembled on a certain day, and handed in their votes, written on a paper and placed in a sealed envelope. Then the candidate having the highest number of votes was installed as chief or *nanushi*.

But if the ballot of those days was something very like our own, the times are changed, and the new ideas are none the less strange to the old heads.

Even at this election of last year we saw one good old soul for whom the ballot seemed to have many mysteries. After a series of interviews with various election officials (in which the mutual politeness was at once painful and delightful to behold) he was finally guided to the ballot-box ; and there—inspired by what associations it is impossible to tell —he carefully reached under the table (on which the box stood) and dropped the ballot on the floor. The unbroken soberness with which himself and the officials regarded his *faux pas* was characteristically Japanese ; but it was far from being reflected in the faces of the foreign visitors, who were suddenly obliged to turn for a moment and admire the scenery. They need not have taken the incident, however, as something peculiar to Japanese rusticity. Of their own English-speaking countries even more ridiculous stories might be told. A year or two ago, in a New-England town well known as a seat of learning, an election was held at which many women voted for the first time. One lady, painfully conscious of the newness of her privilege, approached the ballot-box and proceeded to insert her ballot with its face upward and open to sight, contrary to the law of the State. But the vigilant official, preventing her, said firmly, "Face

Watching the Election Returns.

down, madam, face down!" whereon the inexperienced elector, in all simplicity, bowed her head reverently, and continued to fumble blindly at the box, with the ballot still facing upward.

The place we chose, Chiba, to view the election of last July, lies directly across the bay from Tokio. It is a country town of some three thousand people, distant an hour's steaming from the metropolis. We went to this place because it is a much more typical region than the great capital. Tokio is subject to special influences which make it often unsafe to judge Japan by what one sees there; and, in an agricultural nation like this, the country towns more truly portray the life of the people. I said that Chiba was distant an hour's steaming; but in fact we took five vehicles before we were finally set down at the door of the "Plum and Pine" Hotel in Chiba. First came a ride of five miles by *jinrikisha* through the wilderness of gardens, streets, and canals which people call Tokio. Then we were punted out to the little steamer, where the cabin was too low to stand up in, and the deck, to which we fled, was so restricted that our bodies frequently obstructed the outlook of the anxious pilot. Arrived at the other side, the steamer stopped in shallow water, and we descended into a long,

A Street of Shops showing Lantern Decorations

A Dashi—Movable Tower used in Japanese Festivals.

flat-bottomed ferry, where freight and passengers were indiscriminately commingled. Once more we were met by *jinrikishas*, up to their hubs in water, and were carried through the shallows, over the sands, and up the beach, into the busy fishing town.

This was not the first time that we had seen an election in Chiba. In March, when the cherries were budding and the plum blossoms were falling, we had been present at the elections for the provincial Legislature. It was on that occasion, I remember, that we were lodged in the "Morning Sunrise" room (for each room has a name) at the

"Plum and Pine;" and it was on that occasion that my companion, a Japanese youth with literary proclivities, inspired by the trip on the water, composed a five-line ode, wherein the belt of foam which the steamer left in her wake was compared to the broad *obi*, or sash, which encircles the waist of the Japanese lady.

At that time it had been quiet enough in Chiba; but we supposed that all would be changed now, at this first national election, even though the higher franchise qualification had considerably reduced the number of electors. But on this occasion the event passed off even more quietly. The prevailing tone, here as everywhere throughout the country, was a sober one. No crowds, no processions, no "workers," no flags, no decorations, no excited partisans—nothing to destroy the calmness of the beautiful July day. Yet there was certainly no lack of struggle for membership in the new Parliament. Almost everywhere there were two or three candidates running for each seat, and in some places as many as ten or a dozen appeared. Nor was there any lack of interest on the part of the people. Throughout the country more than ninety per cent. of the electors went to the polls. In some districts of more than a thousand voters, not a single one missed voting—something that was probably never heard of in our own country. So that the outward quietness was certainly not the result of any inward indifference.

Whatever was the cause, we were made to feel, as we approached the polling-place, very much as a stranger might feel in approaching one of our churches on a bright Sunday morning. Off to the right lay the blue bay, sparkling under the brilliant sun. On the left, crowning a low hill, was a background of fantastic pines, called by the townspeople "Angel's Feathers," because on them in days of yore the angel who visited the deity of the place had hung her garments of feathers (for angels in Japan, you must know, are clothed in feathers). In front of us stood the plain, one-story town-hall, now used for a polling-place, with its

The New Palace Bridge, Tokio.

The Great Bell at Asakusa.

roof of dark, wavy tiles, bordered with a white of oriental brightness. There was a hush about the premises. Soldier-like policemen stood solemnly at the door. On the faces of the officials was visible a deep responsibility. As the serious-looking electors passed in and out, their straw shoes shuffled faintly. There were whispered consultations between the voters and the officers, and greetings of formal politeness. If all had been worshipful masters performing for the first time an unusual ritual, there could have been no more seriousness or formality, and the foreign barbarians who silently witnessed the scene felt more like intruders than guests.

Nor were we allowed, by making ourselves a part of the scene, to break its charm. The election law allows only officials and intending voters to enter the polling-room. But the instinct of kindness in our good friend the mayor

was too strong, and though the letter of the law was kept, its spirit was abandoned. After a preliminary consultation, or *sodan*, with the Governor (this *sodan* is always dear to the Japanese heart, though often irritating to the impatient foreigner), it was decided that we could survey the election from the outside, through the broad doors, which, as in most Japanese houses, were thrown open to the daylight and gave a clear view of all that was passing within. So we were shown the way around the building, through the fields, to the garden on the other side, and there we sat close to the open door, at the edge of the rope which surrounded the forbidden precincts.

The polls had opened at eight o'clock, and one by one the farmers had come straggling in from the surrounding country. The greater number gathered in the small meeting-hall just outside the polling-room, whence arose a quiet buzzing. It was a reminder of the gathering in the churchyard on Sunday, in old times, between the morning and the afternoon services.

There was little laughter, less loud argument, and no angry disputing.

A "Wakaishi"—a Japanese Bachelor who Manages Public Festivals.

Every now and then, like bees leaving a hive, a figure was seen to separate from the rest and move off toward the polling-room, and anon another returned. One saw among them here and there the modern Japanese, with his imitation of foreign garments, in appearance seldom elegant, often awkward, and generally out of harmony with the surroundings. But chiefly there came the old-fashioned rustic, in his best silk robes, with square-shaven crown and short queue caught up and tied—perhaps wearing the *hakama*, or divided skirt, of the old *samurai*. A gentleman in every act, he bows as he enters to the official at the door, carefully writes his ballot and affixes his seal, then with great deliberation folds it and places it in the oblong official envelope. For some of the voters it is necessary to seek the assistance of a special clerk in writing their ballots. It is not that they cannot write; for everybody knows the plebeian *kana* or syllabic writing. They prefer to see their ballots inscribed with the more elegant Chinese characters; and then, too, the *kana* is sometimes ambiguous (for some words have a dozen different meanings), and there is a natural perturbation and a desire to have their meaning clearly and correctly conveyed. When the writing is finished the long-sleeved voter walks over to the *tachiai-nin*, or inspectors. Here further effusions of politeness take place, while the voter gives his name, number, and address, and is checked off on the register. Then, with another gesture of courtesy, he turns to the ballot-box, and with a bow, perhaps in duplicate, to the kind old mayor, who sits behind the box, he carefully deposits his ballot, and quietly retires by another door.

Toward the middle of the afternoon we started back to Tokio by the long road that winds about the upper end of the bay, along the beach, through quaint fishing villages, past snug cottages and green hedges into great Tokio. Here the day had passed as quietly as in Chiba. Except in the immediate neighborhood of the polling-places, where a respectful and curious crowd gathered outside, one would never have known that the day was one of unusual national moment. The next day the same curious and respectful groups (one might always use these epithets for a Japanese crowd) shifted to the newspaper offices, where the returns from the interior, with traditional journalistic enterprise, were exhibited as soon as the telegraph could send them. But by the second or third day even these traces had disappeared, and no outward sign remained of the day on which the nation had for the first time in history expressed its united voice.

Such were the impressions we received on the day of the first national election in Japan. But if the prevailing tone on that occasion was a sober one, gayety and merrymaking were the supreme features of the day, five months later, when the first National Assembly was formally opened. Serious in serious things, the Japanese cannot be excelled as holiday-makers. The approach of a great national festival—whether it be the ever-recurring Shinnen or New Year's, the periodic Kanda Myojin or some unique occasion like the present—is always made manifest for some days beforehand. Here and there a national flag is hung out; perhaps two tiny ones, crossed and nailed to the eaves; perhaps a larger one on a bamboo pole with a gilt ball at the end; and sometimes two enormous ones, with round, gilt cages at the upper end of the pole, span the street, tied gracefully together with a thick cord and tassels of purple silk which hang down over the highway. Here and there a red-and-white lantern appears. Then a row of them is hung out. In a day or two the whole block of houses is festooned; and by the great day a variegated line of red and white greets the eye as far as it can see on either side of the long street. All manner of patterns appear. No two districts, no two blocks seem to use the same design. On one side we see a round lantern, with one hemisphere red, the opposite hemisphere white. On the other side a row of white lanterns show broad red equators encircling them; white balls dot the equator on one hemisphere; on the other a pair of flags are crossed. A little further along we come

to another row, with a large red lozenge covering one side; a white ball marks the lozenge centre, and on the other side a red sun with the rays of a Maltese cross, presents quite a different aspect to those who come from the other direction. Usually these bright bunches of red and white hang from a straw rope which stretches from house to house at the edge of the eaves. Where money is plenty, however, and an especially fine display is to be made, a lantern of some length is used, and is hung on a wooden post. Above and below projects a cross-piece to which the ends of the lantern are tied. Over the top is the little gable which covers every fence, gate, well, shrine, and upright structure of every kind in Japan. An appropriate inscription—usually "*Teikoku Gikwai*," "National Assembly"—adorns the front of the lantern. From the bottom dangles an oblong strip of glazed paper, in red, purple, green, and every imaginable color. When there is a special extravagance, a little bell takes the place of the paper strip, and tinkles as the *chochin*, or lantern, sways in the wind. Over each *chochin* is usually fixed a conventional group of gaudy paper flowers, one at each end of a cross, like the children's pinwheels in our own country; and the eaves of the house are thus made to blossom with chrysanthemums of hues never seen before, even in the Imperial gardens of Tenshi-sama (My Lord the Son of Heaven) himself.

On the eve of most of the great festivals we notice here and there a *dashi* in the course of construction. On this occasion, however, they were not to be seen. The Tokio Government (fearing perhaps the results of too great excitement, but ostensibly on the ground of preventing extravagance) had recommended that as little money as possible be spent, and had specially desired that no *dashi* be used; and in the capital the people in general obeyed this injunction. But in the interior these gay towers formed, as ever, a notable holiday feature, perhaps the most striking of all. They are often built at the edge of the street, and one may watch them as they grow, course by course. First, a broad platform is built, with ornate corner posts and a railing on all four sides. Shining black lacquer covers every visible part, and polished brass, with engraved decorations, is plentifully distributed over all the parts. Brocades, tapestries, and embroideries are hung about the sides of the lower story. Then a second story is added, of tall and slender proportions, and this is fairly buried in an indescribable mass of symbolical festoonery—lanterns, banners, drapery, gilt cages, flags, fans, umbrellas, fishes, dragons, paper foliage, paper blossoms, in every imaginable bright color. On top stands or sits a human figure, in old-time costume. He is some bygone hero—perhaps Yoritomo or Yoshitsune or Kiyomasa, and the whole represents some famous adventure of his. Down below, in the first story, are crowded his followers, a dozen or so in number, beating the dull, resonant Japanese drum, blowing the fife, making fun with lion-masks, shouting and enjoying themselves to their utmost. Creaking wheels support the bright, noisy, living mass, and two stout oxen (sometimes, instead, a crowd of holiday-makers) drag it slowly about. On the summit of the swaying tower the hero sits serene and oblivious of his danger. For him, no doubt, it is the moment of a lifetime, and an admiring crowd, equally picturesque, throngs about the moving magnificence in its journey.

By Tuesday, November 25th (the opening ceremony had been fixed for the 29th), all these signs of the approaching holiday had begun to show themselves. The next three days saw an ever-increasing array of the *kazare*, or decorations. Everywhere ladders were up, and firemen (the work is done for the most part by the fire-laddies) were busy hanging ropes, hammering flag-staffs, and stringing lanterns. The people stood at their doors and looked on in attitudes of busy idleness. Has this straw-merchant something which must be done to-day—an invoice to be entered, a heavy order received? No, that cannot be; in Japan there is nothing that *must* be done to-day. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say there is nothing that *can* be done to-day; to-morrow is always much better.

By Friday the city was newly dressed

in red and white. In the mercantile quarter, the prosaic *kura*, or storehouses, with thick, fire-proof walls, deep-set windows, and prison-like gratings, now stand transformed in bright holiday attire. At night long rows of delicate light meet the eye at every turning, and a soft red glow lights up the pavements. Itinerant merchants spread their wares along in front of the houses, and the night sees busier scenes than the day, as the crowd passes and repasses under the gleam of the lanterns. Sometimes these fairy avenues extend as far as the eye can reach, and the two lines of variegated light are lost in one. Over the bridges and along the quays invisible *jinrikishas* dash swiftly, marking their path only by a spark of lantern-light; and all the evening long this restless procession of stars lights up the gloom of the moats—advancing, meeting, receding, blending, in a tireless and mysterious fashion. At such a time Tokio, near the Shimbashi (New Bridge), presents a sight never to be forgotten, and never to be excelled.

There are certain special qualities of Tokio decoration which one cannot fail to notice—the thoroughness with which it is carried out, the contrasts which appear as one passes from *cho* to *cho* (or from block to block, as we should say), and at the same time the system and unity of purpose displayed in the individual districts. All this has an intimate connection with an old and curious custom, still perpetuated; and I must speak of an interview which I lately had with an old man of the people, from whom, among others, I sought to learn something of the method which lay behind this universal decoration; for method, it seemed, there clearly must have been. The honor of talking with a foreign *sensei* (every teacher is called *sensei*, or "first-born") was too much for his tongue, and with good-natured effusiveness and much polite sucking-in of breath, he poured forth voluble and irrelevant explanations, until even the long-suffering Japanese politeness of my student-interpreter was tested. His story was a long one and may be condensed.

You must know, first, that in the old times Yedo (that is, Tokio), and, in fact, every Japanese town, was divided into small wards, called *cho* or *machi*. Old associations bound together the townspeople of each *cho*, and made them a unit for social and political purposes; for originally the *cho* had been one of the villages which grew together to form the great town. There resulted a system of local self-government which, in the opinion of some, is not to be surpassed for smoothness and effectiveness by any of our modern achievements. The chief influence in local matters was in the hands of the house-owners and their *sahai-nin*, or managers of rented houses; and these, with due regard to local opinion, really controlled the affairs of each *cho*. Now, said my friend Tokujiro, whenever a festival came to pass, the arrangements fell into the hands of a special class of the community called *wakaishi*. These were, in fact, the bachelors of the community. They formed a sort of society or guild, and no one could be admitted without proper endorsement and a vote of acceptance. They were rather a wild set; they could not be called industrious, and the wine-shop was the favorite rendezvous of these pleasure-loving youths. A merchant who had an eye to his son's future would seldom consent to his joining the band; and it was thus more numerous where artisans (whose sons had greater liberty) were more plentiful. But Japan is a marrying country; very few men, and still fewer women, continue long unmated; and no *cho* contained more than fifteen or twenty *wakaishi*. There were two or three classes; one class was well off, and was expected to spend money handsomely; the others possessed less, and were called on for less. It was into the hands of this gay company that the arrangements for merry-making were always placed. The occupation was a congenial one, and this disposition of it came about naturally enough.

There was one part of the duties, however, which was not very pleasant —was, in fact, according to Japanese ideas, even a little debasing. This was the soliciting of contributions for festival expenses. The *wakaishi* played the disagreeable part in old Japanese life that the book-agent and the campaign-

fund collector play with us. As a festival approached, the *wakaishi* went to the *sañai-nin* and the house-owners, and received general directions about the mode of celebration. Then a number went the rounds to collect subscriptions. Everybody knew how much his neighbor was worth, and each was asked to give a certain sum according to his means. Others of the company gave the orders for the lanterns and the *dashi*, for each festival had its own style of lanterns, and they were seldom used twice. This was the time when the *wakaishi* came to the front on the stage of town-life. They were the masters of ceremonies, and on the day of the festival their wealth was often sunk in special garments of *bourgeoise* magnificence which dazzled their townspeople.

All this has remained until to-day. The *wakaishi* still meet at the wine-shop, still dun their neighbors for festival money, and still robe themselves in curious *crêpe* garments to add to the picturesque gayety of the day. The rivalry of the different wards is still an element of the Japanese holiday. On the caparisons of the *dashi*, in particular, sums of money quite large for Japan are still spent. Three hundred dollars, said Tokujiro, was the amount sometimes reached, but others have told me one thousand. In a country where the best clerks receive thirty dollars a month, and the artisan thirty cents a day; where one hundred dollars a year will give a young man the best education in the country, and will clothe, feed, and lodge him in the bargain; where these prices rule, the spending of such sums on festival occasions is an index of their importance in the eyes of the people, and of the central part they play in the simple town life.

The formal opening of the Parliament, as has been said, was fixed for Saturday, November 29th. The President of the Lower House was, however, an indispensable figure for the occasion, and it was therefore necessary for the Lower House to have a preliminary meeting for the purpose of choosing their head, and of despatching a few minor matters. This momentous first meeting of Japan's first national representative assembly was to take place on Tuesday the 25th. At nine o'clock on that morning, for the first time since the erection of the Parliament buildings, the tall iron gates of the enclosure were thrown open, the silver-laced porters took their places at the entrance, and as the *jinrikishas* of the members whirled past the porter's lodge and around the broad gravel path up to the front portico, even the most indifferent observer must have thrilled as he thought of the significance of the moment. The change from the old to the new in Japan is a trite subject, but to my mind this was the occasion which most marks the turning-point. Until to-day these men had entered those doors only by leave of others; henceforward they were to enter in their own right, and in that of the nation.

The crowd that watched the scene was quite undemonstrative. For the most part they stood idly gaping in curiosity and admiration. There is in Japan, as in certain European countries, a great gulf fixed between officialdom and the people; and even the people's representatives received a share of the submissive respect with which the plebs here invest authority in all its shapes. All day long for several days could be seen this gathering of people, ever changing and ever renewing itself, talking little, laughing or joking not at all, merely gazing fixedly up at the Parliament buildings, apparently trying to take it all in, and looking, so some one said, as though they expected the soaring wisdom of the national legislature to appear at the windows in concrete form.

At last, after a week of blue skies and white clouds, with snow-covered Fuji on the southern horizon pronouncing a perpetual benediction, came Saturday, the final day, ushered in with a grayness which menaced rain, but did not bring it. The events of the day began early. There are no conventional times in the Japanese day. At eight o'clock the members of both Houses were to present themselves at the Palace and pay their respects to His Imperial Majesty. This occasion, needless to say, did not involve my attendance; but Tokio is a city of magnificent distances,

and I rose at six o'clock, knowing that time would be required to see all that the people were doing. Full dress was required of all civilians who were to attend the opening ceremony, and it seemed rather absurd to find one's self attired in evening dress at six o'clock on a winter's morning. I consoled myself by thinking that the three hundred representatives were in the same condition, and making my way to the Palace grounds in the centre of the city, began to make the tour of the moats which enclose them. At half-past ten o'clock the Emperor was to leave the palace, and from seven o'clock until that hour an ever-increasing stream of humanity poured out of the side-streets into the main arteries, over the bridges, and through the great stone bastions that flank them, all pressing on to get a good view of their Emperor as he passed. Every moment the throng grew denser and stronger, and seemed to be renewed from inexhaustible sources. Tokio has few sidewalks, and from side to side the highways were choked with human beings. Now and then the liveried equipage of a general or a minister, with some titled occupant, forced its way through the pedestrians and emphasized the privileges of aristocracy. Here and there a squad of cavalry were leaving their barracks for the stables, their sabres clanking at their heels. Solemn-looking policemen were dispersed everywhere among the crowd. Now and then a company of infantry marched past to form in battalion as an imperial escort. But no military demonstration was needed. Nothing could have been more peaceful, more orderly than this immense crowd. Respectability was written on every form. Once or twice only, from the direction of the students' quarters, came a company of young fellows, racing along in *jinrikishas*, shouting and waving banners, on their way to escort a favorite politician to the Parliament House. Many of the districts turned out in a body to honor a popular representative in this way, and then they returned to their ward and celebrated the occasion with cakes and wine and speeches.

By nine o'clock the *jinrikishas* and carriages began to whirl through the Sakurada Gate, across the bridge, and down the avenue to the Parliament House. One could not help thinking of the day, thirty-two years ago, when a similar crowd pressed about the same gate to see the *Daimios'* trains on their way to the great levee in the Shogun's castle (where the Palace now stands), and Ji, the great Regent, the friend of the foreigners and of progress, met a bloody death on this self-same bridge. His foreign proclivities and his resolute will had made him the best-hated man in Japan, though he was just then at the height of a successful policy. He had started from his house, on the hill above the gate (where the War Department now stands), and had just reached this point, surrounded by a few white-robed retainers, when a score of men rushed out from the crowd, and making short work of the guard, despatched the Regent in a few seconds.

By half-past ten the stream of *jinrikishas* had ceased to flow, and after a few moments of waiting the Imperial *cortège*, moving down from the Palace and crossing the deep moat by the new bridge, appeared through the Sakurada Gate, and passed slowly down the avenue. Had it been any other country cheers would have deafened the imperial ears. But the hurrahs were faint. How could it be otherwise? A few years ago every form would have been prostrate, every forehead touching the ground. A nation cannot pass instantly from such demeanor to the frank outburst of soul which finds vent in huzzas. Cheering is still a thing of the future for Japan.

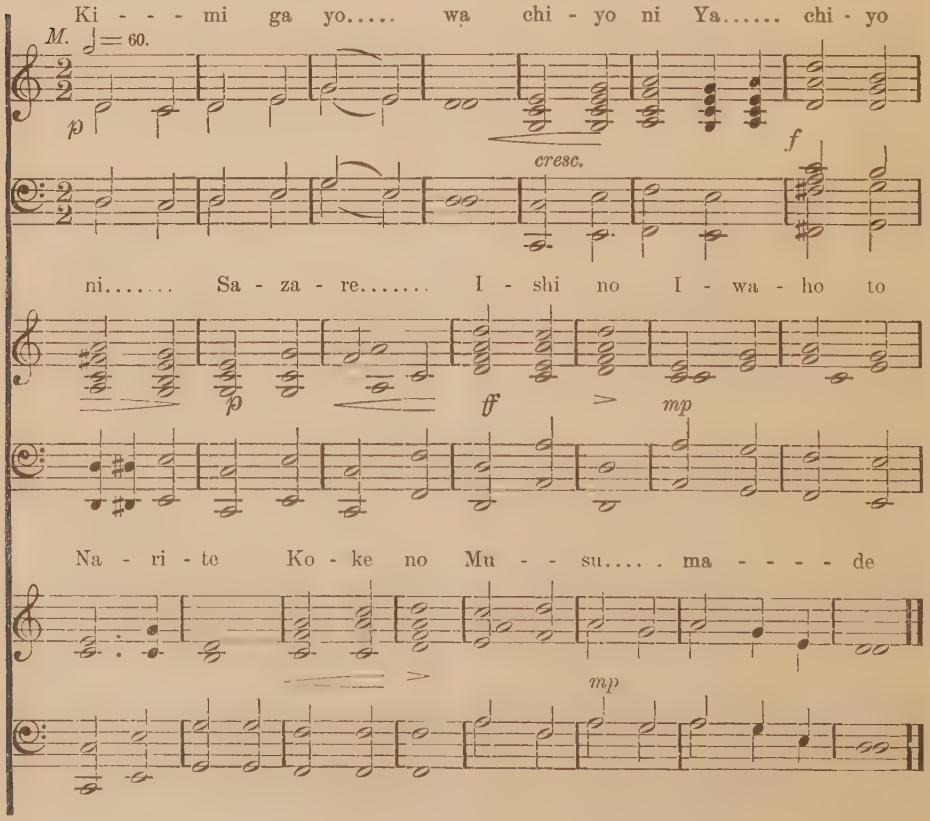
Meanwhile the witnesses of the coming spectacle had been assembling in the Chamber of Peers. It was indeed an esoteric gathering. The two Houses were to be there, as a matter of course. But the high officials who shared the privilege did not exceed three hundred. A dozen foreigners entered in this way by their official rank. A place was reserved for the Diplomatic Corps, the chiefs in one compartment, the *attachés* in another. Five other foreigners occupied the box whose door bore the legend, "Messieurs les Journalistes." One (Sir Edwin Arnold) represented

England; two represented the United States, and two the local English journals. As this box was the only one to which any foreigners were to be admitted who did not enter by virtue of official or diplomatic rank, one may imagine that scores of requests had been received by the Board of Ceremonies; journalistic affiliations, before unthought of, suddenly sprang up on every hand. But what with the twenty Japanese journalists who were entitled to admission, there was no room to spare, and the number of foreigners was necessarily limited.

By ten o'clock the galleries were nearly filled. On the right and left (from the President's desk) were ranged long lines of high officials, ascending in rank toward the centre. On the left of the centre were the boxes of the Diplomatic Corps. Below, the right was reserved for the Commons, the left for the Peers. This, however, must not be interpreted as exalting Commons above Peers, for in Japan the left is the seat of honor. Behind the President's desk was a large recess, the Throne Room, where the Emperor himself was to stand. A curious expectancy reigned. From below came up the delicate odor of burning incense. Now and then the sound of trumpets was heard, as a detachment of troops passed in the streets without. Every few moments a much-liveried usher entered a box, bowed, showed to his seat a decorated and titled personage, and noiselessly retired. It was not unlike some stage drawing-room scene, and one could not help looking for the play-bill to learn who was taking the part of the noble lord just entered. Anon some irreverent guest allowed a laugh or a loud tone to escape

KIMI GA YO.

Adapted for military band by Herr F. Eckert, from an old Japanese melody. Transcribed from the score in possession of Mr. T. Iwakura, Chief Musician of the Imperial Household. Words by Viscount Fukuba Bisei.



him, much to the disgust of a British companion, who kindly explained to me that such a thing could never have happened at Westminster, and that what the Japanese needed, as a restraining influence, was "traditions, you know."

Suddenly a fanfare of trumpets was heard without. The Emperor had arrived. Then from the Imperial band was heard the superb harmony of that noble chorale, the national hymn, "*Kimi ga yo*," "May our sovereign live for thousands and ten thousands of years, until the tiny pebble becomes a moss-covered rock." Its grand notes died away, sounding to those within like the strains of a mysterious organ; the doors of the lower corridor opened, and the Peers and the Commons made their entrance. Almost at the same time the Diplomatic Corps took its position in the boxes above.

The body of spectators was, in truth, the interesting feature of the moment. The Peers wore for the most part the court costume of their respective ranks. Those elected from the highest tax-payers, as well as all but a few titled members of the Commons, were in plain evening dress. The legations, with their many-patterned costumes, from the peacock-blue military uniform of Austria, and the broad horizontal gold bars of Russia, to the loose gown and peaked black hat of Corea, presented a striking appearance; and among them the American representative stood prominent by the very simplicity of his evening dress. The galleries, from one end to another were a broad blaze of gold lace. Below, the embroidered garments of the Peers contrasted sharply with the black and white of the Commons. Count Ito, the President of the House of Peers, standing alone in front of his associates, wearing the red sash of the order of the Paulownia, served as a foil to Mr. Nakajima, President of the Commons.

The costumes, the building, the drapery, the whole scene, were in appearance thoroughly Western, and one looked almost in vain for a touch of the Japanese. But perhaps the sight was on that account more significant in its contrasts with the past. Every one remembers the killing of Richardson in 1862, the young Englishman who rashly refused to yield the road to the train of the great *Daimio* of Satsuma, Shimadzu Saburo, and was literally cut to pieces by the enraged retainers. The redoubtable Saburo has passed away, but down in the front row of Peers, in the very dress of the once-hated foreigners, sit his two sons, Tadayoshi and Chiusai; and even to-day, the former (alone of all the Peers), wears his hair as of old, with top-knot and shaven crown. In another part of the House sits Narabara, the very *samurai* who led the attack on Richardson. A few feet from Shimadzu stands Count Ito Hirobumi, twenty-five years ago plain Ito Shunsuke, hotly pursued by enemies for his advocacy of foreign methods, and secretly embarking, at the risk of his life, to study in the West. On the platform, among the Ministers, is Count Goto, one of the earliest workers in the cause of the Restoration, and nearly thirty years ago the secret and trusty messenger sent by the *Daimio* of Tosa to induce the Shogun to yield to the united clans and resign his office. Down among the highest nobles is little Prince Sanjo (since that time laid with his fathers), beloved and trusted by all factions, but in 1865 a fugitive, with six other court nobles, from Kioto, where his sympathy with the conspirators of the Restoration nearly cost him his life. Viscount Enomoto, too, the ex-Minister of Education, has a place here; but in 1869 he was in Yezo, at the North, making a last brave stand, at the head of a remnant of the Shogunate's forces, against the generals of the present Emperor, and it was there that he raised the flag of the first (though perhaps not the last) republic that Asia has ever seen. All through the assembly stood men whose recollections must have been in equally vivid contrast with the scene in which they were taking part.

Meanwhile the Cabinet Ministers and the Privy Council had ranged themselves on the left. Finally, at the right appeared the Marquis Tokudaiji, the Lord High Chamberlain, and as all rose to their feet and made obeisance the Emperor entered, followed by a number of the Household officials. He took

his place in the Throne Room, the Proclamation was handed to him, and in a firm, resonant voice he read aloud a brief address, declaring Parliament opened for business. He spoke in the most approved style of Japanese intonation, and his words reached every auditor. The parchment was then handed to Count Ito, who respectfully raised it to his head in Japanese fashion. The Emperor returned by the door where he entered, the strains of the national hymn were heard once more, and the long-expected ceremony was at an end. Perfect decorum and smoothness had marked it throughout, and the whole impression left upon the spectator was one of gravity and solemnity.

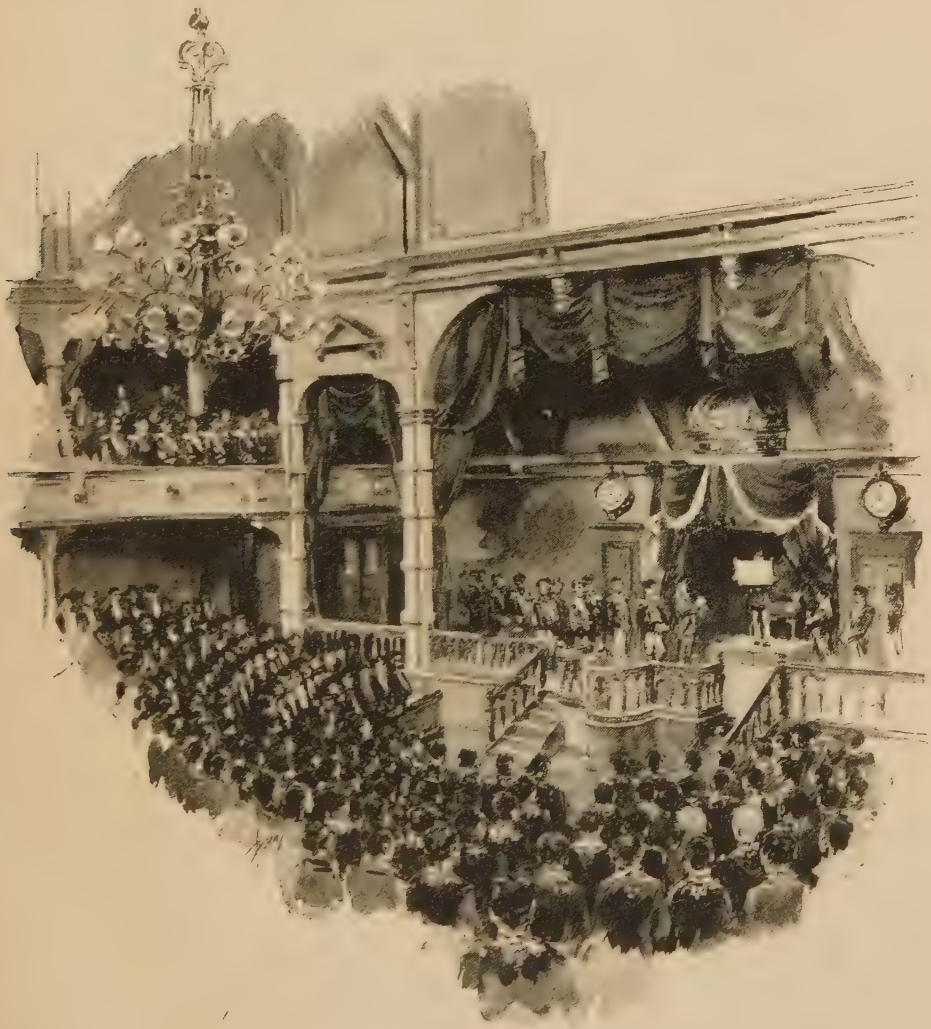
In these proceedings in the House of Peers the true meaning of the occasion found expression. But to the people one holiday is very much like another. The special meaning of the day is forgotten, and they betake themselves to the usual holiday resorts. Now in Tokio the Mecca on festival occasions is Asakusa. There the holiday-keeping reaches its highest. The first and the last resort at such times is this spacious pleasure-ground, with ponds, bridges, temples, shrines, gardens, towers, shooting-galleries, tea-houses, peep-shows, conjurers, and all manner of penny amusements. So in the afternoon B—— and myself started for Asakusa, through the lantern-fringed streets, to observe the people at their play.

The main entrance stands at the end of a long and narrow paved lane, leading from a broad thoroughfare in the heart of the city. The lane is packed with people leisurely coming and going. Down each side is an interminable row of gay shops, among which the toy stores predominate. As we approach the massive roofed gateway, ever open, with the great temple looming through on the other side, the deep boom of the huge bell sounds in our ears, and the strikers turn for a moment to watch us as they swing back the big horizontal beam that serves as a clapper. We stop in front of the two fierce-looking Ni-o, in their cages on either side of the portal, and chew a paper wad to throw after the thousand that already adhere to them; and we trust that we may have the pure hearts that the paper prayer brings to those who truly desire them. Just inside the gateway, with its immense hanging lantern-globes, now battered with age, the sacred pigeons flutter up to us. We must add to our meritorious deeds by buying a cent's worth of corn to throw to the sacred birds. We approach the great sign-board, just ahead on the right, to learn whose name leads the thousands there inscribed for their generous contributions to the temple; but before we reach it, our attention is distracted by a crowd gathered a little distance away, where a voluble showman seems about to perform the feat of swallowing a sword. He does swallow it, and in a marvellous manner, too; but this is only preliminary to his chief business of painless tooth-extracting. Some poor little fellow is persuaded to step out and lend himself as an example; a magic powder is rubbed on the aching tooth, and presto! out it slips. This process never fails to attract an open-mouthed crowd. We turn toward the temple. Up the steep steps go scores of worshippers, kneeling as they reach the top, clapping their hands and tossing the tenth part of a cent into the cross-barred bin that serves as a contribution-box. Their prayers are earnest and sincere; I have seen a woman on her knees, with tears streaming from her eyes, and showing as genuine an anguish of heart as poor humanity ever feels in Western lands. But while there is this need of superhuman help, this religious feeling, I doubt whether the ordinary Japanese ever comes to reckon himself the "miserable sinner" of the Anglican litany.

We turn off to the left, over the little arched stone bridge, and from the old woman at the other side we buy a few tiny eels, to pitch into the pond; for this act of saving life, like feeding the pigeons, is the laying up of treasures for the future. B—— suggests that the old dame will fish them out at night and sell them again next day; but we accept the symbolic act as it is intended —as a reminder to perform good deeds unceasingly. Just beyond the bridge is a ring of spectators pressing around an old woman who squats on the ground.

She is a sand-writer. In front of her are three or four bags of colored sand —red, white, purple, and black. Deftly holding the sand in her palm, she sweeps her hand in graceful curves over the smooth ground, and we see lanterns, honor. Her unceasing shrill babble is even more wonderful than her writing, and, as we move off, she perpetrates her stock joke by begging us to sit down awhile and have some (imaginary) tea.

Away on the right are rows and rows



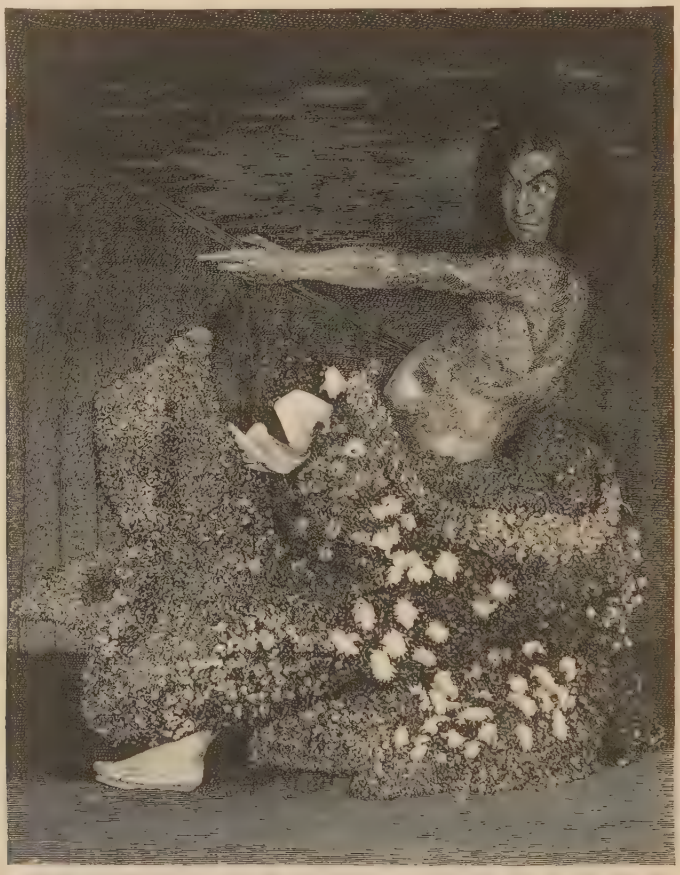
Opening Scene of the Japanese Parliament.

flags, people, flowers, grow in outline under her swift motions. The foreigners' pennies command her utmost skill, and she depicts in many colors the story of Oishi Kuranosuke, the loyal leader of the Forty-seven Ronins, of never-dying memory, as he sits reading from a letter the last behest of his lord to avenge his

of diminutive photograph-galleries, for with the Japanese the photograph is very popular. A little further on we come to the fascinating little archery ranges. "Range" is a word rather large for these nooks, for Japanese archery at Asakusa is as far removed as possible from the Robin-Hood style of

transfixing a willow withe at three hundred yards. Imagine facing a target ten or fifteen feet away, at the other end of a room; imagine a bow that bends like whalebone, and an arrow only a little longer than a chopstick. Archery's art here lies, not in launching a shaft directly at the bull's-eye, but in causing it to describe a graceful curve and in judging the curve's dimensions. The attractive, red-cheeked *musmee* begs us to shoot just once more, but we turn away—past the chrysanthemum garden, with its life-like flower figures telling some famous story—past the monkeys and the parrots—past the twelve-story tower, with the elevator, the only one in Japan, and on toward the booths of the showmen and the circus performers.

They are a motley assortment. They are usually open to the street, only a wooden fence marking the line of the highway. A gaudy curtain, with startling feats depicted in brilliant colors, hangs from the eaves to the fence. Ever and anon this is rapidly raised, and, after a second or two, dropped again, to tantalize and attract the passer-by. From within the orchestra sends forth a deafening noise; drum and flute vie with each other, and the sharp tones of a fiddle at times break in. Suddenly we hear the clear "click, click" of the *hyoshi-gi*—two oblong pieces of cherry or plum, held one in each hand and struck together like cymbals—a sound so familiar in Japan; the orchestra breaks off sharply, the manager, with looped-up skirts, makes a pompous announcement, the curtain



Grotesque Chrysanthemum Figure at Asakusa.

falls with a snap, and the performance begins. Here three little children toddle skilfully about the stage on big white spheres. Next door a woman with wonderful toes ties knots, saws wood, sews, makes a boat, and does sundry other astonishing feats. Beyond are a company of performing monkeys, shivering in bedraggled costumes of *daimio* and *samurai*. Of late, borrowed wonders from the West seem to occupy an important place in the people's amusements. The great elevator tower, the panorama, a diorama, a phonograph, an electric battery—all these seem to be displacing the material, if not the form, of the old-time spectacles. But curious as they are to the Tokio townsman, they have for us nothing of the Japanesque, and we pass them by.

It is growing dark, too, and people are turning homeward. A cold wind has sprung up, and reminds us that winter comes in Japan, even if tardily. The dust begins to fly and chokes us as we hurry across the city. The wind becomes a gale. The lanterns are dashed about and torn from their fastenings, and go rattling down the street. No fairy avenues to-night, for everywhere flags and lanterns are being shattered and dismantled, and the northern blast will keep us all snugly within doors. The great Parliament *matsuri* is over, and the reign of the Constitution has begun. By the next morning every lantern and flag in Tokio has swiftly and mysteriously disappeared, and the "great, green city" is itself again. The spirit of festivity sleeps for awhile, to wake again with renewed vigor in the protracted holidays of the New-Year.

TWO ON THE TERRACE.

By John Hay.

Warm waves of lavish moonlight
The Capitol enfold,
As if a richer noonlight
Bathed its white walls with gold.
The great bronze Freedom shining—
Her head in ether shrining—
Peers Eastward, as divining
The new day from the old.

Mark the mild planet pouring
Her splendor o'er the ground;
See the white obelisk soaring
To pierce the blue profound.
Beneath the still heavens beaming,
The lighted town lies gleaming,
In guarded slumber dreaming—
A world without a sound.

No laughter and no sobbing
From those dim roofs arise,
The myriad pulses throbbing
Are silent as the skies.
To us their peace is given;
The meed of spirits shriven;
I see the wide, pure heaven
Reflected in your eyes.

Ah love! a thousand æons
Shall range their trooping years;
The morning-stars their pæans
Shall sing to countless ears.
These married States may sever,
Strong time this dome may shiver,
But love shall last forever,
And lovers' hopes and fears.

So let us send our greeting,
A wish for trust and bliss,
To future lovers meeting
On far-off nights like this.
Who, in these walls undoing
Perforce of time's rough wooing—
Amid the crumbling ruin
Shall meet, clasp hands, and kiss.

A Pass in the Pyrenees—Hospice of France.

IZARD HUNTING IN THE SPANISH PYRENEES.

By Paul van Dyke.

FOUR horses restive in the brisk air of the hour between night and morning, and jumping away from their riders, embarrassed in mounting by gun and alpenstock — that was the start. Then ten miles of smooth road straight toward the southern border, and we turned sharply to the east and struck up the mountain side. The path was the empty bed of a torrent, but the horses climbed like cats; passing over crumbling slopes, and sliding down the face of smooth rocks, with a certainty and ease which made one believe that their race had been crossed with the izard. Even their agility has its limits. At last we must dismount for a ten hours' march.

In advance, double-barrelled fowling-piece slung at his shoulder, pack at his back, and alpenstock in hand, goes Canteloupe, menuisier, guide of the summit with two plaques, ex-chasseur, now manager of the Tir aux pigeons au grand Pré de Montauban; next, similarly laden with gun, pack, and staff, comes Toma, pupil of Canteloupe, porteur, chasseur, and ex-braconnier—both good guides, good hunters, and good fellows. Last, with rifle and staff, but no pack, comes "Monsieur."

It is pleasanter to watch the agility of a horse than to match one's own muscles against the slopes; but here there was no great climbing, only a very sharp ascent; and we proceeded steadily for two hours, resting once or twice for five minutes while the men rolled and smoked the eternal cigarette. At one of these rests, Canteloupe showed with pride the spot where he had made the soup for his Highness of X——, just before the princely massacre of a battue. A battue is la chasse aux fleurs d'oranger, in which the hunter mounts almost to his post by carriage or horse. A small army of beaters surrounds the base of the chosen mountain, and the unfortunate troop of izards are compelled to pass by some narrow opening to the other side. The hunter, hidden behind a rock, pours two barrels of buckshot into the band passing almost under the muzzle of his gun. But we plotted no such assassination. It was therefore with a clear conscience that we rested in the mouth of a little cave for luncheon. While we ate, Toma pointed out a peak where, in September several years before, he had nearly lost his life by the treacherous snow. He slid, on the little avalanche he had caused, down a long, steep snow-field, over the edge of the rocks, and hung, bleeding and senseless, on a narrow ledge. Fortunately one of his hunting comrades saw the accident. With great difficulty they carried him to shelter at the base of the peak. There, as in the old story, "they laid him on an ass and brought him to the inn."

After luncheon the way was harder, and before long we left the old mule-track of the smugglers to turn toward the great mountain-tops on the right. The snow-fields were all around us, and below we could see tiny lakes fed by foaming cascades of snow-water, whose noise filled all the still air. Higher are two more lakes, but this time frozen, and we skirt their edges to drink a little

of their outlet ice-water, reminder of home in iceless France. The real work of the day has begun; and we make our way slowly across the face of the steep snow-field, following the base of the encircling cliff, to find a practicable passage over the distant top. When we have found one, it is hard climbing. Once or twice we pass our guns from hand to hand in order to mount the more safely, for, in such places, a man slips only once. But the rough rock is kindly and holds firmly the nail-shod shoe and the sharp point of the staff. At last we reach the top and pass into the "Port," some ten feet wide, and seemingly chiselled into the perpendicular edge of the mountain ridge, while the arête slopes down hundreds of feet on either hand. France is behind us and Spain before. But not the orange-groved and vine-clad Spain of romance; a savage desert of jagged peaks strewn with snow-fields, with one glacier-crowned giant towering over all. There is little time to admire the view. The sun is sinking and our refuge is far below us.

Have you ever tried to carry a gun down a granite mountain side, rising at angles all the way up to ninety degrees, covered by steep snow-patches and still steeper slopes of slippery grass? If you haven't there remains something still for you to learn. That valuable treatise on the total depravity of inanimate things ought to have a supplementary chapter, devoted to the conduct under such circumstances, of the gun of the duffer on his first izard hunt. If you sling it across your back, the projecting barrel catches in the rocks, with the result of throwing you off your foothold, or knocking your sights all awry without your knowledge. If you rest the strap on your shoulder, as you ought, it slips off continually, always choosing for that performance the most unfortunate time. Are you sliding down a snow-field in a prosperous glissade, with your heels well in advance and the point of your staff trailing at just the proper distance behind? That unhappy firearm manages to precipitate its butt sufficiently in the wrong direction to throw you off your balance; you must down brakes and start again. Or else you find yourself on your back sliding faster than you want, with the lock and muzzle of that wretched rifle ploughing through the wet snow. It may be some hours before you catch the knack of letting it hang by the strap on the shoulder away from the rock, and carrying your body so as to keep it in position, without losing your balance. The descent, as the hunters all tell you, is decidedly more trying than the ascent. Not only because of the perversity of the gun, which has less opportunity for action in mounting, not only because of the greater strain on knees and thighs, but also because of a difference in the point of view. In ascending one can choose the moments to look out over the prospect, but, in descending, the eyes are always turned downward and—well, the novice occasionally finds the scenery just a trifle too magnificent.

The secret of the climbing of the hunters is that they trust their feet as much as their hands. To plant their nailed shoe is all they ask in any place. They go steadily but slowly, and rest often, so as to avoid climbing when exhausted or breathless. A tired or winded man will stumble, slip, and be in danger where he would pass easily when fresh. The apprentice in this particular hunt found the greatest difficulty in crossing a chaos. A chaos is a steep slope covered with blocks of stone ranging from a hundred pounds to many tons. There are ugly holes, big and little, between them. Their edges are generally sharp; to the rapid passer, as he looks down at his feet, they appear, without exception, *very* sharp. In addition, some of them are "wobblers." The duffer passed several unpleasant quarters of an hour in following the hunter, excited by the proximity of game, over these places, and will always carry on his leg a souvenir of one of them.

The first narrow valley of Spain into which we had descended was a wild solitude, shut in by titanic walls of rock. Its bottom was only wide enough for the passage of a roaring torrent of white water. Some hundred feet above its bed rose a long, narrow cliff, separated from the mountain on the other side by a second smaller torrent. At the base of this eternal rock, rising two hundred

feet above our heads, we made our bivouac. Our refuge was not a cave, but a crease in the stone, two feet deep, twelve feet long, and six wide, for which the overhanging cliff made, at thirty feet above our heads, a sort of roof. Sheltered from the rain but open to the air, it was a sleeping chamber good enough for an izard hunter.

The light was almost gone, and Toma mounted to the top of the cliff to find wood. There were a few stunted pine-trees, the only ones in sight in the whole valley, and, gathering an armful of dead branches, he hurled them one by one from the top down in front of our camp. From the other side of the little stream we watched them fall, twisting and turning like snakes as they rushed through the gathering darkness to shatter into fragments on the rocks before us. Then, supper, consisting chiefly of soup, the mainstay of the hunter. The ingredients were snow-water, a little ham-fat, a bit of onion, and Liebig's extract, and the result was deliciously comforting. A quart saucepan of this filled with slices of bread, a draught from the Spanish wine-bottle, made of goatskin with a horn stopper, and one felt better. The mountaineers drink in a curious fashion. Throwing back their heads, they raise the wine-skin in the air with both hands, and allow the thin stream which flows from the pin-hole in the horn nozzle to fall into their open mouths from a distance of several inches. With a bottle they manage to do the same by narrowing the mouth with the thumb and forefinger. The motive of this procedure is economy. In these regions of high air, intense fatigue, and snow-water, wine is at once the most refreshing and the heaviest thing among the provisions. And, they assert, that, drunk in this manner, one litre goes as far in the way of refreshment, as three drunk in mouthfuls from a cup. It is true; but the first efforts of the duffer are apt to end in landing the red stream in his eye or on his chin—which impairs the economy of the proceeding.

I strewed the few twigs of red-flowered rhododendron which the failing light had permitted me to gather, on the surface of the rock, took off my shoes, put on an extra pair of heavy stockings, tied a thick foulard around my waist, removed my jacket to throw it over my shoulders, and lay down with my back against the cliff. There was just room for the two men to lie outside of me. Over us all we threw a rubber coat.

In spite of fatigue it was no time for sleep. The great cliff was against my back. The sound of the glacier streams, swollen by the melting snow, of which a great field lay within stone's throw, filled my ears. I had only to raise my eyes to see the white stars shining and moving tranquilly through the heavens. In such a savage valley, untrodden by any human foot save that of an occasional chamois hunter, with the great peaks standing sentinel around, the hand of God seems very close.

The air was soft, pure, and warm. Nearly every afternoon the mist bathes the French peaks, but, on the southern side, dampness is very rare. Again and again we saw the mist surge up over the tops, only to break, fade, and disappear at the first touch of the air of Spain. The great rocks give out in the night the heat absorbed from the sun. But at two o'clock, as always just before day, it began to grow colder. I awoke from a couple of hours' sleep to find my legs stiff to the knees. I burnt the last wood to warm them, and then, not unwillingly, sat down on a rock to watch for the dawn. Awake and moving a little, it was warm enough to see the spectacle of daybreak at one's ease. At half after two the sharp tops of the circling mountains showed filmy, but with clear outlines, against the sky. The eastern stars slowly paled, while a faint touch of rose spread down the western peaks. The stars above them seemed to grow brighter before they faded. One, resting upon the shoulder of a great mountain, shone long after the day had come. For now the day was everywhere. The eastern faces of all the peaks were bright and clear; their western slopes visible but shadowed. In the depths of the valley below there was a sort of luminous opacity, as if the darkness, driven to its last refuge, strove still to resist the spread of light. By five we were off for the hunt.

The scenery was indescribable. Stone

mountains rising sharply above us with perpendicular escarpments of hundreds of feet, and, wherever there was a vista, great ranges of sharp peaks piercing the clear blue sky. Gravel slopes and masses of fallen rock, alternated with gray cliff, snow, and patches of bright green grass. Everywhere flowers. The bottoms of the ravines were clothed with stunted rhododendron bearing small red blossoms. Forget-me-nots, blue as a smiling sky, nestled at the foot of the great cliffs, and, even up to the tops of the mountains, dozens of different varieties were crushed by our feet on every little bit of soil. There were some deep blue as a summer ocean, orange and purple like the hues of sunset, pink like the Alpen glow, white like the stars, yellow like the sun ; all colors of earth and sky and sea caught and imprisoned in these tiny blossoms. Everywhere the ceaseless noise of falling water coming from cascades carrying the melted snow to the torrents. Often the noise of Tantalus, for the hot sun and the hard exercise torment the hunter with thirst. Many of the peaks have melted all their snow, and, even at the side of the cascade, one dares to drink but little snow-water. Once, when pushing sharply on a fresh track, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. Toma stopped, pulled up a plant, cut off and cleaned its long root, and gave it to me. It tasted like raw potato with a mild infusion of sassafras, and did as much for thirst as a cup of water. If the top tastes as good to the izards as the root did to me, it is small wonder that they are very fond of it.

We followed the course of the snow torrent, and then, climbing along the mountain side, marched toward the head of the valley. But not very far. The men stopped and pointed out in the gravel the tracks of a troop of izards, which had mounted that morning over the ridge. Follow was the word ; Toma making the circuit of the mountain to see that they had not left it on the other side.

We soon reached the snow. It was soft, the sun was hot, and the marching very fatiguing. I was thinking of nothing but how to avoid sinking up to my knees at every step, when, suddenly, "Le voilà ! Tirez, tirez !" and there, trotting along, casting a dark shadow on the white snow, was an izard, about one hundred and seventy-five yards above me. I unslung my rifle and followed with the sight. He stopped for an instant. Crack ! He whirled and trotted back again, stopped, crack ! and, with a bound, he disappeared among the rocks. We watched in vain for his reappearance, and turned to mount, exchanging mutual condolences. Suddenly, "Voilà !" and there he was again, on the other snow-field at our right. Crack ! went the Winchester ; and then he seemed to understand for the first time where the trouble came from, for he was off like the wind, while I emptied the three remaining cartridges of my magazine at the flying clouds of snow. The miss was set down to the natural nervousness at the first izard, and it was not until some hours afterward that I noticed a derangement of the rifle sights which would have made it impossible to kill at twenty yards. It was the first piece of bad luck.

Sadly and slowly we went on our way. We heard the report of a gun on the other side, and sprang over the snow to the cover of the rocks. We had scarcely reached them when, through a narrow cut in the precipitous wall, came pouring four izards, racing like mad for the snow below. We crouched still lower, and they disappeared from sight, headed straight toward us. Canteloupe was watching the rocks where there was a practicable ledge some twenty or thirty yards above our heads, and, doubled up in a heap, I watched him. I could hear him breathe hard through his clinched teeth and I got ready to shoot. One, two minutes, and no change. Toma had followed the izards through the Port. I could see him making violent signs across the broad snow-field and suspected something wrong. But an attempt to peep was sternly repressed by Canteloupe, and I subsided again into the heap. It seems that while we crouched there watching the higher rocks, the izards passed along the ledge which hid us, not twenty feet from the muzzle of our guns ! And both game and hunters were equally oblivious of

The Gorge d'Enfer.

each other. It was the second piece of bad luck. Toma had run across a troop of twelve, crept up, and fired at the nearest from behind a rock. The izard, deceived by the echo, ran straight toward him. He rose to fire his other barrel at ten yards—and the cartridge missed fire! It was the third piece of bad luck.

There was nothing for it but to cross the mountain and to follow the band toward the "trou" on the other side, where the guides hoped to find them. A "trou" is an amphitheatre, small or great, in which all the valleys of the Pyrenees terminate. These higher trous are filled with snow-fields which reach up toward the tops of the sur-

rounding mountains. The izard loves the snow. At night, gathered together in a flock, the band sleeps on it. During the heat of mid-day it serves in the shadow of the cliff to keep them cool. When not too soft it forms their best path, and, in the morning and evening, the kids run and play over the smooth surface, butting and jumping like little goats. But this trou was empty.

"Are they there?"

The band would not give us another chance.

Hunting after eleven is useless, for the izards, ascended to the mountain tops and hidden in the shadow, are hard to find. After luncheon it is better to take a siesta and then resume the hunt in the afternoon, when the troops are beginning to feed and descend again toward the valleys — an arrangement admirably adapted to the hunter who is something more than a hunter, for the mountains look their best in the early morning or at evening, and the light between eleven and three has a tendency to render even the finest scenery banal.

It is a poor place for sleep. The men stretch themselves out, face downward, in the broiling sun, on the heap of broken rocks, wrapping their coats about their heads. More difficile, I mount a little higher, and find a narrow grassy ledge, where, by piling up a few rocks for a barrier, it is possible to sleep in the shade without rolling off.

Slumber cannot last forever, and, at three, we are off again. The genii of the chase are adverse. We have lost too many chances and they will not grant any more. Toma, who again took the other side of the mountain, saw three izards but could not get a shot. Canteloupe and I saw nothing. And so, about seven, we slung our guns at our backs, and started rapidly through the falling

An Anxious Moment—Ready to Shoot.

twilight for camp. We were almost there when Canteloupe, who was twenty paces in advance, stopped, dropped his staff, unslung his gun, and fired both barrels at some object hidden from me by a great rock. I ran forward to find him in a state of wrath. He had almost stepped on two izards lying down. They sprang up and were off. He fired; but the distance was already too great for the light charges used by the hunters to throw their small buckshot, and we never saw anything of the swift-footed game but their tracks in the snow lower down.

At the camp we found a great heap of dead wood collected by Toma, and slept, for nine hours, the sleep of tired hunters. The fire kept the cold at bay all night, and we only stirred when too large a blaze began to burn the soles of our feet. At daybreak we threw on the last sticks, and when they were ashes, the hunt began.

It was another trou that we visited this time. A magnificent cirque, filled with a great snow-field reaching on all sides up toward the mountains. The snow was crowned by the curving face of a glacier, out of which rose two jagged peaks with a white wall of ice between them; as if a sea had surged over the summit and been frozen ere its descent.

We separated to surround the valley and command as much of it as possible. It was not long before some black spots appeared, moving up and across the face of the steep snow-field, against which they showed like flies. One, two, three, up to ten I counted, and, when the last one disappeared on the higher ledge of rock, the hunt seemed safe. But, alas! the wind changed. The izard can smell much farther than he can see, and, as the right of our line of battle swung round for a flank movement, the troop started again. I could watch them with the glass as, one by one, they climbed with incredible agility the almost perpendicular face of the glacier, and disappeared over the top. The hunt was up.

Then followed luncheon—the luncheon of the hunter, a great hunch of bread, several slices of dried sausage as thick as a man's wrist, good and very "filling at the price," a bit of cheese,

the inevitable cigarette, and the siesta. After luncheon, several hours' walking brought us to the hospice. This is a long low building, deserted in winter, but kept open by the Spanish Government in summer as a refuge for bad weather and a post for ten carabiniers. These soldiers are supposed to prevent smuggling, and the bridle-path over the Port passes in front of their door. No doubt they do their best; but Spanish tobacco, powder, silk, and cutlery are very cheap in the neighboring towns of France.

The Izard at Home. (A Chamois of the Spanish Pyrenees.)

We entered to find a huge chimney, fifteen feet by twelve, filling one entire end of a kitchen paved with blocks of stone. Before the fire a spit, garnished with two legs of mutton, turned slowly on great rough andirons by means of a complicated mechanism set in motion by the descent of a big weight. A man of sixty, living in a neighboring town, had told the padrone that the cogs and ratchets of the turnspit were the work of his grandfather's early years. How many savory roasts of mountain mutton it must have cooked since then!

It is forbidden to carry arms into Spain, but the carabinier is more indulgent than his brother, the gendarme. He received us with effusion, and the whole band had an access of enthusiasm over my repeating rifle. I gave them the remains of our provisions and a pitcher of wine. This addition to their scanty rations was a great delight. With beaming faces they filed in to drink the Señor's health, and, when I accepted and smoked a cigarette of black Spanish

tobacco, the treaty of peace was definitely signed and sealed. If we had proposed to drag a field-piece over the Port, they would have pulled at the rope. Their friendship was so warm that, later, when a newly arrived traveller began to be a little annoying, they promptly offered to put him in irons if Señor desired.

We sat at dinner in an upper room before the window looking out on a tiny valley, closed by a huge mountain in front of us, and shut in by two steep slopes. The long twilight had fallen, and the figure of the shepherd leaning on his staff stood out from the left-hand slope like a colossal statue against the sky. He was counting his flock, which, under the sage guidance of an enormous white dog, poured slowly over the hills into the little rocky pasture in front of us. The lambs were bleating and playing around the ewes, and the great black and white and brown goats jumped in sport over the rocks, or reared on their hind legs to bring their twisted horns together in mimic war. Below, the carabiniers were singing to the guitar a song of Spain. I urged my guides to answer with a song of France, and, while the moon crept over the shoulder of the slope, they sang with clear voices the praise of the mountains.

"Salut, douce et fraîche vallée,
Séjour des ris et des amours;
— —, dans ta plaine ombragée
Doucement se passent nos jours.
Ah, que notre montagne est belle,
Lorsque sous ces gais espaliers,
Le voyageur, comme l'hirondelle,
Gagne nos toîts hospitaliers.
Vous dont le cœur plein de tristesse
Gémit sous le poids des douleurs,
Pour chasser le mal qui vous presse,
Tarir la source de vos pleurs,
Venez dans la verte prairie
Boire au torrent, nouveau Léthé,
L'oubli des peines de la vie
Avec l'amour et la gaîté."

And the game? Well, if the rifle-sights had been in order, if Toma's cartridge had been dry, if our ambuscade had been less careful, if Canteloupe had carried his gun, as usual, hanging cocked at his shoulder all the way to camp, we should have had izards—perhaps. But none of these things happened. Truth is stranger than fiction, and you have here the strangest of all truths, a hunting article which owns up to an empty game-bag.

CORBAN.

A SONG.

By Annie Fields.

Dive, O diver, and bring
A pearl for her throat;
Dip, O fisher, and sing
Lying afloat;
Thus, perchance, in your net
You may find the magic ring.

Strive, O striver, no more!
When the apple is ripe, [shore
When the south wind blows from the
And the wild birds pipe,
Late shall the song be yours;
Oh, remember, ye who implore!

Beautiful is she and dear,
In vain would you give her
Jewels both rare and clear;
No stream nor river
Shall give you her love
Till the stately planets draw near.

THE CHIMES OF WALLETIKON.

A SWISS STORY.

By George L. Catlin.

OT many miles northeast of Zurich, in the midst of a charming landscape of upland, and orchard, and meadow, lies, embowered in a wealth of foliage, the little village of Walletikon. It consists of not more than thirty houses, or so, built at irregular intervals, and on grotesquely uneven lines, along both sides of the post-road leading from Zurich to Winterthur. The green fields extend up to the rear of the houses on either side, while, before the doors, there are little gardens with an abundance of sun-flowers and hollyhocks in season. The old stone church, and the modest schoolhouse, stand at the eastern extremity of the village, facing each other; about midway is the town-house, a plain one-story structure of wood, quite in keeping with the republican simplicity of all about it; and, strung along at intervals, are a few unpretentious shops, in the chief of which, not far from the town-house, is installed the office of the Federal Post and Telegraph with the cross of Helvetia over the doorway. Through the meadows to the south of the village runs a broad brook, bordered by venerable gnarled willows and crossed by a single-arched stone bridge, over which passes the road leading to the railway station at K——, half a mile away. From the little hillside just north of the village, one has a view of the great level valley, stretching away far southward, with the back slopes of the Zurichberg to the right, the woods of the Toess valley to the left, the Greifensee's waters gleaming in the midst of the green, in the centre, and away in the distance, looming up like the fabric of a dream, the spectral snow-peaked Alpine chain, terminating in the giant Sentis.

Walletikon, small as it is, has been a village on the maps from time immemorial. Its people have a tradition—none can say whence it comes—that Rudolf of Habsburg, whenever journeying westward from his castle at Kyburg to his possessions in Aargau, or elsewhere, invariably made Walletikon his first stopping-place to water his horses, and those of his suite, at the well near the old churchyard. One peculiarity of the village is the limited number of patronymics existing among its population. Everyone of the two hundred men, women, and children, more or less, who compose its residents is pretty sure, on inquiry, to be found bearing the name of either Zwickli, Burkli, Wethli, Kaemmerli, or Luethi. Then these have intermarried, and there are Burkli-Luethis, and Luethi-Burklis, and Zwickli-Wethlis, and Wethli-Zwicklis, and so on through all the possible permutations and combinations of the five family names, so that the town-clerk, Johann Jacob Kaemmerli-Wethli, son of Jacob Johann Kaemmerli-Zwickli, who has faithfully held his office, and kept the records of births, marriages, and deaths, for twenty-nine years past, with religious exactitude, was, it is said, overheard to declare in a confidential moment, on last Bettag, over his fifth glass of beer, to the village school-master, Herr Bernhard Balthasar Zwickli-Kaemmerli — his cousin, by the way— that, in case some new names didn't soon move into the village, and relieve him of ringing these everlasting changes on five bells, somebody else could have the office of town-clerk, and he wished him joy of it, that's all.

It is true that from time to time, interlopers had ventured to move into Walletikon, but they found after a short sojourn that they were in a hopeless minority, and, notwithstanding conscientious efforts to hold out, they in-

variably concluded to withdraw and leave the original five names in possession of the field. At various intervals, families named Vaterlaus, Wiederkehr, Grieshaber, Niévergelt, and Rehsack had been temporarily inscribed on the town-rolls, and those composing them had, in the main, come fully up to their duties as God-fearing, law-abiding citizens; but, notwithstanding this, the atmosphere and surroundings seemed unfavorable to their protracted stay; they never got on well, somehow; and finally they faded away like pale exotics, and, with what little courage was left them, moved elsewhere.

In politics, it may be added, Walletikon was noted as exceedingly conservative. What though Liberalism might stalk rampant through the busy neighboring towns, the factory-chimneys of which were visible in various directions from its village belfry, no such modern heresy had ever found a foothold, to any extent, there. One or two of the younger voters had, it is true, been led to run after strange gods in politics, but these misguided youths were looked upon with complacent pity by the remainder of their steady-going fellow-citizens. Walletikon could always be put down for a round majority for any candidate representing the views of its forefathers.

Up to a period of some twenty-five years or so before this story commences, it had, moreover, been the proud boast of Walletikon that not one of its community had ever lived and died other than a patriotic citizen of the Swiss Republic. But it had happened that, somewhere about the early sixties, young Conrad Zwickli had gone off to America, enlisted in an Ohio regiment, and, after distinguishing himself on various battle-fields, had settled down in Cincinnati at the close of the war, and become in time a citizen of the United States. Meanwhile his widowed mother had been laid to rest in the old village churchyard, and the portion of the small inheritance falling to the son in America was held in trust by the town-council, on the ground that Conrad, who had been somewhat of a wild youth, might yet come back upon his native community for support. Judge therefore the dismay of the Wethlis, and the Burklis, and the Kaemmerlis, and the Luethis, and the Zwicklis, when one day the official newspaper of the District, published at D———, brought the intelligence that Conrad Zwickli, resident in Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, had been formally released from his Swiss citizenship by the Zurich cantonal authorities. Thereupon Conrad's inheritance, amounting to a few hundred francs, was, after some delay, sent to him by the town authorities, his name was formally stricken from the town rolls, and, thenceforth, Walletikon forgot Conrad Zwickli, and went its accustomed way without him.

But one day in September, 188–, Walletikon had a surprise from which it has never yet entirely recovered, and probably will not for many years to come. The —th division of the Federal army had been, for a week past, engaged in its fall manœuvres, and large bodies of troops were in motion on various points within the territory extending from the southerly end of the Lake of Zurich to beyond Winterthur. Flank movements, skirmishes, charges, and general engagements were the order of the day; nor is it any wonder, therefore, that, of the twenty-five thousand soldiers moving across the country like a swarm of locusts, a battalion of infantry, moving northward, chanced upon Walletikon late one afternoon, quite unexpectedly for its worthy inhabitants, and made preparations to bivouac there for the night. Suddenly they were charged upon by a squadron of their opponents' cavalry coming from the opposite direction. A desperate struggle took place in the village street, and the terrified Walletikoners, young and old, promptly retreated to their houses, and peered cautiously out from behind the doors and windows, until the god of war should decide the gauge of battle in favor of one or another of the combatants. The horsemen finally succeeded in cutting their way through and pushed on to the southward, passing at a galop over the old stone bridge just outside the village, while the infantrymen, feeling pursuit useless, threw out sentries to avoid further surprises, and resumed preparations to bivouac.

But the sentry who was stationed at the bridge had not been there five minutes before he was heard lustily calling for the "corporal of the guard," who quickly hastened to ascertain the cause of the alarm. The sentry pointed to the inanimate form of a man still visible in the twilight, and lying in the grass a few feet from the roadway, close to the bridge. It was a matter of a few moments to summon assistance and convey the man, who was still breathing, to one of the neighboring camp-fires. He was a young man, not over twenty-five at most, and his clothing, notwithstanding the mire and blood that had soiled it, betokened one well-to-do in the world. A young physician, who was serving in the battalion, bent over the prostrate form, made an examination, and shook his head with misgiving. "Pretty badly hurt," he said; "the cavalry must have ridden him down. See, here is a bad wound on the head, and there is a fracture of the knee as well. If we are to save him, he must have a surgeon without delay. Does anybody here know him?"

Nobody knew him. A careful inspection by both the town-clerk and the schoolmaster, who knew everybody, man, woman, and child living within ten miles around, established the fact that the injured man was a total stranger in those parts. There was nothing found on his person, moreover, to indicate his personality, beyond the single fact that his pocket handkerchief bore the initials, "H. S."

There was a spare room up at Parson Luethi's, and thither the wounded man was tenderly taken, and deposited, groaning but still insensible, in an ancient bed with chintz trimmings and sixteenth-century carvings. Meanwhile, Kaspar Kaemmerli's nine-year-old boy Fritz had mounted the parson's gray mare "Sauser," and was already halfway to K——, six miles off, to call Dr. Eigenheer, and tell him it was a matter of life and death, and he must come immediately to Walletikon. Now, it was not often that Walletikon called a doctor, unless it was a veterinary one. Accordingly the old physician, who had twinges of rheumatics in this autumn weather, at first heard young Fritz's recital with distrust; but when the real state of the case finally dawned upon him from the boy's disjointed and hurried statements, he concluded that a human life was swaying in the balance and went.

In the village, meanwhile, speculation was rife as to the young stranger. The man who carried the mail-bag to and from the station had seen him alight from the train from Zurich that afternoon, but, in the excitement caused by the presence of the military, had entirely lost sight of him thereafter. Some people who were working in the fields had seen him pass, going at a good pace toward the village, and had wondered who he was and what he wanted there. The failure to discover on his person any clue to his identity only heightened the mystery. He was evidently well-bred, and there was quite a respectable sum of ready money in his pocketbook. But he had no baggage, no papers, no letters about him—nothing, in short, that gave any hint whatever as to his personality or nationality. Good Pastor Luethi, after seeing him as comfortably cared for as possible, retired to his study and arm-chair, calmly awaiting the doctor's arrival. Something in the youth's pale, silent face had awakened his deepest interest; there was an expression there which he could not define, but which, yet, seemed to call up in him tender memories of a long-forgotten past. And so he had leaned his head upon his hand and fallen to musing, listening at intervals for the sound of an approaching vehicle, when a sweet, soft voice broke in upon his reverie:

"Father," it said, "may I come in?"

"Come, Regula," he answered; "sit down by me, my child. What is it, dear?"

The door opened wider, and, in the dim light, a graceful maidenly form glided to his side and sank upon a low stool beside him.

"Father," she continued, "will it not soon be time for the doctor to be here? This suspense is dreadful."

"We must wait and hope, Regula," replied the old man, as his hand strayed down from the arm of the chair and rested lovingly upon his daughter's head.

"Did I do wrong, father? I went in to see if I could help Aunt Barbara watch by his bedside. She would not hear of it. How motionless and death-like he looks lying there! Oh, if we only could help him! He may have a mother and sisters somewhere, perhaps far away, who, at this very moment, are thinking of him and praying for him, little dreaming of his danger. If the doctor would only come!"

The girl's animation and earnestness touched a loving cord in her father's heart. Her very voice recalled to him that loving companion of his younger years who had died in giving her birth, and whom he had tenderly laid to rest in the churchyard nearly a score of years ago. Tears came to his eyes as the sweet memory stole over him.

"How much you remind me to-night of your mother," he said, finally.

"Oh! if she could only have been spared for her child to love her," answered Regula. "Auntie says I grow to resemble her more every day. The thought of——"

There was a gentle rap at the door, and a voice accompanied it: "You had better come for a moment, Felix. He shows signs of awakening."

The pastor rose to obey the summons. "Remain here, my child," he said, as he followed the speaker along the corridor and up the stairway to the bedside of the sufferer, who had so far recovered consciousness as to utter an occasional groan, as if in great pain, and now and then to open his eyes and stare confusedly about him.

The sound of wheels and voices suddenly became audible before the house.

"Thank heaven, he is here at last," exclaimed Regula, hastening to open the parsonage door; a moment or two later, Dr. Eigenheer was at the young man's bedside, holding his pulse in one hand and his watch in the other. He shook his head. "Ninety and still rising," he said; "when did this happen?"

"About five o'clock this afternoon?"

"A pity I couldn't have been here sooner. However, let's see what are his injuries. Ah! a cerebral contusion, and a bad one, at that; possibly we shall have to trepan him; bring me some warm water quickly, somebody; meanwhile, what else? yes, this knee is fractured too; see! there is the print of the hoof. Poor fellow! it's lucky he came out of it so well. Who is he?"

"Nobody knows him hereabouts," replied Pastor Luethi.

"Well, with God's help, we must try to save him, whoever he be," said the doctor, removing his coat and turning to his case of instruments. "I should be glad of your assistance, Fräulein," he added, turning to Aunt Barbara; "I know your reputation as a merciful attendant on the sick and needy."

"Willingly," was the quiet reply. Dear old Aunt Barbara! what a message of mercy and grace there was in the expression of her mild blue eyes, beaming forth goodness and unselfishness from behind her spectacles, flanked by her silvery gray hair and the prim white cap half concealing them. All of her best years had been devoted to caring for her widowed brother's home, and to rearing his motherless daughter; she was known, far and near, as an angel of mercy and loving kindness, bringing substantial comfort to many a sick-room and needy hearthstone; her whole life was an example of untiring charity, and patient abnegation of self.

The clock in the belfry had already tolled midnight when Dr. Eigenheer's cheerful voice aroused the pastor from the sleep into which he had fallen in his study arm-chair.

"I think I may safely leave him to you and your sister for the present," he said; "there is no immediate danger. You have no apothecary in the village?"

"No, but there is one at O——."

"I will write a prescription or two, then," continued the doctor, "and leave you instructions for administering them," and he seated himself and began writing. "There," he said finally, "have those made up as early as possible to-morrow morning."

"What do you think of him, doctor?"

"As to his chances of recovery? It is impossible yet to say; the broken joint is a trifle, and will readily knit together with proper care; the head wound is a more serious matter, and one which only time can decide. He must be kept

as quiet as possible; to move him elsewhere now would be fatal. By the way, he uttered a few incoherent words, and apparently in English. Do any of you understand that language?"

"Regula does," answered the pastor.

"Good! it would be well to call her whenever his consciousness returns. And now, good-night."

"But you are not returning to-night?"

"I have no choice; my duty to another patient early to-morrow renders it imperative."

"Go then, doctor, since duty calls, and may God's blessing go with you." They grasped each other's hands, and, a few moments later, the rattle of the wheels could be heard growing fainter and fainter in the distance. The old pastor stood musing until the sound had died away. "There is many a patient hero," he murmured, "whom the world does not know; and that man is one of them."

There ensued a series of anxious days and wakeful nights for the inmates of the rectory; indeed, the whole community had become interested in the fate of the young stranger, feeling, as it were, that his mishap might literally be laid at their door; if frequent inquiries at the parsonage, and outspoken hopes for the sufferer's recovery would have cured him, his confinement would have been of short duration. But the reports were not altogether satisfactory, and the town-clerk, it was whispered, had been seen getting down the "Todten-Register" from its place on the shelf, and brushing the dust off its cover—for nobody had died in Walletikon for a year or two—as if he expected soon to have to make an entry in its pages. His precautions proved needless, however. Youth and a sound constitution finally asserted their own, and one morning, Aunt Barbara, who was sitting by the invalid's bedside, saw the young man open his eyes and turn his head upon the pillow, as he asked, in a feeble voice:

"Where am I?" He spoke in English.

She motioned to him to wait a moment, and hurriedly sought Regula. The fair girl, all earnest with the duty devolving on her, came in on tiptoe and approached the bedside. Their eyes met. She hesitated to speak first, but awaited his next words.

"Where am I? What has happened?" he asked.

"You are among friends," answered she, with scarcely suppressed emotion; "you met with an accident, but, thank God, you are better now." His glance wandered inquiringly from her face to her aunt's, then wearily about the room and the unfamiliar surroundings, then returned and rested again upon her who had answered him. Then his eyes closed, and he fell asleep again, as if overcome by the effort to comprehend the simple words she had spoken.

But from that hour the tide turned and the doctor, who came a few hours later, pronounced recovery as now assured. The joyful news went forth to the village, and the town-clerk, thereupon, promptly returned the Todten-Register to its wonted place on the dusty shelf behind his desk. Sweet Regula's face beamed with happiness, for, somehow, there had sprung up in her heart a feeling which she dared not even confess to herself: a sense of undefinable tenderness toward the handsome young sufferer whom chance had made an inmate of her home; and the mystery of whose personality now bade fair soon to be revealed to them all.

Regula's life for all these years had been part of the quiet, uneventful daily routine of the parsonage. Beyond an occasional visit to Zurich or Winterthur, and a journey she made once to Geneva when her father went to attend the Synod, she had no recollections which were not intimately interwoven with the simple scenes and folk about her. Always diligent in her studies, she had been aided by an unusually quick intelligence, and a rare intuition of human nature. To her father, a rare scholar and a man of large reading, she owed most of her education: for what she knew of music, and one or two foreign languages, she had to thank the schoolmaster's wife, who had strayed away to London as a governess during her earlier, unmarried, life, but eventually drifted back again, as every other good Walletikoner invariably did, to settle down in her native Dorf. But it was Aunt Barbara, after all, who had had

most to do with the child's training, and had left upon her niece's moral nature and character the impress of her own sweet and noble example. To one who studied Regula's character at the time when we now first meet her, she seemed nothing if not thoroughly feminine, with all a woman's weakness, and all a woman's strength. The growth of a woman's nature is like that of a plant. Set it out where you will, under the modest shelter of a wayside hedge, or in the centre of a court garden, it yet carries within itself the germs of its own development, and blooms, in either case, into the full flower of its attractiveness. Regula, reared under all the surroundings of a luxurious life, would have been no lovelier than the Regula who had grown up in the cloister-life of her simple country home, with none but the plain peasant people about her, and none save her father and aunt to claim even the thought of a place in her heart.

What then was this new sensation she experienced whenever she entered the silent stranger's presence, and saw his pale face lying there upon the pillow? It made her restless and unquiet; she had always hitherto been accustomed and able to analyze her own thoughts and feelings; in this case she could not, and it disturbed her. None the less did she find herself ever ready, by a strange fascination, to reapproach the cause of her disquietude, ever seeking anew to persuade herself that it was merely a passing fancy, only an imagination to be laughed away. Yet, the thought would not down at her bidding; on the contrary, it slowly gained strength in proportion to the gradual recovery of him who inspired it. Little by little, as he grew stronger, she had broken to him the nature of the accident that had befallen him, and the extent of the danger he had passed; had told him in whose home it was he had found care and shelter, and gradually made his mind familiar with all the details of his new surroundings. He always listened attentively, only replying by a nod, or a smile, or a monosyllable. But one day the doctor's prohibition was removed, and his long pent-up thoughts found utterance at last.

"Suppose I had died, Fräulein Regula," he said, "you would never have even known my name."

"I have often thought of that," she answered, "and your relatives, too, would never have learned of your fate."

"Relatives!" he said. "I have but one, my father; none others, near enough to have concerned themselves about me."

A look of tender pity passed over Regula's inquiring face, but she remained silent.

"I come from far away," he continued, "from America, from Cincinnati, and my name is Henry Sewickley. 'Zwickli,' I suppose, you would call it here."

"There are many of that name in Walletikon," said Regula.

"Yes, my father, Conrad Zwickli, was born here; but when he enlisted in the Union army, the recruiting officer wrote his name 'Sewickley,' according to its sound, and he always went by that name afterward. Curiosity prompted me to come here to visit his native village. I had intended to come and go unknown, but fate was mightier than I; my mishap has betrayed me, and gratitude obliges me to reveal my identity."

"And your mother is dead?" asked Regula.

"Yes, she died when I was a lad; I never had any brothers or sisters. An old army comrade of my father took me to his farm, in Indiana, when I was twelve years old. I went to the public school in winter, and worked in the fields in summer. My father had meanwhile been employed in a machine-shop, and had succeeded in patenting an invention—an improvement in car-wheels—which suddenly made him a rich man. He came to see me at the farm one day, quite unexpectedly—I was about sixteen years old then—and began talking about plans for my future. He first asked me if I had formed any idea of what I wanted to be. And what do you think I told him?"

"A farmer, I suppose. That would be most natural."

"No, I told him I had set my heart on being what we call in America 'a newspaper man;' you would say in Europe 'a journalist.' I told him if I only could get the means for two or three

years more schooling and study, I was pretty sure to be able to make a start on some daily paper. He surprised me by asking how much money I thought it would require to carry out my plan. I told him three hundred dollars a year. 'You shall have five hundred,' he answered, to my great astonishment."

"You are tiring yourself, I fear," broke in Regula, who was growing deeply interested in the young man's story.

"Not one bit," he replied, "I fear on the contrary I am tiring you; but I shall know when to stop. Well, I bade a long farewell to agriculture, entered upon a course of study at Cincinnati, my father's home, and, at twenty, was so fortunate as to find myself duly installed as police-court reporter on the Cincinnati *Gazette*. It was a beginning, anyway. Last spring I took a six months leave of absence, came abroad after six years steady editorial work, travelled through England, France, and Germany, and had reserved Switzerland for the last; my journeyings finally brought me to Zurich. Leaving my baggage there at a hotel, I took an afternoon train out here. That was, let me see—the 8th of September. You know the rest. How long have I been lying here?"

"To-morrow will be All-Saints' Day, November 1st," answered Regula.

"Say seven weeks, then. And what does the doctor say?"

"He thinks you may be about in a fortnight," Regula replied. The color mounted to her face as it occurred to her that their patient was weary of his long imprisonment and only eager to leave the little world in which he had, of late, played such an important part. "You have lost much time here," she continued, "and must naturally be impatient to move on."

He did not answer for a while. His eyes were fixed upon hers, and the two looked at each other as if divining something that neither dared as yet to believe, much less to utter.

"No," he finally said, with a tired smile, "I am not so impatient to go. I shall stay here for a time," and the conversation ended there.

The news that the injured man lying at the parsonage was none other than Conrad Zwickli's son, spread rapidly, and, of course, elicited much and varied comment. Pastor Luethi understood now what that strange and undefinable resemblance to some long-forgotten memory was which he had read in the sufferer's face. Had not he and Conrad Zwickli bird-nested, and chestnutted, and fished, and raced together in their boyhood's holidays? The town-clerk, on the other hand, proved himself a doubting Thomas and obdurately refused to credit the whole story. He had never quite forgiven the father for acquiring citizenship elsewhere, and having his name stricken from the town roll.

"Wait till he gets well," said he, with a significant nod, "and we'll see what papers he can bring to establish his identity." Now, the town-clerk's opinion was considered worth something in such matters; his doubts soon communicated themselves to others in the village, and the Dorf was soon divided into two factions, one of which, small but eminently respectable, and headed by Pastor Luethi, contended that the young man was worthy of belief, and would make good his statement, by documentary evidence, at the proper time; while the other, and by far the more numerous of the two, pronounced the whole story a fable.

Soon the doctor's visits ceased, and Henry Sewickley was permitted to move about the house, with an occasional short walk in the open air when the weather allowed; for winter had set in, and the adjacent hillsides were already white with new-fallen snow. One day the pastor called the young man into his study; it was a quiet, cosy little room, with plenty of well-filled book-shelves around its walls; over the great open fireplace, in which, as Henry entered, a pile of wood was blazing and crackling, was a high old-fashioned mantel decorated with several bits of ancient crockery, and above them, on the wall, an engraving, the "Trompeter von Saeckingen," the only picture the room contained. From the small-paned windows one looked out upon the churchyard on the one side, and upon the distant Alps on the other. To Henry, the quaint, simple little study was a gem in its way; it was so entirely different from any study he had ever seen before.

In the course of their conversation, sitting there before the fire, the pastor laughingly alluded to the strife which had arisen in the village concerning his visitor's identity, and incidentally suggested that it might be well to put an end to it as soon as a convenient opportunity offered. Henry took the matter more earnestly than the other had expected, and seemed perplexed.

"It had never occurred to me until now," he said, "but, come to look at the question, it will be no such easy matter for me to prove by documentary evidence that I, Henry Sewickley, am the son of your old friend, Conrad Zwickli. Why should I, anyhow? You believe it, Regula and her aunt believe it, and I *know* it. Doesn't that suffice? Let the doubters go."

"That would certainly be the simplest way," answered Pastor Luethi, but we have a requirement, universal in all Swiss communities, that any stranger sojourning longer than eight days shall deposit with the town-clerk a passport, or other paper, establishing his identity. Now, I suppose out of consideration for your having been an invalid ever since your arrival at Walletikon, this requirement has been hitherto waived. But you may be called upon at any time now to 'legitimate' yourself, as the term is."

"Nothing is easier," said the young man. "I have, in my trunk at Zurich, my passport as Henry Sewickley; but that brings me no nearer to proving that my father was born a Zwickli. Curious this never occurred to me before I came here. We pay so little attention to these things in America, you know. I verily believe the same identical man might live, during three successive years, as 'Mr. Brown' in Boston, 'Mr. Jones' in New York, and 'Mr. Robinson' in Philadelphia, respectively, without anyone ever troubling him about it. We are, I confess, too loose and careless in such matters."

"But your birth certificate would perhaps solve the matter?"

"Just there is the trouble. I was born out in a thinly-settled region of Kentucky, where my mother's family lived during the war, and where my father had met her while his regiment was stationed in the vicinity. No record of births was kept in that region during those times. In fact, had not the marriage been performed by the regimental chaplain, it is doubtful whether even any record of that would exist either. But my father did have one made out by the chaplain, and left it with my mother, and it was found among her effects after her decease. When I was born, my father was with his command, many hundred miles away."

"I see that you are right," said the pastor. "It is going to be a difficult matter to establish your Walletikon pedigree. But what matters it, after all?" he added with a smile; "as Henry Sewickley you are equally welcome, and will remain with us as long as you like."

A few days later, as the pastor had intimated, a summons came from the town-house for the young man to appear there in person, and show his papers. The result was a hurried journey to Zurich by Aunt Barbara, who returned on the same afternoon, bringing a steamer-trunk marked "H. S., Cincinnati, U. S. A.," a well-worn valise, and a travelling-rug done up in a shawl-strap, all of which were duly installed in the young man's room at the parsonage. That evening, the pastor's household were entertained by a series of photographic views of scenery in Scotland and along the Rhine, and next morning Henry Sewickley, in all the luxury of fresh apparel, sauntered out into the village for the first time, found his way to the town-house, and triumphantly deposited his passport with Herr Johann Jacob Kaemmerli-Zwickli, taking the latter's official receipt therefor.

Retracing his steps slowly homeward, he felt in his heart an unspeakable joy that his stay in Walletikon might now be prolonged for an indefinite period. He had still two months of unexpired leave, and yet how short a time that seemed, and how quickly the weeks would fly away which yet separated him from a return to the bustle and hurry of his editorial life. Meanwhile, to remain longer a guest at the parsonage seemed an abuse of generous hospitality. He learned on inquiry that the Frau Schoolmaster occasionally accommodated a boarder or two whenever any such happened, during the summer

months, to stray that way; and he dropped in, and made arrangements accordingly for the transfer of himself and his effects thither on the following day.

As his new host in prospective accompanied him out to the garden gate, there was some unusual excitement visible in the neighborhood. It seemed to centre about the village church, before which a score of people had gathered, the pastor among them, and all were looking up toward the belfry, in the windows of which several other heads were apparent, their possessors engaged in earnest conversation with those below.

"A great misfortune!" exclaimed Regula to Henry, as he neared the group; "our dear old church bell has cracked," and he noticed that there were tears in her eyes. She had never looked half so beautiful to him before, he thought.

Then, from the conversation of those standing about, he soon gathered the rest of the story. The bell had been hanging up there among the oaken beams of the belfry for a hundred years or more—the year 1784 was engraved on its outer side — and through summer's heat and winter's cold had, all that time, rung out the hours by which many generations of Walletikoners, long since gone to their graves, had timed their goings-out and their comings-in. But that afternoon, as it struck three o'clock, the accustomed ears of the village folk had detected an unfamiliar vagueness in its strokes; its brazen tongue lacked its wonted clearness; it was out of tune. Bartholomew Buerkli, the bell-ringer, hastened to investigate. Then the news quickly spread that the old bell had at last succumbed to the inroads of time, and was cracked past repair.

"Come," said the pastor, taking Henry's arm and re-entering the parsonage with him, "it has served its time, and must go like the rest of us, when our work here is done. But it is indeed hard to part with such an old friend. It has so many joyous, and yet so many sad, memories for me, in fact, for us all, that dear old church-bell."

At supper, Henry surprised the inmates of the pastor's household by two announcements: firstly, that he thought, if the morrow was fair, he would venture on a trip to Zurich, and secondly, that he had engaged lodgings at the schoolmaster's, and would, on his return, transfer himself and his effects thither. That evening, he sat up in his room, and wrote a long letter, beginning "My dear father," and ending "your affectionate son, Henry." What its contents were, the reader may be left to infer from the subsequent course of this narrative. Suffice it to say here that he posted it in person at Zurich, on the following day, having first ascertained that a direct mail would leave that evening for the United States. Next he found the telegraph-office, and sent the following despatch:

"*Conrad Sewickley, No. — Harrison St., Cincinnati:*

"Am well. Shall remain some weeks at Walletikon. Have written. Important.

"HENRY."

and then, with the air of a man who has done his whole duty, he dined comfortably at the Saffran and afterward took an early afternoon train back to Walletikon.

Installed at the schoolmaster's, he found, with his returning health and strength, a keen enjoyment in the cool, crisp Indian-summer days which ensued, and in the picturesque landscape which wooed him to wander forth among its ever-changing and varied beauties. In these walks, which, as his strength permitted, daily grew longer, Regula and her aunt were his frequent companions, and the pastor himself occasionally accompanied them, when his time allowed. Henry found it difficult, at first, to recognize in the active, spirited girl walking by his side, exuberant with health and radiant with good humor, the quiet, timid creature who had been wont to steal in, on tiptoe, to his bedside, or noiselessly move about his sick-room. "How fortunate it was," he said one day, laughingly, "that none of you knew at first that I spoke German."

"I don't understand," she said, hesitatingly.

"Why," he continued, "in that case, I should never have had you for interpreter. What luck was it that

prompted me to groan out my sufferings in English?"

Regula laughed, and retorted with some expression which sounded very much like, "What nonsense you do talk," and then adroitly turned the conversation in some other direction. But her quick intuition had long since told her that to which no woman can afford to be indifferent. She knew perfectly well that Henry Sewickley, with all his attempts to conceal it, was attracted to her by more than a mere feeling of ordinary friendship. If he was not already in love with her, he was certainly on the high road to becoming so, and madly so, too. And she—did she care for him?—she often asked herself. Just a little perhaps. He was very kind and gentle, very intelligent, and, everybody thought, very handsome, too. But how stupid of her, she thought again, to fall in love with the very first young man of any social pretensions with whom she had ever been thrown in contact. Were there not a thousand others out in the wide, wide world just as kind, gentle, intelligent, and handsome as this young stranger, whom chance had thrown in her way? And should she, Regula Luethi, all at once fall in love with the first one who had presented himself?

Yet, struggle against it as she would, she had to confess to herself that there was pleasure for her in his presence and his voice, that she found the days on which they did not meet tiresome ones. She found herself continually making plans which would furnish an excuse for bringing them together. One day, there was a poor family to be visited, and he should accompany Aunt Barbara and her thither; another day, he must bring his copy of Tennyson up to the rectory, and read her "Locksley Hall;" on still another occasion, there was a particular view of the Glaernish, from a neighboring hill, which Henry desired to get for his sketch-book, and it was Regula who volunteered to guide him thither. That Henry enjoyed all this, there can be no manner of doubt. The removal of the old bell from the church-tower—an operation by the way requiring no little time and pains—furnished him with frequent excuse for lounging in the vicinity of the parsonage.

"Our old bell seems to have an especial charm for you," said Regula, roguishly one day, meeting him before the church.

"I was just thinking," he said, "it was no doubt rung at your baptism, and at your confirmation, and at your father's and mother's baptism and confirmation, and marriage as well. What holy, and yet what sad, memories it must have for you all!"

"Indeed you are right," she answered, "to see it going seems like parting from a dear old friend. And, what is worse, there is but little prospect at present of replacing it. The township is poor, and papa says the town council is not disposed to incur the expense."

"That would be a pity," said Henry, "but they may change their minds. I hope yet to see a new bell in that tower before I say 'good-by' to Walletikon."

"The days of magicians are gone by," she replied, laughingly. "I fear you are doomed to disappointment."

"I think not," said Henry, significantly. "But, by the way, I had almost forgotten something," and he produced a sealed envelope from his pocket and handed it to Regula. She noticed, too, that it bore her address. "Read this when you have a few spare moments." She took the envelope and, as soon as she was alone, tore it open, and read these lines:

THE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH BELL.

A song for the bell, the dear old bell
That has hung in the belfry high.
And has rung the fleeting hours so well
For a hundred years gone by.
In summer's heat and in winter's cold,
By night, and by livelong day,
Its warning strokes have faithfully told
How time was passing away.

A smile for the bell, the merry old bell;
Were it gifted with speech, I ween
Its brazen monotonous tongue could tell
Of many a joyous scene.
It has greeted many a blushing bride
On her happy wedding morn;
It has rung in many a Christmas-tide
That has long since passed and gone.

A sigh for the bell, the sad old bell
And its record of sorrow and tears;
It has tolled full many a funeral knell
Through all of these by-gone years.

They are gone, all gone, the beloved of yore;
In the churchyard they long have slept,
While the bell rang on as it rang before,
All careless who smiled or wept.

A tear for the bell, the worn old bell;
Its labors at length are o'er.
Its cheery and comforting tones will swell
On the passing breeze no more.
Methinks when the mid-day hour comes round
I shall hear its voice again,
And I listen to catch the wonted sound,
But listen alas! in vain.

Yet, blessings upon that brave old bell,
It was faithful unto the end.
Like a sentry true at its post it fell,
'Twas a fast unswerving friend.
For, of all true friendships under the sun,
In every age and clime,
The truest, indeed, is that of one
Who giveth a tongue to time.

As she finished reading the verses, a sweet smile illumined her face. These thoughts which Henry had put in rhyme for her—yes, she felt sure it had been for her, who else was there in all the village that could read them?—had they not passed through her own mind a hundred times? and now he had embodied them in a simple poem, and modestly laid them at her feet. She felt, indeed, it was love's first offering. She read and re-read the lines, and, at night, she placed them under her pillow, and dreamed that she saw the old bell, decked with may-flowers, mounted on a pole before the town-house, and all the ancestors of the village arrayed in holiday garb, with joined hands, dancing a wild reel around it. Next day, she found an excuse to pass by the schoolmaster's to thank the young poet for the pleasure he had afforded her, but was surprised to learn he had left by an early train for Zurich, to be absent possibly for a day or two. Then indeed she felt how needful his presence, or at least his proximity, had come to be to her daily contentment, and she waited impatiently for his return. The third day brought a letter to her father. The pastor read it through carefully, and seemed greatly interested in its contents, but put it in his pocket without saying a word to indicate what they were. But, that afternoon, he made a call at the town-house, and afterward sent off a reply to Zurich by the evening mail. "Our young friend writes he will be back in a day or two," he remarked to Aunt Barbara, in Regula's hearing, that evening. That was all.

Meanwhile, all Walletikon was alive with the momentous question of a new church-bell. The town treasury was nearly empty, taxes had come in slowly, there had been a heavy drain made on the public funds for various purposes during the past year, and it was pretty generally conceded that, if a new bell, even of the simplest description, was to be put up, the greater part of the necessary sum would have to be raised by subscription. In fact, such a subscription had been started and passed around, but had resulted in barely a hundred francs, or scarcely a tenth part of what was required to replace the old bell. The town councilmen shook their heads, and began to intimate that Walletikon would have to forego the luxury of a church-bell for a while, until the "times got better," which meant, of course, as everybody knew, that there would be no bell at all; for no one could ever be got to admit in that community that any one year was better than the last. Pastor Luethi alone did not seem to give up the hope that a new bell would be found, somehow, or somewhere. When this one, or that one, came to sympathize with him as the chief mourner over the empty belfry, he would smile, and only say good-naturedly: "Well, we shall see; we shall see."

It was on an evening early in December that the meeting of the town council, which was to determine the matter, took place. Its result was apparently a foregone conclusion, a simple sum in arithmetic. The town could not, by any possibility, appropriate any more than two hundred francs; forthcoming, from various subscriptions, one hundred francs; total cost of new bell, one thousand francs. Any child could see there were seven hundred francs lacking, and nobody could see where they were to come from. These facts were curtly stated by the town president as soon as he had called the meeting to order, and they admitted of no discussion. But, just as a vote was about to be taken, there was a rap at the door,

and the session was interrupted by the entrance of the gray-haired rector, who carefully deposited his hat and umbrella in the corner, and then, turning to the president, respectfully requested permission to address the council a few words on the subject under deliberation. It was of course accorded, and the members, most of whom had been hoping for a speedy adjournment, glanced at each other curiously, as if to question the meaning of this unlooked-for interruption. The pastor did not leave them long in doubt.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Town Council," he said, "I have come before you this evening on a happy mission; I am indeed the bearer of good tidings. A friend of yours, and of mine, a native of Walletikon, who left us long ago to seek his fortune in the wide world—hearing in his distant home of what had befallen our dear old village church-bell—has authorized me to ask the town's acceptance of the amount necessary to put up a chime of three bells in its place. In his behalf, I bring you now the sum of five thousand francs as a free-will offering for the purpose stated. The money is here, and your honorable body has but to signify its acceptance of the gift."

The look of blank incredulity which had begun to steal over the members' faces speedily disappeared when the pastor, producing a wallet from his breast-pocket, proceeded to count out five one-thousand franc notes on the town-clerk's desk. "The giver, who is he?" shouted several at once; "let us know his name." "He is one," answered the pastor, his voice trembling, "who left you in his youth to wander in a distant land, but who, like a true Schweizer, has never forgotten, and never can forget, the scenes of his birth and boyhood in this Alpine land. Wherever he has wandered, he says that the sweet sound of our village bell has been ever ringing in his ears, wooing him, in tender, loving tones, to return. Gentlemen, he *has* returned; he is here."

The door opened, and a stranger entered. He was a man of some fifty-odd years of age, short of stature, and compact of build, plainly clad, but of self-possessed and taciturn mien, with the air of one who had mastered fortune, and who, at the same time, thoroughly understood himself. As he removed his soft felt-hat on entering, there were no gray hairs visible about his brows; but, as he looked about the council-room, and saw assembled there faces everyone of which had grown old during his long absence, yet everyone of which recalled some memory of his early days in Walletikon, a tear came into his eyes, and his voice trembled, as he exclaimed:

"Yes, thank God, he *is* here again; he has come from over the seas to revisit the loved scenes of his youth; a greeting to you, one and all, old friends. Will you not welcome him home again?"

"*Conrad Zwickli!*" exclaimed the town-clerk, and in another moment the new-comer was recognized, and surrounded, and received a welcome so enthusiastic that Henry Sewickley's entrance remained for a while unnoticed. The pastor first observed him, and quickly whispered a few words in the ear of Conrad Zwickli, who turned, and, taking Henry by the hand, brought him forward into the centre of the group.

"My son, gentlemen of the town council," he said, with a knowing look at the town-clerk; "my son, Henry Sewickley, or Zwickli, whichever you may be pleased to call him. We have merely Americanized the name, you see. His visit to Walletikon, it's true, came near being the end of him, but, thanks to our good friend, the pastor here, and his family, he is still good, I trust, for many a day."

There was a happy gleam of satisfaction in Henry's eyes as he responded to his father's introduction by a bow to the assembly. He thought of Regula, too, and how happy all this would make her. He and his father had only arrived half an hour before, and had come, by appointment with Pastor Luethi, directly from the station to the town-house. Regula had not been let into the secret of their intended coming.

The town council's session that evening came to an abrupt close. Herr Conrad Zwickli's generous offer of a chime of bells was promptly accepted, a vote of thanks was passed, and the

meeting adjourned. All Walletikon, old and young, knew, before it went to bed that night, what had happened at the town-house. Fabulous stories of the returned stranger's wealth were told, and, as all the families in the village were more or less related to the Zwicklis, the question of possible heirship of course came up very frequently in the general conversation. But the subject of it all had evidently no intention of accommodating any of these new-found heirs for some time to come. He went quickly home with his son to their lodgings at the schoolmaster's. "Henry," he said, as they bade each other good-night, toward midnight, "what wouldn't I give to hear that old bell strike twelve once more, just as I used to hear it in the days of old. Walletikon doesn't seem like Walletikon without it."

Henry answered, "No," but abstractedly. He was thinking of other things. He was picturing his reunion with Regula on the morrow, and dwelling, in happy thought, on his now changed position as the recognized son of Conrad Zwickli, her father's boyhood companion. Absence, even though short, had but served to convince him of his attachment, and he determined to press a suit in which he now felt all his future happiness was involved. And with these thoughts, father and son fell asleep.

Conrad Zwickli's unexpected return, and his munificent gift of the chimes for the church-tower, proved something more than the usual nine-days' wonder. Long absence, newly-acquired wealth, and association with strangers, had not greatly changed him, it was found. He was unpretentious and plain in his manners, remembered all his old associates, even to the humblest and poorest, and —what perhaps pleased the villagers most of all—conversed with them in the same old Zurich dialect as of yore.

"*Haend er oeppe gmeint, i heb Eu vergesse, he?*" was his frequent remark. "*Bhuetis, es het mi scho lang hei zoge. Wuessed er, i bi trotz allem en guete Walletikoner blibe.*" Much of his time was passed in the company of his old friend the pastor, and the two found evident pleasure in the growing attachment between their children. Meanwhile, December was nearly gone, and Walletikon was buried deep in its garment of winter snow, yet Henry showed no signs of leaving. All else seemed neglected, forgotten, in the one thought of Regula's sweet companionship.

Christmas-eve came, and, with it, the village street was bright with the lights shining forth, through narrow windows, from Christmas-trees in humble homes. Aunt Barbara and Regula had, with willing hands, decorated the walls of the pastor's study with evergreen and holly, and had reared, in the sitting-room, a modest fir-sapling, still redolent with the resinous odors of its native forest, yet transformed, by many-colored tapers and gew-gaws, into a vision which would have delighted the soul of a veritable Kriss Kringle. There was a huge basket of cakes to be distributed among the children of the village, and a great quantity of mufflers and warm mittens as presents for the poor, and, at one end of the room, on a separate table, a collection of mysterious packages, great and small, each addressed from somebody to somebody else; and, in the midst of all the preparations, pretty Regula, with eyes and cheeks aglow, flitted about, the presiding genius, the good angel of it all. Henry and his father and the Herr and Frau Schoolmaster were the only invited guests of the occasion, and who shall tell of the good cheer to which they sat down? If there was one thing in which Aunt Barbara was open to a charge of vanity, it was her cookery, and on this particular Christmas-eve she had fairly outdone herself. To what a delicate turn the trout were done; what a royal roast-goose, dripping in its own gravy, flanked by all sorts of minor delicacies, and washed down by rosy Hallauer, followed it; and what a culinary triumph was the savory apple-pudding that wound up the repast! But the festivities did not end here. After dinner came the lighting of the tree, in which Henry aided Regula, and managed to burn his fingers gallantly in her behalf. Then a whole troop of the village children came flocking in, to look and wonder, and get their cakes; then the presents were distributed, and no one was forgotten. The Frau Schoolmaster got a work-bag

and a rocking-chair, and an edition of the Revised Hymn-book; her worthy spouse was surprised by a luxus-edition of Virgil's "Æneid," a new pair of spectacles (No. 24), and a bandana handkerchief of enormous dimensions. Aunt Barbara, in her turn, found a complete set of Gottfried Keller's works, and a rocking-chair—the duplicate of Frau Schoolmaster's—placed to her credit under the tree; the good old pastor was made happy by a pair of worked slippers, an engraving of Leonardo di Vinci's "Last Supper," and, last of all, a neatly-done-up package, which proved to contain a gold watch, inscribed, "To F. L. from Conrad and Henry." Regula was all radiant with smiles when the Herr Schoolmaster, who, emboldened by the Hallauer, had volunteered to help in calling out and distributing the gifts, handed her a small basket of fresh roses —midwinter though it was—then an illuminated copy of "Locksley Hall," and, among a number of inviting-looking packets, one on which was written, "To be opened at once." There were exclamations of delight when it was found to contain a miniature imitation, in silver, of the old Walletikon church-bell, inscribed, "From H. S. to R. L. In memoriam." Nor had Henry been forgotten. Regula had, in secret, worked him a tobacco pouch on which she had embroidered his initials in gold. Aunt Barbara had baked a monster cake with "Harry" traced in legible letters on the white-sugar coating that covered it. The pastor remembered him with a meerschaum pipe—the corollary of Regula's gift—while Herr and Frau Schoolmaster had brought their lodger the practical tribute of a half-dozen pairs of warm winter-socks, which elicited a general round of mirthful approval. In the midst of the laughter and merriment, Conrad Zwickli handed his son a large blue envelope, bearing a great official seal. "Here, Henry," said he, in a nonchalant way, "this has been sent me for you by post. It looks like a Christmas present from Uncle Sam."

Henry tore open the envelope, and took from it a parchment document, bearing another great red seal. It was addressed to "Henry Sewickley, Esq.," and signed by the Secretary of State. "Congratulate me, my friends," he exclaimed, after hastily glancing over its contents. "I am appointed United States Consul to W——, in Germany." Regula was the first to grasp his hand, as she found a chance to whisper in his ear, "Oh! this makes me so happy." For a few moments Henry was kept busy with handshaking, and hearing himself facetiously addressed as "Herr Consul" by the pastor and schoolmaster, in turn. Conrad Zwickli appeared the most satisfied of all. "I've been expecting it for a month," he said, "and it couldn't have got here at a better time. Senator F—— promised it to me before I left home, and he always keeps his word. Henry, your hand, my boy."

But the great surprise of the evening was yet to come. The Herr and Frau Schoolmaster, being somewhat fatigued by the unwonted festivities, and growing sleepy in consequence, made their adieux at an early hour. Aunt Barbara was busily engaged in the multifarious duties devolving upon a housewife after a feast, and Conrad Zwickli had retired with the pastor to the latter's study to enjoy a quiet pipe before saying good-night, while Regula and Henry remained behind in the dining-room, ostensibly for the purpose of seeing that the Christmas-tree candles did not set fire to the curtains, but in reality, as results proved, with a very different object in view. One by one, the candles glimmered, flickered, and finally went out, and yet the two sat there, in the dim light, in the window-corner, talking together in hushed and tender tones, which, to one who could have overheard them, would have left no doubt as to their purport. Suddenly, and with one accord, they both rose and, with clasped hands, walked out into the corridor, and stopped before the study door. They paused for a moment, as if to gather strength for a weighty determination; they glanced, for an instant, lovingly into each other's eyes; the needed strength came to them with the glance; then Henry rapped gently on the door, and still hand in hand, and with beating hearts, they entered. The pastor and his friends, deeply immersed in their reminiscences of the past, and

all heedless of the passing hours, looked up casually from their conversation as the young people came in. Regula's fair face was flushed with a brilliant glow which, in contrast with the earnest fervor of her dark eyes, and the raven-blackness of her hair, in which she had placed one of the white roses, only served to impart a deeper, more passionate loveliness to her usually calm countenance. Henry, manly and erect in figure, honest and upright in demeanor, led her to where her father was sitting, and, standing there by her side, said, in a tremulous voice: "We have come to ask your consent to our marriage."

The pastor's kindly countenance turned full upon the young man and the fair girl before him. In an instant, a thousand memories of the past came vividly crowding upon his mind. In his loved child, Regula, who stood there timidly, blushingly, awaiting the reply that was to seal her happiness, he saw the living counterpart of her who long years before—it seemed to him but yesterday—had stood so modestly, by his own side, before the altar; in the face of the youth who now asked of him this, the greatest boon he had to confer on earth, he saw reflected the long-forgotten, but now revived, memories of his old comrade Conrad, who sat there, a silent observer of the moving scene.

"Are you certain, both of you, that you love each other?" he finally asked, with an assumed firmness of voice.

They looked at each other. "Oh, yes; indeed we are," they answered.

"Do you really know what it means when you say this?" he continued, tenderly; "do you fully understand that your love is not to be for a day, a month, a year, but for a lifetime; that it is to soothe your sorrows as well as to enhance your joys; that, through sickness and health, prosperity and adversity, evil report and good report, it is to sustain you, and strengthen you, and bless you, and keep you one, unto life's end? Have you fully weighed all this?"

They both bowed their heads in the affirmative.

"Then," said the pastor, rising and extending his hands to them, "you have my consent, and may Heaven's blessing go with you." He imprinted a kiss upon Regula's forehead, and exclaimed, turning to Conrad Zwickli, who had risen, and with pride in his face, had approached the young couple. "You were right, old friend; you were right; your eyes were better than mine."

And then, late though it was, the four sat down together, the two with life behind them, the other two with life and love yet before them, and talked of their plans and hopes until the clock on the stairs ushered in, with twelve solemn strokes, a new-born Christmas morn. And when Henry and his father reached home, they paused for a moment at the schoolmaster's gate, under the light of the glittering stars, and Conrad, placing his hand upon his boy's shoulder, said, with a fervor he had never shown before: "Henry, this is the happiest Christmas of my life. For all my long, lonely, laborious, loveless years, this night has been the crown and compensation."

A few days later, Henry set out for his post at W———, and Walletikon, after discussing the news of the betrothal in all its bearings, relapsed into its wonted winter tranquillity. Early in February, however, a fresh sensation occurred in the arrival of the new church-bells, and the work of mounting them to their place in the belfry was at once begun. But, for some reason unaccountable to the general public, whose curiosity was naturally on tiptoe to catch the first welcome strokes, this work progressed with uncommon slowness. Conrad Zwickli, who was, in person, superintending it, seemed to be in no haste whatever, making first one explanation, then another, to the numerous inquiries by the village folk. "We hope to have them ready by Easter," was the only definite answer that could be elicited from him on the subject. That was the date which had been fixed for Henry's and Regula's wedding, and those in the secret understood fully the real reason for the delay.

And finally Easter came—it fell early in April that year—and, ten days before it, Henry arrived and resumed his old lodgings with his father at the Schoolmaster's. They had all gone to meet him at the station, and it was a merry party that sat down that evening to

Aunt Barbara's supper at the parsonage to welcome the "Herr Consul" back. Regula made no effort to conceal her joy at the reunion with one who was henceforth all in all to her. And so the days chased each other away in rapid succession, until Easter morning dawned, crisp and cloudless. The civil marriage was appointed for ten o'clock, at the town-house, and the ceremony at the church for half an hour later. All Walletikon was agog, everyone, old and young, was rigged out in his, or her, Sunday-best, and when the bridal party, emerging from the parsonage, took up their line of march for the town-clerk's office, it is safe to state that there was not a pair of eyes in the entire Dorf that did not have them in view. First came Conrad Zwickli with Regula on his arm, then Henry with Aunt Barbara, then the pastor with the Frau Schoolmaster—who had produced, for the occasion, a black silk dress worn by her grandmother, and Dr. Eigenheer, with the Herr Schoolmaster brought up the rear of the small, but imposing cortege. Herr Johann Jacob Kaemmerli-Zwickli, the town-clerk, awaited them in his office, into which he had promptly slipped, after watching their approach from the front door step as long as he considered compatible with his official dignity. He was arrayed in a threadbare, but carefully brushed, suit of black, and his rubicund visage, suggestive of a half century of Neftenbacher and Schaffhauser vintages, was wreathed with smiles and reeking with perspiration as the party entered. The formalities were soon over, the contracting parties and witnesses signed their names—Aunt Barbara in her nervousness dropping the pen and leaving a huge ink-spot on her signature—and then the procession moved out again in the reverse order to that in which it had come, Conrad Zwickli dropping a fee in the town-clerk's and also in the Weibel's hands, which would suffice to keep both of them in beer for many a day. Before the church, a great crowd, not only from the village, but from all the country round, had gathered. They had come from Bassersdorf, from Kloten, from Effretikon, from Wallisellen, from Dietlikon, from Oerlikon; yes, there were some there even from Zurich itself, and they all crowded into the little church after the wedding party had passed in, and stood there in silence, so that one could hear a pin drop, until the solemn ceremony was over. When the old, good pastor read them St. Paul's familiar epistle commending marriage as honorable among all men, his voice was firm and potent with the eloquence of the Divine message he was transmitting. But when, drawing nearer to the young couple, he joined their hands, pronounced them man and wife, and invoked the benediction of Heaven upon their union, his voice was weak, and tears rolled down his cheeks.

But hark! at that moment a sweet, unwonted sound burst upon the ears of the delighted assembly. It came bursting forth from the belfry in swelling waves of varied melody, now soft and modulated, now stirring and sonorous, spreading itself out over the landscape far and near, and carrying to all within its hearing the blessed tidings of great joy. And as the young couple passed down the aisle, and out of the church, amid smiles and greetings and cheers, and with the world opening all bright and joyous before them, Conrad Zwickli whispered in their ears, "There is a holy spell in those bells. Wherever you go, carry with you, in memory, the chimes of Walletikon."

OUTLAWRY ON THE MEXICAN BORDER.

By James E. Pilcher.

N approaching the west fork of the Nueces River from the east, the trail emerges from the chaparral and, making a sharp turn, brings to view a great stone cairn upon which rests a marble slab, bearing this inscription:

Hier ruhet in Gott
EDUARD, BARON VON
WOEHRMANN.
Geb. am 11 Feb. 1848 in Dresden.
Ermordet an dieser Staette am 21 April, 1877.*

The country along the banks of the river, torn and harrowed by the waters which leave it entirely dry in the fall and rush through its channel in enormous quantities and with terrific force in the spring, is singularly fitted for the accomplishment of a tragedy such as is so graphically pictured by these words.

A young German of noble lineage, seeking to repair the fortunes of a fallen house, had established himself upon a ranche near the Texas border. Success appeared to crown his labor, and the future seemed particularly bright to him on that April night, as he galloped leisurely toward his home through the closely grown thickets of mesquit lining the trail. But behind a rugged bank at the river-crossing lay awaiting him in ambush a party of black-browed, sinister-eyed Mexicans, whom the tidings of his prosperity had lured from their native haunts. It took but a single shot to shatter his plans and at the same time to end his life.

The assassins stealthily fled across the border without leaving a trace of their identity. Baron von Woehrmann was buried where he fell, his ranche passed into other hands, and naught is left to mark his career and tell the tale of outlawry which cut it short but the heap of stones where his body lies.

Several factors have contributed to the encouragement of outlawry in the territory embracing the boundary line between Mexico and the United States. The laxity of the enforcement of laws common to new countries drew to it the reckless and criminal from older localities. The temptation to avoid the payment of duty upon imported articles attracted a considerable number of smugglers—proverbially desperate and lawless. International jealousy, inducing the citizens of one country to protect those of their own nationality from the penalties for offences committed in the territory or upon the citizens of the other, added still greater facility to the commission of crime. A century of political dissension, while it had developed throughout the entire territory of Mexico large numbers of freebooters living by a system of brigandage, had at the same time weakened the grasp of the authorities upon the outlying states, so that the vicious from other parts naturally gravitated to the frontier. The existence near the border, of hostile Indians accustomed to ravage both countries at will, gave additional uncertainty to life on the Rio Grande.

The country along the river is especially adapted to the concealment of criminals, the stream running in a broad valley from either side of which more or less precipitous foothills arise. The bottom is filled with a dense thicket of chaparral, extending sometimes twenty miles back from the river, with here and there narrow paths or trails cut through to the water. The mesquit in these thickets may be hardly more than a bush, and it may grow to a height of fifty or sixty feet and a diameter of two or three. In the maze of paths penetrating this growth in all directions it is possible for immense herds of cattle and large bodies of men to be concealed without a suspicion of their pres-

* Here rests in God
EDUARD, BARON VON
WOEHRMANN.
Born Feb. 11, 1848, in Dresden,
Murdered on this spot, April 21, 1877.

ence. Moreover, the Rio Grande is itself a dry sandy slough several months of the year, rendering it easy for marauders to cross with their spoil.

Prior to the Mexico-Texan war, the comparatively unexplored country west of the Louisiana purchase afforded but little temptation to other than the hunter and the trapper, and it was abandoned to the Comanches and the Kickapoos. But the dispute over the debatable land lying between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, and the final location of the boundary line at the latter, brought into prominence the success of the Texans in establishing first an independent republic and later a full-fledged State of the American Union. This not unnaturally proved an incentive to other ambitious individuals to seek fame and fortune in like manner, and for a number of years Mexico became the prize toward which many covetous eyes were turned.

The filibustering expeditions of Raousset, Pindray, Walker, and Crabb were the direct offspring of this sentiment. Walker, the little "gray-eyed man of destiny," approached nearest to success, landing both in Lower California and Sonora, and proclaiming a republic in each State with himself as president and his followers as associate dignitaries. But the country, the elements, and the natives were all against him, and in less than six months, with a worn and haggard remnant of his band, he fell back to the frontier, where they were made prisoners of war by their own countrymen.

The attempt of Crabb, three years later, to found an independent State in Sonora met with even a more tragical termination. He came in triumph upon the invitation of the revolutionary party from which he expected material aid, but with the rapidity common in Mexican politics, affairs had assumed a new aspect during his journey, his advances were repulsed with indignation, and his entire company were hunted down by the victorious faction and brutally butchered. Such results proved an efficient discouragement to future attempts at the invasion of Mexico, and there are no further instances of this kind of outlawry upon the part of Americans.

In Mexico, during the three-quarters of a century of transition between the revolution of Hidalgo and the establishment of the government upon a firm basis, the spirit of outlawry raged with varying activity throughout the country. It came to be considered a very suitable career for a scion of a good family to take to the road upon the loss of an inheritance. "What else can a gentleman do?" was the indignant query put concerning an official who had been thrown out of office and had resorted to the highway.

As late as 1872, a wealthy gentleman belonging to the old Mexican nobility, dating back to the conquerors and the earlier viceroys, was kidnapped in one of the central streets of the capital itself, while returning from the theatre, and one hundred thousand dollars ransom demanded. For a week, in their resort in the purlieus of the city, he was kept by outlaws literally buried alive, before the authorities, stirred to activity by the enormous ransom and the high social position of the victim, ferreted out their den. The fact that the chiefs of the bandits were shot on the day of capture, however, had no perceptible effect upon the practice.

In 1875, the stage-coach from the city of Mexico to Queretaro, carrying the mails, was robbed by a band of two hundred highwaymen. A member of Congress and two other passengers were taken from the coach and murdered in cold blood.

Three years later, passenger trains were never allowed to pass over the railway between the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz, the only railroad then in full operation, without a large escort of soldiers to protect them from highwaymen, while robberies of the horse-cars running from the capital to its suburbs were of weekly occurrence. The Belgian Consul-general to the United States was at this time directed by his government to make a tour of observation in Mexico. Throughout his journey in the interior States he was escorted by a military guard; notwithstanding, while passing through one of the most wealthy and densely populated States of the Republic, he was assaulted by a band of mounted highwaymen; his guard fled inconti-

nently, and the Consul-general and his party were robbed of their baggage and personal valuables and sent forward in absolute destitution. When they arrived at the next station they learned that the outlaws were a part of the regular road guard, who had deserted the service and were devoting the government arms and horses to a more lucrative avocation.

In 1876 a forced loan was levied by revolutionists upon the city of Chihuahua, apportioning $3,500 of the amount to an American banker and capitalist engaged in business there. Being absent at his *hacienda* outside the city, an armed guard was sent to collect it. He declined to contribute, in the belief that large sums which he had already paid were more than his share. He was thereupon taken prisoner, and the revolutionists having meanwhile lost the city, he was spirited away into the Sierra Madres, while a ransom of $50,000 was demanded from his family. He refused to permit the payment of so enormous a sum and followed his captors from one mountain fastness to another, as they were driven about by the government troops, sleeping on the bare ground, several times being under fire and suffering many great privations, until the demands of the outlaws were reduced to the original amount, upon the payment of which he was finally released. But this treatment was continued from time to time until his losses actually amounted to nearly $50,000, for none of which could he afterward obtain either satisfaction or compensation.

With robbery and anarchy rampant about the capital, it is hardly surprising to find outlawry, sedition, and murder prevalent upon the border. The condition of affairs is well illustrated by the fact that at one time, when the Mexican consul in San Antonio desired to go over to Camargo to visit his family, he asked for an escort of the despised *gringos* to protect himself from his own countrymen. The priests of the Roman Church have been accustomed to pass unmolested among the most savage tribes, but when the Catholic bishop wished to visit his parishes along the border he dared not make the attempt without an American military guard, to protect him from Mexican freebooters.

Cattle and horses being the chief products of Texas, and at the same time the most valuable and most easily transported, naturally most frequently formed the booty of the outlaws, but nothing was sacred at their hands. On several occasions United States post-offices were robbed and burned, custom-houses were looted, and churches ransacked. Even officers of the army were obliged to travel with large escorts, lest their guards should be overcome by superior numbers and robbed of their mounts and accoutrements.

The story of the border troubles is very closely interwoven with the history of General Juan Nepomuceno Cortina, a most remarkable individual, whose intense hatred of the Americans and his practical methods of displaying it, combined with exceptional force of character and energy of disposition, to render him a most redoubtable enemy. Cortina's career is a fine example of partisan warfare, and would have given him great glory in the ninth century, but is an anachronism in the nineteenth.

When hardly more than a boy in General Arista's army, during the Mexican War, he repeatedly ambushed and killed parties of American officers and soldiers. Legal limits could not restrain his energy, and the sentence of outlawry early fell upon him ; his character was nevertheless too strong not to exert a powerful influence over a large number of adherents, and he was too influential a political factor to be ignored, so that he was openly courted by politicians of all parties near an election. Although under indictments for murder and other offences, he was accustomed, armed to the teeth and surrounded by well-armed friends, to frequent the town of Brownsville, where, according to his own statement, in 1859 he entered into open hostilities with the American authorities.

Seeing the city marshal arresting one of his countrymen, in a paroxysm of patriotism he stretched the officer at his feet with a pistol shot and, mounting the prisoner behind him, rode off with his friends, defying arrest. Before daylight, about a month later, with a party

of fifty to eighty equally desperate men, well mounted, whom his audacity had attracted about him, he took possession of Brownsville, posting sentinels at all the principal corners and establishing mounted patrols through the streets. The citizens were awakened by firing and shouts of *Mueran los gringos*—Death to Americans—*Viva Cheno Cortina, Viva Mejico,* and the like. Mexicans and foreigners, he announced, were to be unharmed, but Americans were to be killed. Establishing himself at Fort Brown, then temporarily abandoned by United States troops, his emissaries were sent through the town, searching for victims. He battered down the doors of the jail and recruited his band from the prisoners. The jailer and others who had offended his cutthroats were slaughtered.

He now encamped at a ranche belonging to his mother, near Brownsville, his forces being constantly augmented by admiring recruits, with whose assistance his property and stock were removed to the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. A few days later, his lieutenant, one Corbura, was captured by the sheriff and, in spite of Cortina's demand for his surrender, was hanged. Cortina, now thoroughly incensed, crossed the river with his force and pillaged the entire surrounding country. He repulsed troops sent against him on two occasions, once overcoming a combined force of volunteers and Mexicans, and once defeating a body of Texas rangers supported by volunteers, on both occasions capturing cannon.

Cortina was now the hero of the hour. He had overcome the hated *gringos* and become the champion of his race, who would wipe out the losses of the Mexican War, and push back the boundary to the Nueces, where it belonged. He intercepted all mails and, unable to read himself, had the contents read to him. He styled himself "*General en Gefe,*" and never appeared unless accompanied by a body-guard. The Mexican markets were always open for the purchase of his plunder, and he and his band were rapidly enriching themselves with the spoils of the conquered Texans.

About this time, however, the American forces were strengthened by the arrival of Major (afterward General) Heintzelman with a detachment of over a hundred cavalry and artillery. When these troops approached Cortina fired upon them, but, yielding to the inevitable, soon made a hasty retreat. Now, moving rapidly from place to place, it became difficult to locate him, but he was finally discovered at Ringgold Barracks and in possession of Rio Grande City. Here he was first attacked by the volunteers, to whom he made a vigorous resistance, until he saw in the distance the train of white-topped wagons indicating the approach of the regular troops, when he hurriedly withdrew and, after a pursuit of several miles only, escaped with the loss of all his guns, supplies, and provisions.

During the time of this raid, Cortina laid waste the entire country from Brownsville to Rio Grande City, one hundred and twenty-five miles, and as far back as Arroyo Colorado. All American inhabitants were either killed or driven away, all their stock and property taken to Mexico, and their homes razed to the ground. During the struggle the American forces lost fifteen Americans and eighty friendly Mexicans, while one hundred and fifty of Cortina's men bit the dust. In addition Cortina had subjected the United States to the humiliation of having two towns and two military posts in the possession of armed bandits for a considerable time.

Retiring into the mountains for a few years, in various civil wars, Cortina's dash won recognition and power for him, and when he reappeared on the Texas border he held the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Mexican army. He used his official position in 1863 to depose and imprison Señor Ruiz, governor of Tamaulipas, installing in his place one José Maria Cobos, a fugitive in Brownsville ; but Cobos did not prove pliant enough, and by order of Cortina, he and his second in command were executed. Ruiz was reinstated, but Cortina again drove him away and elevated to the dignity Jesus de la Serna, who was in turn deposed by Ruiz, who had meanwhile collected a military force to support his preten-

sions. But Cortina's impatient spirit declined to submit to his authority and, two weeks later, he expelled him from the city and proclaimed himself governor. Tired of the rôle of Warwick, he assumed that of King. The central government weakly submitted to this bit of local tyranny, recognized Cortina as governor, and shortly after conferred the rank of general upon him.

While holding this position, and in later years when stationed on the Rio Grande, Cortina, both in person and through his partisans, continued his career of plunder and murder in Texas. He stocked four ranches mostly with cattle and horses stolen from *gringos*. He filled extensive contracts with great herds seized from American ranchmen. Wealth followed hard upon his efforts, and his only grievance in his latter days was the fact that, by the orders of a firmer and more judicious government, he was detained at the capital and debarred from further participation in predatory incursions in Texas.

Grand juries in frontier counties of Texas found no less than twenty-seven indictments against Cortina for murder, while governor of Tamaulipas, each indictment relating to a separate and distinct crime. When to this is added the fact that nearly a quarter of a million cattle were under his direction, the success of his lifelong war against the *gringos* may be estimated.

Cortina had many pupils, but perhaps the most successful was Captain Savas Garcia, at one time an officer of his brigade. Garcia's entire company, it is said, participated in his depredations, presenting the singular spectacle of an organized military force engaged in hostile incursions into a country with which its own government was at peace. He later organized a band of marauders, numbering over eighty men, who made a permanent camp on the Rio Grande with the avowed object of crossing into Texas to rob, murder, and plunder. They established a regular ford over the river and swept through the country in all directions, leaving poverty and desolation in their wake.

It would seem difficult for large parties of outlaws to cross the Rio Grande without detection and an alarm being raised. And for this reason it was the custom for the bandits to cross the river singly and at different times, and seek refuge with Mexican *rancheros* residing on the American side, whom they terrorized or bribed into representing them to be employees. A considerable band could in this way be located in the enemy's territory without fear of discovery, and when the hour for action had arrived, they could be concentrated at a preconcerted point in an exceedingly short time.

One of the boldest and most extensive forays, in design and execution, occurred in 1875, and is known as the Corpus Christi raid. Several hundred men were expected to participate, and it was proposed to overrun the entire country between the Rio Grande and the Gulf. The number in the party, however, greatly dwindled, and when they arrived within a few miles of Corpus Christi not more than thirty-five or forty remained, but these were thoroughly organized and completely armed. Nothing was sacred from their hands; homes were broken open and the young men carried off as prisoners; stores were pillaged, and their own countrymen who refused to desert their duty and join in the raid, were shot without mercy. Travellers over the road were stopped and stripped of their valuables; the women, after removing such of their personal effects and even clothing as they desired, they turned loose in the chaparral, so terribly frightening them that in their frenzy they hid so closely that nearly forty hours elapsed before their friends could find some of them. The men they forced to run with them for miles as they galloped through the country. They rode on to the town of Nueces, and surrounding the principal store, where the post-office was located, called upon Noaks, the proprietor, to surrender. He stoutly refused at first and fired upon the advance guard as they attempted to enter; but as the band came up with all their prisoners, their number appeared so formidable that he decided that the odds against him were too heavy, and, hastily barricading his doors and windows, crept away through a ditch which ran under the building. The marauders, after they had rifled the post-office and

robbed the store of money and merchandise representing years of honest toil, set fire to the building, thinking that the owner, who had so boldly repelled them, was still there. The heroism of his wife, who repeatedly and at the very muzzles of their guns extinguished the fires they had kindled, won their respect sufficiently to save her life, but her home was doomed. When the conflagration was at its height an American, who had been asleep in the building, leaped from the flames and fell to the ground pierced by a dozen bullets. After watching the fire until they had no doubt that their victim was roasted, they set out with their wagon train of plunder for the Rio Grande, neglecting no opportunity by the way to increase it.

Meanwhile, the alarm had reached Corpus Christi, a few miles away, and a number of parties were formed to scour the country in all directions for the bandits, but they doubled on their track and pursued so devious a course that they were overtaken but by one party, which boldly attacked them although vastly inferior in number, and was easily beaten off with a loss of one man. The organization of the Mexicans, with advance and rear guards and flankers, showed that their leader was familiar with military methods, and gives color to a suspicion that officers of their army were involved in the affair. The whole raid was managed in a masterly way, and a long wagon train was required to carry over the boundary the spoils which they had torn from frightened women, murdered men, and burning buildings all along the way.

Except in pursuit of hostile Indians, American troops have found but few occasions to cross into Mexico, but at one time, Captain Randlett, with his troop, had tracked a band of cattle-thieves to the Rio Grande opposite Las Cuevas, where he found the herd just being driven up the Mexican side of the river. He made an official demand upon the alcalde of Las Cuevas for the stolen property, and went into camp for the night. The regular troops being forbidden to cross the boundary except under special authority or to save life, a company of Texas rangers undertook to go over and capture the thieves and their plunder, Randlett engaging to cover their crossing, and, if necessary for their personal safety, to follow and support them. The rangers soon found themselves confronted by a large body of Mexican troops and were compelled to fall back upon the river bank, where, after several slight skirmishes, they were obliged to call for the promised aid. Randlett promptly complied with the appeal, and the further attempts of the Mexicans to dislodge them were easily repulsed. The troops held this position for twenty-four hours, withdrawing only upon the positive assurance of the chief justice of the state of Tamaulipas that all the stolen cattle that could be found would be returned to the American side the next day, and that every effort would be made to arrest the thieves.

Human life is of comparatively little value in the eye of a Mexican desperado. It is almost a daily occurrence in a Mexican border town to find one or two murdered bodies lying in the streets. Murder, then, was a feature of every robbery. The roll of Americans who lost their lives in these raids is a long one. The list in the official reports runs up into the hundreds, and a very large number, if not the majority, of murders have never reached the Federal authorities; where any action at all was taken, it terminated with the local coroner. By threats of assassination the outlaws produced a reign of terror along the American side of the river. The courts were powerless, because the witnesses did not dare to testify, counsel feared to plead, and judges could preside only under penalty of death if a verdict of "Guilty" was brought in.

Cortina was not alone in his hatred of Americans, for the attitude of the higher officials in all the border States, a few years ago, varied from open hostility to studied indifference. With bandit chiefs, then, as governors of States and as officers of the army, and with no official restraint from other sources, it is evident that there was nothing on the southern side of the boundary but encouragement to outlawry. The peculiar diplomacy by which some of the authorities avoided giving satisfaction to persons wronged by marauders was shown by Colonel Cristo, commandant at Mata-

moras, who, when requested to obtain restitution of certain stolen cattle, known to be in the city, cordially agreed to comply with the request, but by various specious pleas postponed his action until all the cattle bearing the brand of the complainants had been killed; and then, when none of them could be found in the pens, assured the owners, with a fine air of candor, that "he most deeply regretted that they could not discover their property, for it would have been the greatest of pleasures for him to have restored it and punished the offenders."

Senator Dwyer relates an incident which well illustrates the inefficiency of the Mexican officials at this time. Certain raiders having been captured, Mr. Avery, the United States commercial agent at Camargo, with great difficulty obtained permission from the Mexican authorities to inspect the stolen property. At the end of a long inventory he found noted a gold watch and chain, and, as he had been requested by the owner to look for such an article, he asked to see it:

Scene in Court. Camargo, Mexico, 1875.

MEXICAN JUDGE. Very well, sir; you shall see it. Mr. Clerk, show the gentleman the gold watch and chain.

CLERK. The gold watch and chain; si, Señor, hum! hum! (*Retires from court-room and then returns.*) Your honor, I don't know where the gold watch and chain are—hum! I believe—the—prisoner has got them yet.

JUDGE. Bring the prisoner in court. (*Prisoner, one of the raiders, brought in.*) Have you got the gold watch and chain?

PRISONER. No, sir; when coming through Reynosa Viejo, my comrades and myself, as prisoners, having no funds to buy food with, I sold the gold watch and chain for fifteen dollars.

JUDGE. (*To the prisoner.*) That was *very wrong*, sir. (*Turning to Mr. Avery.*) I regret this very much, sir; but is there *anything else* on the inventory you would like to see?

MR. AVERY. (*Withdrawing in great disgust.*) No, sir.

The large body of thoughtful Mexicans, however, had no sympathy with the freebooters, and during the period of uncertainty there were many instances of good faith and friendly disposition upon the part of their officials, while in more recent years, when the central government had mastered the situation, a more enlightened body of men were assigned to positions of honor upon the frontier, and by their conciliatory co-operation with the American authorities the evil of outlawry was readily suppressed.

But for a long period the highway presented so fascinating a career that there were many candidates for its honors, with varying results. Areola was long the terror of all parties; Garza's depredations ruined many a home and ended many a life; Cardenas grew rich by plunder; Garcia died a miserable death; and Cortina achieved rank, wealth, and authority.

The reverse side of the shield is nearly blank. Texas undoubtedly had at one time more than her share of criminals and fugitives from justice, many of whom naturally gravitated to the frontier, and some of whom undoubtedly considered the slaughter of a "greaser" a mere afternoon pastime. Aside from the early filibustering expeditions, Mexico has no ground of complaint of organized raids into her territory from her northern neighbor. Brigandage is not adapted to the colder blood of the North, and very few Americans have attempted it. One Martin, a picturesque scoundrel who had escaped from prison in Arizona, organized a mixed band of whites and Mexicans, with lairs in the mountains on both sides of the line, the latter disposing of the plunder on the southern side of the boundary, and the former finding a sale on the northern side. In more recent years an individual masquerading under the euphonious sobriquet of "Billy the Kid" became the subject of diplomatic correspondence between the two countries on account of exploits similar to those of Martin. In a few other instances offences against Mexicans have been committed by Americans on both sides of the Rio Grande, but American criminals, lacking the organization and wide support rendered possible by the revo-

lutionary period in our sister republic, accomplished little and were quickly controlled.

The peace of the border has often been broken, also, by other bands of outlaws, natives of both countries and citizens of neither. The predatory excursions of the Comanches, Kickapoos, Lipans, and Apaches have at various times aroused the entire Mexican frontier, the savages seeking refuge in either country when pursuit became too hot in the other.

The topography of New Mexico and Arizona in the United States, and Sonora and Chihuahua in Mexico, singularly adapts them to Indian warfare. The country is seamed in its entire length and breadth with mountain-ridges from one or two to nine or ten thousand feet in height, and abounds in magnificent cañons, chasms of tremendous depth, and inaccessible precipices. The sterile rocks and crags provide nourishment for neither plants nor animals. On old maps the central part of this region bears the name of Apacheria, indicating the impression upon old geographers made by the numbers of the Apache tribe and its affiliations. Always at war with the whites, their facility in concealing themselves in the fastnesses of their native hills rendered them almost unconquerable.

The wonderful endurance of these savages was shown in the campaigns against Victoria and his Apaches in 1879 and 1880, when they defied the United States and Mexican armies for two years, until Victoria himself was slain in Chihuahua by a detachment of volunteers raised under the authority of that State. During this time the Indians met our troops in more than twenty engagements, killing a hundred or more of their pursuers and losing even more of their own number. Constantly recruited by the disaffected of the various Apache tribes, losses in number affected neither their energy nor force. Even after the death of the chief, his place was assumed by Nana, who whirled through Texas and New Mexico, leaving a trail of smoke and blood behind him, and during the following two years terrorized the settlements until, by a fortuitous combination of the United States and Mexican troops, the band was dispersed and nearly annihilated.

For many years the Mexican authorities persistently objected to the entrance of United States troops into their territory, even in pursuit of hostile Indians whose presence was a menace to both nations. Mackenzie's dash into Mexico, in chase of the Kickapoos and Lipans under Costilietos, whom he surprised in camp near Remolina, created much excitement and was the subject of extensive comment by the Mexican press, which affected to believe that it was the opening wedge to an invasion of their country. As a more enlightened disposition was developed in the Mexican authorities it became possible to adopt from year to year mutual agreements by which the forces of either country were permitted to enter the territory of the other in pursuit of hostile Indians. Recently this agreement has been made permanent.

Without such an international understanding it would have been absolutely impossible to have brought to a successful termination the campaign against Geronimo and his Chiricahua Apaches in 1886. The savages had been pressed hard on all sides by Crook's forces, so that they fled into Mexico, taking refuge in their old haunts in the Sierra Madres. They were hotly pursued, however, by Captain Emmet Crawford's company of Indian scouts, who overtook them at Teopa, in Mexico. Nightfall ending the fight, the tired campaigners lay down to rest, and slept as only men can sleep after twenty-four hours of fighting and riding without food or rest. The officers' slumbers were disturbed just before daybreak the following morning by cries from the scouts, followed by firing, and they discovered that they were attacked by Mexican troops. In spite of all efforts to assure the Mexicans that they were "*soldados Americanos*," and not enemies, they continued firing, a shot in the brain during the *mêlée* ending the career of the gallant Crawford. The command now devolved upon Lieutenant Maus, who, with consummate judgment, made peace with the Mexicans and persuaded Geronimo to return across the Rio Grande, there to sur-

render to Crook. After their interview with the General, however, the leaders became suspicious, and again fled to the mountains.

About this time General Crook was relieved by General Miles, who once more drew around the savages a cordon so close that they were again driven across the boundary, whither they were closely followed by a battalion of cavalry under Major Lawton, who pressed them hard through the mountains for nearly three months. In this remarkable campaign the endurance of the troops met with a test of the utmost severity. Picking their way over mountain peaks nine and ten thousand feet in altitude, creeping down their sides into cañons so deep that not a breeze ever entered to agitate the tropical air, suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst for days at a time, worn and sore from incessant climbing over beetling crags and shifting sands, they clung patiently to the trail. At times it apparently ended—the savages practised their usual resort for mystifying their pursuers when hard pressed, and separated, each man proceeding alone to a preconcerted rendezvous; the pursuit became slower, for the trail of a single galloping pony could be followed only by the closest scrutiny, but the trailers rarely faltered and a plain path again rewarded their search. The Indians were surprised in camp on the Yaqui River, in the district of Moctezuma; they escaped, but their camp was destroyed. Committing many depredations and several murders in the districts of Ures, Arizpe, and Moctezuma, the savages hurriedly made off to the North by a march of nearly three hundred miles, and were finally run to cover at Skeleton Cañon, formerly a favorite resort of the Indians, and, as remarked by General Miles, "singularly suited by name and tradition to witness the closing scenes of such an Indian war."

If credit be given to the troops for the courage and endurance which animated them during this campaign, what can be said of their foes? For more than a year they made a running fight through the most rugged and barren portions of the Sierras, without subsistence of any kind except what they could rapidly snatch from the valleys as they swept from mountain to mountain, alternately scorched by the midsummer sun and chilled by the frost of snow-clad peaks. At last, broken in spirit and worn in body, they buried the hatchet at the feet of their gallant pursuers. If the strategical skill and physical force manifested against the government by these outlaws can be directed to its advantage, no portion of our military establishment could be more efficient.

The halcyon days of outlawry upon the Mexican border have passed. A new and more prosperous era has dawned in the history of our next-door neighbor. Under the hand of wise and strong leaders, her most distant districts can be held in restraint. Numerous lines of telegraph connect the outlying States with the capital, so that an alarm can reach the chief executive in a few moments, and frequent railways ramify in various directions, so that the means of suppressing an uprising can be commanded within a few hours. The same influences have co-operated to secure tranquillity on the American bank of the Rio Grande. Justice on both sides of the border is swifter and surer, and the lawless exploits of the present day may be regarded as the fitful glimmer of an expiring flame.

AN OLD DANISH TOWN.

By Jacob A. Riis.

IT seems such a brief span—a single life with the midday sun yet full upon it—to bridge the gap between that quaint old town of venerable memories and the stirring metropolis of the New World. But more than thirty years and two oceans separate that yesterday from to-day. The old town has passed away, as I knew it. The snort of the iron horse, hitched to the nineteenth century, awoke it from its sleep, and at its summons to life and work the ghosts of a day long dead fled over the heath and vanished.

But at the time of which I write it slumbered still. No shriek of steam whistle, scarce a ripple from the great world without, disturbed its rest. There was indeed a factory in the town, always spoken of as *the* factory, a cotton mill of impossible pretentions, grotesque in its mediæval setting, and discredited by public opinion as a kind of flying in the face of tradition and Providence at once that invited sure disaster. When disaster did come, though it took the power of two empires to bring it about—it was an immediate result of the war on Denmark that drew the boundary line and built custom-houses within sight of the factory windows—it was accepted as a judgment anyone could have foretold. But even that bold establishment had never been guilty of the impropriety of whistling. The clatter of mill-wheels on the creek was the only sound of industry that broke the profound peace which had settled upon the town when, centuries before, it had been deserted by the pageantry of royalty and courts, and left to moulder amid its memories; a quiet that had continued uninterrupted since, save in the periodical struggles for the soil upon which it had stood a thousand years, a lonely sentinel with its face to the Southern foe. The very mills were among the privileged traditions of the town. They had been handed down from father to son in unbroken succession since the exclusive right and charter to grind the flour of the community had been granted to them by the early kings. No one had ever disputed that right. Perhaps it was not worth contending for; anyhow, it would have been useless. Could a clearer title to possession be imagined than that the thing had been there before anyone could remember?

If I have not yet introduced my old town by name—it is my town by right, because I was born there—the reader will have no trouble in finding it on the map from what I have already said, though there the enemy has succeeded in corrupting its Danish name into the meaningless German Ripen. The softer Ribe (Reebé) had reference either, according to the pedagogues, to the near beach by its Frisian name *rip*, or, according to the unlearned, to the great quantity of hay its citizens rake (rive) on the meadows. For here, where the northernmost boundary post of the German Empire, shaken by the rude blasts of the North Sea, points its black finger threateningly toward the little remnant of stricken Denmark, begin the rich marshlands that stretch southward through Slesvig and Holstein into Hol-

land, shut in by great dikes with thousands of homes and lives in their keeping. "Preserve, O Lord! the dikes and dams in the King's marshlands; watch over the widows and the fatherless," reads a line in my Danish prayer-book that was forgotten on no Sunday in the year. The attention of the youngest in the pews was not likely to stray when that prayer was said, for if the northwest storm was not even then shaking the old Dom, and bellowing about its gothic gables, there was still in plain sight on one of the granite pillars, far above the reach of us boys, the mark that showed how high was the water in the church, though it stands on the highest point in town, on that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas night two hundred and fifty years ago, when the sea broke through all along the coast and desolated ten thousand homes.

In this old Gothic cathedral, a noble granite pile with nine centuries upon its head, centred the life of the town. It was its pride, its one ambition, its only reason, in fact, for existing at all. It had been so from the days when orthodox zeal saved heretics by boiling them in oil at a cost to the parish of five dollars for each ransomed soul. The reformation that spent for whitewash to hide the pictures of sacrilegious saints what it saved in oil, thus unintentionally preserving for future generations treasures it little understood or appreciated, and put a fluted collar around the neck of the priest in place of the *beretta* on his head, wrought few other visible changes. The narrow streets with their cobblestones and their ruts still bore the names of the Black-friars and the Grey-friars of a forgotten day. Their cloisters still stood, become hospital or school, or in their decay had furnished building material—monk-bricks we called them—for the houses that had grown up upon their ruins. The church-yard in which the Dom once stood had been turned into a market by the simple process of paving over the mounds which time had levelled. But the gloss was only skin-deep. Once when they were cleaning the town-pump that stood in the market place, I looked down into the well and saw its walls studded with grinning skulls and bones.

Red-legged storks built their nests securely as of yore on cart-wheels fixed for their exclusive occupation on the roof-tops of the quaint old houses, whose owners had been dust so long that their very names were forgotten with their deeds; and swallows reared their young under the broad eaves, protected, like their loftier neighbors, by the superstition that assigned sure misfortune, even if nothing worse than a plague of boils, to whomsoever should lay profane hand upon them. Ponderous whale-oil lamps swung across the streets in rusty chains that squeaked in every passing breeze a dismal accompaniment to the cry of the night-watch. In such surroundings tinder-boxes and quill pens seemed quite the thing, odd as they would appear to the schoolboys in an American town of to-day. I well remember the distrustful astonishment—resentment would hardly be too strong a term—that was aroused by the appearance of "English" (steel) pens and "Pennsylvania oil," so labelled and sold, bottled like beer, at eight skilling a bottle. Envelopes were a still later discovery. Letters were folded and sealed with wax in those days, and we boys collected seals as the boys of our day collect stamps; and a good deal more of variety and human interest there was in the collection.

The effective police force of the town consisted of two able-bodied night watchmen and a beadle with a game leg, but with a temper and an oaken staff that more than compensated for the defect in his physical make-up. In ordinary times, always excepting New Year's Eve, when everybody broke all the cracked crockery there was about the house unhindered on everybody else's door, as a mark of neighborly affection and esteem, this force was quite sufficient to preserve the public peace. Crime was almost unknown in the town. The severity of Ribe justice had been proverbial since the days when each town was a law unto itself, and lawbreakers had given it a wide berth. An old saw that had come down from the days when they burned witches at the stake, put the matter tersely in this form: "'You may thank your stars, sonny, that you weren't judged by Ribe

law,' said the old woman when she saw her son hung on the Varde gallows." Varde was the next town, a little way up the coast.

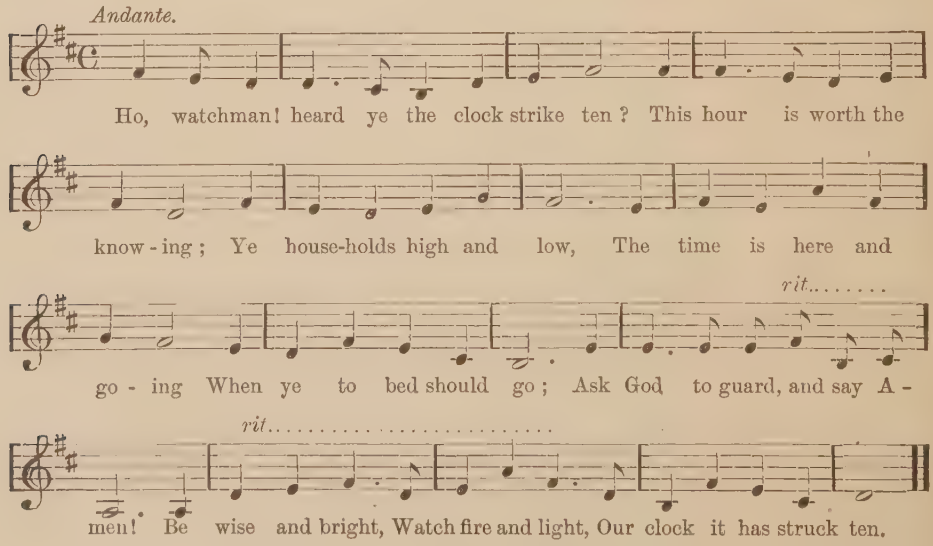
The commotion that was caused by a real burglary when I was a little lad can therefore be understood. As a matter of fact there was nothing very alarming about the crime. The thief had merely forced a door that was fastened after the simple fashion of the day and place, only with a wooden whirl, and taken some money from an open drawer; but he had cut his hand in doing it, and there were smears of blood on the wall that made the mystery ever so much more dreadful to us all. The whole community was aroused and the town council met promptly to consider the emergency. It is fair to state that it distinctly rose to it. The records of that meeting are still in existence. The business in hand, so they state, being to catch the thief, it was suggested by a member that this could not be done while the watchmen clattered about at night in wooden clogs and cried the hours. To this the meeting agreed and it was resolved that they must henceforward cease bawling, and put on boots —and rubbers. The sum of four daler (about two dollars) was voted to buy them these police accoutrements and was solemnly entered in the budget of the town to be raised by taxation. The thief, if I remember rightly, was never caught, but the event proved that the departure from ancient landmarks was too radical. Thief or no thief, the town could by no possibility sleep without being awakened hourly by the cry of the watchmen, or if it did go to sleep it didn't know it, which was almost, if not quite, as bad. Universal insomnia threatened to wreck its peace. Within a month the entire community, headed by the councilmen themselves, petitioned the municipality to unloose again the watchmen's tongues. A compromise was made on the basis of the boots, and to this day it has been religiously kept.

The Old Dom.

This nocturnal chant was not a mere cry, or senseless shout. In its mournful melody, that took kindly to the cracked and weather-beaten voices of the singers, I live over again those long and lonesome nights when I lay awake, listening to the buffeting of the winds, and wondering what the great bright world without, that to me was as yet a closed

Within Sound of the Mill.

book, might be like. People went to bed early in those days, and the watchman raised his voice at eight o'clock. From that hour until five in the morning he sang his song, every hour a new verse supposed to have some special reference to the time of night. The curious mingling of pious exhortation with wholesome advice on the current affairs of domestic life was characteristic of the time and of the people. At ten o'clock he put in a pointed reminder to the laggards that it was time to turn in, thus:


Andante.
Ho, watchman! heard ye the clock strike ten? This hour is worth the
know-ing; Ye house-holds high and low, The time is here and
rit.
go - ing When ye to bed should go; Ask God to guard, and say A -
rit.
men! Be wise and bright, Watch fire and light, Our clock it has struck ten.

At one o'clock he sang:

Ho, watchman! Our clock is striking one.
Oh, Jesus, wise and holy,
Help us our cross to bear.
There is no one too lowly
To be beneath thy care.
Our clock strikes one. In darkest night
Oh, helpful friend,
Thy comfort send,
Then grows the burden light.

How merciless and unreasoning was the severity of the law which in my boyhood had left, as it were, only a leg and a half to stand on, is shown by some reports of proceedings before the Ribe town "thing" three hundred years ago. They tell of the conviction of a woman for *stealing* the hand-iron, which her husband, a thief, carried off with him when he broke jail and finally got rid of at home. And not only the poor woman, but an innocent neighbor into

whose yard she had thrown the tell-tale fetter to get rid of it, was convicted of theft from the public. A man was arrested for knocking another on the head with a spear. There was no evidence against him, but the "jury at the Northgate," on the principle that for an eye an eye was due, found him guilty anyhow and he was sentenced to pay fines to the complainant, to the king, and to the town, and to be under the ban of the law "until such time as he catches another in his place." Hard lines, truly, for an innocent man.

It seems fairly human by comparison, certainly it has a more modern, not to say familiar sound, to find another jury acquitting a malefactor, in the face of convincing evidence of his guilt, upon grounds that are delicately suggested in the question from the bench, "why they (the jurymen) had demanded a keg of beer of the prisoner?" The record mentions one obstinate juryman who entered an ineffectual protest against the verdict.

With all their staid solemnity there is a comic vein in some of these old town records. As for instance, when Jep Bennedsen, appearing to prosecute a horse-thief, swears that "the dappled mare which is here present, he bought of Anders Munk, and it is God's and his own horse." Or when a man charged with the theft of a neighbor's axe, proceeds to swear "on his soul and salvation and his uplifted hand, and asks God to curse him and push him in under the foot of Lucifer if he ever had the axe;" then, suddenly reflecting, adds, "wait! if I did, I will give it back to her." But the musty pages in which these facts are set down with minutest care betray no appreciation of their humor.

Those quarrelsome old Jutes cut the spear-shafts with which they knocked each other on the head—prodding was the fashion of murder only—in woods of which only the names remained in the days of which I speak. Then Ribe stood on a naked plain, the fertile marsh between it and the sea, behind it the wide barren heath with no tree or shrub to break the sweep of the pitiless west wind. The very broom on the barrows, beneath which slept the old vikings, was cropped short on the side that looked toward the sea they loved so well. Summer and winter it piped its melancholy lay above their heads. At sundown the sea-fogs, rolling in over the lowlands in a dense gray cloud, wrapped them in their briny embrace. With the storms of winter or late autumn, sometimes when the summer crops were yet unharvested, the sea itself came often unheralded. The dikes end a few miles below Ribe, where a string of islands, torn within historic times from the mainland, protect the coast. But with certain conditions of wind and tide, the sea overleaped this barrier.

Morning broke then after a long night, through which we had lain awake listening to the roar of wind and water and the smashing of roof-tiles on the cobblestones, upon a raging ocean where at sunset there had been meadows and dry fields. Far as the eye reached only storm-tossed waves were in sight. The

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streets were strewn with perch and other fresh-water fish that were driven up on the pavement in shoals by the at the town-gates, whence the sea could be seen rising higher and higher, threatening with each swell to wash over the

Down by the Harbor.

rushing tides. But on the great causeways that stretched north and south high above the flood-level, cattle, hares, and field mice huddled together in wretched, shivering groups. With the break of day the butchers of the town went out, if going was at all possible, to bleed the drowning cattle that could yet be saved for food. Sometimes the trip had to be made in boats, and even in the streets these were in demand when the "storm-flood" was at its height. I remember seeing more than once water run in through the first-story windows of the houses down by the "harbor." By ordinary tides we were there five miles from the sea.

If the flood came before the "mail" had got in, an anxious outlook was kept roadway. Though white-painted posts were set on both sides of it to mark out the way for the driver, even if water covered the track knee-deep, the trip was full of peril, a veritable race with death. For if the coach was blown over, or the team succumbed, the passengers had a slim chance of escaping. On these occasions a band of resolute men stood ready always to go to the rescue on the first warning of danger. It happened once that a newly appointed "Amtmand," the chief county officer, made his entry into Ribe as a passenger in the "mail" on such a night. The sensation was novel to him and apparently not pleasing. He waited only till the tide had fallen enough on the following day to clear the way, then fled the town, with

the exclamation that "Ribe might be good for ducks and geese, but not for men." He never returned, but stayed out his term at another town, where he was out of reach of the North Sea. When after a "storm-flood" the waters receded, the fields were left covered with the drift of the gulf-stream, driven ashore by the northwest gale, and amid the snows of the northern winter we boys roasted our potatoes and an occasional dead bird over bonfires built of the bleached husks of the cocoa-palm, in the dispatches from Copenhagen that the sea is at its old tricks. That has not changed, though most other things have. The change came swiftly on the heels of crushing disaster. I remember it, that gray October morning when a gendarme, all dusty and famished from his long, hard ride, reined in his panting horse at the tavern in the market-place where the children were just then swarming with their school-books. I hear the clatter of the iron-shod hoofs in the quiet streets, the clanging of his sabre

An Ancient Street—Little Changed in Five Centuries.

banana stalks, water-logged Brazil-nuts and other wreck of the tropics.

Even while I am writing this I read as he leaped from the saddle and spoke gravely to the inn-keeper. Far and fast as he had come, riding farther and rid-

ing faster, ghostly legions were even then hurrying from the south on his trail to grieve the echoes of the old town. I see the sudden awe of the faces as the whispered message went from mouth to mouth: "The king is dead." The king whom the people loved as never king was loved before; last of his house, to whose life was linked inseparably the destiny of Denmark. I see the solemn face of our old rector, hear the quiver in his voice as he told us to go home, there would be no school; a great sorrow had come upon the land. I see our little band trooping homeward, all of two mighty empires. Then the flight of broken and scattered regiments, hunted, travel-worn, and desperate, through the town; the bivouac in the market with shotted guns pointing southward over the causeway. The smile that will come is followed by a tear as I recall the trembling eagerness, the feverish haste of faithful hands that packed our school arsenal—twenty-five historic muskets of the Napoleonic era — in boxes to be taken out to sea and sunk lest they fall into the hands of the enemy. They are rusting there yet. After we had seen the Prussian needle-guns they

The Mail Coach for the East.

desire to skip or play swallowed up in a vague dread of nameless disaster. I live over again the dark days when in the hush of all other sounds and cares we listened by night and by day to the boom of cannon down at the Eider, where the little Danish flock was matched in unequal combat against the armies were left to their fate. And when the last friend *was* gone on his way, the long days of suspense, the nightly vigils at the South gate where at last we heard the tread of approaching armies, which none of us should live to see return; for within our sight Denmark was cut in twain by German bayonets.

Hauling Ashore the Black Sea-bass.

THE HAUNTS OF THE BLACK SEA-BASS.

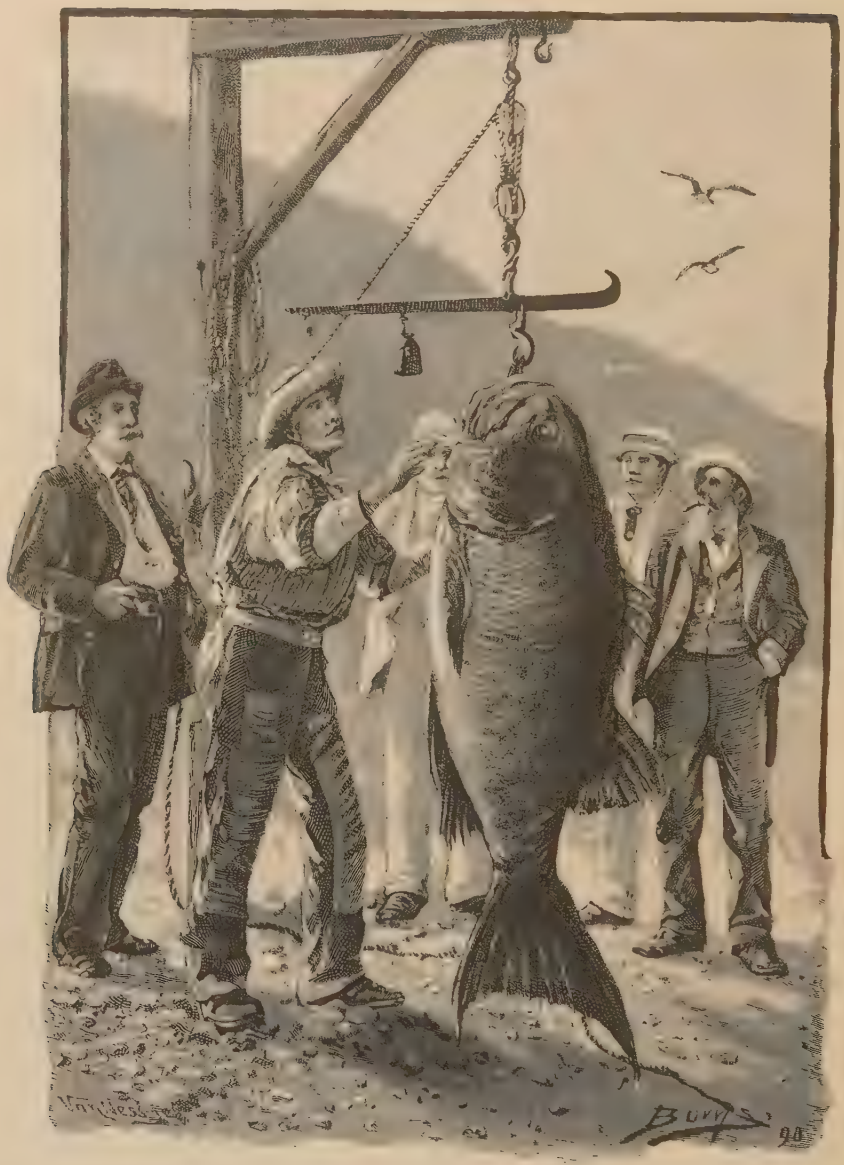
By Charles Frederick Holder.

It is said that when the purchase of the Northwest coast was contemplated by the United States Government, an old English *raconteur* and fly-fisherman remarked, "Oh, let the Yankees have it; the salmon won't rise to a fly."

Southern California might go by default in this way, as fly-fishing, compared with that of the East, is not to be had, though the San Gabriel, Aroyo Leco, and other cañons have many pools where gleams of light and color flash, telling of the living rainbow lurking in the shadows. If southern California is deficient in black-bass streams and salmon pools, it possesses the finest marine fishing in North American waters; not only in the size and gamy qualities of the fish, but in the variety of forms which follow each other as the seasons advance, adding new and constant zest to the sport.

The striped-bass fishing has its prototype here in the gamy yellow-tail, *seriola dorsalis*, which attains a weight of forty or fifty pounds, and is as rapid in its movements as the tarpon. An important personage is he who lands a yellow-tail on an ordinary striped-bass rod, reel, and line. Equally gamy as the yellow-tail is the sea-bass, ranging up to sixty pounds, while the barracuda, tuna, albicore, and others afford the sport esteemed by blue fishermen in the East.

From the Santa Barbara Islands to the Coronados, and beyond, is the field of the southern California Walton; the islands of the Santa Barbara channel, Santa Catalina and San Clemente being particularly famous in the piscatorial annals and the Mecca of lovers of this sport—winter and summer. The island of Santa Catalina is the principal rallying-point, being the largest, possessing the small town of Avalon, a popular summer resort, with numerous bays and harbors protected from the in-shore



"Three hundred and forty-two and a half, sir."

wind that blows in beneath the steady trade. An ideal spot it is—a series of mountain ranges, from one thousand to twenty-six hundred feet, rising green-hued from the blue waters of the Pacific and extending twenty-two miles down the coast, and an equal distance from it. From the slopes of the Sierra Madre, forty miles away, the island appears formed of two lofty peaks, sloping gently to the sea; but standing upon its highest summit I looked down upon range after range, cutting the island into a maze of cañons that wound in every direction to the sea. Near its northern portions two harbors extend in from opposite sides; the island evidently at one time having been separated, the isthmus, as it is called, being but a few hundred feet across; from this it widens

out to six miles or more. The island seems in reality a gigantic mountain projecting from the ocean. The cliffs are majestic, beetling, rising sheer from the sea, broken into strange forms, and tinted with folds and splashes of color. The only beaches are at the mouths of the cañons, or perhaps where the continued falling of rocks in land-slides caused by the winds have formed a vantage-ground for waves. On the west coast the sea assails the cliffs with sullen roar, and the in-shore wind whirls up the cañons, beating the fog against the rocks and bearing it aloft, where it is dissipated by the radiating heat of the mountains. On the east the water is calmer and often like glass, affording favorable conditions for boating and fishing.

The air of this island in the sea seems redolent with romance. Three hundred years ago Cabrillo, a Spanish adventurer, cast anchor in one of its harbors and named it La Victoria, after one of his vessels. In 1602 Viscaino visited and gave it the present name of Santa Catalina. Father Ascencion, who accompanied him, describes the inhabitants as sun worshippers, one of whose temples he found near the two harbors. In these early days the island had a large and prosperous native population; every well-watered cañon had its village, and I have found evidences of them on some of the highest ranges.

One of my first visits to Santa Catalina was for the purpose of opening some of the ancient graves of these people, and while thinking the matter over with "Mexican Joe," who has lived thirty years on the island, I took out an old bass-rod that had seen service on the St. Lawrence, and began looking it over.

"What you catch with that?" asked my companion, with a curious look on his strong Indian face.

"Bass, black," I answered, nonchalantly, whirling the reel and listening to the music.

"What!" retorted Joe, laughing; then, "how much he weigh?"

"Five pounds," thinking of a certain afternoon on the river.

"Oh!" continued Joe, "I thought you mean black sea-bass."

"Well, how much does he weigh?" I asked.

"How much he weigh? You want catch with that?" said Joe, pointing to the rod with scorn. "Why, man, he weigh five hundred pounds. Yes, black sea-bass run from seventy-five to five hundred, seven hundred pounds."

I ran over in my mind the various heavy-weight tackles—the tarpon, striped-bass, salmon rods, and came to the conclusion that a flag-staff with a donkey-engine reel attachment might do; yet decided, then and there, to take a black sea-bass, if it was among the possibilities. I announced my determination interrogatively to my guide and oarsman.

"Of course you catch one if you know how. I show you where he live. It take patience, if you have it," was the reply.

I was well supplied with this necessary, and a few days later found myself gliding away in the deep shadows of the rocks, headed for one of the haunts of the deep-sea bass. The water here was so clear, objects forty feet below could be distinctly seen, glances into the depths showing an almost tropical condition of things. Bright-hued fishes, yellow and orange, darted by, while patches of wiry sea-weed gleamed with blue and iridescent tints. In the watery space fairy-like *medusæ* moved lazily about, rising and falling, while here, there, and everywhere flashed a veritable gem in red, gold, blue, green, and amber, the minute crustacean sapphirina.

When off a point which juts boldly into the sea, the keeper of the fortunes of the black sea-bass ceased rowing, cast anchor, and we swung in the current that ran along the rocky shores to the north. The tackle produced by my oarsman was not æsthetic. The line was almost as large as that employed in the halibut fisheries of the East, while the hook was perhaps twice as large as a tarpon-hook, arranged with a well-working swivel. Live bait, a white fish which we soon caught, was attached, with a sinker sufficient to carry it down. The line was then dropped over, and that patient waiting, which makes all successful fishermen philosophers, begun.

Three hundred — yes, one hundred years ago, a boat could not have dropped anchor here without being the object

of hundreds of eyes, and the news would have been flashed from hill-top to cañon to the various camps; now the only observers were the shag that flew along near the boat, its long, snake-like neck extended, startling the flying-fish into the air in fright, and a wondering pair of eyes that stared at us, telling of a sea-lion making the grand rounds; while the leaping forms near shore were seals, bound for their rookery around the bend. The whistle of the plumed quail came softly over the crags from the neighboring cañon, and the gentle musical ripple of the waves lulled us to fancied repose.

I had been watching the interesting face of my Mexican guide, wondering at his life, when I noticed his eyes suddenly grow large; then he lifted the line gently with thumb and forefinger. It trembled, thrilled like the string of a musical instrument touched by some player beneath the sea. Slowly it took his fingers down to the water's edge.

A bass? Yes. No snap, no sudden rush, no determined break for liberty as I had seen the black bass make. I was disappointed; a simple drag. But the Mexican smiled and passed me the line, arranging with the other hand the coil in the bottom of the boat.

"He's a young one," he remarked. "Pay him out ten feet, then jerk an' stan' clear the line."

These instructions took but a few seconds, yet the line was now gliding through my hands like a living thing—four, eight, ten feet. Suddenly it tautened, and for a single second the tension hurled the sparkling drops high in air; then, leaning forward, I jerked the line with all my strength. I have watched the silvery form of the tarpon as, like a gleam of light, it rushed into the air, shaking, quivering before the fall, and have handled large fish of many kinds, but I was unprepared for the deep-water tactics of this king of the bass. For a brief period there was no response, as if the fish had been stricken with surprise at this new sensation; then a smoke, a succession of snake-like forms rising into the air—nothing but the line leaping from its coil. "Ah, he only a young one," said Joe; "take hold."

In some way I had lost the line in this rush. Watching my opportunity, I seized it again, and by an effort that thoroughly tested the muscles, brought the fierce rush to an end. Then came heavy blows distinctly given, as from the shoulder, evidently produced as the fish threw its head back in quick succession.

"Take it in!" said my companion, excitedly, and bending to the work I brought the line in, fighting for every inch that came; when the Mexican shouted a warning. Whizz! and the coils leaped again into the air. Nothing could withstand the rush—a header directly for the bottom and away.

The anchor had been hauled up by the Mexican at the first strike, and now, with line in hand, we were off, the boat churning through the water, hurling the spray over us, and bearing waves of gleaming foam ahead.

"Take in!" cries Joe, who stands by the coil, and again, slowly fighting against the dull blows, the line comes in. Ten feet gained, and, whizz-eee! as many more are lost. In it comes once more, hand over hand, the holder of the line bending this way and that, trying to preserve a balance and that tension which would prevent a sudden break. Now the fish darts to one side, tearing the water into foam, leaving a sheet of silvery bubbles, and swinging the boat around as on a pivot. Now it is at the surface—a fleeting vision followed by a rush that carries the very gunwale under water. This, followed by a sudden slacking of the line, sends despair to the heart: he is gone, the line floats. No, whizz! and away again, down. All the tricks of the sturdy black bass this giant of the tribe indulges in, except the mid-air leaps which gladden the heart of the angler. Quick turns, downward rushes, powerful blows, mighty runs this gamy creature makes, fighting inch by inch, leaving an impression upon the mind of the fisherman that is not soon forgotten.

With a large rope, and by taking turns, the fish could have been mastered, but such methods were not considered sportsman-like here. It must be taken free-handed, a fight at arm's-length, and being such, the moments fly by; it is half an hour, and we have not yet seen

the outline of our game. Gradually the rushes grow less, the blows are lighter, and what is taken is all gain.

"It take your wind," said Joe, with a low laugh.

So it had, and I stood braced against the gunwale after a final dash—a burst of speed—to see a magnificent fish, black, lowering, with just a soupçon of white beneath, pass swiftly across the line of vision, whirling the boat around end for end.

"You've got him," from astern, is encouraging; yet I have my doubts; an honest opinion would have brought the confession that I was in the toils. But the flurry was the last. Several sweeps around the boat, and the black sea-bass lay alongside, covering boat and men with flying spray with strokes of its powerful tail.

"It is a small one," ejaculates my man, wiping the spray from his face. Imagine a small-mouthed black bass enlarged, filled out in every direction until it was six feet long, and plump in proportion; tint it in rich dark lines, almost black, with a lighter spot between the pectoral fins; give it a pair of eyes as large as an ox, powerful fins and tail, a massive head, ponderous, toothless jaws, and you have the black sea-bass, or Jew fish — the best fighter, the largest bony deep-sea fish in Pacific waters. Too large to be taken into the boat, it had to be towed in, and finally, after being stunned with an axe after the quieting method applied to muskallonge in the St. Lawrence, we got underway, the huge body floating uncomfortably behind, materially retarding the progress.

The entry to Avalon harbor was one of triumph, as at that time the capture of a bass was a new thing to visitors; and as the magnificent creature was hauled up on the sands by willing hands, the entire population gathered about to listen to the details of the sport. Then came the weighing. "Three hundred and forty-two and a half, sir," said a Mexican youth who had triced the fish up; "better than the average." Glory enough for one day.

During this summer, at Catalina, about twenty of these fish were caught, ranging from eighty pounds to three hundred and fifty. All were females, ready to spawn, and had come in to Pebble Beach for this purpose, depositing their eggs in August and September. This locality has always been a famous place for them, and ten thousand pounds were taken there in a single day four years ago. At that time there was a systematic fishery, the meat being dried and —tell it not in Gath !—sold as boneless cod. My oarsman informed me that the bass had been frightened off. These fishermen killed the fish on the spot, throwing the heads overboard, and so the bass left, only comparatively few having been seen since.

This is a native version. The fish undoubtedly migrate, going into deeper water during the winter, or possibly to the south.

It is often said that there is little pleasure in taking deep-sea fish; but to capture the black sea-bass, free-handed, play it fairly, and bring it to the gaff, is an experience that well compares in sport and excitement with hand-line tarpon fishing on the Gulf coast.

MY UNCLE DICK.

By John Elliott Curran.

IT was late in the afternoon and nearly dinner-time when we arrived at my Uncle Richard Kelliard's house. *We* were I myself, just turned fifteen, Ralph ten, and Eliza eight, and our nurse, Jane. The house was in the Kelliard hundred of Delaware, about three miles from the sea in a straight line, and behind it there was a stretch of woods. It was a large stone house, built in colonial times, of a noble sort, with high ceilings, broad and deep in its proportions, a large porch in front, and a balustrade around the roof. There was a grove of large white oaks in front and behind; in the rear, behind them, were the slave quarters and the large buildings for the stock and crops.

My Uncle Richard occupied this estate as a bachelor. We had come from New Orleans, where our mother, his only sister, had just died. Our father had died about the time Eliza was born, and we had come now to make our home with Uncle Richard. I remember so well just how he looked when Jacob, the negro coachman, drove us up to the door and he met us on the porch, and how the old house impressed me. My uncle looked old to me then, though he was but thirty-eight. He was bald a little, and while his short curly hair and a certain roguishness in his blue eyes made him look young, yet there were lines on his face; the muscles on it were strongly marked, and there were little wrinkles on his forehead, and here and there a spear of silver was in his hair. His face was quite red. His mustache was not at all severe, but curled in a sort of boyish way down over the ends of his lips, which were full; his mouth seemed to me a particularly good-natured one; perhaps it was because when he opened it such pleasant, gentle, hearty words of welcome came from it. Uncle Dick opened the carriage-door, looking as glad as could be, and when he saw us all dressed in black—he had seen us only in colors before—he seemed suddenly to feel a shock. He lifted me first, tenderly, in his arms; and he was so kind, and his embrace was so warm and fatherlike that I suddenly burst into tears on his breast; and Uncle Dick would not set me down till he had quite soothed me. I loved him from that minute. Being the eldest of the children I felt a responsibility upon me, and it seemed to me all at once that I had found a loving friend. He was just as kind to Ralph and Eliza, and led us all in, in a group, to the big hall and took off our wraps for us. Old Mrs. Hackett, the housekeeper, was there too, and she was kind. She had been Uncle Dick's and mamma's governess when they were children.

After we had been taken to our rooms Uncle Dick led us all down into the dining-room. When the lamp was brought in and the shades were drawn, I saw how large and high it was, with great windows at each end and a huge fireplace behind me, where some long sticks were sizzling. It was wainscoted and had paper on the walls; but the ceiling was of dark wood and beams.

The linen of the table was very white and fine, and the dishes were of silver; and the dinner was served in courses by the black man Harrison, who wore a black jacket and white apron. Two or three decanters were on the table. No one used them but Uncle Dick, who

seemed to me not to stint himself; though I learned afterward that he helped himself less than usual that night. When we rose from the table he asked us all to come and kiss him good-night, and we left him there.

The next morning when I woke and looked out of my window I saw all around us fields of brownish-green. That was the corn and wheat, with which the country was mostly sown; and off at one end there was a vast sweep of clear green; this, I afterward learned, was a peach orchard. The fields were all divided by hedges of still another shade, and out beyond them all stretched the salt marsh. It was very wide, and extended up and down as far as I could see. There were a few little objects on it, like a hut or a post, and they were very conspicuous, jutting up out of the dark-brown level. There must have been a navigable creek winding through the meadow, for I saw a gray sail creeping hither and thither over the expanse. It looked strange and wraith-like, for I could see no water, and it seemed to be moving on the land. It looked the more mysterious because, with the winding of the salt creek, it moved about uncertainly and seemed to be restless and brooding. I knew it afterward well for the sail of the freighting scow of old Sam Rathbone, who kept a tavern at the head of tide-water, by the bridge. I could see the white shanty of a tavern now, and the white lines that were the timbers of the bridge, from my window. At them the upland began. Beyond the brown marsh was the strip of sea, shimmering in light blue and silver under the morning sun, and melting away into the hazy sky. From the other side of my room I could see a mile or two of fields running back, and then the woods with their sombre, rough-cut edge.

I used to think that Uncle Dick must have been lonesome here, at least before we came. The country was so flat, with only very gentle undulations here and there. There was nothing abrupt in the whole landscape; everywhere it was expanse; only the woods chopped it. Even the clouds seemed to be flat above all this flatness; and when it was overcast I used to feel as if I were between two wide sheets of something or other that were near together. But my uncle seemed to like it. The land paid him a comfortable living. The fields were well tilled, and the slaves were well used and happy.

There was a large library in the house, and Uncle Dick read a great deal. He had been to Congress. He was fond of horses, and had some good hunters as well as road horses. He loved the water too, and kept a little sloop in the creek. Altogether, overlooking the field work and all, he was in the open air full half the day. Mrs. Hackett told us he seldom had company staying at the house; the nearest neighbor was Doctor Hargan, and he was four miles away.

The day after our arrival Doctor Hargan called and paid his respects to us, and stayed to dinner, and sat opposite me at the table. He was a very old friend of Uncle Richard's, and had been his college mate. He, also, was born in Delaware. I was fascinated by his face. There was something diabolical in it. His cheeks were thin, but quite florid, and a short, shiny, black beard went round his face. His forehead was narrow, but high enough, and his stiff, black hair grew close around it. His eyes were dark and restless, and seemed to shoot glances this way and that all the time. Under his beard his lips were very red. Indeed he was handsome, but with a kind of wicked handsomeness; and he seemed always so intent and restless that he almost scared me—as if his eyes were looking through me and everywhere else all at once. But he laughed, and talked, and was bright—quite like men of the world I had seen in New Orleans. When we left the table he rose and bade us good-night very politely.

As we left the room Mrs. Hackett took my hand, and I asked, "Who is Doctor Hargan?"

"Why, Fannie, are you afraid of him?" she answered, as I pressed against her.

"Oh, no," I said; "only I like Uncle Richard better."

"He and your uncle are great friends," said she. "You will see a great deal of

him here. You see they haven't much company in this part of the country, and so they are company to one another; he has no wife. He is a great doctor," she added.

"Is he?" I asked. It seemed to me he must know everything.

"Oh, yes! he has a diploma from the great university at Philadelphia, and he has made wonderful cures. He is very energetic and never gives a patient up. Why, he seems fairly to fight with Death sometimes. Yes, when he gets his little bottles out and broods over the desk, and fixes his little black eyes on I don't know what, and is silent and thinks, you might think he was getting advice from the devil and the nether world. He always wins."

That about the little bottles and the devil expressed exactly what was in my mind, and I asked, "But is he good, Mrs. Hackett?"

"I never heard of his doing anything wicked," she answered; "but — why, you wouldn't suspect a friend of your Uncle Richard of being wicked, would you?"

"No," I said, quickly; "but perhaps he has got him in his power or something" — I had read blood-curdling stories of that sort. "Are they really friends?"

"There is no doubt about that," said she.

That night it was windy and something kept banging about the house so that I could not sleep well, and every time I woke up I had been dreaming about a black man and a little black bottle.

The last time I woke up I heard horse's hoofs going down the drive — that was Doctor Hargan's horse, I thought — and the light, which had been coming from the library window on the pink trunk of the oak-tree outside my window, went out. Then there were footsteps on the bare hall below, and they came up the stairs. I was sure it was my uncle's step, but it was heavier than his ordinary step, as if his foot was weighted and hardly under his control. But I was too sleepy to think much about it then.

As the days went on I used to notice that Uncle Richard was drowsy sometimes. But he was always very kind to us. He used to take us out with him in his sloop, the Curlew; and many a day we cruised off the shore, and saw how different the upland and the marsh looked from the water.

Sometimes he would be very grave and we could not get him to laugh. At dinner he used to drink a great deal of wine; and toward the end of the meal he would generally go sound asleep and not wake up when we went out. I heard Mrs. Hackett say once to Jane that "his evenings were just as bad as his dinners." Sometimes Mrs. Hackett, going out of the dining-room with us, would take our hands with a kind of convulsive grasp, and I could feel her arm trembling. From week to week it went on worse and worse.

Doctor Hargan was at the house a great deal; and though he seemed so much like a black-art man to me, yet as he was such a good friend of Uncle Richard, and as I grew so oppressed thinking about my uncle — crying about it at night — and although we three children were noisy and Uncle Dick was kind to us, yet, when I stopped to think, the big house seemed so desolate and everything going wrong, I found at last I could stand it no longer and made up my mind to speak to the doctor. So one afternoon I stole away for a ride, and as soon as I got out of sight of the house I galloped over to Doctor Hargan's as if the witches were after me.

It was a hot summer afternoon and I found him lying on a big lounge in his office, smoking a cigar and reading. His house was large like ours, and he had even more land. He got up quickly as I came in — for I suppose I looked warm and excited — and asked if anybody was sick. I said "No," and calmly sat down in a large arm-chair. Doctor Hargan sat down on his lounge again. I tried to appear composed, but I never yet had been able to get over my first feeling of fright at the doctor. "Doctor Hargan," I said, "I have come to you on business."

"Yes, madam," he replied, looking at me quizzically.

But I did not care for that. "I wish to know," I said, "about our Uncle Richard."

The doctor's face grew sober, and he looked as if he had been confronted with a question which had been bobbing about before him and which he was now obliged to answer.

"I am a friend of Uncle Richard," I said, "and I wish to help him and make everything right. It must be done."

He smiled a little at my emphasis, but then grew grave again.

"You are a good little maid to think of him," he said; and he got up and came and pushed my hair back from my forehead where my rapid ride had left it, and looked at me. I did not feel so much afraid of him any more. "Look at that picture," he said; and he opened the blind wider, so that the light came in on it. I looked at a painting on the wall, and saw a portrait of what might have been Ralph and myself if he had only been the elder and I the younger. "The girl is your mother," he said; "do you see how you look like her?"

I felt myself blushing and said I did not know.

He looked back and forth from me to the picture, and said, as if he were by himself, "Just the same yellow hair, the same outline of nose, the same——" but he said no more, and went and closed the blind again. "We are all old friends down here," he said, "down here in this out-of-the-way place. There are old ties. I am a friend of your Uncle Dick's."

"What is the matter with him?" I asked.

He was silent awhile and looked at me, and here and there. I thought he was not going to answer; but all at once he said, "He is heart-broken." Then he started up and walked up and down the room.

"My dear little friend," said the doctor, in his quick way, "will you think me cruel if I talk to you as if you were grown up? These are grown-up people's affairs. I think you ought to know." He paused a moment and then he said, as if measuring his words, "Your uncle had a sort of a knock-down blow a short time before you came." The doctor's brow was knit. "It is sometimes a credit to a man, Miss Fannie, to be susceptible to a knock-down blow."

"I know what you mean," I said. "Uncle Richard is very loving, and if somebody——"

"Your uncle," interrupted Doctor Hargan, "is a man of character; he has worked well at Washington, and no one considers him a baby. Nevertheless, Fannie, down here in the heart, if—if a friend—uses him unjustly, in an unfriendly way—stop! I must tell you the story. Did you ever hear of Agnes Forrell? Doubtless never. I knew her; she is a second or third cousin of mine. Your Uncle Dick never knew her until she was married—the Countess Coronna—when they were in Washington one winter. Hers was the most brilliant wedding there had been in Baltimore in many a day. Count Coronna was the bridegroom, an Italian. He had been a soldier—creditably, for aught I know; was said to have property. Whether he did have any, I don't know. At all events he had none a few years later. He was forty and she nineteen. But he was handsome, and an adept; it was not difficult to win her and her estate—an estate due by inheritance from her grandfather when she should be twenty-one. They went to Philadelphia to live."

Doctor Hargan stopped a moment.

"Well, various things happened. The Countess Coronna grew, and grew older, and found that she was something that the Count in no way responded to. This is how it was: Count Coronna was an iceberg; what passion he had was ambitious. He was a queer mixture. He had married her for her money and her station. She was very beautiful. Her money he spent, her beauty he wore as he might have worn a military decoration on his breast. But he did not pretend to give her any love—after the first phantom of it was gone. He was punctilious. He would hand her out of a coach as if she was somebody else's wife. But it was all enamel, glitter. You may imagine she was not at peace. He exacted her devotion, a kind of wicked devotion, born of a resolution to win him. She received great attentions from men in society. He became rabidly jealous. I have seen finger-prints on her throat, black and blue, which she had tried to cover up with a ruffle; but, poor starved heart that she was, this

was sign of *some* sort of affection for her —so she imagined—and she forgave it on the instant and was only the more devoted. At this time she met your uncle. There—there was no wickedness of relation. The poor girl was young yet. She gave her deepest confidence to Richard. There was friendship there, as well as—— It was all truth.

"I think it was four years she knew your uncle, and there were letters between them; and he saw her in Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore at the usual parties; and there was always an undefined expectation somehow; this relation of hers to her husband was so false, so superficial. So there was some understanding, as between real friends. She was not to do anything great without conferring with Richard. He—his life was staked on her. She brightened, inspired, made him. In the midst of it Count Coronna had preferment offered him in Italy. She went with him. Was it still the pique? the determination to conquer him? She went; and not one word to Dick. Here was the truth. Coronna wished to bring back the American girl to Italy as a mere matter of idle pride, capture, and money. She went. But mark, it was to *live* there for good. She understood that. But she did it. Now I judge her leniently. Habit is strong. But if she stays there, is content to, agrees to—I am mistaken. Dick—you know what he is; you see how he loves you children. Here is the woman he had faith in—and to have faith in a woman was the essence of Dick's life."

I sat in utter silence, inwardly agape at the narrative and this picture the doctor had drawn, comprehensible to me in part, being fifteen, and incomprehensible to me in part, being only fifteen. The heart-matter I understood, the being friends; but the rest I could only imagine vaguely. I only knew that I believed in Uncle Richard, and believed that he loved us children.

But Doctor Hargan came before me and smiled; yes, smiled. "I am a doctor, you know," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"And Richard is my patient."

"Yes, sir."

"I am going to take you a drive this afternoon. You can leave your pony here and ride him home after you come back. I am going to drive you down to Sam Rathbone's tavern, with your consent. This is why." He took out a letter from his pocket and unfolded it. "I am going to send this letter to the Countess Coronna. It is from me to her. I tell her that Dick is on a very steep road down to his grave; and that if it is her purpose to be a woman she should mend her slight to an old friend. I say that I should be happy to see her. You perceive there may be music. Hence I decline the mail and choose Ike Williams as my messenger. Ike carries brains, his schooner can carry a passenger if need be, and her commander is a valiant fellow. Behold me, Miss Fannie Merchant, a cloven-foot of a devil before you."

"I always thought you were a devil," I said, bursting into a fit of mixed laughing and weeping.

"Come," he said, seizing both my hands; and with that he danced about the room, holding me at arm's length, kicking his legs and twisting his feet in a sort of devil-like fashion, and laughing at me, until I only laughed and my tears stopped. When we went out to the piazza he gallantly gave me his arm. The wagon was there, and we got in and drove away.

As we drove up to the little whitewashed tavern Sam Rathbone, the keeper, came out to meet us. He had a long gray beard and was in his shirt sleeves. Sam was one of those characters indigenous to our thinly populated part of the world, who had but little conscience toward the government when his pocket was on the other side—and a poor old pocket at best—but who felt a deal of duty toward old friends. What I mean to say is—and I found it out that very day—Rathbone turned a penny sometimes by a little smuggling, with the help of Ike Williams. His granddaughter, Sallie Rathbone, lived with him.

"That is Sallie," said Doctor Hargan, "standing there talking with Ike Williams. He is the valiant commander I spoke of; yonder, out there," pointing seaward with his whip to a schooner riding at anchor two miles away, "lies

the Scud, his vessel; she is a smart boat. Ike is one of us here, younger than we; but we have seen him grow up from a poor farmer's lad to the ownership of this vessel. He trades on his own account—bolts for staves from our white oaks here to Italy, and wines back to Philadelphia."

The doctor tied his horse and talked some time apart with Captain Williams before he presented him to me. Then he said I was Richard Kelliard's very dutiful young niece, and the captain gave me his hand. His warm pressure seemed to denote friendship for Uncle Richard. Captain Williams was a rather prepossessing-looking young man. He was tall, even somewhat lank, with a thin, hatchet face very much bronzed, a full brow, and a quick pair of eyes like a hawk's. But his face was pleasant. "I am going to set out," said he, "on Doctor Hargan's errand to-morrow morning."

"I am glad you are going so soon," I said. My situation made me feel old, and I may have seemed old-fashioned.

He looked at me a moment, as if he would like to be successful in his errand for my sake as well as Uncle Richard's.

"And I hope, miss, I shall be back soon. The Scud is a lively chip, and if we have no very bad weather I could almost take a race with one of the clipper packets; and yet she stows and isn't a yacht either." There were no ocean steamers in those days, you know.

"There is nothing more, then?" said Doctor Hargan, addressing Williams.

"I can think of nothing. With the picture and your written direction I shall get along all right."

"Naples is your port?"

"Yes, sir."

Then they shook hands. As we drove away the doctor pointed out to me the dark-brown line crowning the deck of the Scud. "That is her cargo of shooks," he said; "she has cleared and is all ready."

The next morning when I looked out of my window the Scud was gone.

It was now the malarious midsummer and August weather, when Uncle Richard should have kept indoors at night; yet he was often along the coast alone in the Curlew, when the moon was out, or even the stars only. This would keep him more or less on the flats, and he would often arrive home only in the early morning. That was very unhealthful. Doctor Hargan told him so, and told him he would be down with a severe fever. But Uncle Dick did not change. Only he grew more affectionate to us children, if possible.

One afternoon when I was out driving with Uncle Richard, I looked up and saw his eyes fixed on me. "You look like your mother, Fan," said he, "as I remember her about your age."

"Perhaps that will make you like me," I said; and I sat a little closer to him.

He smiled and put his hand on mine and said, "I like you, Fan."

He was dejected and solemn that afternoon, and I kept quiet. The mare walked at her ease along the road. My uncle's thoughts were evidently far away, and when we got home and he lifted me down from the cart, I put my arms round his neck and kissed him; and he started and the tears came in his eyes, but only for a second. I thought he wanted a friend, and that he was glad.

One day—it was the middle of September then—Uncle Richard had a violent chill and then a raging fever. Doctor Hargan was sent for, and when he arrived the patient was delirious.

It proved that the fever was a malarial fever, but complicated with other things; and after a few days Doctor Hargan took me aside and told me that he doubted very much whether Uncle Richard would get well. "It is all true, just as I told you," he said; "he doesn't fight at all, but just gives up. I wish I had sent my message by Ike Williams on his last voyage." But he seemed irritated with his friend too. On the alternate days Uncle Richard would come out of his delirium for a while, and the doctor, still believing in the efficacy of Captain Williams's errand to Italy, said he believed if that woman would come even now Dick would get well; that it was primarily a moral disease, of lost faith; that if she should turn out his friend he would regain faith and be cheerful. "And I am not speaking as

a layman, sentimentally," said he, "but pathologically, as a physician." He was deeply provoked with his patient, though. "Dick is a fool!" he said; "a fool! If she had really understood him, as he imagines she did, it is incredible that she would have left him that way, as no friend should leave another."

After a minute I asked, "Have you seen her husband?"

"Yes," he snapped out; "there is bad blood between us."

"What if he should come?"

"With her?"

"No."

"Both come separately?"

"Yes."

"Admirable—a climax."

The doctor made me feel healthy.

"The hardship of it is," he said, "she is a noble woman, to whom things come hard. But the hardest of all for her will be if she survives Dick Kelliard in this way;" and he pointed to the sick room. "No," continued the doctor, seriously, taking my hand and looking into my eyes, "you think I have a hard nature——"

"Not toward Uncle Dick," I said, sobbing.

He was silent. Finally he said, "My dear child—"and he put his arm around me—"I have my religion, and my faith; would you believe it? Affection is worth something in this world."

Then he left me.

Doctor Hargan was staying at our house all the time; and that afternoon he said to me that if the Countess Coronna, or Agnes—he never seemed to know which to call her—did come, he wished to know it at once; that the next day would be the patient's critical day; would I take one of the horses and the two-wheeled chaise and go and stay at the tavern; that Sam knew about it, and Sallie would take care of me.

That night I was down at the tavern, in the care of Sally and old Sam, with the horse and gig stabled in Sam's shed, my lodging was up in the loft of the cabin, curtained from the space next the ladder by a piece of figured drab calico. It had one window, to seaward—a pane of glass that would not open. My head was right by it.

Early in the morning I was awakened by the rain beating angrily against my pane of glass. It had been clear when I went to bed. A storm from the southeast had come up over night. I could not see a mile across the grass of the marsh. I dressed myself and went down the ladder. The wind was howling dreadfully; and when I pushed open the door of the cabin it was slammed to again violently and I had a bruise on my forehead. "There's no anchorin' in this storm," said Sam, as he came in, with the salt air rushing in after him; "and I hope Ike is nowheres near the coast." It seemed then as if Heaven had intervened against us, for I was ready at any moment to hear bad news from the house.

The storm was the first September hurricane. Sam kept shaking his head. No vessel could come near shore in such a tempest unless she was blown on; and then——

We had our dinner at noon—that was Sam's hour—of fish chowder and potatoes, and one of Sam's hens, in honor of me, I suppose. The storm had only increased since morning. We were all mournful. Nothing could be done for two or three days. All at once Sam, who was leaning by the window looking out, muttered, "Good God!" and staggered backward. "Good God!" he said again.

"What is the matter, grandfather?" asked Sallie, running to him.

His eyes were fixed as he leaned on her. "Tell me, child," he said; "there are spirits abroad! spirits!" and his frame shook and he pointed through the window.

We looked out, and saw, just shadowy in the gray rain a mile off, a schooner running up the creek with half her mainsail set. "Do you see it, Sallie?" asked the old man, mournfully; "the spirit?" But suddenly he straightened up. "It's her!" he cried. "It's Ike! I saw her jibe! jibe! God save us! I saw her jibe! A devil is Ike! Clear away, there!" and he was out of the door.

We ran out with him and saw the vessel come running up the crooked creek at a terrific pace, jibing with a report like a cannon at every sharp bend. It seemed not to take a minute before

she was right at hand. Then all at once, as we looked, the vessel ran slower, sliding over the mud, then came to a sudden standstill, with her stem burying itself in the water while the stern lurched up. The gale slammed the mainsail round loose from the blocks, and it blew forward with the wind and kept snapping there like the rattle of musketry. The man who had been at the wheel disappeared down the companion-way.

"Bless my heart!" muttered Sam, in awe; "he jibed her all the way up the creek. What a boy!"

Two sailors were lowering a boat over the side. "I'd go to 'em myself," said Sam, "but they'll get here quicker that way."

We stood on the string-piece of the dock watching everything, though the fine rain was half-blinding our eyes and dampening our clothes. The waves were angry, but still only choppy in the narrow creek, and Captain Williams had embarked a female passenger and himself safely and was pulling over the water. As he rounded the sheltered side of the dock, Rathbone shouted, "Hurrah, Ike! hurrah! But what a lad you are, Ike! Why didn't you stand off the shore?"

"There was no standing off the shore," answered Ike; "it was finding the creek or going ashore."

"Well, you're a smart boy to find it, and a smarter boy to stick her nose into it. And you jibed all the way up—Heaven bless us!—and with this gale! Well, the Scud never was up here before."

"Would you have had me go ashore on the mud banks? What was there to do but jibe?"

"Thank the Lord your mainmast's standing," answered Sam. "But you're a smart sailor, Ike."

All this was going on while Rathbone with his pole-hook was guiding the boat's nose to the rickety ladder that went down into the water. But though I heard the words my eyes were fixed on the lady. This was she, then! Somehow I was not at all startled that she had come. Things that we keenly expect find us dull at the moment of their coming. From the stern-sheets of the boat she, with a piece of tarpaulin drawn over her head and figure, was regarding us all with a look half-distressed, half-dazed. I comprehended that the vessel had escaped very probable shipwreck less than an hour ago, and it was easy to understand what a strain they had all been under; and I did not wonder at her wan, frightened appearance. All the more so when she saw only us, all strangers. And on what an errand she had come! She had come for Uncle Richard's sake. Ah! the tears would have been in my eyes anyway for him.

So there I stood, when Rathbone's hand helped her from the ladder, the tears running down my cheeks. I suppose that marked me out for some one interested, for she came toward me; but I ran to her and buried my face in her dress.

This must have been to her a revelation of the distress we were in. It seemed to give her a clue; for surely in such a storm I would have led her to a shelter if I had not been prepossessed with some great thing. I felt her hands stroking my head. She bent over me. "You are Fannie Merchant." Then she said, rapidly, "What about your Uncle Richard? Is he alive? Is he very ill?"

"He is alive," I said; "I hope he is." I ran to the stable. But Sam was already there, and had harnessed the horse to the chaise.

"Why, my girl," he said, "I ought to drive you over in this rain."

"No," I said, "we can go faster."

He had backed the horse out, and I ran to Madame Coronna. "Come, please," I said.

But she stood there perfectly still, with changing expressions of pain going over her face. "Where is Doctor Hargan?" she said, quickly. "I thought I should meet him."

"He is at our house," I said.

"Richard Kelliard's?"

"Yes."

She clasped her hands and turned her face to the sea, as if to look back at what she had left, as if she would have sought counsel from those things in Italy. But seaward there was no sea, only the thick of the driving southeast storm that blew in from it. It swept pitilessly past her, blowing out her garments behind her, whistling around the

old cabin, and darting off across the uplands—one bunch of rain after another, like a gray gauze veil wrenched off somewhere and whirled away. Old Sam stood watching her, as he held the horse, snorting at the tempest. The old man's face was reverent and wondering. For aught he knew she was in prayer. When at last she turned, her face was calm and pale, like that of one in a determined venture, who has just stilled the appeal of old habits, old scenes. She stepped into the chaise, and I followed.

Sam let go the horse's head, and we were off, the storm seeming to lift the chaise along and driving the horse's tail fast under his legs. The rain beat, in sharp, fierce blasts, on the carriage top. The fields seemed to smoke. The trees all bent inland with us. The road was a sloppy pudding, and the high chaise wheels flung the yellow loam far out beyond the horse's nose. Slap, slap, slap, went Ned's hoofs.

For a time we said not a word, and my eyes were straight on the road. At last my companion shivered. I bethought me. "You are cold," I said.

"No," said she, "Captain Williams gave me some hot broth and tea. The cook was sent below as soon as we entered the creek."

There was something soft and soothing in her voice, and it led me to steal some glances at her. Her hair had escaped at the sides of her hood. What I saw was brown, a little darker than Uncle Richard's; and her eyes were browner than his, though they had looked on the dock like blue eyes. All the expression about her eyes was handsome, and I liked the shape of her forehead. The lower part of her face was inviting and sweet, and yet it looked strong too. Then I thought of all Doctor Hargan had told about the treatment her husband had given her, and how she had behaved to him; and I thought I saw it all in her face. And did I see this coming to Richard in her face? I don't know, but I saw what gave me faith and made me believe in her.

"You had a narrow escape from being wrecked," I said.

She smiled a little and answered, "Yes." After a moment she said, "You mean shipwreck;" then she added, "this is a severe storm."

I thought she really meant the storm that had been going on in herself. "You are sorry for Uncle Richard?" I said.

"Sorry?" she repeated. "I would not be here if I were not sorry for him and for all things."

As she did not ask about him I said "He is very sick. He is delirious most of the time. But Doctor Hargan thought you might make him get well, if he should think again that you were a good woman."

"Good?"

"Yes, the kind who do what is right and make people healthy and want to live, you know, friends. That is why I am hurrying so. He wasn't sick when Doctor Hargan wrote to you, only the other thing. We all love Uncle Richard." I felt the tears running down my cheeks, and Ned's ears were blurred.

She might have taken offence at my defiance, but she did not. I felt a kiss on my cheek. When I looked around suddenly she was smiling. I believe it made her feel good to think she was among people again who had hearts.

We now entered our gate and in a few seconds more pulled up at the porch steps. Doctor Hargan was there.

"Doctor Hargan," she said.

"Madam."

Her face was anxious now. She did not seem to know what to say first. "I thank you for your letter, I have answered it. I ran away. Do you despise me? I had to do it." She paused a moment. "There was so much truth in my understanding of *him*, and his of me, that I was bound, Cousin Harry! My self-respect made me come. I wish you to understand—" the tears rolled down her cheeks—"whatever happens to me cannot harm me, if—if——"

Doctor Hargan held her head to his breast.

"There will be a judgment-day," she sobbed; "surely friendship is good. I wish to be a good woman."

I had never seen Doctor Hargan so moved.

"You are good enough," he said.

"I had to come."

"You have friends here."

"And papa and mamma——"

"They too; all are your friends."

She was sobbing quite audibly as he helped her out of the chaise and gave her his arm. I then saw a gentleman standing in front of them, tall, strong-looking, and dark. Doctor Hargan started. Madam's face became crimson as she straightened up.

"I shall be delighted with your company, madam," said the stranger.

"Madam Coronna is here at my invitation and under my protection," answered the doctor, quickly.

Count Coronna's eyes flashed, and he said, "The Countess Coronna shall not enter the house."

"If she will, she shall," answered the doctor. "Will you allow your wife at least temporary shelter from the storm?"

The porch was toward the sea, and the storm was beating on them all furiously.

"My carriage is waiting," said Count Coronna; "that will be sufficient shelter."

Doctor Hargan said nothing, but escorted her to the door and took her in, and left her with me. Then he went out again.

What happened outside the house for the next ten or fifteen minutes I was not an eye-witness of; but I can tell you the story.

When Doctor Hargan returned to Count Coronna the latter said: "You have affronted me, and will give me the usual satisfaction?"

Doctor Hargan was very earnest in this matter. "With inexpressible pleasure," he answered; "now."

There could be no seconds. There was not another white man about the place. It was more like a battle than a duel.

"Have you pistols?" asked the doctor.

"Most certainly."

They went to the count's carriage, which was standing in the driveway at the side of the house. He took out the pistol-case from his luggage, and then Doctor Hargan conducted the way to the stable. Both men seemed in a hurry to begin. In the stable the doctor found Jacob and the hostler, Cicero. The pistols were loaded there and then, and the two negroes were commanded to come out and be witnesses. They left the stable and came forward to a stretch of turf which ran behind a high, thickset hedge of arbor vitæ, not a great way from the house, but where they were perfectly screened. Beyond the turf the vegetable garden began. Jacob and Cicero were stood up side by side. The men paced away from each other five paces each, and turned.

"Jacob," called the doctor, "say 'one, two, three,' slowly and then say 'fire.'"

"Please, sah!" begged Jacob.

"Do it!" thundered the doctor.

"One, sah; two, sah; three, sah——"

"Damn you!" interjected the doctor, whether at Count Coronna or the hesitating negro no one ever knew.

"Fire."

The reports came and the rising smoke was whisked off on the gale. The pistol fell from the count's hand. As for the doctor, he took one quick step backward, turned pale a moment, and then stood fast. "We shall load and fire again," he said.

"Your pardon!" said the count.

"Sir!"

"My finger is damaged." Then it appeared that the end of the count's trigger-finger was gone at the top joint.

"We will fire with our left hands then, if it is your pleasure," returned the doctor.

"With pleasure, yes," said the count, "if that is your wish."

"My wish!"

"Yes; your American method."

"American method?"

"Yes. It may differ from the continental usage."

"Which is?"

Count Coronna shrugged his shoulders. "The risk executes the satisfaction."

Doctor Hargan stood still a moment. He afterward said that he thought a whole hour's time in one second. To be sure! He had been stupid. It was only punctilio! And why bring blood, and poison his cousin's life with one shade of regret? There was another way besides killing a man off. He flung his pistol in the air and beckoned the count into the stable. The two sat down on a couple of rude stools. Count

Coronna's gaze was fastened on Doctor Hargan's left shoulder—something marvellous to see. He said nothing, but eyed it with ill-disguised wonder. It was a little round hole in the doctor's coat, in front of the shoulder, a little below it. Was he talking with a devil?

The doctor ordered Jacob and Cicero out of hearing. "Count Coronna," said he, "we are gentlemen, can take one another's word?"

The count nodded.

The doctor proceeded. "I own some miles of land down here, as you know, free from encumbrance, and I have other property."

The count nodded.

"You would be pleased, in the first place, to name a sum not in excess of my ability? And in the second place, to give me your word to inviolable secrecy?"

The count still looked at the bullet-hole in the lapel of his antagonist's coat. Time was precious. A moment might spoil everything. "I will," he said. He tore a strip from his pocket-book, wrote figures on it and handed it to the doctor.

"Agreed," said the doctor, and wrote his initials under it, and handed it back to Count Coronna. He then wrote out a Philadelphia lawyer's address and handed it to him. Then he walked with Count Coronna to his carriage, bandaged his finger with his handkerchief, bade him good-by, and closed the door. And still Count Coronna looked at that hole in the coat lapel and at Doctor Hargan's unchanging countenance.

Then Doctor Hargan came back to us. Madam had seen the two men descend from the porch together. She knew nothing more. Doctor Hargan stepped up to her. "Madam," said he, "I have arranged that you may see Mr. Kelliard without the objection of Count Coronna. It is an amicable affair. He appreciates everything." Then he gave her his arm and escorted her to our uncle's chamber. I went in with him. As we entered, Uncle Richard's eyes turned to us, but oh! so very slowly; yet he knew us. He knew the doctor and me. He looked strangely at Madam Agnes, and frightened too. Doctor Hargan stepped forward, "Dick, old boy," said he, "here is Cousin Agnes come back to be your friend again."

My uncle's eyes closed. Doctor Hargan bent over, listened, and watched him—cat, hawk, human being, all combined. He felt his pulse, sat by him, gave him a spoonful of brandy, watched and watched. Then he left him. Uncle Richard was sleeping peacefully.

As Doctor Hargan left the room he beckoned to me, and I went out with him. When the door was closed he leaned on me trembling, and sank on one knee, and fainted there on the floor. Not until his collar was pulled aside to dash cold water on him did any one see the blood-stain on his breast, his side, oh! far and wide.

But he lived, and Richard lived, and Agnes lived.

And I became, in time, Mrs. Harry Hargan.

TRAINING A TROPIC TORRENT.

AN ENGINEER'S GLIMPSE OF HAYTI.

By Foster Crowell.

HE traveller from the temperate zones approaching equatorial regions is often bewildered by the apparent contradictions of nature. Accustomed to the recurrences of sunshine and storm, wind and calm, heat and cold, at frequent and more or less regular intervals, and with well-defined forerunning signs of the impending changes, these dead-levels of the unexpected wear out his patience and exhaust his energies.

Tropic heat means, to him, a hope deferred, and in the rainy seasons he may spend fruitless days in vain imaginings of the welcome "clearing-up shower" that so often cheers him after the wet spells in his own habitat. By and by he learns by experience certain disturbing meteorologia; that very hot days, for example, follow the cooler nights; that clear weather multiplies mosquitoes; that refreshing night-winds bring malaria, and so on; but not until he has been resident for several seasons and his capacity for trusting the future is fatally impaired, will he be able to endure tropic weather, and it will be longer still before he shall understand it; and even then if he dwells at the sea-level, where unfortunately most tropic towns are placed, he will endure it as one submits to a fever, and understand it as the prisoner learns routine. He will by that time, if he began with a good stock of facetiousness of the traveller's variety, be prone to assure you that it rains thirteen months in the year, or that there are annually two seasons each one hotter than the other; but he will not attempt weather prognostication.

In different localities in the same latitude, with apparently similar prevalent conditions, there sometimes will be found wide variations both in rainfall and in temperature that to the ordinary observer are inexplicable; of course there are fixed laws, unalterable in operation, but their system is too complex for him who runs to read.

Among the most interesting indices of the great variation in the matter of rainfall are the so-called torrential streams, which are, in fact, not streams at all, but immense courses provided by nature for exigencies that may occur only at long intervals of years, or repeatedly in some one season; such channels are not peculiar to the tropics, but are found in any mountain region where there are great fluctuations in the rainfall. The island of Hayti and Santo Domingo contains some marked specimens of these "torrentieles," and furnishes a clear exposition of their function.

An examination of the map of Hayti shows that nearly all the rivers of continual flowage are on the northern sides of the several mountain ranges; the western end of the island is almost entirely mountainous with a comparatively very small area of plain, so that it may be said to consist of two lofty ranges running east and west, separated by the Gulf of Gonaive; in proportion to their height these mountains are very narrow at the base; their southern slopes are short and steep and receive little rain, even though the contemporaneous precipitation directly upon and along the southern coast-line may be very great. This may in part be attributed to the fact that the temperature on the southern slopes is normally higher than that on the northern, which are longer and not so exposed to the sun's action.

When the south winds blow the currents of moisture-laden air from the Caribbean Sea are deflected upward where they strike the heated mountain flanks, and drop little of their load there; but on the cooler northern slope precipitation occurs much more frequently, and rivers of considerable

size are kept supplied ; when the colder winds blow from the north there is obviously less moisture and consequently less rain.

It is quite clear then, the above being granted, that to produce heavy rainfall on the southern slopes there would have to be : *a*, lowering of the temperature of the mountain surface by unusually cold air-currents aided by the interruption of the sun's rays because of continual cloudy skies ; *b*, sudden change of winds to warm water-bearers from the Caribbean ; *c*, violent electrical disturbances to cause sudden precipitation.

Now, any of these three causes is likely to occur frequently in any season, but their coincidences may be extremely rare. Any one of the three would produce rain in greater or lesser quantity, but it is only when all act together, probably, that the terrific floods occur which bring the torrentieles into play.

This culmination, too, would result in setting up for the time being new conditions of temperature, and so the result would not be momentary, like the "cloud-bursts" of the temperate regions, but when once produced would continue with gradually decreasing energy until the normal was once more restored. And this in fact is what follows when a tropic flood "lets go."

Along the extreme south coast is the mountain range of La Hotte, whose crest, roughly speaking, runs parallel with the sea ; one of its principal peaks is Mount Macaya with an elevation of 7,500 feet. In the foot of the range, facing toward the sea and near the base of Mount Macaya, is a gorge opening into a transverse valley with a number of short branches radiating like the fingers of a glove.

Under other conditions than those above described this topographical formation should furnish catchment for a constant river ; as it is, however, the discharge is usually small and intermittent.

This gorge and its prolongation down through the Plaine à Jacob to the Bay of Cayes, twenty-four kilometres distant is the Ravine du Sud, one of the most famous of the torrentieles, which has more than once carried destruction to the city of Cayes and is always a constant menace to the inhabitants, liable at any moment to become swollen with a terrible torrent, yet usually and for periods of years a gentle brook in which the women are wont to sit all day and wash the scanty Haytian clothing.

The word *ravine* is here to be taken in its French significance, implying a raging torrent, and not necessarily indicating topographical configuration. In the mountains and among the foothills its course is through a wild and romantic glen ; lower down it spreads out over the plain in devious and shifting channels, and this is especially the case in the immediate vicinity of Aux Cayes.

Whether there had been great floods in earlier times, or whether its original bed was able to accommodate the waters until gradually it became filled with the silt and gravel brought down by the torrent, is not definitely known ; tradition speaks of another bed, the "*ancien lit*," near the city, and its supposed position and outline can still be traced, but there are topographical reasons for not crediting the story fully ; probably there was a time when some of the flood water passed along the ancient bed, thus relieving what is now the channel : at least it appears that the old colonial improvements, the aqueduct and the buildings and the beautiful streets, were in use for a long time without being injured.

About 1840 a devastating flood occurred ; the waters cut through the town and partly destroyed it ; later floods added to the injury, practically effaced the aqueduct, and ruined the roadways. The citizens, not knowing how to repair the damage, at first allowed the ravages to continue, but at length, after the injury was well-nigh irreparable, a more than usually progressive President called in engineers from France to devise protection against future overflow, and they constructed, at great expense, a somewhat primitive and entirely inefficacious *revêtement* of timber and earth : this went down utterly in the very next flood. Since then there have been several minor floods, but, disheartened and convinced of the almost insuperable difficulties of confining the torrent to its bed, the several "governments" that have kept up the merry-

go-round of Haytian history have had no inclination to repeat the attempt to save Aux Cayes until the present * administration of President Hippolyte came into power. In his cabinet, at first, was a very progressive and intelligent gentleman, Monsieur Clément Haentjens, Secretary of State for Public Works and Agriculture, who, impressed with the practical utility of preserving a city which brought into the government twenty per cent. of its annual income, at a cost considerably less than one year's revenue, signalized his advent to office by soliciting plans and tenders for permanent works of protection. He had not advanced very far in this effort before he was replaced by Monsieur Hugon Lechaud, who, however, took up the matter where his predecessor left it, and the President as well as the military authorities of the Department of the South became interested. For the first time, perhaps, in their history the Haytians turned toward the United States for advice and assistance in various matters, and those most nearly concerned were not without hope that this tentative effort would be the beginning of more intimate relations between the two republics, which should prove valuable to their own countrymen willy nilly. It was in this way that the writer happened to become acquainted with the characteristics of the problem.

To detail the method by which it is proposed to control the future floods and lead them harmless to the sea, involves too much of the technical for these pages; but of Aux Cayes itself, the *raison d'être* of the project, a description may prove not uninteresting; a description of what it was as well as of what it is —for like most of the cities of this beautiful island, Aux Cayes is a defaced and battered monument of suspended civilization, a sad and terrible unlearned object-lesson for those who spell freedom with a capital; for it teaches that a people who assume to govern themselves, as with a right divine, but without knowledge, principles, or purpose are foolish and blind, and that the end of their effort is confusion, consternation, chaos.

If we take the testimony of the ground plan of La Ville des Cayes, with its regularity of street alignment that would delight a Philadelphian, its public squares and market places, its separation of commerce, trade, and residency into different districts, and its grand avenue of approach from the interior along the spacious Quatre Chemins—if we note the remnants of the fine stone aqueduct and the fountains and the triumphal arches—we can readily believe the tales that are told of the energy and the prosperity, the comfort and the opulence of the French colonists who, in the days of the old régime, before the republic of Hayti was established with its travesty of liberty and fraternity, founded on that fertile coast a rich and charming dwelling-place, and replenished their fortunes from the bountiful stores of the island's natural wealth. Their buildings were substantial and ornate; their extensive works for irrigation and for conveying water to the town, constructed by the clever Jesuit priesthood, caused the Plaine à Jacob to bloom again and again through all the year; they had a fine roadstead for the shipping, and salubrious retreats in the near-by mountains to retire to when the weather became too stifling by the sea. Good roads, wide and smooth, led to the mountains whence the logwood came, where the coffee grew best, and on whose verdant sides fruits and vegetables from nearly every clime were planted; stone bridges, vestiges of which are still to be seen, spanned the streams. Aux Cayes of today presents a very different aspect: the skeleton of the once beautiful city alone remains; the few foreign residents, the *strangers*, as they are suggestively called, who control the commerce, occupy substantial buildings of a modern type, but all else has fallen into decay. Flood and fire and disuse have obliterated most of the evidences of the former prosperity; where one would look for progress is retrogression, notwithstanding that this port stands second in commercial importance and yields in customs duty nearly one-fifth of the entire revenue of the Government. The only conservative force is in the little band of foreigners, and they, naturally, are chiefly concerned with those mat-

* May, 1891.

ters on which their business depends. Five thousand people live in the town, and fifteen thousand in the tributary *arrondissement;* they have churches and schools and weekly communication with the outside world; the mail steamers of England and Germany, and Holland and France, and the Atlas liners from New York and Kingston, make regular trips, besides occasional sailing vessels; from Jacmel, one hundred miles distant, a regular courier service, maintained by the strangers, connects with the Royal West Indian Mail boats; the West Indian Telegraph Cable is within ten miles of them, though not connected, because of political reasons. And with all these opportunities the *citoyens* of Aux Cayes continue to dwell in ignorance, and many of them in what might be termed disdainful unconsciousness of nearly all that makes life worth living to other nations; with sources of natural wealth beyond count right at hand, and with all the means of transporting that wealth to the markets of the world, they are content to eat the banana of idleness and worship the delusion of their liberty.

The aqueduct was broken years ago by the flood, but the greater part of it was uninjured; yet it was never restored. The town was visited with a conflagration that destroyed many buildings, but no steps were taken to guard against another, which soon came and nearly completed the destruction. The foreigners now have two hand-engines with which they have so far averted further disaster, but when the fires break out the entire populace rushes to the scene, and looks on while the strangers man the pumps.

The irrigation works, which seem to have been admirably planned, were so well built that for fifty years they continued to render good service; but in 1854 they broke down for lack of slight repair and have ever since been inoperative. An almost stagnant river meanders through the town, into which the drainage pours, but rarely is there sufficient current to discharge it. Open ditches to drain other parts are receptacles, but their outlets to the sea are choked by sand-bars, and there is no discharge for most of the putrefying contents; the streets are not paved, nor guttered, nor provided with sidewalks. One understands the significance of shaking the dust off one's feet as a testimony against them after a promenade in Aux Cayes. The rural roads, excepting in naturally favored localities, are impracticable now except for pedestrians, horses, and the ubiquitous donkey—the Haytian locomotive; bullock-carts are used in the vicinity of the towns, but cannot penetrate very far into the interior; as a consequence the area of coffee cultivation is very limited and confined to the lower elevations, where the best results are not attainable; there is comparatively little cultivating even where the coffee is grown; where nature has done so much, man will do little or nothing; the system of peasant proprietorship which obtains in Hayti, and the native hatred of innovations, render impossible the large plantations which are common in the coffee-growing countries: otherwise the Haytian product would probably equal in quality, if it did not even surpass, any other in the world.

The absence of proper roads or other means of access to the interior, restricts also the exportation of logwood; individual owners cut it off piecemeal wherever it can be packed to the port, but there are immense forests of it entirely out of reach. Coal, of a semi-bituminous variety, is well known to exist within twenty miles of the harbor: its workings have never been developed, notwithstanding that the people in its neighborhood burn it, that the country is especially adapted for easy railroad construction, and that the port could dispose of a large output.

Metalliferous signs are not wanting, but mining is unknown. Fruits and vegetables and other products can be, and have been, cultivated with but little effort of the husbandman, but the Haytian peasant prefers the natural growths and cannot be induced to add to his menu anything that requires exertion. Naturally, the foreigners see the opportunities, but they are powerless to take advantage of them; the "*égalité*" of the Haytian trinity is only intended for the native, if for anyone, and the strangers are debarred from engaging in any pur-

suits excepting only of conducting mercantile business; they are not even permitted to deal directly with the native producers of coffee and the like, but must employ a favored class of native middlemen; under the law they cannot become owners of real estate.

As for any systematic enterprise, such as railroad building or mining, they are almost beyond the pale of possibilities, because of the variable policy, or perhaps we should say the politics, of the various administrations which replace one another with such frequency that there would be scarcely sufficient time to formulate any project, even if the national feeling was not so entirely and immovably arrayed against foreign establishment, and if concessions in good faith could be secured.

Between Aux Cayes in its present condition and the plans for its rehabilitation there would almost seem to be no correlation; not only is protection from flood necessary to save the town, but other and kindred measures are hardly less so: adequate drainage, filling up the stagnant water-courses, restoring the harbor, which has been greatly impaired by the washings from the ravine, and other improvements. These measures are costly; too costly in the aggregate to appear at all applicable at first sight, and the general reader will probably question seriously whether the project will "pay," *i.e.*, in the abstract. "Here," he may say, "is a worn-out, scarcely habitable town, whose chief claim to distinction is that it was a long time ago the abode of rich colonists, afterward cruelly murdered by their slaves, who thus took their first lesson in government in a revolution which has never since ceased. Manifestly," he continues, "the populace have no purpose, no ambition, except perhaps for more revolution, no arts to foster, no homes to preserve, nothing to make life worth while. Why not let the rains descend and the floods come and beat upon that city, till it is eventually washed away?"

It may be said in reply that six per cent. of the revenue now collected at this one port will meet the interest on the cost of an improvement without which the revenue itself must dwindle and in time cease; also, that Aux Cayes has the only safe harbor on the whole southern coast, and is of great importance to Hayti on many accounts, so that if rendered habitable and safe it might become a *point d'appui* for great physical developments, such as the island has never known; and the natural wealth then gathered would every year amount to several times the first cost of the necessary works. On the whole it would pay handsomely in a utilitarian sense, and from the humanitarian's point of view as well. The necessity is so vital and the advantage so obvious, that it would seem as if the issue must be met, and, in truth, were it not for the peculiarities of the people, it doubtless would have been met long ago as a matter of course.

And these peculiarities, to call them by no harsher name, are the potential causes of the retrogression of this make-believe republic. It would not be difficult to guide the waters of the Ravine du Sud, turbulent and uncontrolled though they be; but to train that other tropic torrent, the passion of the ignorant, undisciplined mass of malcontents and confine it to the safe and peaceful channels of enlightened progress—who shall rise to that high and noble work? Who shall convince them of the value of the arts of peace, and induce them to disband forever the opera-bouffe armies of the party in power? What Richelieu shall teach them that the spade is mightier than the musket? There are those among them who know this well, who deplore the struggle that is ever going on between the thousands with antiquated arms in their hands and the rest of the population, who want to carry them and so to control in their turn the public purse. The Haytians are not a warlike people, not even soldierly, but they are fond of the drum-beat and eager for parade.

It would be unfair to many of their best men, and suggest a false apology for the masses, to claim that the political condition is altogether the effect of ignorance; the leaders often are men of brains, and there is always a sufficient number of the educated and able to fill not only the civil and military offices under the newest government, but also the ranks of the exiles who in foreign

lands are plotting always for a still newer one. But if not ignorance, what is it that marks the genius of the people? Distrust of one another, hatred of the stranger, disregard of responsibility, repudiation of obligations, in all these the successive "governments" are much alike; they differ chiefly in their staying powers.

It is commonly held that foreign influences are often dominant in the revolutions; it is openly charged that the revolution of 1889 was rendered successful, if not brought about directly, by certain parties in the United States who have since been greatly aggrieved because their bargain with the conspirators was soon afterward utterly repudiated; it is said, too, that some of the strangers find heavy emolument in their pecuniary dealings with the tottering government, and still greater profit in the scaling down of liabilities, which is not an infrequent recourse when a new party comes into power.

While there is no reason to doubt the truth of the allegations, it nevertheless could probably be shown that these nefarious practices are oftener consequences than causes, although it cannot be denied that without the material aid of the foreigners the revolutions would less often be successful.

It is not so much the individuals who are to blame for the condition as the spirit of the people at large. Perhaps, after all, blame is hardly the word, and perhaps, too, an impartial observer would not see much practical difference between the Haytian way and the American way of office-seeking; the effect in each case is to impede progress and cause stagnation; but in Hayti the intervals are so short that there is no advance, while we, in the United States, through the wisdom of our forefathers, stand still only two years out of every four.

But whatever the ethics of the question may be, Hayti spends nearly all her revenue in maintaining internal feuds, and nothing *pro bono publico*. "Millions for dissension and not one centime for improvement" might be her motto. In the whole country there is not a railroad; nor a common road worthy of the name; no wharves in many of the ports, and the few there are practically useless except for lighterage; no telegraph lines; absolutely no public improvements, and practically no public weal. A telegraph cable was laid, several years ago, from Cuba to the Mole St. Nicholas, in the northern part of the island; but strange as it may appear, it could not be connected by a land-line with Port au Prince, one hundred miles or more distant, because the "outs" would surely have cut the wires; so when it was necessary for the Government or anyone else to cable, a courier would ride three days with the despatch. When those particular outs became the present government, they continued the submarine cable along their own coast and through the Bay of Gonaive to the capital, and so in a way they are secured against the depredations of their fellow-citizens in this particular, or will be until the opposition party employs a cable-cutter.

And this is a Republic!

There are kind friends in Hayti who extended to the writer welcome and courtesy, both official and personal, to whom criticism of this kind might seem but a poor return; if by any chance it should meet their eyes there is this to offer as apology: that the interest he learned to take during his brief sojourn among them, in the struggles of the few for good government and permanency and progress, had its foundation in the belief that there is no organic reason why their high aims cannot some day be realized; the failure of Hayti to govern itself can yet be redeemed. Revolutions will not do it, nor strong governments *per se;* but internal communication, the blending of opposed communities through the creation of common interests of a material nature, the substitution of the locomotive for the donkey, are the means to be used.

Hayti has no enemies outside her borders except the exiles she has sent away; her worst foe is not the stranger within her gates, but the spirit of national lawlessness engendered by the menace of her standing army.

MRS. MANSTEY'S VIEW.

By Edith Wharton.

THE view from Mrs. Manstey's window was not a striking one, but to her at least it was full of interest and beauty. Mrs. Manstey occupied the back room on the third floor of a New York boarding-house, in a street where the ash-barrels lingered late on the sidewalk and the gaps in the pavement would have staggered a Quintus Curtius. She was the widow of a clerk in a large wholesale house, and his death had left her alone, for her only daughter had married in California, and could not afford the long journey to New York to see her mother. Mrs. Manstey, perhaps, might have joined her daughter in the West, but they had now been so many years apart that they had ceased to feel any need of each other's society, and their intercourse had long been limited to the exchange of a few perfunctory letters, written with indifference by the daughter, and with difficulty by Mrs. Manstey, whose right hand was growing stiff with gout. Even had she felt a stronger desire for her daughter's companionship, Mrs. Manstey's increasing infirmity, which caused her to dread the three flights of stairs between her room and the street, would have given her pause on the eve of undertaking so long a journey; and without perhaps, formulating these reasons she had long since accepted as a matter of course her solitary life in New York.

She was, indeed, not quite lonely, for a few friends still toiled up now and then to her room; but their visits grew rare as the years went by. Mrs. Manstey had never been a sociable woman, and during her husband's lifetime his companionship had been all-sufficient to her. For many years she had cherished a desire to live in the country, to have a hen-house and a garden; but this longing had faded with age, leaving only in the breast of the uncommunicative old woman a vague tenderness for plants and animals. It was, perhaps, this tenderness which made her cling so fervently to her view from her window, a view in which the most optimistic eye would at first have failed to discover anything admirable.

Mrs. Manstey, from her coign of vantage (a slightly projecting bow-window where she nursed an ivy and a succession of unwholesome-looking bulbs), looked out first upon the yard of her own dwelling, of which, however, she could get but a restricted glimpse. Still, her gaze took in the topmost boughs of the ailanthus below her window, and she knew how early each year the clump of dicentra strung its bending stalk with hearts of pink.

But of greater interest were the yards beyond. Being for the most part attached to boarding-houses they were in a state of chronic untidiness

and fluttering, on certain days of the week, with miscellaneous garments and frayed table-cloths. In spite of this Mrs. Manstey found much to admire in the long vista which she commanded. Some of the yards were, indeed, but stony wastes, with grass in the cracks of the pavement and no shade in spring save that afforded by the intermittent leafage of the clothes-lines. These yards Mrs. Manstey disapproved of, but the others, the green ones, she loved. She had grown used to their disorder; the broken barrels, the empty bottles and paths unswept no longer annoyed her; hers was the happy faculty of dwelling on the pleasanter side of the prospect before her.

In the very next enclosure did not a magnolia open its hard white flowers against the watery blue of April? And was there not, a little way down the line, a fence foamed over every May by lilac waves of wistaria? Farther still, a horse-chestnut lifted its candelabra of buff and pink blossoms above broad fans of foliage; while in the opposite yard June was sweet with the breath of a neglected syringa, which persisted in growing in spite of the countless obstacles opposed to its welfare.

But if nature occupied the front rank in Mrs. Manstey's view, there was much of a more personal character to interest her in the aspect of the houses and their inmates. She deeply disapproved of the mustard-colored curtains which had lately been hung in the doctor's window opposite; but she glowed with pleasure when the house farther down had its old bricks washed with a coat of paint. The occupants of the houses did not often show themselves at the back windows, but the servants were always in sight. Noisy slatterns, Mrs. Manstey pronounced the greater number; she knew their ways and hated them. But to the quiet cook in the newly painted house, whose mistress bullied her, and who secretly fed the stray cats at nightfall, Mrs. Manstey's warmest sympathies were given. On one occasion her feelings were racked by the neglect of a housemaid, who for two days forgot to feed the parrot committed to her care. On the third day, Mrs. Manstey, in spite of her gouty hand, had just penned a letter, beginning: "Madam, it is now three days since your parrot has been fed," when the forgetful maid appeared at the window with a cup of seed in her hand.

But in Mrs. Manstey's more meditative moods it was the narrowing perspective of far-off yards which pleased her best. She loved, at twilight, when the distant brown-stone spire seemed melting in the fluid yellow of the west, to lose herself in vague memories of a trip to Europe, made years ago, and now reduced in her mind's eye to a pale phantasmagoria of indistinct steeples and dreamy skies. Perhaps at heart Mrs. Manstey was an artist; at all events she was sensible of many changes of color unnoticed by the average eye, and dear to her as the green of early spring was the black lattice of branches against a cold sulphur sky at the close of a snowy day. She enjoyed, also, the sunny thaws of March, when patches of earth showed through the snow, like ink-spots spreading on a sheet of white blotting-paper; and, better still, the haze of boughs, leafless but swollen, which replaced the clear-cut tracery of winter. She even watched with a certain interest the trail of smoke from a far-off factory chimney, and missed a detail in the landscape when the factory was closed and the smoke disappeared.

Mrs. Manstey, in the long hours which she spent at her window, was not idle. She read a little, and knitted numberless stockings; but the view surrounded and shaped her life as the sea does a lonely island. When her rare callers came it was difficult for her to detach herself from the contemplation of the opposite window-washing, or the scrutiny of certain green points in a neighboring flower-bed which might, or might not, turn into hyacinths, while she feigned an interest in her visitor's anecdotes about some unknown grandchild. Mrs. Manstey's real friends were the denizens of the yards, the hyacinths, the magnolia, the green parrot, the maid who fed the cats, the doctor who studied late behind his mustard-colored curtains; and the confidant of her tenderer musings was the church-spire floating in the sunset.

One April day, as she sat in her usual place, with knitting cast aside and eyes

fixed on the blue sky mottled with round clouds, a knock at the door announced the entrance of her landlady. Mrs. Manstey did not care for her landlady, but she submitted to her visits with ladylike resignation. To-day, however, it seemed harder than usual to turn from the blue sky and the blossoming magnolia to Mrs. Sampson's unsuggestive face, and Mrs. Manstey was conscious of a distinct effort as she did so.

"The magnolia is out earlier than usual this year, Mrs. Sampson," she remarked, yielding to a rare impulse, for she seldom alluded to the absorbing interest of her life. In the first place it was a topic not likely to appeal to her visitors and, besides, she lacked the power of expression and could not have given utterance to her feelings had she wished to.

"The what, Mrs. Manstey?" inquired the landlady, glancing about the room as if to find there the explanation of Mrs. Manstey's statement.

"The magnolia in the next yard—in Mrs. Black's yard," Mrs. Manstey repeated.

"Is it, indeed? I didn't know there was a magnolia there," said Mrs. Sampson, carelessly. Mrs. Manstey looked at her; she did not know that there was a magnolia in the next yard!

"By the way," Mrs. Sampson continued, "speaking of Mrs. Black reminds me that the work on the extension is to begin next week."

"The what?" it was Mrs. Manstey's turn to ask.

"The extension," said Mrs. Sampson, nodding her head in the direction of the ignored magnolia. "You knew, of course, that Mrs. Black was going to build an extension to her house? Yes, ma'am. I hear it is to run right back to the end of the yard. How she can afford to build an extension in these hard times I don't see; but she always was crazy about building. She used to keep a boarding-house in Seventeenth Street, and she nearly ruined herself then by sticking out bow-windows and what not; I should have thought that would have cured her of building, but I guess it's a disease, like drink. Anyhow, the work is to begin on Monday."

Mrs. Manstey had grown pale. She always spoke slowly, so the landlady did not heed the long pause which followed. At last Mrs. Manstey said: "Do you know how high the extension will be?"

"That's the most absurd part of it. The extension is to be built right up to the roof of the main building; now, did you ever?"

Mrs. Manstey paused again. "Won't it be a great annoyance to you, Mrs. Sampson?" she asked.

"I should say it would. But there's no help for it; if people have got a mind to build extensions there's no law to prevent 'em, that I'm aware of." Mrs. Manstey, knowing this, was silent. "There is no help for it," Mrs. Sampson repeated, "but if I *am* a church member, I wouldn't be so sorry if it ruined Eliza Black. Well, good-day, Mrs. Manstey; I'm glad to find you so comfortable."

So comfortable — so comfortable! Left to herself the old woman turned once more to the window. How lovely the view was that day! The blue sky with its round clouds shed a brightness over everything; the ailanthus had put on a tinge of yellow-green, the hyacinths were budding, the magnolia flowers looked more than ever like rosettes carved in alabaster. Soon the wistaria would bloom, then the horse-chestnut; but not for her. Between her eyes and them a barrier of brick and mortar would swiftly rise; presently even the spire would disappear, and all her radiant world be blotted out. Mrs. Manstey sent away untouched the dinner-tray brought to her that evening. She lingered in the window until the windy sunset died in bat-colored dusk; then, going to bed, she lay sleepless all night.

Early the next day she was up and at the window. It was raining, but even through the slanting gray gauze the scene had its charm—and then the rain was so good for the trees. She had noticed the day before that the ailanthus was growing dusty.

"Of course I might move," said Mrs. Manstey aloud, and turning from the window she looked about her room. She might move, of course; so might she be flayed alive; but she was not likely to survive either operation. The room, though far less important to her happiness than the view, was as much a part

of her existence. She had lived in it seventeen years. She knew every stain on the wall-paper, every rent in the carpet; the light fell in a certain way on her engravings, her books had grown shabby on their shelves, her bulbs and ivy were used to their window and knew which way to lean to the sun. "We are all too old to move," she said.

That afternoon it cleared. Wet and radiant the blue reappeared through torn rags of cloud; the ailanthus sparkled; the earth in the flower-borders looked rich and warm. It was Thursday, and on Monday the building of the extension was to begin.

On Sunday afternoon a card was brought to Mrs. Black, as she was engaged in gathering up the fragments of the boarders' dinner in the basement. The card, black-edged, bore Mrs. Manstey's name.

"One of Mrs. Sampson's boarders; wants to move, I suppose. Well, I can give her a room next year in the extension. Dinah," said Mrs. Black, "tell the lady I'll be upstairs in a minute."

Mrs. Black found Mrs. Manstey standing in the long parlor garnished with statuettes and antimacassars; in that house she could not sit down.

Stooping hurriedly to open the register, which let out a cloud of dust, Mrs. Black advanced to her visitor.

"I'm happy to meet you, Mrs. Manstey; take a seat, please," the landlady remarked in her prosperous voice, the voice of a woman who can afford to build extensions. There was no help for it; Mrs. Manstey sat down.

"Is there anything I can do for you, ma'am?" Mrs. Black continued. "My house is full at present, but I am going to build an extension, and——"

"It is about the extension that I wish to speak," said Mrs. Manstey, suddenly. "I am a poor woman, Mrs. Black, and I have never been a happy one. I shall have to talk about myself first to—to make you understand."

Mrs. Black, astonished but imperturbable, bowed at this parenthesis.

"I never had what I wanted," Mrs. Manstey continued. "It was always one disappointment after another. For years I wanted to live in the country. I dreamed and dreamed about it; but we never could manage it. There was no sunny window in our house, and so all my plants died. My daughter married years ago and went away—besides, she never cared for the same things. Then my husband died and I was left alone. That was seventeen years ago. I went to live at Mrs. Sampson's, and I have been there ever since. I have grown a little infirm, as you see, and I don't get out often; only on fine days, if I am feeling very well. So you can understand my sitting a great deal in my window—the back window on the third floor——"

"Well, Mrs. Manstey," said Mrs. Black, liberally, "I could give you a back room, I dare say; one of the new rooms in the ex——"

"But I don't want to move; I can't move," said Mrs. Manstey, almost with a scream. "And I came to tell you that if you build that extension I shall have no view from my window—no view! Do you understand?"

Mrs. Black thought herself face to face with a lunatic, and she had always heard that lunatics must be humored.

"Dear me, dear me," she remarked, pushing her chair back a little way, "that is too bad, isn't it? Why, I never thought of that. To be sure, the extension *will* interfere with your view, Mrs. Manstey."

"You do understand?" Mrs. Manstey gasped.

"Of course I do. And I'm real sorry about it, too. But there, don't you worry, Mrs. Manstey. I guess we can fix that all right."

Mrs. Manstey rose from her seat, and Mrs. Black slipped toward the door.

"What do you mean by fixing it? Do you mean that I can induce you to change your mind about the extension? Oh, Mrs. Black, listen to me. I have two thousand dollars in the bank and I could manage, I know I could manage, to give you a thousand if——" Mrs. Manstey paused; the tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"There, there, Mrs. Manstey, don't you worry," repeated Mrs. Black, soothingly. "I am sure we can settle it. I am sorry that I can't stay and talk about it any longer, but this is such a busy time of day, with supper to get——"

Her hand was on the door-knob, but with sudden vigor Mrs. Manstey seized her wrist.

"You are not giving me a definite answer. Do you mean to say that you accept my proposition?"

"Why, I'll think it over, Mrs. Manstey, certainly I will. I wouldn't annoy you for the world——"

"But the work is to begin to-morrow, I am told," Mrs. Manstey persisted.

Mrs. Black hesitated. "It shan't begin, I promise you that; I'll send word to the builder this very night." Mrs. Manstey tightened her hold.

"You are not deceiving me, are you?" she said.

"No—no," stammered Mrs. Black. "How can you think such a thing of me, Mrs. Manstey?"

Slowly Mrs. Manstey's clutch relaxed, and she passed through the open door. "One thousand dollars," she repeated, pausing in the hall; then she let herself out of the house and hobbled down the steps, supporting herself on the cast-iron railing.

"My goodness," exclaimed Mrs. Black, shutting and bolting the hall-door, "I never knew the old woman was crazy! And she looks so quiet and ladylike, too."

Mrs. Manstey slept well that night, but early the next morning she was awakened by a sound of hammering. She got to her window with what haste she might and, looking out, saw that Mrs. Black's yard was full of workmen. Some were carrying loads of brick from the kitchen to the yard, others beginning to demolish the old-fashioned wooden balcony which adorned each story of Mrs. Black's house. Mrs. Manstey saw that she had been deceived. At first she thought of confiding her trouble to Mrs. Sampson, but a settled discouragement soon took possession of her and she went back to bed, not caring to see what was going on.

Toward afternoon, however, feeling that she must know the worst, she rose and dressed herself. It was a laborious task, for her hands were stiffer than usual, and the hooks and buttons seemed to evade her.

When she seated herself in the window, she saw that the workmen had removed the upper part of the balcony, and that the bricks had multiplied since morning. One of the men, a coarse fellow with a bloated face, picked a magnolia blossom and, after smelling it, threw it to the ground; the next man, carrying a load of bricks, trod on the flower in passing.

"Look out, Jim," called one of the men to another who was smoking a pipe, "if you throw matches around near those barrels of paper you'll have the old tinder-box burning down before you know it." And Mrs. Manstey, leaning forward, perceived that there were several barrels of paper and rubbish under the wooden balcony.

At length the work ceased and twilight fell. The sunset was perfect and a roseate light, transfiguring the distant spire, lingered late in the west. When it grew dark Mrs. Manstey drew down the shades and proceeded, in her usual methodical manner, to light her lamp. She always filled and lit it with her own hands, keeping a kettle of kerosene on a zinc-covered shelf in a closet. As the lamp-light filled the room it assumed its usual peaceful aspect. The books and pictures and plants seemed, like their mistress, to settle themselves down for another quiet evening, and Mrs. Manstey, as was her wont, drew up her armchair to the table and began to knit.

That night she could not sleep. The weather had changed and a wild wind was abroad, blotting the stars with close-driven clouds. Mrs. Manstey rose once or twice and looked out of the window; but of the view nothing was discernible save a tardy light or two in the opposite windows. These lights at last went out, and Mrs. Manstey, who had watched for their extinction, began to dress herself. She was in evident haste, for she merely flung a thin dressing-gown over her night-dress and wrapped her head in a scarf; then she opened her closet and cautiously took out the kettle of kerosene. Having slipped a bundle of wooden matches into her pocket she proceeded, with increasing precautions, to unlock her door, and a few moments later she was feeling her way down the dark staircase, led by a glimmer of gas from the lower hall. At length she reached the bottom of the stairs and began the more

difficult descent into the utter darkness of the basement. Here, however, she could move more freely, as there was less danger of being overheard; and without much delay she contrived to unlock the iron door leading into the yard. A gust of cold wind smote her as she stepped out and groped shiveringly under the clothes-lines.

That morning at three o'clock an alarm of fire brought the engines to Mrs. Black's door, and also brought Mrs. Sampson's startled boarders to their windows. The wooden balcony at the back of Mrs. Black's house was ablaze, and among those who watched the progress of the flames was Mrs. Manstey, leaning in her thin dressing-gown from the open window.

The fire, however, was soon put out, and the frightened occupants of the house, who had fled in scant attire, reassembled at dawn to find that little mischief had been done beyond the cracking of window panes and smoking of ceilings. In fact, the chief sufferer by the fire was Mrs. Manstey, who was found in the morning gasping with pneumonia, a not unnatural result, as everyone remarked, of her having hung out of an open window at her age in a dressing-gown. It was easy to see that she was very ill, but no one had guessed how grave the doctor's verdict would be, and the faces gathered that evening about Mrs. Sampson's table were awestruck and disturbed. Not that any of the boarders knew Mrs. Manstey well; she "kept to herself," as they said, and seemed to fancy herself too good for them; but then it is always disagreeable to have anyone dying in the house and, as one lady observed to another: "It might just as well have been you or me, my dear."

But it was only Mrs. Manstey; and she was dying, as she had lived, lonely if not alone. The doctor had sent a trained nurse, and Mrs. Sampson, with muffled step, came in from time to time; but both, to Mrs. Manstey, seemed remote and unsubstantial as the figures in a dream. All day she said nothing; but when she was asked for her daughter's address she shook her head. At times the nurse noticed that she seemed to be listening attentively for some sound which did not come; then again she dozed.

The next morning at daylight she was very low. The nurse called Mrs. Sampson and as the two bent over the old woman they saw her lips move.

"Lift me up—out of bed," she whispered.

They raised her in their arms, and with her stiff hand she pointed to the window.

"Oh, the window—she wants to sit in the window. She used to sit there all day," Mrs. Sampson explained. "It can do her no harm, I suppose?"

"Nothing matters now," said the nurse.

They carried Mrs. Manstey to the window and placed her in her chair. The dawn was abroad, a jubilant spring dawn; the spire had already caught a golden ray, though the magnolia and horse-chestnut still slumbered in shadow. In Mrs. Black's yard all was quiet. The charred timbers of the balcony lay where they had fallen. It was evident that since the fire the builders had not returned to their work. The magnolia had unfolded a few more sculptural flowers; the view was undisturbed.

It was hard for Mrs. Manstey to breathe; each moment it grew more difficult. She tried to make them open the window, but they would not understand. If she could have tasted the air, sweet with the penetrating ailanthus savor, it would have eased her; but the view at least was there—the spire was golden now, the heavens had warmed from pearl to blue, day was alight from east to west, even the magnolia had caught the sun.

Mrs. Manstey's head fell back and smiling she died.

That day the building of the extension was resumed.

LANDOR ONCE MORE.

By W. B. Shubrick Clymer.

OCCASIONAL attempts have been made to popularize Landor. By publishing well-chosen passages, and by pointing out his good qualities, Mr. Sidney Colvin and Mr. Havelock Ellis, and perhaps others, have tried to increase the number of his readers. That they have in part succeeded is doubtless true; but that Landor can ever become popular in any but a very restricted sense of the word, may be assumed to be wholly unlikely. He says that he loved nature, "and next to nature, art." He did, indeed, genuinely love nature, but largely as a background to art rather than solely for itself; and the art he practised is of a sort which to many people appears remote from nature. Elsewhere he writes, with the pen of Anaxagoras, "If anyone should note to you my singularities, remembering me a year hence, as I trust you and Pericles will do, add to them, but not aloud, a singularity of felicity, '*He neither lived nor died with the multitude.*'" Without echoing De Quincey's denunciation of the numerous public as "a well-known character, particularly disagreeable, though slightly respectable, and notorious for affecting the chief seats in synagogues," one who at all sympathizes with "the born artist, the born solitary" that Landor was, may fairly question the applicability of Mr. Leslie Stephen's somewhat picturesque conclusion that his "wanton quarrel with the world has been avenged by the world's indifference," and may venture to doubt, not, indeed, that "the world has a very strong case" against him, but whether that undoubted fact be not in some degree irrelevant to a matter on which the world is incompetent to form an intelligent opinion. Good and significant as popularity may be, failure to achieve it need not imply either quarrelsomeness or inferiority, for, in literature as in life, amiable qualities of a high order may coexist with inability to impress a wide circle. Landor may not have been an easy man to live with, and his writings may not be easy reading; yet, if neither he nor his few admirers much regard the world's opinion, how can it greatly matter whether his unpopularity diminish or increase? Why should one who takes pleasure in an author inquire how many other people take pleasure in him? Surely you cannot prove that this or the other author ought to please; you can, at most, merely show why he does please you and a greater or less number of others of similar taste. The appeal, then, to the majority for or against an author whose talent or genius is of an unusual or exceptional cast, is unsafe. In the case of "perhaps the most striking instance in modern literature of a radical divergence of opinion between the connoisseurs and the mass of readers," as Landor has not inaptly been called, such an appeal is suggestive rather of dogmatic assertion than of that critical fairness which strives simply and clearly to set forth the grounds on which rests the high esteem of the "connoisseurs," or knowing ones. Without

calling in question the sincerity of the occasionally excessive praise of some of these, nor taking up in detail every count in the indictment against him, an unprejudiced reader may yet find, in considering Landor's lofty and wayward genius and the conditions under which it grew, abundant material for profitable study.

Of the sort of comment on Landor which his admirers find true in detail and false in total effect, Mr. Stephen's able, though in some respects paradoxical, essay is the best instance. The truth of almost every charge therein made may be cheerfully admitted, and the critic may even be thanked for bringing into evidence some rather obscure parts of the subject; yet the tone of the criticism is such that the qualities which entitle Landor to more sympathetic treatment than he gets, are half hidden. In criticism, as in any other pursuit, the point of view is everything. In the article in question, the point of view twists the perspective, spoils the pattern; though all the parts are more or less clearly visible, the arrangement of them is mistaken, the emphasis is misplaced. The effect produced by Landor will be one thing or another according as one or another view is taken of certain traits of a writer to whom an intelligent reader can scarcely be quite indifferent. It is only for the sake of suggesting the golden side of the shield, that it is worth while to mention again two or three of the faults commonly laid to his charge.

He is, it is urged, difficult to read through, and is therefore best shown in a volume of selections. Warmly as Arnold admired Wordsworth and Byron, yet he saw and undertook to meet the same difficulty in the case of each of them; and it may be that he has thereby served Wordsworth's fame, at any rate, a better turn than Mr. Morley with his complete edition of the poems and all the rest of the verse. If Wordsworth and Byron need sifting, how is Landor shown to be of small account because he cannot be taken unsifted? Is he not in the same boat with Browning, the most illustrious recent instance of "matter and impertinency mix'd"? Had the ninety dramas traditionally attributed to Æschylus come down to us, instead of only seven, he, too, might appear best in a book of selections. In fact, the necessity of either choosing, or getting someone else to choose for you, from the work of a voluminous writer, has slight bearing, if any, on the value of his work. Just now, indeed, the fashion is carried to absurd lengths. When skilfully made, however, selections and extracts deserve everybody's good word. It is difficult to see where, in this era of manifold books, we should be without them, for there are probably few of us who have not been, by their means, brought better acquainted with numerous classics. When we are at home with the classics, we like to wander at will, ignoring the friend who introduced us. Human, but uncritical.

Among the chief hindrances to reading Landor are the exactions he makes of a reader; whether these are too great depends largely on the reader. With regard to his alleged excessive condensation, wherein lies one difficulty, it is to be said that we who skim novels and newspapers are so in the way of expecting from writers all kinds of useless help, so-called, are so thoroughly accustomed to diffuseness which professes to be explanatory, that we often do not feel, as we read, with what a dead weight of words we are burdened. Verbal prodigality is generally more injurious to style and more tiresome than verbal parsimony. De Quincey, whose habit in this respect is the direct converse of Landor's, I find at least as hard to read for two or three hours on end. Landor's fault—for he sometimes, though by no means always, carries compression too far—makes for greater alertness of mind and keener discrimination in the reader. If he incline to exercise too often our goat-like power of leaping over spaces usually bridged for travellers on foot, it is equally true that mountain-climbing from which all difficulties have been cleared loses its charm. That in the region, picturesquely indicated by Mr. Swinburne, through which he asks us to follow, people in general are not mentally agile enough to keep him long in sight, in no degree diminishes the exhilarating effect of the climb on those blessed with legs and wind—rather the reverse.

In a word, Landor needs a trained reader, able to tell the best and the second-best apart, and fully to enjoy the best. Such a reader must know more history and more literature than most people know. For Landor's usual method is to presuppose in the reader a knowledge of everything that concerns his speakers, and to put them on the stage not in any scene recorded of them, but in scenes not inconsistent with what is recorded of their lives and characters. Whereas Shakespeare is apt, in his historical plays, to follow history more or less closely, Landor is apt, as it were, to invent history; where Shakespeare tells what happened, Landor would tell something implying a knowledge of what happened. Thus, a reader ignorant of history misses much of the subtlety of Landor's best work. Again, one unfamiliar with classical literature loses the flavor of a style conformed to classical models. Latin and English were almost equally Landor's mother-tongues; to Latin, which was perhaps his favorite, his English owes, as does Ben Jonson's, both merits and defects. It may be that each of them introduced into an uninflected language too many constructions native to an inflected language; it is certain that one who knows no Latin cannot see in the style of either all that a student of Latin can see.

Greater compactness of phrase than we are accustomed to, greater demands on historical and literary knowledge than are usually made, and a certain holding of himself aloof and above the crowd, are barriers to the reading of Landor, even at his best. They are barriers worth scaling, at whatever outlay of effort. Once within them, that is to say, a taste once acquired, the competent reader cannot fail to find in Landor a great deal to satisfy him intellectually.

Landor had not, it is true, any weighty "message" to his own nor to any later generation. He was not a Carlyle nor an Emerson. His chief concern was with art as he conceived it, rather than with nature or with man directly. Coming at the beginning of the period of romantic activity in England, the period of Scott and Wordsworth, he is more conspicuously isolated than he would have been in the prose age of Dryden; for, whereas his distinguished contemporaries sympathized with the past and with nature as means whereby to put new life into the present and into literature, his sympathy with the past was innocent of humanitarian or other ulterior purpose. In his devotion to beauty he was nearer of kin to Keats than to the other poets of the first quarter of the century. His treatment of the antique and Keats's were as different as two things could be. Keats's was romantic and excited; Landor's, whether classic or not, was controlled. But, though otherwise unlike, the two men were alike in seeking in the past beauty for its own sake, not for the sake of anything else; each held that "beauty is truth," and each tried, in his own way, to present his conception of beauty impersonally, leaving it to work as it would on men's minds. Beyond that, neither Keats nor Landor had any "message" to the world at large; but that steadfast purpose would of itself suffice to save the work of each from the imputation of futility. Landor's work had real meaning to himself, no doubt; it is the artistic expression of his deepest thoughts and emotions. How far it may have real meaning for other people is stated by the most recent, and by no means least appreciative, of his critics, Mr. Woodberry, who says that only intellectual literary men of leisure will ever care for it. That it may hold a high place in the estimation of cultivated men, is usually accounted by critics insufficient praise; the approbation of the untutored is deemed needful. But there is another view. The cultivated minority of a minority may be looked on as supplying the sole ground for hope as to matters of art and literature at a time when the popular estimate of qualities of form is so freakish as at present it is. Granting, then, that Landor was not in the main current of his time, and that therefore his time was not sensibly affected by his rare powers, we may yet find in his best work a mastery of detail and an imaginativeness which, though not the whole of art, are organic elements of art, as essential and as effective as any. It is desirable, not that everybody should be

cultivated to the point of being able to comply with the requisitions he makes, but that the discriminating few should, even though accused of snobbishness and of disingenuousness, continue to believe that the voice of the undiscerning many does not in his case utter the final word. It is true that his command of detail is greater than his command of mass, that he is often desultory, that his sense of unity is defective. That is the most serious fault of his work as a whole, the point wherein he differs most from the Greeks with whom he is so often, and so lightly, compared. It is a fault which does not impair the beauty of separate parts, however much it may interfere with the effect of their beauty. Landor must be considered in bits, rather than in bulk. The quality of his genius, its limitations, and the character of his fame are obvious on an examination of a comparatively small part of his total product.

Of the three periods into which his extended literary life falls, the second, containing the "Imaginary Conversations," the "Examination of Shakspere," "Pericles and Aspasia," and the "Pentameron," is more important than that of "Gebir" and "Count Julian" which preceded, or than that of miscellaneous writing in prose and verse which followed. Mr. Swinburne, to be sure, places the poetry midway between Byron's and Shelley's —wherever that may be. But Landor was a formative influence with Mr. Swinburne when he was just not a boy; so even more than usual allowance must be made for the disciple's eloquent enthusiasm. Landor's poetry, as far as I know it, seldom transports, like Byron's and Shelley's. Though not pedestrian, as Arnold's has rather unfairly been called, it might usually be as effective in the form of prose. Occasional detached passages in "Gebir" and "Count Julian" are exceptions; and some of the short things can scarcely be too highly praised, though they have sometimes been praised wrongly. It is as a writer of prose, however, that Landor is chiefly memorable. The best "Conversations," "Pericles and Aspasia," and the "Pentameron" are, I think, the tripod on which his fame rests.

The only reasonable classification of the "Conversations" is that which divides them into dramatic and non-dramatic. Of the first class a list might easily be made of scenes really dramatic in the sense that the speakers are felt behind the words, and that the effect of each speech is felt in calling forth the reply. Moreover, there is sometimes in these scenes dramatic movement; incident, though not mentioned, is sometimes implied. Instances will occur to every reader. The beautiful conversation between Walton, Cotton, and Oldways, a gem not so often spoken of as it deserves to be, contains a great deal of such implied incident, as well as of implied landscape, so to speak; and there are dozens more. In such scenes Landor is at his best. In others, though, as was once said of Mr. Henry Irving, he does not get quite out of himself, he yet gets pretty completely into the character. Irving's "Louis XI." and his "Hamlet" may serve roughly to illustrate the distinction: the one is the French king as you feel he must have been; the other is the English actor in an interesting version of the Danish prince. So Leofric and Godiva live as individually as you or I; whereas Lucullus and Cæsar are to a great extent Landor's mouthpieces—interesting mouthpieces, and to some degree dramatically conceived, but not, like the Lord of Coventry and his Lady, inevitable creations. Still other "Conversations" do not move at all. Some of these contain engaging matter; but some are dull and heavy discussions, which there is no more occasion to read than there is to read "Sordello"—a task that an intelligent man may, I take it, indefinitely defer without thereby disqualifying himself to speak aright meanwhile of the author of "Men and Women."

"Pericles and Aspasia" throbs with beauty, which it is the custom to call Greek. Whether the clear, simple, straightforward, dignified, graceful treatment of Athenian life is Attic, perhaps admits of discussion. In the face of Goethe's opinion that "Samson Agonistes" was the only modern work which had "caught fire from the breath of the antique spirit," it may be prudent to think

twice before accepting the snap-judgment of every stripling reviewer as to the Greek or Homeric character of much recent work. Pains have been taken to show that Kingsley's "Andromeda," and that Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta," and particularly his "Erechtheus," are Greek. All three are delightful; the last, especially, can be called no less than a splendidly successful imitation. But whether it, or any such attempt to embody in English the Greek spirit, can rightly be called more than an imitation, may be questioned. It is true that the author of some of the most pertinent recent criticism of Homer calls Clough Homeric, and that one of the authors of the translation of Homer accepted by the present generation of Englishmen calls Dumas Homeric, and that each makes out a fairly good case. But it is unlikely that Homer would have suggested Dumas to Arnold, or Clough to Mr. Lang. The contention is not that there are no points of resemblance, but that the bandying about of such epithets by the half-informed tends to blur real distinctions, and so to perplex criticism. It does not enhance the value of a work to call it Greek, nor advance us a step toward an understanding of its value. If a Homeric Clough and a Homeric Dumas are difficult to accept together, it is still more difficult to reconcile either with Mr. Lowell's judicious remark that "between us and the Greeks lies the grave of their murdered paganism, making our minds and theirs irreconcilable."

As to the excellence of style of "Pericles and Aspasia," there is less room for two opinions. "Though not alien to the treatment of modern life," writes Lord Houghton, a critic of Landor at once sympathetic and discreet, "it [his style] is undoubtedly more at home in the old world; and in such 'Conversations' as those of Lucullus and Cæsar, Epictetus and Seneca, Epicurus and the Grecian Maidens, Marcus Tullius and Quinctus Cicero, and in the 'Epistles' of Pericles and Aspasia, there is a sense of fitness of language that suggests the desire to see them restored, as it were, to the original tongues." And he goes on to say that they would be the best possible things from which to select passages for translation into Latin and Greek—so at one are the thought and the expression of it. There are in "Pericles and Aspasia" dull passages, which anyone is at liberty to skip; and there are anachronisms, inaccuracy in detail, and such like handles for pedants, which no one else need grasp. The story, which is slight, is in the temper of the time; it is founded, in the main, on incidents recorded of the classic lovers, and to these are added others which are in keeping. The passion is pagan and free from self-consciousness, deep in tranquillity of expression, absolute in devotion, restrained by a sense of beauty. The vitality of the book is to some degree shown by a comparison of it with Becker's "Charicles" and "Gallus," which are by contrast dead restorations of the times they treat of; it may also be compared, in this respect, with Bulwer's popular "Last Days of Pompeii," with Hamerling's "Aspasia," and with the clever and learned archæological exercises of Mr. Ebers. The spirit of its period quickens none of these as the spirit of beauty, whether Hellenic or Landorian, quickens "Pericles and Aspasia," where, if anywhere, one is disposed to allow that

> "through the trumpet of a child of Rome
> Rang the pure music of the flutes of Greece."

It may be added, as a crown of grace, that here, for once, despite irrelevance and digression, Landor constructs well.

In the "Pentameron" it is likewise a fact that tedious passages occur—from which escape is as simple as in the other case. I think there are not so many. At any rate, I can read it straight through with less frequent desire to skip than I can "Pericles and Aspasia." The most obvious handle for pedants is the perverse estimate of Dante. The delight I take in the "Pentameron" comes from the great charm of the relation between the two friends, from the exquisite picture set in an exquisite frame, from the episodical characters introduced now and then with a skill unusual in Landor, from occasional passages unsurpassed even by Landor, from the quality of the English throughout. Whether the spirit is Florentine, I do not know. The lan-

guage, I think, is a web, closely woven, strong, flexible, brilliant, visible in every detail of texture, in every detail disclosing new beauties the more carefully it is examined.

Such, very briefly, are the works which led Emerson to welcome Landor as "one of the foremost of that small class who make good in the nineteenth century the claims of pure literature," and therefore "a friend and consoler of mankind." That verdict, very different from the one commonly rendered, is not invalidated by the gratuitous comment that Emerson and other Americans felt a certain complacency in "rescuing an English genius from the neglect of his own countrymen;" nor does acceptance of it allow regret that "rare qualities have been cruelly wasted," nor admit of the view that regards Landor as a "warning to the artistic school." Criticism which, impaling an author on a rigid theory, requires him to be something else than he is, rather recalls inquisitorial than adopts rational methods. Of that sort Landor has had more than his share, and less of the sort which is content to take him for what he is—one more instance of instinct refusing to follow the fashion. He somewhere speaks of "pictorial grace quite independent of the gracefulness of the forms represented." His own literary quality is to a great extent independent of the quality of his subjects, but none the less real for that. Like other original writers, he has to create the taste by which he is to be enjoyed. Judicial criticism has often affirmed his obvious faults, mentioning his merits parenthetically. It is the subtle merits that need affirmation, for it is by them that he differs from other writers. By them he may, in the long run, come to be known. For, whereas Dickens, George Eliot, and Browning show signs of losing, from lack of a sense of form, the pre-eminence which their strength seemed to command, Landor is perhaps gaining recognition as the possessor of a faculty which in them was subordinate. Not that he is gaining many readers, nor that his writings can all be read by anybody. His best is unmatched in its kind, however; not to know it is to be a loser. Its chance in the struggle for existence rests on the likelihood of there being in future generations a few men with Emerson's unjaded taste for "pure literature."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

I HAVE, in my time, listened to many glowing speeches upon the inestimable blessings conferred on mankind by the increased ease, certainty, and rapidity of communication between the different parts of our vast country, and between our country and others widely separated in distance from us. This is a favorite topic for clergymen when invited to address the Chamber of Commerce of this city, at its time-honored (and, perhaps, most important) function, the annual dinner. I have heard Commerce toasted as the "handmaid of religion," and the modern freight and passenger steamers referred to, with slightly *passé* eloquence, as "the white-winged messengers of peace." I even recall a quotation from the Scriptures—I am bound to say it was from the Apocrypha—which came near enough to describing the locomotive engine, to suggest to the orator that the modern railway was a definite part of the prophet's vision of a perfected world. But I venture to suggest to the thoughtful moralist, that there is one consequence of the facility of communication that is not wholly satisfactory to him who puts honest dealing above anything else in commerce. It has, I am convinced, distinctly lessened the responsibility of manufacturers and tradesmen, and our poor human nature is such that when the bond of responsibility is loosened there is a tendency to dishonest gains. Naturally, easier and wider communication has made more numerous and greater markets, and in these markets competition tends toward cheapness rather than toward excellence. That most interesting of economists, Mr. Edward Atkinson, has said that a difference of a small fraction, I believe one-eighth of a cent per yard in the cost of cotton goods, is sometimes enough to decide whether an extensive market shall be controlled by one or by another nation. Now in the strenuous contest for that eighth of a cent per yard, and the possible millions of dollars that may accrue to the victor, it may happen—in fact it has happened—that clay and not cotton has found its way into the fabric to be sold, a device of which the old hand-loom was innocent, possibly because it was also incapable.

It is not necessary, however, to have Mr. Atkinson's amazing scope of vision to find evidence of the working of this tendency. Any householder, whose happiness it is to pay for the supplies of a family, must be aware of the extreme difficulty of getting with any certainty a steadily good article of almost any sort. It is easier in the case of luxuries, for the reason that for these the demand is more limited, the number of purchasers smaller, the number of producers correspondingly small, and the chance of tracking bad work or untruthful statements greater. But for the things which everyone must have, and which most must have as cheap as may be, buying is a lottery, with a miserable prevalence of blanks. You can get virtuous butter for a dollar a pound, but the search for eatable butter at forty cents a pound is a weary and depressing pursuit. It is the same with the innumerable articles of clothing and

materials of clothing. From the hat that grows gray in a month's service, to the shoe-soles that will not stand a day's rough tramping, the things that are turned out in large quantities for "the million" are not trustworthy.

I think the chief reason is that in our complex and widely ramified system of exchanges the producer and the consumer rarely come into direct relation with each other; the former rarely knows, and still more rarely cares, for the opinion the latter may have of him, of his methods, his character, and his goods. The seller deals to-day with one set of buyers, to-morrow with another, and so on, and the buyers change their places of purchase with the greatest frequency. The relation indicated by the old-fashioned words "custom" and "customer" is dying out, and with it the possibility of accountability, and the hope of profitable honesty. The type of modern retail dealing is that most abominable device the "bargain counter," where cheapness, real or imagined, is the main thing considered.

Now it must be remembered that retail sales are not only the final process of commerce, but the one that is kept in view from the beginning, and is the controlling object of the whole series. It is because the retail sales, the one stage at which the consumer appears in person and exercises whatever influence he may, take place over such a wide territory and so remote from the producer, that it is so difficult to hold the latter to a definitely honest standard. If commerce were ever, then, the "handmaid of religion," so far as religion still concerns itself with morals, she has become almost a suspicious character, whose service is of doubtful value, and her behavior the source of infinite vexation, if not of scandal.

To one interested in the progress of the Fine Arts in the United States the exhibition of pictures by American artists held in Paris this month is of importance. The collection of about one hundred and fifty pictures has been brought together by M. Durand-Ruel, and is shown in his spacious galleries in the rue Laffitte, so well known to lovers of good pictures. M. Durand-Ruel is that *rara avis* among picture-dealers, a man who in the face of popular indifference championed the cause of the so-called Barbizon school in the days when none were so poor as to do it honor. He has had the pleasure of seeing the works of Millet, Daubigny, Corot, Daumier, Dupré, Diaz, and Bonvin acclaimed by the many, and then, still in the interest of *la peinture militante*, has espoused the cause of the impressionists. Fifteen years ago, in these same galleries of the rue Laffitte, side by side with pictures like Millet's "Sower" and Corot's "Orpheus," were displayed Manet's "Boy with a Sword," now in the Metropolitan Museum, and works by the then virtually unknown impressionists Monet, Pissaro, Sisley, and Caillebotte. It was through M. Durand-Ruel that the first of the impressionist pictures were seen in New York a few years ago, and now, in pursuance of his desire to be the first to introduce a new phase of art, this exhibition is taken to Paris. This taking of coals to Newcastle is for many of the exhibitors a return, if not to the land of their birth, at least to that of their childhood in an artistic sense. The men most prominent in American art to-day are, in the majority, of Parisian training, so much so that the most familiar reproach directed against their work is that it lacks national character. That this criticism, if applied to a period of transition, has a basis of truth is undeniable, for nothing is more natural than that the first steps in any career should be directed by the influences which have presided over preparatory studies. But if we take ten years to be the shortest period in which a young painter on his return from Europe can gain a foothold here, it will be found at the end of that time that, subjected to the various influences of the intellectual and material life of his native country, he has taken on more of our national characteristics than he is given credit for. Modern art is essentially cosmopolitan, and as nations obey the iron rule of the general average, so in art the national characteristics become fused and blended until they are questions of detail more than of fundamental construction. Paris *fin de siècle* has a keen eye for detail, however, and we may depend upon it that, measured by its standards, our painters may be found wanting in many things rather than in the personality which results from race and temperament modified by conditions of environment.

We can therefore count with some certainty on a respectful and appreciative judgment, which is all that the warmest partizan of home art desires or can demand. Our school of painting is too young to be deserving of more than encouragement. That it should get this at home is its right; that such attention and encouragement has been in a measure withheld is unfortunately true, and the little collection sent to Paris could bear witness that it was produced under circumstances and against obstacles which have been common enough in the history of art, but which are unparalleled in a country of such material prosperity as our own, which pours a flood of wealth with little discrimination on the accredited brands of pictures vouched for by interested dealers very much as it buys its champagnes and cigars. The seal of foreign approval therefore means much for our native art, and the generous proportion of medals won by our painters at the Exposition Universelle of 1889 augurs well for the kindly reception of their work in Paris. If such should be the case, it may have the result of reassuring many a doubting mind, and may suggest that a little Americanism diverted from the realm of politics to that of art would not be misplaced.

THE Director of the Mint, authorized by act of Congress, has recently issued a circular letter to artists inviting them to submit "new designs of authorized emblems or devices to be prepared or adopted for the coins of the United States." This on its face is highly to be commended, for our coinage at present is calculated to make the judicious weep, and the lukewarm patriot sympathize with the strictures of the foreigner on our degree of civilization. The criticisms on our coinage could indeed be applied with equal force to all our moneys, for the Treasury notes, with their wealth of turning-lathe tracery and their sign-painter's lettering, are no better than our coins. The one excuse for their existence has been the difficulty which they were supposed to oppose to counterfeiting; but this, it appears from late developments, is largely imaginary, and their ornate ugliness is therefore without extenuating circumstances. The notes, however, lie lightly on the artistic conscience of our legislators, and are, apparently, to be left undisturbed, while designs are invited for the obverse and reverse of the silver dollar, and for the obverse of the half-dollar, quarter-dollar, and dime. For this we may be thankful; but when we come to the method of inviting designs there is less cause for congratulation, though it must be said that the fault appears to lie with Congress rather than with the Director of the Mint. The invitation to the competitive submission of designs requires, in brief, that they should be completely finished models in low-relief, bearing, in the case of the obverse design for the dollar, an impression emblematic of liberty, with an inscription of the word "Liberty" and the year of the coinage, and on the reverse the figure of an eagle, with the words "United States of America" and a designation of the value of the coin. For the coins of smaller denomination, the reverse only of which is to be changed, the figure of an eagle, with the inscriptions "United States of America," "E Pluribus Unum," and the value of the coin are to be placed. The motto, "In God we trust," is also to figure on all coins except the dime. Here are limitations enough to fetter the originality of the designer and to bring his work into fatal similarity to that which for years has afflicted our long-suffering public. For each accepted design the Director of the Mint is authorized to pay a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars. No information is vouchsafed as to the person or persons who are to decide on the comparative merits of the designs, and the circular has, we believe, been widely distributed. Unlimited competitions are viewed with little favor by artists of established reputation, and when, as in this case, they are left in ignorance as to their judges, the disinclination amounts, as a rule, to abstention. Despite the necessity of repeating the existing emblems and inscriptions a designer of talent might so compose his work as to make a beautiful coin; but the necessity of submitting, from the first, a finished model would bear hard on one who might wish to submit several alternative designs with a view of completing that which was found best. The compensation, as compared to what a rich country like ours should offer for so important a work, or, indeed,

for the market value of such a design when made for a private purpose, is inadequate at the best, and when equal labor must be bestowed by all competitors in making these finished designs, the plea that patriotic feeling should be considered in part compensation is, to say the least, undignified. There are, perhaps, three or four artists among our sculptors and painters to anyone of whom a commission to make these changes might be safely intrusted, with a certainty of improvement on the present designs, and there may be a dozen who would, with self-respect and due consideration for kindred talents, enter into a competition limited to themselves and work with patriotic zeal for the amelioration of our coinage. Whether these men would, or rather, whether our government should ask them to attempt so serious a task without definite compensation for each competitor, is another question. It would require a special act of Congress to enable the Director of the Mint to put the matter on this, the only dignified, basis. The judgment of the designs should then be made by specially competent men, the presidents of accredited art institutions in the United States, for instance, in conjunction with the Director of the Mint. As it is, with the judgment left as an unknown quantity, the irksome amount of completed labor perhaps vainly expended, the insufficient compensation offered, in case of success, to men who have possibly gained reputation but not fortune, the outlook is not a bright one. On the other hand, the universal suffrage principle applied to a matter of special and distinctive design, for which few in the nature of things can be fitted, awakens fear lest we may change the familiar profile of the young lady of Philadelphia, who now adorns our silver dollar, for a twin sister of the sleeping Iolanthe who (in butter) delighted vast numbers at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876.

DRAWN BY ALBERT LYNCH. ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

"SHE IS TALL AND FAIR."

—*The Anatomist of the Heart*, page 168.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. X. AUGUST, 1891. No. 2.

PICCADILLY.

By Andrew Lang.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. DOUGLAS ALMOND.

"Small boys, screaming out 'Winner!'"

IT may be unjust to say that among the uncounted streets of London not one is beautiful. But it is plain, on a moment's reflection, that a beautiful street is less the likely to exist in monotonous expanses of London than in most other cities. There are few towns but have somewhere an outlook on nature, on the world beyond the walls. But London is so vast, and lies so low, that she has hardly a single glance at nature. From the National Gallery, gazing over Trafalgar Square toward the towers of Westminster, and catching beyond a vague glimpse of the Surrey hills, you are faintly reminded that the whole earth is not yet covered over by brick houses. On Cheyne Walk, too, the river, with its mists, its little gravelly beach, its boats, flows from the distant heights, through the meadows, under the poplars, far away, and murmurs an echo of the remote country. From the top of the Pavilion at Lord's, too, whence the eye beholds merely a soft vaporous distance, broken here and there by a spire or a clump of trees, it is not impossible to fancy that London has a kind of charm. But she has no great street whence, as from Princes Street in Edinburgh, there are conspicuous the rocks of an acropolis, the high-piled ridge of the old town, and the remoter beauty of the Lothian hills. The fresh air of Venice blowing in from the sea is as alien to London as are the noiseless wet ways of Venice. Nature, in short, except as far as trees are concerned, is out of view and out of the question. Then, as to architectural beauty, London is as inferior to Venice or Florence in grace and stateliness of structures and monuments, palaces and towers, and flower markets, as in her eternal absence of natural loveliness. Here is no Arno, no quaint, venerable bridges, no statues like the Perseus of Cellini, or the David of Michael Angelo. Here is no St. Mark's, no Bargello, for London, in spite of the antiquity of the city, is a very new town in most of her western quarters, and was built hastily and inconsiderately, by people among whom architecture was at the lowest

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A Chat in Piccadilly.

ebb. Thus, to take even an example in England, London has not a public way to compare with the High Street at Oxford. The new age and new buildings have done their worst for "the High," but they have not wholly ruined those curves, like the windings of a stream, that unrivalled mixture of old academic with old domestic architecture, those ancient gables of all heights and shapes, those latticed windows, edged with flowers, those solemn and hospitable college gateways, and those glimpses through them into "deep, wet walks of gray old gardens;" while the whole bend and curve of the street ends in the glorious tower of Magdalen and the bridge over the Cherwell. All this, degraded as it has been by an unsightly tramway and spoiled by the eccentric new buildings on which the colleges have wasted their money, is yet incomparably more beautiful than anything in London. "The High" survives from the leisurely age when men could build.

Now if we take Piccadilly as the representative beautiful street of London, we cannot deny that it has some advantages. Starting from Regent Street in the east, it runs westward, at first narrow enough and commonplace, with a plain church on the left, with Burlington House and its picture gallery, a large, commodious modern edifice, on the right, for the rest lined with ordinary shops displaying waterproofs, boots, books (Mr. Quaritch's shop and vast collection is here), and similar articles of commerce. Where St. James's Street descends abruptly to the left there is a view of St. James's Palace, a lugubrious royal residence, uninhabited by royalty, which "excites the wonder of foreigners on account of its mean appearance." Then comes Arlington Street with the palazzo of Lord Salisbury, and after that break, the best part of Piccadilly begins. All along the left side are the trees and verdure of the Green Park. The right hand foot-path flows, so to speak, beneath houses of which Mr. Loftie says

DRAWN BY W. DOUGLAS ALMOND.

Statue of the Duke of Wellington, Hyde Park.

ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

in his "History of London," that "though built with very little regard to cost, not one of them presents any architectural features worth notice, or, indeed, worthy of the situation."

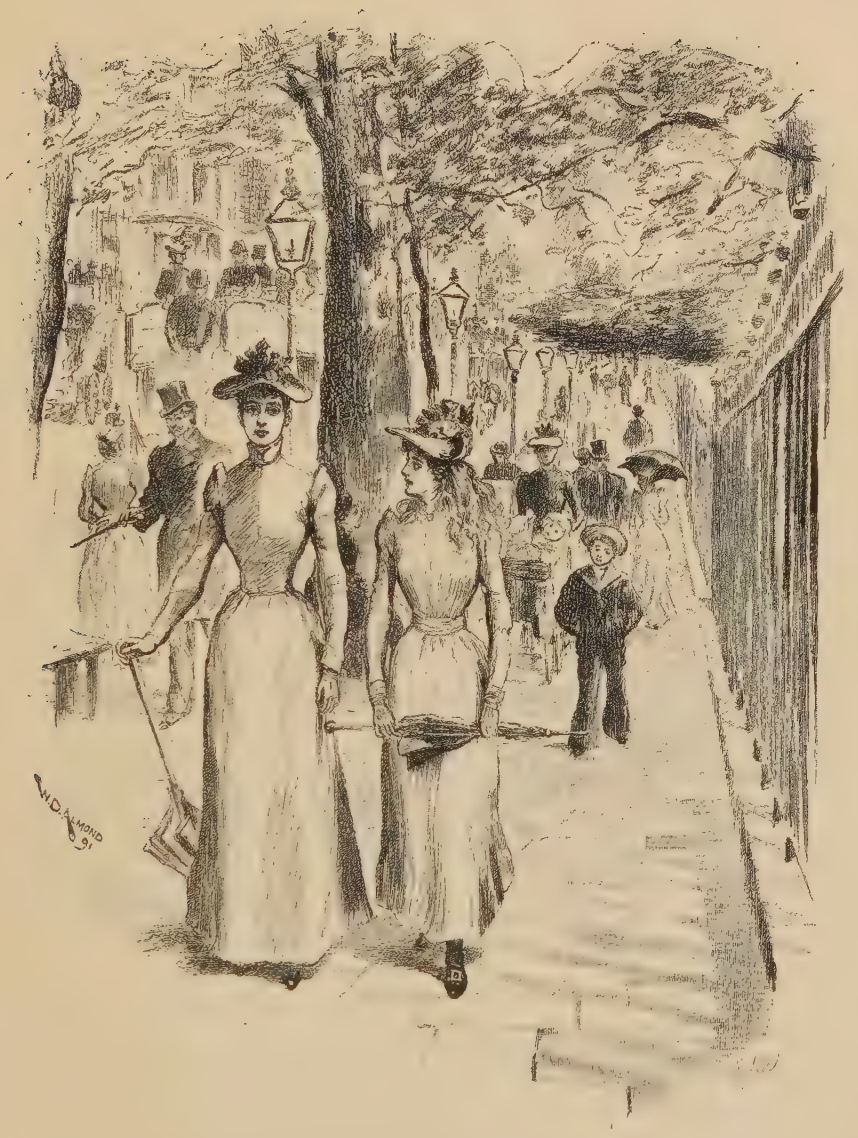
So the wide thoroughfare takes its western way; on one side is grass, chestnut-trees, nurses, children, hawthorns, on the other side are tall houses, not "worthy of the situation." Clubs, palaces of the rich or noble, a shop here and there, line the right hand side, and finally, after the road ascends again, we have the Duke of Wellington's arch and statue on the left, in a space now much widened and improved, and, on the right, is Apsley House, where the old duke lived and died, and Hyde Park Corner, the park gates, the naked statue of Achilles, and an effigy of Lord Byron with his dog Boatswain, which art owes to the contested genius of Mr. Belt, or, as others declared, of Mr. Belt and an "artist's ghost."

"Sandwich men in their prison of wood."

Down and up the hill and dale of Piccadilly carriages glide, carts rattle, hansoms hurry, men and women walk to the park, or westward to Kensington and Brompton, or, in the eastward direction, to the clubs, to Pall Mall, the Strand, the City. It is, on the whole, not a very worried or eager crowd, not like the throng of the Strand or Cheapside. Most of the pedestrians are sufficiently well-to-do; beggars do not much beset Piccadilly; in the early evening the steppers westward are the greater number, going either for a walk in the parks, or homeward, to dinner. About eight the world is streaming out to its engagements, gleaming expanses of white shirts shine out of the cabs, the carriages are full of ladies in their evening array. Dinnerward or theatreward goes all the throng of politicians, dandies, lawyers, idlers, stock-brokers.

The wooden pavements prevent the incessant passage of vehicles from being inordinately noisy, and a native of stony Edinburgh justly remarked that, when he first visited London, he was more struck by the quiet of the streets than by anything else.

In all the hastening or leisurely multitudes one may marvel how many ask themselves if this is a beautiful street, if it deserves to be one of the most famous thoroughfares in the greatest of modern cities. Many, if they were asked, would say that Piccadilly is cheerful, and is satisfactory. This is, indeed, the happiest way of criticising Piccadilly. Thanks to the Green Park on its left side, the street has verdure, at least, and is airy. The ups and downs



A Morning Walk—Piccadilly.

"On one side is grass, chestnut-trees, nurses, children, hawthorns."

of it have a picturesqueness of their own. The wealthy houses, if they are not dignified, if they have not the stately proportions of Florentine palaces, are, at all events, clean and large, and so far imposing. There are two times and seasons when Piccadilly looks its best. One of these is in mid-May, when all the flowering trees are in blossom, when the chestnut hangs out its fragrant tapers in the green shade of its fans, when the hawthorn perfumes even the London air, when the laburnums are "drooping wells of fire," when on all the boughs is the tender green, the first flush of spring. London is very well supplied with trees, and, for a few days early in the season, the town has almost a Chaucerian aspect of prettiness and innocence. That jaded old Piccadilly in her spring dress,

looks as fresh as a young lady in her first season. The women have not grown weary of their unrelenting social activities ; there are radiant faces newly come from the country, there are tall young men of rosy aspect, beautifully attired, with high stiff collars, and gloves irreproachable, and lustrous boots. This is the moment to see Piccadilly—bright, gay, crowded, and yet not sophisticated and worldly to look upon.

The next best aspect, or perhaps the best aspect, of Piccadilly is in the evening in mid-October, when the lingering light flushes the houses, the sunset struggling through the opals of the London smoke, red and azures blending in the distance, while all down through "the gradual dusky veil" of evening the serpentine lines of lamps begin to burn. London, when there is not a fog, has sunsets of peculiar beauty, thanks perhaps to the smoky air ; whatever the reason, they are very soft, rich, and strange. Many a time, walking eastward through the early dusk in Piccadilly, I have turned back, and stood watching these beautiful effects, which Mr. Marshall, by the bye, often renders admirably in water colors. Unless civilization quite shuts out the sky she cannot absolutely improve beauty off the face of the town. And in Piccadilly there are "lots of sky," as the little street boy said when, for the first time, he was taken into the country. Above the crowd, the smoke, the struggle, beyond the yells of them who vend the disastrous evening papers, far remote from the cries of murder and sedition, the serene sky looks down on you, and the sunset brings its harmonies even into Piccadilly. The artist cannot represent these things in his black and white ; these beauties must be seen, and into many a spirit that is tired of towns they bring their own tranquillity, and speak silently of how the solemn and charmed hour is passing in her royal robes over mountains and pale sea-straits, over long river pools, over reedy lochs where our hearts are, and where we fain would be, though we "pad the weary hoof" in Piccadilly. London is a hard place for those who in their cradles "were breathed on by the rural Pan," but even in London Nature has her moments, and does not absolutely and always veil her face. Such are the pleasanter aspects of Piccadilly, a street more or less of pleasure, though in this respect far unlike the Boulevard, in Paris. There is no street life, so to speak, in the wealthier thoroughfares of London. There is nothing at all resembling the gayety of the Boulevard, with the *cafés*, the crowds of people contemplating existence over a glass of beer or a cup of coffee from the comfortable haven of *café* awnings and *café* chairs. Here are none of the bright *kiosques*, none of the posts covered with many-colored and alluring bills of the play. The shops are few, only that of Mr. Giuliano, who makes the pretty copies of ancient jewelry and Renaissance enamels, is very attractive to stare into, whereas on the Boulevard the shop windows are a perpetual delight. Nor are there theatres here, with their bustle. The theatres are far off in the Strand, and have no external attractions. The only open-air street life is that of the cabmen on the stand opposite, or of the depressing rows of "sandwich men," dismal little processions with their advertisements of soaps, plays, and pictures. To be sure we boast what Paris knows not, the Piccadilly goat, who lives in, or often at, the door of a large corner house. Why this goat is kept here out of doors is a mystery, probably *not* connected with the worship of Dionysus. There is another goat, a much seedier, dingier goat, who browses such grasses as grow outside the *Nonconformist* office, in the purlieus of old Alsatia, where Nigel Oliphant met with his adventures. No account of Piccadilly is complete which leaves the goat out of the picture, an unexpected rural figure in the foreground.

Piccadilly is not a place where the foreigner, or the stranger from the country need expect to see famous contemporaries much, or to meet statesmen lounging in little groups, chatting about the perplexed fortunes of the nation. Piccadilly is not at all like a Christmas number of a society journal, thickly studded with caricatures of celebrities and notorieties. They are much more likely to be encountered near the Houses of Parliament, or in Pall Mall you may view generals coming from the War Of-

Leaving St. James's Hall—Afternoon.

fice; bishops and scientific characters trudging to the sanctuary of the Athenæum; young men of fashion near the Marlborough Club; princesses driving

A Gateway of the Royal Academy, Burlington House.

out of Marlborough House. In the Strand there go great lawyers, and theatrical people, and journalists of all grades pacing to or from Fleet Street. But, as for company, Piccadilly is here a street like any other; there be diplomatists, to be sure, on the steps of the St. James's Club. At least the spectator may fancy he beholds diplomatists, and no doubt a novelist or a poet or two may be watched looking out of the bay window of the Savile, and all sorts and conditions of men do eternally walk up or down Piccadilly. But it cannot be called a specially lion-haunted shore. I have never observed, "for why should I deceive you?" Mr. Irving coming along, arm in arm with Mr. Toole, nor Mr. Parnell lounging with Mr. Timothy Healy, nor Mr. Payn (I can swear to this) taking exercise with Mr. William Black, in Piccadilly, nor Mr. Rudyard Kipling meditating the military Muse in these purlieus. But this may be due to "a malady of not marking" the men and women who go by, to a habit of inattention. It is a case of "eyes and no eyes," as in the childish apologue, and, if the artist has eyes, and has been lucky enough to observe princes, peers, poets, painters, politicians, warriors, in Piccadilly, why should he not draw their effigies as he beheld them? It is certain that, somehow, Pall Mall and St. James's Street are better places wherein to lie in wait for the passing celebrity, and see the traits of the men who make, or obstruct, or record history. From Marlborough House to the Athenæum Club is capital hunting ground; there

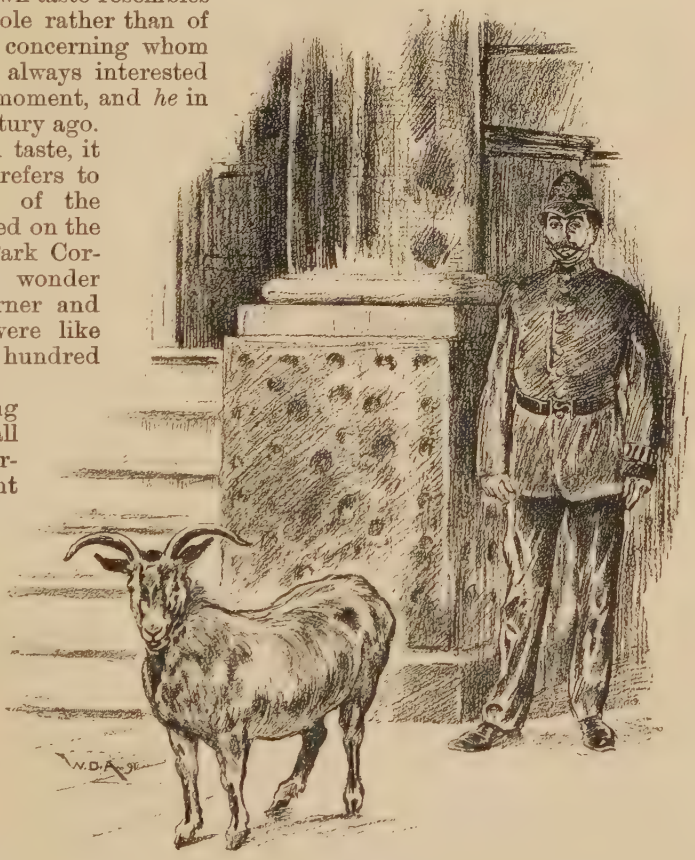
lions are almost as common as quite ordinary persons. Let me confess that I have not a good eye for a lion, and often do not know the monarch of the forest when I see him. Besides, nobody can see him in a fog, and the extreme west of Piccadilly is particularly foggy, probably because one of the many "bournes" or brooks over which London is built, flows under it, and its dankness exhales in clouds of yellow vapor.

This reflection, that a river may flow through the middle of Piccadilly, as through Cheapside in Wordsworth's poem of "Poor Susan," may serve to remind us that Piccadilly was not always a street, that it has first a rural, and then a suburban history of its own.

I confess that my own taste resembles that of Horace Walpole rather than of Madame du Deffand, concerning whom he says that *she* was always interested in the affairs of the moment, and *he* in the business of a century ago. This is not a modern taste, it is true; the world prefers to read the "posters" of the evening papers exposed on the pavement at Hyde Park Corner rather than to wonder what Hyde Park Corner and the turnstile there were like one, or two, or three hundred years since.

We have been among "actualities," and shall return to them, and persons who are impatient of street history may skip a page that deals with the past. Piccadilly has its history, which, as usual, explains its present condition, and shows how it became what it is. The street is haunted too, by fair women and brave men long dead, of whom some readers may like to be put in mind as they wander among the living.

In the old times, say in Queen Elizabeth's reign, Hyde Park, near which Piccadilly ends, was a forest, with "herbage, pannage, and browze wood for deer." The woods were still thick, and frequented by robbers, many years later. All that was fine and fashionable in the park was "The Ring," where people rode and drove, and where foot races were run, while duels, as late as Fielding's time, were fought hard by. Here Mohun slew the Duke of Hamilton, here Captain Booth, in *Amelia*, fought the colonel. We must get rid, in our minds, of the iron railings and the pavement outside, and of Apsley House. We must fancy a country road, with hedge and ditch, running beside the forest, and leading to the still distant town. At the west end of Piccadilly, or near it, the citizens of London



"The Piccadilly Goat."

threw up their earthworks; women digging and carrying earth, ladies the ruffs for the neck, called Peccadillas, were vended, and it is supposed that

"The Horse Guards trampling by."

and all, when the royal army threatened the city, in 1662. There was then no street of Piccadilly, there was merely "the Reading road," the road, or one of the roads, that led into London from the west. But the name Piccadilly, an extraordinary name enough, about which antiquarians have argued much, already existed. The older opinions, contested by Mr. Jesse in his "Literary and Historical Memorials of London," was that "Piccadilly" is derived from a house called "Peccadilla Hall." Here the name of the street came from the name of this warehouse. But it seems extremely improbable that a fashionable shop would be out in the country some way from town, as the Reading road then was. Moreover, Mr. Jesse holds that the ruffs did not come into fashion till 1616 or so, whereas we find the word Piccadilly applied to the *place* in Gerard's curious old "Herbal" of 1596. Nothing can show better how London has grown than what Gerard has to say about "Piccadilla." On the banks of

the dry ditches there, he remarks, grows "the small wild buglosse," or ox-tongue. The botanist would find little to collect in small dry ditches near Piccadilly now, and the banks of that rural stream, the Tybourne, are deep below the houses. Nearly sixty years passed before there was a street of Piccadilly, and not till Charles Second's reign did the houses begin to creep westward toward Hyde Park Corner. These houses were originally palaces of the nobles, with vast gardens and pleasances. For example, where Devonshire House now stands, a large unlovely palace enough, was Berkeley House, where Pepys dined on September 23, 1672. "The gardens are incomparable," says Pepys, "by reason of the inequality of the ground, and a pretty *piscina*. The holly hedges on the terrace I advised the planting of."

We must suppose Piccadilly, then, to have been like that part of Campden Hill where Argyll Lodge, the Duke of Rutland's house, and Holly Lodge, Macaulay's home, and others, stand among their trees and flowers, only much more magnificent and spacious. Lord Berkeley's pleasances extended over Berkeley Square, but in 1684 part of the ground was already being built upon, to the sorrow of John Evelyn. Berkeley House was burned early in the eighteenth century, and the unromantic Devonshire House was erected on its site. Next Berkeley House was the still more splendid Clarendon House, built by the historian of the rebellion. This came into the possession of the second Duke of Albemarle, who sold it; and Dover Street, Albemarle Street, Old Bond Street, and Grafton Street were built on its site and on its pleasances, while the sylvan Evelyn wailed like a dispossessed Dryad. The gardens of the Earl of Sunderland were covered by the chambers called the Albany, leading into Piccadilly, and all these things are examples of the way in which Piccadilly grew. The melancholy process is being illustrated on every side round London every day. The old spacious houses and pleasant gardens are pulled down, the old elms fall, and rows of ugly streets are run up where the trees budded and the thrushes sang. Probably this will be the fate of Holland House also; "the great wen" swiftly and steadily eats its way into the heart

"At night, in the season, it is a sight to see the long line of carriages, orderly arrayed, waiting."

of the country. Very little taste is shown by the builders; the eighteenth century's taste was in favor of good solid brick boxes of no outward beauty, and these be they which now stand fronting Piccadilly.

As late as 1745 the west end of the street must still have bordered on the fields. When Fielding's Squire Western rode up to town, in search of Sophia, he alighted at an inn (next what is now Apsley House), which was called "The Pillars of Hercules." The name must mean that beyond the Pillars was the region of the unexplored, that this was the town's end. It would be the first inn in London that the worthy squire reached. Near it, but in later times, resided the famous, or infamous "Old Q.," the Duke of Queensberry, in his profligate latest years. This nobleman, born in 1721, lived till 1810. All his life he did exactly as he pleased, and he was pleased to be entirely regardless of opinion and of decency in his unfaltering pursuit of pleasure. He never "unharnessed," as the French say; he never ceased to patronize the ladies of the opera; but he was good-humored, open-handed, and well-bred. Robert Burns once passed an evening in his company, and though Burns severely censured—in the nobility—the pursuits which moralists deplore in his own history, he was quite won over by the wicked Old Q. He sent Old Q. his famous poem of "The Whistle," and says to a correspondent, "Though I am afraid His Grace's character as a Man of Worth is very equivocal, yet he is certainly a nobleman of the first taste, and a gentleman of the finest manners." Deaf of one ear, blind of one eye, this wicked nobleman used to sit in his balcony, watching the world go past, and looking down on Piccadilly. He preferred that flood of human beings to the view of the Thames at Richmond. "What is there," he asked, "to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite tired of it; there it goes, flow, flow, flow, always the same." But of the torrent that went "flow, flow, flow," past his house he never wearied, and it is said that he always had a man and horse ready to pursue any naiad who charmed him from the stream of Piccadilly. A good deal of his money went, at his death, to that other philosopher who lived in Gaunt House, Great Gaunt Street, and is now best known to men as the Marquis of Steyne, and the patron of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley.

It is part of the moralities of Piccadilly to remember that Old Q., sitting on his balcony under his parasol, watching the women with his one wicked old eye, had been the gay young Lord March, who "never knew Mrs. Bernstein but as an old woman; and if she ever had beauty, hang me if I know how she spent it." This was the Lord March and Ruglen whom a young gentleman out of Virginia beat at a long leap: "For the honor of old Virginia, I had the *gratafication*," says Mr. Henry Warrington, "of beating his Lordship by more than two feet, viz., two feet nine inches," and of assuring him that "Colonel Washington of Mount Vernon could beat me by a *good foot*." Is it not curious how Harry Warrington's artless prattle lingers in our memories, and we see young Lord March more clearly, perhaps, in "The Virginians" than even in Horace Walpole, or in his own letters to George Selwyn, with his confidences about velvet suits, and bets, and La Rena, and the Zamperini. "I dread every event that is connected with women," says the real Lord March, "they are all so extremely wrong-headed." This was the remark of a noble with great experience. It is worth noting that, despite his repute as a gambler, Lord March did not bet sums which would now be considered enormous. After some losses at Newmarket, he was much more than "brought home" by winning about £4,000. The modern "plunger" would despise such a total. The wanderer in Piccadilly, who likes to muse on the changes of human fortune, the turns of that wheel which the Buddha contemplates, may please himself by reflecting that, along this way passed the carriages of the Princesse de Lamballe and of Madame du Barry. The former dined with the Duke of Queensberry here, before the Revolution which brought her cruel and shameful death. But it was during the Revolution that Madame du Barry, in company with the Prince of Wales, sat at the ducal table. She, too, returned to

France and to her death. In this house, also, Horace Walpole heard a story of Democracy, how at Lyons a young man was roasted alive, and his mother was made to look on, and was beaten to death.

He who was Will March, and became Old Q., sleeps now under the altar in St. James's Church, and a great many people remember him best by Mr. Locker's verses,

"The wise and the silly,
Old P. or Old Q., we must leave Piccadilly."

The modern houses in Piccadilly are not very much haunted by ghosts of the fashionable, or literary, or historical past. From Number 20 Sir Francis Burdett was taken to prison, though he had barricaded his house, provoked a riot, and defied the Speaker of the House of Commons, just eighty years ago. Number 94 was Lord Palmerston's dwelling, from 1850 till his death in 1865; here he gave political parties, and this was the last fortress of contented Whiggism. In Number 139 Byron part-

"The country visitors are gaping at the shops.

DRAWN BY W. DOUGLAS ALMOND.

The Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly—Afternoon.

ENGRAVED BY G. DEL'ORME.

ed from Lady Byron, "in the utmost kindness," says Moore. She was going to visit her father, who wrote to the poet that she would return no more. What mysteries passed in Number 139, part of old Q.'s old house, we shall never really know; the cause of the separation is said to have been so simple that nobody could ever find it out. Some poets are "gey ill to live wi'," as Mrs. Carlyle said about her son. Some ladies never, never can understand that a man of letters should sometimes be left alone in his den. Byron himself says, that, however much in love he might be at any moment, he always felt, even when with the fair, a hankering to be back in his untidy library. There is a story of Lady Byron's entering the den, and asking, "Do I disturb you, Byron?" "Yes, damnably," answered Childe Harold, in, shall we say, an intelligible if not a pardonable irritation. Lawyers, doctors, business men are not interrupted by their dear wives when they are at work. The sex understands that *their* duties are serious. They don't always take this view of mere poetry and prose.

I have a private theory, an innocent hypothesis, that Lady Byron was jealous of the Muse; that she left her lord because he said she disturbed him damnably. Dr. Lushington knew what Lady Byron said at the time; Mrs. Beecher Stowe told the world what Lady Byron said in later life, but 139 Piccadilly keeps its secret. The skeleton in the closet has "flitted," like the North Country Brownie. Old Q. would have explained the whole mystery by saying that "all women are so extremely wrong-headed." *That* philosopher never married, or there might have been another Hegira from 139 Piccadilly. The house is now brave with a new front, and is occupied by Mr. Algernon Borthwick, the proprietor of the *Morning Post*. The house in Piccadilly had this advantage for Byron that it was close to his publisher's shop, Mr. Murray's, in Albemarle Street, where that museum of literary antiques still stands, an interesting place of pilgrimage.

Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner, is, of course, historical. The site was originally bought by Lord Bathurst from an old soldier, whom, in reward for his valor at Dettingen, George II. had allowed to squat there with his apple-stall. This proves the slight value of the site under the second George. Here the great duke lived; here the strange young lady left Bibles at the door instead of cards, here the windows were broken by the populace in the Reform Bill riots, and the duke had iron shutters put up. Later, when he was in favor again, and when a crowd followed him with cheers, the duke only pointed to his iron shutters.

Many windows have been broken in Piccadilly since then. There was a famous riot in February, a very few years ago. The mob had mustered in Trafalgar Square. I met them in Pall Mall, where they were hooting outside the windows of the Carlton Club, and some leader was waving a red flag from the steps. They were not, at that moment, a large mob; but no police were visible. By some blunder they were stationed in the Mall, behind Pall Mall, not in Pall Mall. I went into my own club, which was eastward of the mob, and heard presently that they had run through the streets, up St. James's, along Piccadilly, through South Audley Street, breaking windows, bursting into shops, throwing gold watches and legs of mutton through the windows of carriages. It was a great field day for Liberty and the Rights of Man. Next morning the shops had all their shutters up; the club windows were riddled; the crowd was in the streets, amused, pleased, but perhaps too startled by its sudden success to begin again at once. It was curious to note how the rioters had always thrown to their left; on the right hand of St. James's Street the houses had suffered very little, if at all. In Piccadilly the St. James's Club had somehow been spared. The Savile, next door, was in smithereens. Piccadilly has seen plenty of commotion since, and will see plenty more, in the nature of things. It is the highway, or one of the highways, of limitless processions, marching to that Mons Sacer of the park, where we have demonstrations every week. The most famous was that of 1866, when the park gates were closed (legally or illegally) and the crowd, having, half by accident, broken down the

iron railings, took possession of the place. We have not yet succeeded in outdoing the Gordon riots of the last century, but give us time! The multitude was then unorganized, and did not know what it wanted, or wherefore it had come together. In those respects it is greatly advanced, and has all the modern improvements. We know not precisely to what goal it steps, the endless procession of marshalled men with banners that weekly invades Piccadilly. But, if the aspiration of the journal of this party, for a time when there "shall be no more Pall Mall," is realized, one may presume that there will also be no Piccadilly. Its mansions may become communistic barracks of the people. Or it may lie in fire-blackened ruins, as part of Paris did twenty years ago. And the trees and grass may grow over the tumbled masonry, and buglosse, or ox-tongue, may flower again in the dry ditches, as it did when Gerard wrote his "Herbal," "the dry ditches about Piccadilly." To this end all cities must inevitably come, even Dean Burgon's.

> "Rose-red city, half as old as time;"

but let us hope that some centuries will pass before London follows

> "Memphis and Babylon, and either Thebes,
> And Priam's towery town with its one beech."

What a fascination these lines have, and how many of the people who walk down Piccadilly to-day (members of the Savile Club excluded) can tell the name of their author?

Piccadilly is often the path of empire, as well as of revolution. No street was more crowded and blithe, I believe, in the wonderful summer weather of the Jubilee, when feelings of loyal emotion led this chronicler to a part of Galloway which is not thickly populated. There a man and his wife lately came into the village from the country, to settle a strange domestic dispute. The man had done some work on the day before; the wife reproved him for laboring on the Sabbath. He denied that it *was* the Sabbath, and the couple had to walk to the village to ascertain the truth about the day of the week. In that untrodden wilderness there was not much jubilee, and I cannot say, as an eye-witness, what sort of spectacle Piccadilly presented. It was interesting, however, when, after the campaign of Tel el Kebir, our strangely various little force, Indian contingent and all, marched through the cheering street, under windows crowded with ladies. The spectacle was curious and stirring, but Tel el Kebir brought in little luck, and soon we had the town in mourning for Khartoum, and saw the pick of our forces depart for futile fighting by the Red Sea. Thus the fortunes of empire roll up or down Piccadilly, now it is an army that passes fresh from battle and victory, now a crowd of angry men, eager for a happier and easier life, now a tattered regiment of malcontents with stones in their hands and curses on their lips. Then there comes the usual press of life, the fair ladies driving behind splendid horses, sandwich men in their prison of wood, as if undergoing a Chinese punishment, the Horse Guards trampling by in helmet and corselet, the most magnificent example of Englishmen gorgeously arrayed in pomp of war; girls selling matches, small boys screaming out "Winner," with sheets of damp sporting intelligence in their hands; they run and roar with special speed and energy on the Derby Day. The dandies are walking delicately; the omnibuses rumbling, the country visitors are gaping at the shops, or at the changes where the Duke's arch used to stand, with the grotesque statue "to show him what people thought he was like." Piccadilly is an epitome of London, in all but its trade, a street never quiet, even when there comes a fog so deep that boys run about with lighted links yelling for patronage. At night, in the season, it is a sight to see the long line of carriages orderly arrayed, waiting for their masters and mistresses, who are attending some great functions in some great house.

The street seems untraversable, wild with horses, shouts, frantic whistles for cabs, lights, and all the mingled bustle of setting down and taking up. But it is traversed somehow; the London coachmen and cabmen must possess extraordinary nerve and presence of mind.

Occasionally there is a carriage accident, there comes a runaway horse, or a fight arises between two carters of the old school, who do not disdain a bout of fisticuffs. Then a dense circle of spectators gathers in a moment; you may almost make a crowd in London streets by stooping to tie your boot-lace. The public is greedy of spectacle and emotion; a prodigious number of persons are ready to stare complacently at even the most ordinary occurrence. A difference of opinion as to distance and fare between a cabman and his client is at once surrounded by a "gallery." Mr. Anstey, in his "Voces Populi," is the admirably observant recorder of what the populace says on such occasions, and very humorous and pointed are its remarks, very instructive the fashions in which its unsought verdict veers. But all this is true enough of any London street. Piccadilly is like the rest, except for its large, if not stately, buildings, its airiness and fringe of green, its picturesque windings and ups and downs. It is by no means the most interesting of our thoroughfares, because of its comparative novelty, its comparative lack of tradition.

The High Street of Edinburgh has memories to fill a volume; memories courtly, chivalrous, ghostly, sanguinary, magical, religious. All moods and passions have breathed in it since

> "Startled burghers fled afar,
> The slogan of the Border war."

"Each stone you tread has its history," and so have the stones, could they cry out, of the High Street in Oxford, or the lanes of York, or the streets about the Tower. But Piccadilly is yet too fresh and novel, and will scarce yield a few pages while other streets might fill a quarto of memories. It is so changed, too, that we can hardly fancy what it was like when George Selwyn walked along it to White's, or Lord March drove by with the Zamperini. In going from Pall Mall to the park, or westward, it is more pleasant to avoid Piccadilly, and fare diagonally across the pretty Green Park, where the little boys are playing a kind of cricket, and the little girls are busy at "rounders," a rudimentary sort of baseball, and lovers are telling their tale beneath the hawthorns, and the dingy London sheep are browsing. Someone informs me that he was once stepping westward by this route, when he met Mr. Thackeray, whom he knew, also making for Kensington, and shunning the noise and glare of Piccadilly. They walked a little distance together, and then Mr. Thackeray confessed that he was meditating the Muse, and my friend left him. The poem he was trying to beat out was one of his best, the "Lines on a Venice Love Lamp," addressed, I think, to a daughter of Mr. Dickens, "Mrs. Katherine's Lantern" is the name of the piece:

> Lady, do you know the tune?
> Ah, we all of us have hummed it!
> I've an old guitar has thrummed it,
> Under many a changing moon.
> Shall I try it? Do-Re-Mi,
> What is this? *Ma foi*, the fact is
> That my hand is out of practice.
> And my poor old fiddle cracked is,
> And a man—I let the truth out—
> Who has almost every tooth out,
> Cannot sing as once he sung
> When he was young, as you are young,
> When he was young, and lutes were strung,
> And love-lamps in the casement hung.

One likes to think of Thackeray, coming westward, perhaps, from Hanway Court,

> "Coming from a gloomy court,
> Place of Israelite resort,"

carrying to a girl the little lamp, with "the initials K. and E.," and touching again the old cracked lute, and humming his *do, re, mi*, within hearing of the roar of Piccadilly. Who knows what thoughts are in the minds of the people we pass, and if one of them is, perhaps, a poet, his head full of fancies and musical numbers! The old guitar is a good deal thrummed in Piccadilly, sometimes to a golden tune on the flags, where Old Q.'s ghost would find plenty of the ladies he liked to watch. The dancing music behind the wide windows is chiming to the same melody, *do, re, mi*, in the ears of golden youth. But what have we to do with all that, we whose "poor old fiddle cracked is," except to keep out of the way of the carriages, and, hailing a modest omnibus, get westward, skirting the Park, where,

even in London, the limes are fragrant in the soft moonlit air. Enough of racket, enough of the spectacle of men and women, bustling and changing about as vigorously as if they had never heard that "life would be tolerable but for its pleasures." Let them keep charging forward, "going on" they say, from one crowded house to another crowded house, whither the people they have just left follow them, and so to a third, and a fourth, and to bed at last when rosy-fingered dawn is creeping up from the east, dawn that makes even London streets mysteriously fair, and that lavishes her amber and purple splendors on half empty, jaded Piccadilly.

This essay is not precisely a Praise of Piccadilly. The writer is one who, like the good Lord James of Douglas, "would liefer hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep." To a taste not fond of cities no street is very fascinating, not even that Florentine road by the yellow river, within site of the olives and the airy purple hills. Much less, then, can any thoroughfare in the huge, smoky, choking London appeal to one with any charm, or win any affection. But there is one comfort: no Londoner cares for what is said about London. The place bewitches many women, perhaps most women, and many men, with an inexplicable spell. Like Captain Morris they prefer "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall" to any moor or valley, hill or woodland. What it is that allures them, beyond a kind of instinct of gregariousness, an attractive force in proportion to the mass of human beings, one cannot conceive. London is full of people, comfortably established people, who have no business there, and why in the world do they come? It is a mystery, for they are not even in society, using the narrow sense of the word; they only hear of the feasts and dances next day, and of the scandals the day after to-morrow. With the latest rumors of the newest beauties, or the oldest wild dowagers they make no acquaintance at first hand. They prefer Regent Street and the shops, or murky Victoria Street and the "stores" to Piccadilly. Neither they, nor any one else, is offended by the expression of a distaste for the great wen. Even born Londoners have no civic patriotism. You cannot expect a man to be proud of Bloomsbury, or haughtily to announce that he was born in Bayswater. No poet now would write, like Spenser,

> At length they all to merry London came,
> To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
> That to me gave this life's first native source.

Rather would he think of London in De Quincey's mood and speak of Piccadilly as a "stony-hearted stepmother."

"A graceful woman, with black lace about her head and shoulders, reclined in it alone."—Page 158.

THE ANATOMIST OF THE HEART.

By T. R. Sullivan.

Thou, stubborn heart, thyself hast willed it so!
Happy would'st thou be, forever happy
Or forever desolate, stubborn heart,
And desolate thou art now.

HEINE.

An hour after sundown on a summer evening, when the last note of the second *Ave Maria*, called, of the dead, has died away, there is commonly no quieter and more unfrequented quarter in all Venice than the long reach of the Grand Canal between the Rialto Bridge and the Palazzo Foscari. Now and then the lantern of some solitary gondola skims noiselessly over its dark surface like a luminous water-fly. But the business of the day has ceased, and the great barges of traffic are tied up for the night; the lines of palace-front with their clustered arches and splendors of carving that shine out as miracles in the daytime now look frowningly, blending all beauty of detail in uniform blackness. No hospitable light steals through their closed shutters; for the owners are all absent, each under his vine and fig-tree among the mountains of the mainland. The stranger seeking pleasure is drawn for it in other directions —to the music on the Piazza or at the gate of the royal palace. Nothing can be found here but night and the stars and the peculiarly depressing solitude of a deserted thoroughfare.

On rare occasions, however, the Municipality undertakes to change all this for the pleasure of the people. The simple contrivance that effects the transformation is unknown outside of Venice, for the conditions existing there and there only are essential to its success. An illuminated raft with a military band upon it is drawn slowly down through all these solemn precincts and beyond them, by the great portico of the Salute

"So there is a woman—one, only one?"—Page 162.

Church and the fickle Fortuna who turns her face toward every breeze that blows, to the point where the Canal Grande widens out into the lagoon. Around the raft as it moves downward many gondolas gather like a flock of sea-birds in a steamer's wake disputing for places, losing and regaining them, while the music plays, and one after another the ancient houses light up with colored fires. Nature and the arts combine thus to give this *fresco*, as it is fitly named, a never-failing charm that defies description. One who knows the background may easily supply the rest for himself, yet the liveliest imagination, fortified by all augmentatives and superlatives known to the Italian tongue, if bent upon recording the scene would do it scanty justice.

The first *fresco* of the season had been announced for the night of the *Festa Nazionale*, early in June. The rosy tints of sunset faded from a cloudless sky, and as the gray twilight drew on all was bustle and expectation around the huge archway of the Rialto. Overhead, an eager throng lined the parapet, and at the café below red wine flickered in a hundred glasses. All the tables were full, even to the water's edge, the amiable, chattering crowd being made up as usual of both sexes, young and old together. The joys of domestic life are nowhere more apparent than in Venice, where so much of it passes out of doors. When the day's work is done, whole families clasp hands to plunge into the black water of some side canal; the father, with a lantern on his head, smiles up from the incoming tide as you glide by him, and bids you observe how well his boy, who is hardly old enough to walk, has learned to swim; in sea or on shore, his wife and children share his recreation, even though he turns night into day to accomplish it. With a feast going on in the quarter, bedtime may come for the maimed, the halt, and the blind, but not for them.

Just out of all this merry confusion a private gondola, comfortably appointed,

drew up under the wall near the café-landing. Both gondolier and passenger had evidently played at this game before, and knew that there was no better place to await the beginning of the sport. The former, a handsome fellow in livery, with one gold ear-ring, went forward to light his lamp, and his master, settling himself a little more luxuriously upon the cushions, puffed his cigar with the air of a man who has time at his command and can afford to waste it. His keen, thoughtful glance showed a certain interest in all the little details upon which it rested; he had eyes for the golden lances of light shooting deep into the water, as well as for the stout waiter laden with wicker-covered wine-flasks and perplexed by many contrary commands. He even looked so good-humoredly at a small plebeian just above him, that the child laughed, and kissed its chubby hand. The mother would have hushed it, but at sight of the stranger's friendly expression refrained from doing so. Just then, the boat moved on a yard or two, carrying him out of range; he smiled as he passed, and tossed a coin into the child's lap. "An Englishman!" whispered the woman, pointing him out to her husband, who, after a look, whispered back: "*Troppo gentile!* I think he is American."

An American he was, and on many accounts one to be envied. He had health, good looks, varied intellectual resources, an ample fortune; and he was still at an age to reap the benefit of these advantages. He had creative talent, too, in one direction, with sufficient ambition to develop it. Fortunately, perhaps, his wealth, chiefly inherited, came somewhat late, when his habits of application were confirmed; otherwise, he might have remained a mere dilettante in his chosen pursuit, which was that of a novelist. Now, his art had become second nature to him, and from the first his aim had been a high one; to do well was not enough, he must do better if he would please himself. He had the satisfaction of knowing that this strong endeavor did not go unrecognized. The name of Malcolm Powell, if not yet ranked among the great ones, already commanded attention in both hemispheres. One small book of his had been translated into many languages. Even here, where modern art

"There will be other steamers for Trieste."—Page 166.

in all its branches has but a meagre following, the Italian version of this story was displayed in a dealer's window. As it happened, the work so honored was not the last that he had published. The best judges maintained more or less openly that a later book, while undeniably clever, nevertheless fell somewhat short of his own standard; and he, when the fever of its production subsided, found himself reluctantly inclining to the same belief. He determined, therefore, to take a longer rest than usual, and to store up new impressions. He was a bachelor of forty, without ties, singularly alone in the world; so he went out into it, locking his door one fine spring morning for an indefinite stay abroad. Italy had been a delight to him in earlier days, and from the wear and tear of the London season he fled southward over the St. Gotthard to Lugano, where the clear air and the Arcadian peacefulness of the lake-shore almost tempted him to write again. But he was not ready for this, and going on to Venice found precisely what he needed—entire freedom from social obligations, yet interests enough to keep his mind employed for days together. Establishing himself, therefore, in a quiet lodging on the Riva, remote from the strangers' quarter, he began to study churches and pictures, to explore old libraries in which he was the only reader, to note with an artist's enthusiasm all lights and shades, all strange manners and customs of the life around him. The loneliness that to another might have been disheartening, to him had not yet suggested itself. Schemes for future work went with him everywhere, and, for the time being, he demanded nothing better in the way of companionship.

There was a momentary hush when the raft, towed by a small steamer, came in sight above the bridge; then, while it swung slowly into position, the noise redoubled with every form of excited comment. The wooden framework was masked by rows of lamps in red, white, and green—the national colors; its central lights were arranged in the form of a palm-tree with wide-spreading branches, which by some hidden mechanism grew in height as it cleared the arch, hundreds of gleaming pendants making all the space where the musicians stood below as bright as day. The band struck up a march, and at this signal a flaming star flashed out upon the café-wall. The *fresco* had begun, and while the raft moved ponderously forward, all the smaller craft afloat, amid much splashing and shouting and angry gesticulation, prepared to follow.

The practised hand of Powell's gondolier quietly overcame all obstacles; so that before long the American found himself in the very heart of the throng and moving on with it, now swiftly, now at a snail's pace, according to the circumstances of the moment. A few yards in advance loomed up the glittering palm-tree, and all around him through the shadow black hulls of other gondolas swayed in an undulating mass from shore to shore. It amused Powell to watch the occupants, natives for the most part, as they hailed their acquaintances or compared notes with them during the pauses of the music. Owing to pressure from without, that could neither be foreseen nor controlled, his nearest neighbors were continually changing. A talkative family party gave place to an officer, who, pulling the straw from his long Virginia, begged a light for it; then lifted his hat gravely and was gone, to be succeeded by a group of Americans, one of whom flourished the national standard in little. Powell did not know these people, yet nevertheless was inexpressibly relieved when they passed on in their turn; for they were of the helpless sort, and with any suspicion of his nationality would surely have appealed to him for advice or explanation. But some word of theirs had set him thinking. With a sigh he dropped his cigar into the water, and yielding to the untimely thought, drifted away into the past, lost for a while to all consciousness of the agreeable present by which he was surrounded.

A slight shock recalled him. The raft had stopped suddenly before the Municipal Palace for a serenade in honor of the City Fathers, and Powell's gondola had bumped into one just in front of it. No harm was done; the gondoliers were not even stirred into the usual recriminations. But this trifling

accident served to rouse Powell from his reverie. He looked up at the palace windows, all ablaze with light, and seeing no figure of interest in the official group he idly resumed his study of the crowd below.

They had reached the wider part of the canal; there was greater freedom of movement, and everywhere he found new faces. As the obstructing gondola came slowly backward abreast of his own, Powell saw that the boatman wore mourning livery, and that the boat was carved and gilded. A graceful woman, with black lace about her head and shoulders, reclined in it alone. Powell waited eagerly to see what she was like, and leaning forward as she drew nearer attracted her attention. She turned, their eyes met, and each gave a start of recognition.

"Marchesa!"

"Signor Max!"

Smiling, she held out her hand, which he grasped warmly. "Who would have thought to find the Marchesa Del Riso here in June!"

"Who would have imagined the distinguished Signor Powell to be in Italy!" she answered in English which the friend thus graciously designated thought was no worse for a musical intonation that did not properly belong to it. "And alone—that is very sad and very gloomy," she continued lightly. "Pray accept my hospitality, and take this seat; unless you have better plans."

"None equal to the pleasure of being literally in the same boat with you," said Powell, laughing, as he stepped from his gondola into hers.

"Ah!" she replied, "if we are to flatter each other I shall score two points to your one; you have grown so great since our last meeting, while I——"

"You are unchanged."

"Thank you. This light is most becoming to me. You forget how time has flown."

"Ten years, it must be—though that is hard to believe."

"I knew you had forgotten. It is twelve years and a half."

"The years and months are details," he returned. "And I have the best of excuses now for losing sight of them. See how well I can remember the important things. We were in Rome at the Palazzo Altieri. The Marchese did not come, and we sat alone together in a corner of the ball-room under the musicians' gallery. I was to go the next morning, and you gave me your farewells. You wished me success in art, success in love. I answered that you desired too much, that the two rarely associate themselves in one man's life. But you doubted it, and persisted in wishing for me the improbable, if not the impossible."

"Well?"

"Well, I am still between the two fires—both as far away as those stars are, and as little likely to be attained."

His companion laughed gently. "You Americans are strange creatures. It is not enough to be great, you must always rule the spheres."

"What do you mean?"

"You are an excellent example of what I mean. As to the art, for instance, men have struggled all their lives to do what you have done already. As to the love, *ci vuol pazienza, amico mio!* Your life is not yet over."

There was a little pause, during which Powell sighed gloomily. Then he picked up one of her long black gloves which had fallen to the floor of the gondola, and said: "I am tired of myself. Let us talk of something else. You are well, I know, but——"

"My husband died more than a year ago," she explained, drawing away the glove.

"I beg your pardon—I did not understand——"

"Hush!" said she. "We must listen to the music. It is 'Aïda,'—*Come scordar potrem!*"

She leaned forward with an air of rapt attention. They were drifting close under the terrace of one of the large hotels on the lower canal; the glare from its windows enabled Powell to see her as distinctly as though the sun had shone, and what he saw surprised him. Reckoned by the details of years and months, her age exceeded his; of that he was perfectly sure. She had made no attempt at concealment; there were gray hairs upon her temples; but, in spite of these, in spite of dates and

calendars, she had held her own wonderfully well. Instead of a faded beauty standing in need of the adroit compliment he had paid instinctively, the charm that gave her name in earlier days a Continental reputation remained unimpaired. By one of those inadvertences in which time delights, this woman was still young, still beautiful. His compliment had been no compliment at all.

So she was a widow at last, without the smallest pretence of being inconsolable. *Come scordar potrem!* As the music rose and fell, all the story of her marriage flashed back into Powell's mind. There had been little romance about it. She was the daughter of a rich merchant who had left no other child, and with her mother's help she had frankly exchanged her riches for a title. The old marchese was a brute, it was said, neglecting her, treating her abominably. If this were true, the report lacked confirmation by any sign of hers. No breath of scandal had ever blurred her name. She had fulfilled to the letter her share of the bargain, walking erect, uncomplaining, with a smile as the Marchesa del Riso should. But, that she had never for one moment loved the man who ennobled her Powell knew by the best of evidence—her own. On that last night in Rome, moved by some impulse unexplained, she had confided so much of her painful secret to the young American. There are moments when the proudest woman will reveal such things, and Powell fancied that her choice of a confidant had no direct significance, but that she told the tale merely as a matter of relief, as she might have whispered it to a stock or a stone, or any inanimate object. He was on the eve of departure, in all probability about to disappear forever beyond her horizon's rim. His presence would never serve to remind her of the indiscretion. Telling him was practically telling nobody, the appeal for pity being made to one powerless to work her either good or ill. Nevertheless, it was an appeal for pity, and with the usual perversity of mankind, Powell had blamed her for it. Her attitude toward the world wore a becoming dignity that he admired greatly, all the while suspecting the truth which he would have preferred not to learn from her lips. The discovery that she was a little less a Spartan than he imagined proved distasteful to him. He still admired her, but with a difference. So far as he was concerned, she had suffered a distinct loss by her confession.

She had it all now—the title, the freedom which must have figured in her calculation as sure to come sooner or later, which had come in good time. The disturbing influence was dispelled, the long anguish of it already dead and buried. As she turned to Powell with the old sweet smile, it was not surprising that he forgot to blame her, that he thought himself extremely fortunate in this chance encounter, that he began to wonder what her plans were, whether or not she had a house in Venice, how long she was likely to remain here in this dull season. But letting these subjects wait to unfold themselves naturally, he asked no questions, talking, instead, of the music, the other sounds and sights peculiar to the festa, the incomparable beauty of the scene before them. So they reached at last the broad lagoon, where the palm-tree was lowered and extinguished, the band put up its instruments, and all the crowd dispersed. Below them, dazzling reflections from the branching Piazzetta lights made the water look as though gold were steeped in it. Above rose the Ducal Palace like some fabric of cloud in which the sunset after-glow still lingers; but, night, deep, starry night, had long since settled down upon the domes of San Marco; all their splendors were put out; the prancing horses, the pillared saint and lion were lost in the same shadow that obliterated the mosaics and the marbles. Church and palace, court and cloister and arcade lay muffled in the darkness. Only the golden angel on the summit of the Campanile seemed to watch, gleaming high over all like a heavenly guard.

The bronze giants of the clock-tower struck the bell with their heavy hammers. "Cinderella's hour!" said the Marchesa. "I must go home."

"But not like Cinderella, I hope," suggested Powell. "Let me leave you at your door, and learn the way to it. My

man will follow us to bring me back again."

"So much the better," she agreed. "*Alla casa, Matteo!*"

They turned in by the great wall of the council-chamber, which is hardly less gloomy than that of the prison opposite, passing under the Bridge of Sighs and the lesser bridges beyond it; then bore off sharply to the left, to the right, to the left again in an intricate course that even by day would have been bewildering. The darkness became oppressive. At every turn the canals grew narrower and more obscure, the bridge-arches lower; nearing one of these Powell bowed his head with instinctive precaution that provoked his companion to mockery.

"Courage, Signor," said she. "You forget the gondoliers' motto: 'Where the prow goes, all the rest goes too.' Look! Ours has nearly a foot to spare."

"I thought I knew my Venice," he pleaded, in excuse. "But this is unknown ground, or rather unknown water. I am curious to see at what landmark we shall emerge."

He had no sooner spoken than they shot out into the Grand Canal, at a familiar point, and crossing it plunged on through other and darker by-ways.

"My house is not down in the books," she replied to his wondering glance. "I live in a Venice the stranger never learns. It is an old inheritance of my husband's, rarely opened in his life-time,—still more rarely now. This is the garden," she added, as they followed a high, crumbling wall of mouldy brick behind which tall tree-tops rustled. "And here is the landing. You will come again, will you not? To-morrow, I hope. Ask for the Palazzo del Riso in the Tolentini quarter. Every child knows it."

A door swung open, showing him a dimly lighted courtyard with a stone staircase up which she passed into the darkness. Under a lower arch her gondola slipped away, leaving room for his own; to turn would have been impossible otherwise, since the canal was very narrow. All its other buildings were dingy and squalid, but Powell could see that this grim front, though all awry, had stone mouldings and capitals of a very early period.

"Do you know this house, Antonio?" he asked, as they pushed off.

"Hoh! *Per Bacco!* Who does not?" answered the cheery Venetian, glad to break his long silence. "But the Signor has good luck. I have never seen the palace open that I remember. It is old,—very old."

When the Signor returned the next day, as, of course, he was in duty bound to do, the melancholy charm of the place captivated him at once. Weeds grew in the crevices of the courtyard pavement; its well-curb was mutilated and moss-grown; the splendid railing of the staircase too had lost a bit here and there. But all was dignified without and stately within. The long rooms through which he was ushered had an air of rigid order inconsistent with the usages of daily life. In themselves they were high and beautiful, but their too evident abandonment made them gloomy even with the afternoon sunlight flickering over the vines at the windows. In the last room, which showed more signs of occupancy than the rest, there rose to greet Powell a short, elderly woman whom he recognized as the Signora Carrera, the mother of his friend. She had a weak, insipid face, very unlike her daughter's; and Powell, believing that she was much to blame for the ill-advised marriage, had never fancied her. The unfavorable impression reasserted itself in spite of the cordial welcome she gave him.

"Placida will be here in a moment," she stated. "We hoped that you would come."

Placida,—Placida del Riso! Powell remembered perfectly how upon hearing that name for the first time in the bygone days he had repeated it to himself, and had decided that the Italian names were the most musical in the world.

There were books upon the table, and among them Powell noticed that best-known work of his in its Italian version. It was a new copy, freshly cut, with the paper-knife still lying between the leaves. Powell smiled at the thought that the Marchesa, anticipating his coming, had probably procured it that very morning under the arcade of the Piazza. At the sound of a closing door he looked up and saw her drawing nearer through the long vista of the rooms,— drawing

nearer, yet for a moment the odd fancy struck him that she was really going farther and farther away. Perhaps it was due to her mother, whose idle speech he was following mechanically, that the old admiration became suddenly darkened by the old disapproval. For his sake the Marchesa had tried to look her best; of that there could be no doubt, and it was amazing to see how like her former self that best remained. In another moment she stood before him, smiling; she was content to see him,—very content, she said. The working of his mind, could she have seen that, would hardly have contented her. "You are very charming, but——" was the unfinished thought there, as he returned her smile and the warm pressure of her hand.

He was urged to smoke, both women lighting their cigarettes too, as a matter of course; then their talk in the next few moments wandered from one subject to another somewhat vaguely, and under it the Marchesa grew visibly restless. When there came a pause, Powell, who had begun by admiring the house, revived that theme for want of something better; thereupon rising instantly, the Marchesa asked him if he would like to see more of it. He assented eagerly, and was accordingly led by an inner door through a marble corridor to the ballroom,—a wonder in its way, with a frieze by the younger Palma, and a brilliant ceiling by some later hand; the prevailing yellow tint of cornice, tapestries, and hangings relieved this room from the air of melancholy pervading the rest of the *piano nobile*. Only the guests were wanting to make it cheerfulness itself. They went on into an ante-chamber, darkened and gloomy, passing thence to the private chapel, radiant with a small but very lovely Madonna of Bellini. Here the window stood open, and the breeze brought in a delicious fragrance of honeysuckles and oleanders. Looking back, Powell perceived that the Signora Carrera had not followed them.

"Let us go down into the garden," said he.

So by a narrow passage and a winding staircase in the wall they descended to trim paths and sunny stretches of lawn with flower-borders, tended by an old gardener who lifted his hat as they passed. All here was in good order, maintained, as the Marchesa said, chiefly for the benefit of the public, to whom right of entrance was granted once a week.

"Such a garden is rare in Venice," she concluded.

"And elsewhere too; one might look long to find a lovelier spot than this," said Powell, as crossing a rustic bridge overgrown with ivy they came into a grove of beeches where art had permitted nature to take the upper hand. The tall trunks were green with moss, and the ground on either side was a bed of ferns. A sharp turn of the path brought them to the basin of a fountain with lilies blossoming in its quiet water under a marble Cupid from whose quiver shot up a shower of spray. Behind this figure the leaves and branches had been cut away; so that Powell suddenly found himself looking beyond the garden, beyond Venice, beyond the world, straight out at the western sky across the distant Euganean hills. The lagoon, scarcely ruffled by the faint breeze, filled all the foreground; and one red sail was reflected in it, the shadow, as Powell pointed out to his companion, appearing to reach down with perfect accuracy of color and detail to an extraordinary depth.

"Yes, it is very beautiful," sighed the Marchesa. "Let us look at it a little longer." And they seated themselves, accordingly, upon a stone bench fronting the unusual prospect.

"Even though it makes you sigh," said Powell, smiling.

"Did I?" she asked in a tone which showed that her momentary fit of depression had been an unconscious one. "The fact is that I cannot care for Venice as you do. There is an awful stillness in it. Its beauty is like the fifth act of a tragedy, too painful to be long endured. I feel always as if its mouldering walls might fall and crush me. Something tells me that the saddest hour of my life will come in Venice."

"Life has sadness enough for us all, Heaven knows," returned Powell, reflectively. "Our best course, I think, is to admit it only when it comes, and do without presentiments."

"That is true, and my presentiments are trivial. I am willing to let the future take care of itself. The things that have happened are the things that interest me; tell me something about them."

Powell laughed. "What on earth can I find to tell you?"

"Dear Signor Max, do you not know it is of yourself that I long to hear? Your triumphs I have learned; I rejoice at them as only an old friend can,—to some extent I have shared in them. But the friend who does no more is only half a friend. The pleasure life allots you is nothing to the pain. Will you not accept the sympathy I offer, and let me share that too?"

Powell laughed again, though now with obvious effort. "What has given you this impression of my life?" he asked.

"Your own words, spoken and written," she answered. "There is an undercurrent of grief in all your work, and in your talk last night it came again. Why will you deny it? The great hope of your life is unfulfilled."

"I do not attempt to deny it," said Powell, gravely. "He who cannot hide the scar, must, of necessity, admit that it was once a wound. But a hope never to be fulfilled passes, as mine has passed, taking, as it were, the bloom of human kindness with it. I often think I have no kindness left. I am not a man, but a machine for registering the woes and weaknesses, the vices and follies of the world around me; the possible reward, a leaf of laurel withering in my hand. It is a great destiny, a high ambition! But only see how pitiable our human nature is! Yesterday, I was bitterly envious of my poor gondolier, who took me home to see his wife and children."

"Home!" repeated the Marchesa. "I like that pretty English word of yours; it adds another charm to life, it promises so much. How can you resist the promise? Be happy, and let the other strivings go. The way is very simple and very easy if you would only see it. You should marry."

She smiled as she said this, as if she imagined that he would smile in return and parry the home-thrust with some light word. But he did not trust himself to look at her. With his eyes fixed upon the blue line of hills toward which the sun was slowly sinking, he answered in a firm, low voice:

"No! I shall not marry. The hope is gone forever."

The color came and went in her face; she turned away her eyes, but made no other movement. Then after a long silence, broken only by the trickle of the fountain, she spoke again in an altered tone.

"So there is a woman—one, only one?"

"Yes," he confessed. "There is a woman."

"I am very sorry for you," she continued gently. "But wherein lies the obstacle? The fault must be wholly yours. You are too distrustful of yourself, perhaps. It cannot be that she does not love you."

With a bitter smile Powell rose and paced up and down in the path before her. "Spare me the story," he said, at last. "To tell you would not help me, and I cannot do it. You must forgive the reserve which your friendship almost persuaded me to overcome. If I stop half-way, it is because we do not know the depth of our own feelings until they have been sounded. You see for yourself my scar goes far below the surface; it is not a scar, it is still a wound."

"Yes," assented the Marchesa. "I see, too, that I had no right to question you. Do not think the worse of me for my indiscretion. Count me, rather, among those whose wit and hands are at your service, whenever they are needed."

He thanked her in words that he felt were somewhat cold and formal. She interrupted him with an impatient gesture, and rising, suggested that they should go back to the house. At the first turn in the path a servant met them with a visiting-card for the Marchesa, who smiled upon reading it.

"The Commander Savelli. Dear soul! Do you know him?"

"Not that I remember," said Powell. "Who is he?"

"A naval officer. You will like each other, I am sure. He is an old friend of mine. I call him the Commander of the Faithful."

They heard his laugh as they went up,

and he met them at the door of the drawing-room, where he had been entertaining the Signora Carrera. He proved to be short and plump, with closely-clipped hair, prematurely white, in striking contrast to his dark mustache and eyebrows. His manners were of unaffected simplicity, he smiled frequently and pleasantly, his laughter had a boyish ring in it. Although he was not in uniform, the air of the sea still clung to him, the cut and precision of his dress as well as his hearty frankness denoting a sailor of many voyages.

By the first words which passed between this new-comer and the Marchesa Powell learned that the commander was off duty, and that they had been together somewhere in the mountains; he also saw by the twinkle of the man's eye that the two had some joke in common, relating probably to the sailor's unexpected visit. She had given him the slip, it appeared. Yet, evidently, he was not unwelcome. Her tone in describing him to Powell had indicated that, and she received him now with the utmost cordiality. Both men were urged to stay to dinner, for charity's sake, the Marchesa said. Her entreaty had so much the air of a command that Powell immediately complied with it. Savelli, for his part, needed no urging; he had expected to stay from the first.

Dinner was served in a high central hall looking out upon the garden and all aglow with the sunset. The windows were wide open, and the fragrance of flowers filled the air. The meal, well-ordered and enlivened by a golden wine of Pomino, old and rare, began merrily and grew merrier still as the stars came out in the darkening sky. Savelli was the head and front of it. After a time the others did little but listen to his talk, which dashed brilliantly from one thing to another, gilding all it touched with his enthusiasm. He had strong tastes in art, a passion for music and the theatre; but his opinions were modestly expressed without a shade of arrogance. He told tales of the sea, of adventure by night in foreign cities, of strange people with whom his experience had thrown him; treating all so lightly and so wittily that the room resounded with the laughter in which he did not scruple to lead off. Then candles and cigars were brought; and, reminding the men that to sit long over their wine was a brutal English fashion not to be tolerated, the two women rustled away.

The commander moved nearer and began to talk of books, showing at once that his reading had not been limited to the masterpieces of his own language. He knew his companion's work in its original form.

"You write, of course?" said Powell.

"I? Oh, no!"

"Why not, since you have so much to say—with all your knowledge of the world?"

"I have neither the skill nor the patience," said Savelli, laughing. "And I have told you all I know. My mind is full, but it is a very little mind. It is like one of those small shops under the arcade in Paris on the Rue de Rivoli. There is no *arrière boutique* in it. All my wares are in the window."

"Too much modesty!" Powell retorted.

"No," said the other, growing almost serious for the moment; "that is not my failing. On the contrary, I am over-ambitious. My aim is high—much too high; but it is well to have the mountain-peak in view, even if one never lives to reach it."

"Yes," said Powell, sympathetically; "if one could not look a little above the world to some such shining mark, life, no doubt, would be intolerable."

There was a pause, during which they heard faint notes of a piano softly played. "The Marchesa makes sweet music," said Savelli. "Let us go in."

They rose, and Powell, as he passed the window, stopped to look down at the quiet darkness. Far out in the lagoon a point of light shone clearly, as if some planet had fallen there into the sea.

"What is that light?" he asked.

Savelli joined him at the window. "The Virgin's Shrine on the island of San Giorgio in Alega," said he. "Do you remember? There is an old fort with the Madonna at the angle of its ruined wall. The sailors keep her lamp always lighted. It is a pious duty,—their safety too."

"This is very beautiful," said Powell.

"How can one possess the Palazzo del Riso and not live here to enjoy it?"

"Because one is a woman, *amico*. Our dear Marchesa detests her Venice cordially."

"Why is she here then?"

"Why, indeed? We may not know,—we may only guess."

"But I cannot even do that."

Savelli stopped, holding the door half open, and his eyes met Powell's with an intent look. "No?" he said; "then it is you who err from excess of modesty, not I. And yet it is your trade to dissect the heart. Try a little." So, with a laugh that was ironical this time, he led the way to the drawing-room. They found the Marchesa improvising at the piano. At their request she played on, but after a few moments broke off abruptly. "Sing us something, dear Commander of the Faithful," said she.

"Eh? What shall I sing to you?"

"Whatever you please?"

"*Santo Cielo!* why not? I have found some words in a book. I will find an air also. They are charming,—you will see." Then he sat down, trying the keys, and after a prelude breaking into song expressively.

"I am the moth of the night
Thy candle brings;
In thy clear, roseate light
I burn my wings.

"Out of the window leaning
Look down below,
That I, one last ray gleaning,
Thy love may know.

"I am the cloud in the sky,
Too near the sun;
Of a look content to die,
If love be won." *

"*Ebbene?*" he said, turning to his hostess with a smile.

"That is very pretty,—but it is very sentimental," she replied.

"And being so, is it so much the better,—or so much the worse?"

"The better, if it could be. There is no love like that, I think. No matter; pray go on."

"No," said Savelli, rising; "it is late. And what you say reminds me of some other words I have found in a book,—an English one. It is a little question for all the company to answer."

"Good! An enigma! Let us have it. What does the gentleman desire to know?"

"This," said Savelli, looking from one to the other as he spoke. "Can a noble heart, once broken, ever be repaired? Could Othello, Romeo, or Hamlet, for example, have loved again, had some antidote been provided for the dagger and the poison-bowl? What says the company?"

"What do you say yourself?" asked the Signora Carrera.

"Frankly, I say no."

"Quite as frankly, then, I say yes," she rejoined, with a smile of experience.

"And you,—Signor Anatomist?"

"I say yes, too," said Powell; "since the heart, however noble, is but human."

"Right—right!" cried the signora, with gratified applause.

The Marchesa smiled and mused a moment when her turn came. "It is a great question," she said slowly, upon being urged to speak. "I cannot answer it, I confess."

"*Che, che!*" exclaimed the commander, impatiently. "I hoped that you, at least, would agree with me."

"I neither agree nor disagree. My answer can wait. Some day I will give it to you."

"Bah! Let us go to bed, and sleep, Signor Americano. The ways of woman are inscrutable."

"And, pray, is she the better or worse for that?" inquired the Marchesa, rising, as they took leave.

"Ah, *donna carissima*," said Savelli, stooping to kiss her hand. "One woman has no best and no worst,—she is perfection always."

So with jest and compliment the men departed; but not before the Marchesa had bound Powell by appointment to visit with her an out-of-the-way church containing a fine Titian that he did not know. When the great door of the palace closed behind them, Savelli, who lodged near San Marco, proposed that they should walk, since their way was the same and he was sure of finding it. Up and down they went, now close to the water's edge, now far above it, over crooked bridges and slippery stairways,

* After Emilio Praga.

along streets that were hardly more than crevices, where the echoing footfall suggested thieves and murder. Then coming to the Grand Canal and hailing a ferry, they were set down at the corner of the vast, empty square; here Savelli turned off with a hearty *a rivederla, buon anatomista,* to Powell, who strolled on alone.

Their walk had been like a game of follow-my-leader, with little opportunity for conversation in it; obviously, too, the commander was suddenly disinclined to talk. The interesting after-dinner discussion, therefore, had not been resumed, and the probable cause of the Marchesa's flight to Venice remained undetermined by word or sign; not so, in Powell's mind, however. Reviewing carefully the events of the last two days, he found that they pointed to but one conclusion, which was very flattering to his vanity and which would certainly have been reached sooner by a vainer man. The charming Marchesa del Riso had come to Venice simply because of the illustrious Signor Powell's arrival there. Savelli did not doubt it; and it was confirmed by evidence that Savelli did not know. Notably, that of her altered demeanor in the garden when she had wrung from him the admission that there was a woman (not herself) for whom he cared more than for anything else in the world. In spite of that, this woman loved him, it was clear; perhaps had always loved him from the first, through all these intervening years. Equally clear was it that Savelli in his turn loved her. The open-hearted sailor had all the air of one prostrate before his idol, regardless of the by-standers. His love was the mountain-top of his thinly-veiled metaphor, too high to be attained. He was the speck of cloud struggling with the invincible sun,—the night-moth, happy to hover about his candle-flame with the full consciousness that it promised him nothing but destruction.

Powell leaned upon the parapet of one of the Riva bridges, fronting the hull of a great steamer at anchor under San Giorgio's tower in the still lagoon. "Poor Commander of the Faithful!" he thought; "he hasn't the ghost of a chance. He is in my shoes, but he wears them with a difference." Then remembering how he had shrunk into himself at the allusion to his own pain, Powell laughed bitterly "I might have told her," he added, with a sigh. "It would not have taken long."

In truth, great sorrows are always simple, and the plot of Powell's tragedy could be given in a few words. The girl he loved had refused him, that was all. He had known her all his life, and their friendship had been so intimate that he was startled and stunned by her answer, which he could hardly believe to be the true one. Within three weeks he had begged for a reconsideration—by letter, this time; she had closed the correspondence curtly and decisively. It would never be possible to care for him "in that way," she wrote; yet they might always remain good friends if he pleased—she hoped, at least, that they would continue to meet without bitterness. But half-way measures were not at all to her lover's liking. Five years had passed, during which they had not exchanged a dozen phrases, and in all that time she had never been absent from his mind one hour. Cruel and uncompromising as he sometimes thought her, she was still his type, his high ideal. She had figured in his work under twenty different disguises. All other women he met were compared with her and found wanting. She had never married, but if this fact afforded ground for the hope of a reconciliation, he did not admit the hope. The chilling words of her letter remained her last for him. So they were growing old apart, yet linked together by a tender recollection —his only vulnerable point. For, as if the weapon of her indifference had been steeped in subtle poison, he felt a change for the worse in his nature—the hardness of his trade, he called it—slowly overcoming him. She had condemned him to walk alone through life, and he was working out the sentence, hardening, hardening always. The joys and sorrows of other lives had become mere items for his note-book; his capacity for enjoyment grew less and less, and all experience was marred by the effort to make it profitable. He magnified men's faults, diminishing their virtues proportionately; and he moved among them with sharpened wits, keen-eyed and

callous as a surgeon in the operating-theatre of some public hospital.

A puff of white smoke went up from the steamer, and there was a stir upon her deck. Powell looked at his watch. "She is off for Trieste in an hour," said he. "Why not pack on board of her, and go?" He strode on briskly toward his hotel, but soon slackened his pace. "It is always so," he reflected; "when the woman advances, the man retreats. He must pursue, not be pursued. But why should I run away merely because this one flings me her hand and I don't care to pick it up? I am a fool! The Marchesa is excellent material—a most interesting study! Let me stay a while, and study her; positively, it is my duty. There will be other steamers for Trieste." Then, smiling at the thought, he went to his room, and watched this one weigh anchor and steam off with flashing lights between the islands to the sea.

When Powell went over to the Lido the next morning for a dip in the Adriatic, the first figure he found there was Savelli's, in clinging red garments, rolling over and over through the lines of surf like a crimson porpoise. The day was very fine; a fleet of fishermen dotted the horizon with sails of many hues, the sea had put on its most inviting blue, and its temperature, as recorded by a placard at the landing, had risen to an incredible height. Savelli, having been in the water an hour already, seemed disinclined to leave it. He was armed with a huge india-rubber ball which he tossed into a merry cloud of splashing Italians who buffeted the plaything about. It was finally knocked over the line into the space allotted to female bathers, where Savelli, going to its rescue, remained with it. By the time that Powell went ashore, after a moderate swim, the commander had developed into a professor of aquatic sport, and was trying to inspire a very stout Venetian woman with sufficient confidence to float. He sent word, however, that his bath was over, appearing upon the terrace shortly afterward fully clothed and ready, after his glass of vermouth, for the return to town. As the two men landed at the Piazzetta the sharp report of the noon gun sent up a cloud of doves that fluttered out from every window-ledge and cornice-angle.

"Silly birds!" said Savelli, as they beat the air with startled wings; "to hear that every day, and still be frightened by it. And men are just so weak; experience can teach them nothing."

"Doubted!" commented Powell. "Experience has taught me much."

"Ah! But you are strong—you, who were set apart for purposes of dissection. With me it is different; if I had twenty lives to live, I should do in all of them precisely what I am doing now."

"And what is that?" asked Powell, laughing.

"Nothing at all! I have a hunger of the sea. Let us go to breakfast."

They sat long over the table in one of the cool, shaded windows of the Quadri, discussing many things, from a possible future state to the splendid detail of the cathedral they looked out upon. But not until Powell, remembering his appointment, abruptly rose to go, did the Commander of the Faithful touch upon one special problem which interested them both.

"Tell me," he asked; "has the science of your experience taught you why a certain enchanting friend of ours comes to Venice?"

"Yes, commander, if I read the signs correctly."

"All the better, then. Success to her; I drink it."

"That means," said Powell, "that I should drink success to you."

Savelli put down his glass with a troubled look in his face.

"Signor Powell," he said, solemnly; "she is a star in heaven, and I am of the earth."

"And what am I, then?" asked the other, with a bitter laugh.

Savelli's face cleared, and, smiling, he offered his hand. "Do not deceive yourself," he said; "you are a man of genius, born to make her happy, it appears. Good luck go with you."

"Thank you," said Powell, shaking hands warmly. "It may be that I have found my mission in the world."

At the door he looked back. Savelli had resumed his place at the table; but his face was turned away; he sat with his cheek resting upon his hand in a

thoughtful attitude, motionless as a statue, staring out of the window at the cathedral doors. "How the fellow's eyes glistened!" thought Powell, as he brushed rapidly through the crowded arcade. "That is true devotion. It is her happiness he cares for,—not his own. With what sublime unconsciousness a man may prove himself a hero! A smile will do it. And what am I to do? Pshaw! He is out of the question, absolutely, with his stars and candle-flames. Marchesa, by your leave, I'll study you."

He hired the first gondolier who hailed him, and found her waiting at her palace-gate. The tide was at the flood, and even in the lesser canals it kept its pure, transparent green, rippling so clearly above the weedy foundations that the smallest crab at rest upon them could be discerned. Through the shining afternoon the gondola glided on along old walls of brick, salt-encrusted, and dyed by wind and wave with soft Venetian tints of yellow, green, and brown, into quiet regions where only the splash of their own oars broke the delicious silence; where scarlet clusters of the trumpet-flower overhung them, and the smooth white arch of every bridge caught its fine tracery of shadows, changing like the forms in a kaleidoscope at each new motion of the playful water. They passed an abandoned church with high pointed windows all in ruins, and a few turns more brought them to the steps of a small square, flanked by the portal of San Marziale where was the picture they had come to see.

A smiling boy, hardly big enough to wield his boat-hook, drew in their prow, and was then despatched for the custodian, only to return without him. But half the neighborhood was now interested in the matter, and the important functionary, sought this way and that, finally hurried up with jingling keys. He was profuse in his apologies. It would have been a grave misfortune if the distinguished strangers had failed to see his treasure, which, he complained, was rarely visited. There it hung, on the left, above the first altar. The light was good, but it would be better in the morning. The signor must bring his wife again. Then he hobbled away into the sacristy, leaving the master's eloquent silence to speak for itself.

The picture is a large one, illustrating the story of Tobit; remarkable for a glorious figure of the angel in a flowing crimson garment, leading his charge by the hand, and looking down upon him tenderly. It is Titian at his best. For color, strength, and beauty this heroic conception, striding across the dim landscape with perfect freedom of action, impresses itself instantly upon the mind, to hold its place there ever afterward unrivalled. The sacristan's absurd blunder, which had brought a flush to the Marchesa's cheek, was at once forgotten, and the two sat before his priceless jewel for some time without a word.

"It is hopelessly fine," said Powell at last.

"Yes," she sighed. "Ah! If one had faith that in this poor life of ours there could be a guardian angel!"

"We have gone beyond it," he returned, lightly; "perhaps because we no longer need such intervention. Some of us, at least, do not,—one, in particular, who is perfection always."

The Marchesa knit her brows with a look of irritation. "It was Savelli who said that," she replied.

"Yes, it was Savelli," said Powell, recalling involuntarily that patient silhouette left behind in the café-window. "Yes, Savelli."

She turned upon him suddenly with restless eagerness. "You are most perplexing," she protested. "Tell me; why did you say 'yes' to his question about the cure for a broken heart,—you, who pretend to carry with you a grief that is eternal?"

"I thought I should puzzle you," he explained, laughing. "Of course I took that ground merely for purposes of argument."

"So you have not changed your mind?"

"Oh, no! One does not change his mind twice a day."

She looked away from him now, nervously tapping with her foot a block in the pavement that bore traces of heraldic emblems.

"You are all wrong," she declared. "You have no right to brood upon a

loss that is irreparable. You belong to the present, and should accept its joys, its obligations. The past is past,—dead, like that poor fellow at our feet whose name we cannot read."

"Go on, my dear Signora! You mean, of course——"

"I mean that you should marry."

"As you said yesterday. All I can say is that you do not know your man. You do not dream what a love like mine can be."

"No," she admitted, speaking now less warmly. "That is your secret, upon which even an old friend may not venture to intrude. But I have still some friendly curiosity that may be gratified without betraying secrets. Pray what is she like, this woman, who has inspired a love like yours?"

"She is tall and fair," said Powell, forgetting himself completely in all he conjured up by his description. "Her eyes are gray, and her smile is the sweetest in the world. She is as radiant in her beauty as that angel there above our heads; she is good and pure, and true to herself, divinely true. Why should I hesitate to tell the truth? I cannot make her love me—that is all. She regrets this; she pities me, I know. That she can do no more is a source of unhappiness to her, but it is not to be remedied. She will not feign what she has never learned to feel; she cannot give me her whole heart, and so she gives me nothing. She is one whom no motives of self-interest could force into a marriage; one who would die rather than practise such deceit; one who——"

He stopped at a movement of his companion, who had turned pale as death. She gave him an appealing look with eyes that were full of tears. He did not need to be told the reason. In drawing his ideal portrait, he had unconsciously drawn the reverse of it in the same breath. By a word of his, spoken at her own request, the Marchesa, with her title, dearly-bought, had been condemned.

He took her hand, speaking again in a tone of unwonted gentleness.

"I am sorry I said that to you."

She flung herself into his arms, sobbing.

"You can never love me, then?"

For answer he bent his head to hers, and kissed her. But he was moved to this act by an impulse of compassion, not of love. She understood the motive. With a cry of pain, as if he had struck her, she pushed him away, and, springing up, covered her face for shame.

"How could I do that!" she moaned. "How could I!"

He would have followed her, but she stopped him angrily.

"I hate you!" she cried. "Never let me see your face again."

"Marchesa——"

"Don't speak to me! Go! Go—only go!"

He hesitated for a moment longer, then turned upon his heel, and strode off in the direction that the sacristan had taken. The man was setting the room in order, with no thought beyond his small affairs.

"I will go out this way," said Powell, fumbling for his fee.

"Certainly, Signor. And the Signora?"

Powell looked back into the dreary, vacant church. "She is already gone," said he.

"Ah! The Signor will come again in the morning light?"

"Undoubtedly. Good day to you."

"Good day, Signor, and many thanks."

Setting forth on foot, Powell soon lost his way in the unfamiliar quarter. Such directions as he could obtain only made matters worse, and not a gondola was to be found. At last he hailed a barge laden with cherries from the Island of Mazzorbo, and was slowly poled along to the Rialto, where he knew his ground. As he came out ten minutes later upon the Riva, his eye was attracted by a brilliant red buoy that marked an unoccupied mooring a few hundred feet from the shore. "There will be no steamer for Trieste to-night," he muttered. "No matter; I can take the morning train."

The next day when he was on the point of embarking for the station, there came a letter, unsigned, and containing only these words in a blurred hand that he had quite forgotten:

"I have been pacing my room for half the night, trying to forget. I can neither forgive myself, nor understand

"You can never love me, then?"—Page 168.

myself. Think of me as one who despises her own weakness, and then put me forever from your mind. May all happiness be yours. May you live to possess the love you long for, and may your ideal prove to you, as to herself, divinely true. *Addio eternamente.*"

Powell tore this in two; then his ruling passion conquered him, and, instead of flinging away the pieces, he stuffed them into his pocket. "Very excellent material!" said he.

His work goes on, and it is known the world over. He is a shrewd observer with a firm touch, quoted and admired

as one of the great writers in his generation. If his fame does not survive the day, it will be because a full measure of human sympathy has been denied him. He lacks the woman's heart that, where genius is, always reveals itself beneath the man's strong hand. He would have done better to marry, his friends say. And were this said in his presence, he would readily admit it to be true.

He hears, by chance, from Italy, that his former friend, the Marchesa, goes much into the world, and has been perplexed by many suitors, one of whom seems irresistible. He is a dozen years her junior, and a foreign prince of one of the oldest houses. His name, his famous jewels are at her feet. She will stoop for them, and die a princess, if the world is to be trusted. Meanwhile, her Commander of the Faithful still waits for his reward. He is a good sailor with a stout heart, and with enduring faith in all the virtues of his idol. Whatever happens, his lamp will burn unquenched at the Madonna's shrine.

The Fresco—Venice.

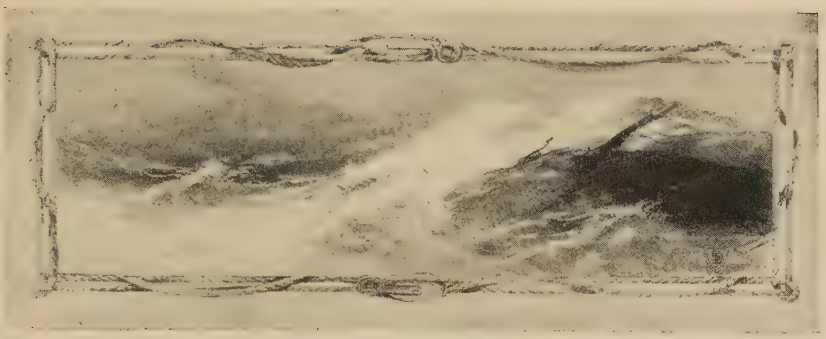
SONG AND SORROW.

By Annie Fields.

Deep in the poet's heart a song
Sleeps and wakes with sun and shower,
Sick with daylight seems to die,
In the midnight bears a flower;
Poets, unto you belong
Sighs unheard that fall in song.

If the poet be not glad
He will frame a song for grief;
Singing till the earth-born tears
Fall, and give the heart relief.
Thus his pain shall soothe the sad,
Weary spirits making glad.

He will wake, and waking weep
By the sorrow-haunted bed,
See Sandalphon's ladder bright
Though his earthly hope be dead;
Poets thus shall ever keep
Watch and ward for those who weep.



THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

PROLOGUE.

IN THE MARQUESAS.

It was about three o'clock of a winter's afternoon in Tai-o-hae, the French capital and port of entry of the Marquesas Islands. The trades blew strong and squally; the surf roared loud on the shingle beach; and the fifty-ton schooner of war, that carries the flag and influence of France about the islands of the cannibal group, rolled at her moorings under Prison Hill. The clouds hung low and black on the surrounding amphitheatre of mountains; rain had fallen earlier in the day, real tropic rain, a waterspout for violence; and the green and gloomy brow of the mountain was still seamed with many silver threads of torrent.

In these hot and healthy islands winter is but a name. The rain had not refreshed, nor could the wind invigorate, the dwellers of Tai-o-hae: away at one end, indeed, the commandant was directing some changes in the residency garden beyond Prison Hill; and the gardeners, being all convicts, had no choice but to continue to obey. All other folks slumbered and took their rest: Vaekehu, the native queen, in her trim house under the rustling palms; the Tahitian commissary, in his beflagged official residence; the merchants, in their deserted stores; and even the club-servant in the club, his head fallen forward on the bottle-counter, under the map of the world and the cards of navy officers. In the whole length of the single shoreside street, with its scattered board houses looking to the sea, its grateful shade of palms and green jungle of puraos, no moving figure could be seen. Only, at the end of the rickety pier, that once (in the prosperous days of the American rebellion) was used to groan under the cotton of John Hart, there might have been spied upon a pile of lumber the famous tattooed white man, the living curiosity of Tai-o-hae.

His eyes were open, staring down the bay. He saw the mountains droop, as they approached the entrance, and break down in cliffs; the surf boil white round the two sentinel islets; and between, on the narrow bight of blue horizon, Ua-pu upraise the ghost of her pinnacled mountain tops. But his mind would take no account of these familiar features; as he dodged in and out along the frontier line of sleep and waking, memory would serve him with broken fragments of the past: brown faces and white, of skipper and shipmate, king and chief, would arise before his mind and vanish; he would recall old voyages, old landfalls in the hour of dawn; he would hear again the drums beat for a man-eating festival; perhaps he would summon up the form of that island princess for the love of whom he had submitted his body to the cruel hands of the tattooer, and

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"'Yes, it's a queer yarn,' said his friend."—Page 177.

now sat on the lumber, at the pier-end of Tai-o-hae, so strange a figure of a Europeau. Or perhaps from yet further back, sounds and scents of England and his childhood might assail him: the merry clamour of cathedral bells, the broom upon the foreland, the song of the river on the weir.

It is bold water at the mouth of the bay: you can steer a ship about either

sentinel, close enough to toss a biscuit on the rocks. Thus it chanced that, as the tattooed man sat dozing and dreaming, he was startled into wakefulness and animation by the appearance of a flying jib beyond the western islet. Two more head-sails followed; and before the tattooed man had scrambled to his feet, a topsail schooner, of some hundred tons, had luffed about the sentinel and was standing up the bay, close-hauled.

The sleeping city awakened by enchantment. Natives appeared upon all sides, hailing each other with the magic cry "Ehippe"—ship; the Queen stepped forth on her verandah, shading her eyes under a hand that was a miracle of the fine art of tattooing; the commandant broke from his domestic convicts and ran into the residency for his glass; the harbor master, who was also the gaoler, came speeding down the Prison Hill; the seventeen brown Kanakas and the French boatswain's mate, that make up the complement of the war-schooner, crowded on the forward deck; and the various English, Americans, Germans, Poles, Corsicans, and Scots — the merchants and the clerks of Tai-o-hae — deserted their places of business, and gathered, according to invariable custom, on the road before the club.

So quickly did these dozen whites collect, so short are the distances in Tai-o-hae, that they were already exchanging guesses as to the nationality and business of the strange vessel, before she had gone about upon her second board towards the anchorage. A moment after, English colors were broken out at the main truck.

"I told you she was a Johnny Bull — knew it by her headsails," said an evergreen old salt, still qualified (if he could anywhere have found an owner unacquainted with his story) to adorn another quarter-deck, and lose another ship.

"She has American lines, anyway," said the astute Scotch engineer of the gin-mill; "it's my belief she's a yacht."

"That's it," said the old salt, "a yacht! look at her davits, and the boat over the stern."

"A yacht in your eye!" said a Glasgow voice. "Look at her red ensign! A yacht! not much she isn't!"

"You can close the store, anyway, Tom," observed a gentlemanly German. "*Bon jour, mon Prince!*" he added, as a dark, intelligent native cantered by on a neat chestnut. "*Vous allez boire un verre de bière?*"

But Prince Stanilas Moanatini, the only reasonably busy human creature on the island, was riding hot-spur to view this morning's landslip on the mountain road: the sun already visibly declined; night was imminent; and if he would avoid the perils of darkness and precipice, and the fear of the dead, the haunters of the jungle, he must for once decline a hospitable invitation. Even had he been minded to alight, it presently appeared there would be difficulty as to the refreshment offered.

"Beer!" cried the Glasgow voice. "No such a thing; I tell you there's only eight bottles in the club! This is the first time I've seen British colors in this port! and the man that sails under them has got to drink that beer."

The proposal struck the public mind as fair, though far from cheering; for some time back, indeed, the very name of beer had been a sound of sorrow in the club, and the evenings had passed in dolorous computation.

"Here is Havens," said one, as if welcoming a fresh topic. "What do you think of her, Havens?"

"I don't think," replied Havens, a tall, bland, cool-looking, leisurely Englishman, attired in spotless duck, and deliberately dealing with a cigarette. "I may say I know. She's consigned to me from Auckland by Donald & Edenborough. I am on my way aboard."

"What ship is she?" asked the ancient mariner.

"Haven't an idea," returned Havens. "Some tramp they have chartered."

With that, he placidly resumed his walk, and was soon seated in the sternsheets of a whaleboat manned by uproarious Kanakas, himself daintily perched out of the way of the least maculation, giving his commands in an unobtrusive, dinner-table tone of voice, and sweeping neatly enough alongside the schooner.

A weather-beaten captain received him at the gangway.

"You are consigned to us, I think," said he. "I am Mr. Havens."

"That is right, sir," replied the captain, shaking hands. "You will find the owner, Mr. Dodd, below. Mind the fresh paint on the house."

Havens stepped along the alley-way, and descended the ladder into the main cabin.

"Mr. Dodd, I believe," said he, addressing a smallish, bearded gentleman, who sat writing at the table. "Why," he cried, "it isn't Loudon Dodd?"

"Myself, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Dodd, springing to his feet with companionable alacrity. "I had a half-hope it might be you, when I found your name on the papers. Well, there's no change in you; still the same placid, fresh-looking Britisher."

"I can't return the compliment; for you seem to have become a Britisher yourself," said Havens.

"I promise you, I am quite unchanged," returned Dodd. "The red tablecloth at the top of the stick is not my flag; it's my partner's. He is not dead, but sleepeth. There he is," he added, pointing to a bust which formed one of the numerous unexpected ornaments of that unusual cabin.

Havens politely studied it. "A fine bust," said he; "and a very nice-looking fellow."

"Yes; he's a good fellow," said Dodd. "He runs me now. It's all his money."

"He doesn't seem to be particularly short of it," added the other, peering with growing wonder round the cabin.

"His money, my taste," said Dodd. "The black-walnut bookshelves are Old English; the books all mine—mostly Renaissance French. You should see how the beach-combers wilt away when they go round them looking for a change of Seaside Library novels. The mirrors are genuine Venice; that's a good piece in the corner. The daubs are mine—and his; the mudding mine."

"Mudding? What is that?" asked Havens.

"Those bronzes," replied Dodd. "I began life as a sculptor."

"Yes; I remember something about that," said the other. "I think, too, you said you were interested in Californian real estate."

"Surely, I never went so far as that," said Dodd. "Interested? I guess not. Involved, perhaps. I was born an artist; I never took an interest in anything but art. If I were to pile up this old schooner to-morrow," he added, "I declare I believe I would try the thing again!"

"Insured?" inquired Havens.

"Yes," responded Dodd. "There's some fool in 'Frisco who insures us, and comes down like a wolf on the fold on the profits; but we'll get even with him some day."

"Well, I suppose it's all right about the cargo," said Havens.

"O, I suppose so!" replied Dodd. "Shall we go into the papers?"

"We'll have all to-morrow, you know," said Havens; "and they'll be rather expecting you at the club. *C'est l'heure de l'absinthe.* Of course, Loudon, you'll dine with me later on."

Mr. Dodd signified his acquiescence; drew on his white coat, not without a trifling difficulty, for he was a man of middle age, and well-to-do; arranged his beard and mustaches at one of the Venetian mirrors; and, taking a broad felt hat, led the way through the trade-room into the ship's waist.

The stern boat was waiting alongside,—a boat of an elegant model, with cushions and polished hard-wood fittings.

"You steer," observed Loudon. "You know the best place to land."

"I never like to steer another man's boat," replied Havens.

"Call it my partner's, and cry quits," returned Loudon, getting nonchalantly down the side.

Havens followed and took the yoke lines without further protest. "I am sure I don't know how you make this pay," he said. "To begin with, she is too big for the trade, to my taste; and then you carry so much style."

"I don't know that she does pay," returned Loudon. "I never pretend to be a business man. My partner appears happy; and the money is all his, as I told you—I only bring the want of business habits."

"You rather like the berth, I suppose?" suggested Havens.

"Yes," said Loudon; "it seems odd, but I rather do."

While they were yet on board, the sun had dipped; the sunset gun (a rifle)

cracked from the war-schooner, and the colors had been handed down. Dusk was deepening as they came ashore; and the *Cercle Internationale* (as the club is officially and significantly named) began to shine, from under its low verandahs, with the light of many lamps. The good hours of the twenty-four drew on; the hateful, poisonous day-fly of Nukahiva was beginning to desist from its activity; the land-breeze came in refreshing draughts; and the club men gathered together for the hour of absinthe. To the commandant himself, to the man whom he was then contending with at billiards—a trader from the next island, honorary member of the club, and once carpenter's mate on board a Yankee war-ship—to the doctor of the port, to the Brigadier of Gendarmerie, to the opium farmer, and to all the white men whom the tide of commerce, or the chances of shipwreck and desertion had stranded on the beach of Tai-o-hae, Mr. Loudon Dodd was formally presented; by all (since he was a man of pleasing exterior, smooth ways, and an unexceptionable flow of talk, whether in French or English) he was excellently well received; and presently, with one of the last eight bottles of beer on a table at his elbow, found himself the rather silent centre-piece of a voluble group on the verandah.

Talk in the South Seas is all upon one pattern; it is a wide ocean, indeed, but a narrow world: you shall never talk long and not hear the name of Bully Hayes, a naval hero whose exploits and deserved extinction left Europe cold; commerce will be touched on, copra, shell, perhaps cotton or fungus: but in a far-away, dilletante fashion, as by men not deeply interested; through all, the names of schooners and their captains will keep coming and going, thick as may-flies: and news of the last shipwreck will be placidly exchanged and debated. To a stranger, this conversation will at first seem scarcely brilliant; but he will soon catch the tone; and by the time he shall have moved a year or so in the island world, and come across a good number of the schooners so that every captain's name calls up a figure in pyjamas or white duck, and becomes used to a certain laxity of moral tone which prevails (as in memory of Mr. Hayes) on smuggling, ship-scuttling, barratry, piracy, the labor trade, and other kindred fields of human activity, he will find Polynesia no less arousing and no less instructive than Pall Mall or Paris.

Mr. Loudon Dodd, though he was new to the group of the Marquesas, was already an old, salted trader; he knew the ships and the captains; he had assisted, in other islands, at the first steps of some career of which he now heard the culmination, or (*vice versa*) he had brought with him from further south the end of some story which had begun in Tai-o-hae. Among other matter of interest, like other arrivals in the South Seas, he had a wreck to announce. The *John T. Richards*, it appeared, had met the fate of other island schooners.

"Dickinson piled her up on Palmerston Island," Dodd announced.

"Who were the owners?" inquired one of the club men.

"O, the usual parties!" returned Loudon—"Capsicum & Co."

A smile and a glance of intelligence went round the group; and perhaps Loudon gave voice to the general sentiment by remarking, "Talk of good business! I know nothing better than a schooner, a competent captain, and a sound, reliable reef."

"Good business! There's no such a thing!" said the Glasgow man. "Nobody makes anything but the missionaries—dash it!"

"I don't know," said another. "There's a good deal in opium."

"It's a good job to strike a tabooed pearl-island, say, about the fourth year," remarked a third; "skim the whole lagoon on the sly, and up stick and away before the French get wind of you."

"A pig nokket of cold is good," observed a German.

"There's something in wrecks, too," said Havens. "Look at that man in Honolulu, and the ship that went ashore on Waikiki Reef; it was blowing a kona, hard; and she began to break up as soon as she touched. Lloyd's agent had her sold inside an hour; and before dark, when she went to pieces in earnest, the man that bought her had

feathered his nest. Three more hours of daylight, and he might have retired from business. As it was he built a house on Beretania Street, and called it for the ship."

"Yes, there's something in wrecks sometimes," said the Glasgow voice; "but not often."

"As a general rule, there's deuced little in anything," said Havens.

"Well, I believe that's a Christian fact," cried the other. "What I want is a secret; get hold of a rich man by the right place, and make him squeal."

"I suppose you know it's not thought to be the ticket," returned Havens.

"I don't care for that; it's good enough for me," cried the man from Glasgow, stoutly. "The only devil of it is, a fellow can never find a secret in a place like the South Seas: only in London and Paris."

"McGibbon's been reading some dime novel, I suppose," said one club man.

"He's been reading *Aurora Floyd*," remarked another.

"And what if I have?" cried McGibbon. "It's all true. Look at the newspapers! It's just your confounded ignorance that sets you snickering. I tell you, it's as much a trade as underwriting, and a dashed sight more honest."

The sudden acrimony of these remarks called Loudon (who was a man of peace) from his reserve. "It's rather singular," said he, "but I seem to have practised about all these means of livelihood."

"Tit you effer vind a nokket?" inquired the inarticulate German, eagerly.

"No. I have been most kinds of fool in my time," returned Loudon, "but not the gold-digging variety. Every man has a sane spot somewhere."

"Well, then," suggested some one, "did you ever smuggle opium?"

"Yes, I did," said Loudon.

"Was there money in that?"

"All the way," responded Loudon.

"And perhaps you bought a wreck?" asked another.

"Yes, sir," said Loudon.

"How did that pan out?" pursued the questioner.

"Well, mine was a peculiar kind of wreck," replied Loudon. "I don't know, on the whole, that I can recommend that branch of industry."

"Did she break up?" asked some one.

"I guess it was rather I that broke down," says Loudon. "Head not big enough."

"Ever try the blackmail?" inquired Havens.

"Simple as you see me sitting here!" responded Dodd.

"Good business?"

"Well, I'm not a lucky man, you see," returned the stranger. "It ought to have been good."

"You had a secret?" asked the Glasgow man.

"As big as the State of Texas."

"And the other man was rich?"

"He wasn't exactly Jay Gould, but I guess he could buy these islands if he wanted."

"Why, what was wrong, then? Couldn't you get hands on him?"

"It took time, but I had him cornered at last; and then——"

"What then?"

"The speculation turned bottom up. I became the man's bosom friend."

"The deuce you did!"

"He couldn't have been particular, you mean?" asked Dodd, pleasantly.

"Well, no; he's a man of rather large sympathies."

"If you're done talking nonsense, Loudon," said Havens, "let's be getting to my place for dinner."

Outside, the night was full of the roaring of the surf. Scattered lights glowed in the green thicket. Native women came by twos and threes out of the darkness, smiled and ogled the two whites, perhaps wooed them with a strain of laughter, and went by again, bequeathing to the air a heavy perfume of palm-oil and frangipani blossom. From the club to Mr. Havens's residence was but a step or two, and to any dweller in Europe they must have seemed steps in fairyland. If such an one could but have followed our two friends into the wide-verandahed house, sat down with them in the cool trellised room, where the wine shone on the lamp-lighted tablecloth; tasted of their exotic food—the raw fish, the bread-

fruit, the cooked bananas, the roast pig served with the inimitable miti, and that king of delicacies, palm-tree salad; seen and heard by fits and starts, now peering round the corner of the door, now railing within against invisible assistants, a certain comely young native lady in a sacque, who seemed too modest to be a member of the family, and too imperious to be less; and then if such an one were whisked again through space to Upper Tooting, or wherever else he honored the domestic gods, "I have had a dream," I think he would say, as he sat up, rubbing his eyes, in the familiar chimney-corner chair, "I have had a dream of a place, and I declare I believe it must be heaven." But to Dodd and his entertainer, all this amenity of the tropic night and all these dainties of the island table, were grown things of custom; and they fell to meat like men who were hungry, and drifted into idle talk like men who were a trifle bored.

The scene in the club was referred to.

"I never heard you talk so much nonsense, Loudon," said the host.

"Well, it seemed to me there was sulphur in the air, so I talked for talking," returned the other. "But it was none of it nonsense."

"Do you mean to say it was true?" cried Havens—"that about the opium and the wreck, and the blackmailing and the man who became your friend?"

"Every last word of it," said Loudon.

"You seem to have been seeing life," returned the other.

"Yes, it's a queer yarn," said his friend; "if you think you would like, I'll tell it you."

Here follows the yarn of Loudon Dodd.

THE YARN.

CHAPTER I

A SOUND COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

THE beginning of this yarn is my poor father's character. There never was a better man, nor a handsomer, nor (in my view) a more unhappy—unhappy in his business, in his pleasures, in his place of residence, and (I am sorry to say it) in his son. He had begun life as a land-surveyor, soon became interested in real estate, branched off into many other speculations, and had the name of one of the smartest men in the State of Muskegon. "Dodd has a big head," people used to say; but I was never so sure of his capacity. His luck, at least, was beyond doubt for long; his assiduity, always. He fought in that daily battle of money-grubbing, with a kind of sad-eyed loyalty like a martyr's; rose early, ate fast, came home dispirited and over-weary, even from success; grudged himself all pleasure, if his nature was capable of taking any, which I sometimes wondered; and laid out, upon some deal in wheat or corner in aluminium, the essence of which was little better than highway robbery, treasures of conscientiousness and self-denial.

Unluckily, I never cared a cent for anything but art, and never shall. My idea of man's chief end was to enrich the world with things of beauty, and have a fairly good time myself while doing so. I do not think I mentioned that second part, which is the only one I have managed to carry out; but my father must have suspected the suppression, for he branded the whole affair as self-indulgence.

"Well," I remember crying once, "and what is your life? You are only trying to get money, and to get it from other people at that."

He sighed bitterly (which was very much his habit), and shook his poor head at me. "Ah, Loudon, Loudon!" said he, "you boys think yourselves very smart. But, struggle as you please, a man has to work in this world. He must be an honest man or a thief, Loudon."

You can see for yourself how vain it was to argue with my father. The despair that seized upon me after such an interview was, besides, embittered by remorse; for I was at times petulant, but he invariably gentle; and I was fighting, after all, for my own liberty and pleasure, he singly for what he thought to be my good. And all the time he never despaired. "There is good stuff in you, Loudon," he would say; "there is the right stuff in you. Blood will tell, and you will come right

in time. I am not afraid my boy will ever disgrace me ; I am only vexed he should sometimes talk nonsense." And then he would pat my shoulder or my hand with a kind of motherly way he had, very affecting in a man so strong and beautiful.

As soon as I had graduated from the high school, he packed me off to the Muskegon Commercial Academy. You are a foreigner, and you will have a difficulty in accepting the reality of this seat of education. I assure you before I begin that I am wholly serious. The place really existed, possibly exists to-day; we were proud of it in the State, as something exceptionally nineteenth century and civilized ; and my father, when he saw me to the cars, no doubt considered he was putting me in a straight line for the Presidency and the New Jerusalem.

"Loudon," said he, "I am now giving you a chance that Julius Cæsar could not have given to his son—a chance to see life as it is, before your own turn comes to start in earnest. Avoid rash speculation, try to behave like a gentleman; and if you will take my advice, confine yourself to a safe, conservative business in railroads. Breadstuffs are tempting, but very dangerous ; I would not try breadstuffs at your time of life ; but you may feel your way a little in other commodities. Take a pride to keep your books posted, and never throw good money after bad. There, my dear boy, kiss me good-by; and never forget that you are an only chick, and that your dad watches your career with fond suspense."

The commercial college was a fine, roomy establishment, pleasantly situate among woods. The air was healthy, the food excellent, the premium high. Electric wires connected it (to use the words of the prospectus) with "the various world centres." The reading-room was well supplied with "commercial organs." The talk was that of Wall Street ; and the pupils (from fifty to a hundred lads) were principally engaged in rooking or trying to rook one another for nominal sums in what was called "college paper." We had class hours, indeed, in the morning, when we studied German, French, bookkeeping, and the like goodly matters ; but the bulk of our day and the gist of the education centred in the exchange, where we were taught to gamble in produce and securities. Since not one of the participants possessed a bushel of wheat or a dollar's worth of stock, legitimate business was of course impossible from the beginning. It was cold-drawn gambling, without color or disguise. Just that which is the impediment and destruction of all genuine commercial enterprise, just that we were taught with every luxury of stage effect. Our simulacrum of a market was ruled by the real markets outside, so that we might experience the course and vicissitude of prices. We must keep books, and our ledgers were overhauled at the month's end by the principal or his assistants. To add a spice of verisimilitude, "college paper" (like poker chips) had an actual marketable value. It was bought for each pupil by anxious parents and guardians at the rate of one cent for the dollar. The same pupil, when his education was complete, resold, at the same figure, so much as was left him to the college ; and even in the midst of his curriculum, a successful operator would sometimes realize a proportion of his holding, and stand a supper on the sly in the neighboring hamlet. In short, if there was ever a worse education, it must have been in that academy where Oliver met Charlie Bates.

When I was first guided into the exchange to have my desk pointed out by one of the assistant teachers, I was overwhelmed by the clamor and confusion. Certain blackboards at the other end of the building were covered with figures continually replaced. As each new set appeared, the pupils swayed to and fro, and roared out aloud with a formidable and to me quite meaningless vociferation ; leaping at the same time upon the desks and benches, signalling with arms and heads, and scribbling briskly in note-books. I thought I had never beheld a scene more disagreeable ; and when I considered that the whole traffic was illusory, and all the money then upon the market would scarce have sufficed to buy a pair of skates, I was at first astonished, although not for long. Indeed, I had no sooner called to mind

how grown-up men and women of considerable estate will lose their temper about half-penny points, than (making an immediate allowance for my fellow-students) I transferred the whole of my astonishment to the assistant teacher, who—poor gentleman—had quite forgot to show me to my desk, and stood in the midst of this hurly-burly, absorbed and seemingly transported.

"Look, look," he shouted in my ear; "a falling market! The bears have had it all their own way since yesterday."

"It can't matter," I replied, making him hear with difficulty, for I was unused to speak in such a babel, "since it is all fun."

"True," said he; "and you must always bear in mind that the real profit is in the book-keeping. I trust, Dodd, to be able to congratulate you upon your books. You are to start in with ten thousand dollars of college paper, a very liberal figure, which should see you through the whole curriculum, if you keep to a safe, conservative business . . . Why, what's that?" he broke off, once more attracted by the changing figures on the board. "Seven, four, three! Dodd, you are in luck: this is the most spirited rally we have had this term. And to think that the same scene is now transpiring in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and rival business centres! For two cents, I would try a flutter with the boys myself," he cried, rubbing his hands; "only it's against the regulations."

"What would you do, sir?" I asked.

"Do?" he cried with glittering eyes. "Buy for all I was worth!"

"Would that be a safe, conservative business?" I inquired, as innocent as a lamb.

He looked daggers at me. "See that sandy-haired man in glasses?" he asked, as if to change the subject. "That's Billson, our most prominent undergraduate. We build confidently on Billson's future. You could not do better, Dodd, than follow Billson."

Presently after, in the midst of a still growing tumult, the figures coming and going more busily than ever on the board, and the hall resounding like Pandemonium with the howls of operators, the assistant teacher left me to my own resources at my desk. The next boy was posting up his ledger, figuring his morning's loss, as I discovered later on; and from this ungenial task he was readily diverted by the sight of a new face.

"Say, Freshman," he said, "what's your name? What? Son of Big Head Dodd? What's your figure? Ten thousand? O, you're away up! What a soft-headed clam you must be to touch your books!"

I asked him what else I could do, since the books were to be examined once a month.

"Why, you galoot, you get a clerk!" cries he. "One of our dead beats—that's all they're here for. If you're a successful operator, you need never do a stroke of work in this old college."

The noise had now become deafening; and my new friend, telling me that some one had certainly "gone down," that he must know the news, and that he would bring me a clerk when he returned, buttoned his coat and plunged into the tossing throng. It proved that he was right: some one had gone down; a prince had fallen in Israel; the corner in lard had proved fatal to the mighty; and the clerk who was brought back to keep my books, spare me all work, and get all my share of the education, at a thousand dollars a month, college paper (ten dollars, United States currency) was no other than the prominent Billson whom I could do no better than follow. The poor lad was very unhappy. It's the only good thing I have to say for Muskegon Commercial College, that we were all, even the small fry, deeply mortified to be posted as defaulters; and the collapse of a merchant prince like Billson, who had ridden pretty high in his days of prosperity, was, of course, particularly hard to bear. But the spirit of make-believe conquered even the bitterness of recent shame; and my clerk took his orders, and fell to his new duties, with decorum and civility.

Such were my first impressions in this absurd place of education; and to be frank, they were far from disagreeable. As long as I was rich, my evenings and afternoons would be my own; the clerk must keep my books, the clerk

could do the jostling and bawling in the exchange; and I could turn my mind to landscape-painting and Balzac's novels, which were then my two preoccupations. To remain rich, then, became my problem; or, in other words, to do a safe, conservative line of business. I am looking for that line still; and I believe the nearest thing to it in this imperfect world is the sort of speculation sometimes insidiously proposed to childhood, in the formula, "Heads, I win; tails, you lose." Mindful of my father's parting words, I turned my attention timidly to railroads; and for a month or so maintained a position of inglorious security, dealing for small amounts in the most inert stocks, and bearing (as best I could) the scorn of my hired clerk. One day I had ventured a little further by way of experiment; and, in the sure expectation they would continue to go down, sold several thousand dollars of Pan-Handle Preference (I think it was). I had no sooner made this venture, than some fools in New York began to bull the market; Pan-Handle rose like a balloon; and in the inside of half an hour I saw my position compromised. Blood will tell, as my father said; and I stuck to it gallantly: all afternoon I continued selling that infernal stock, all afternoon it continued skying. I suppose I had come (a frail cockle-shell) athwart the hawse of Jay Gould; and, indeed, I think I remember that this vagary in the market proved subsequently to be the first move in a considerable deal. That evening, at least, the name of H. Loudon Dodd held the first rank in our collegiate gazette, and I and Billson (once more thrown upon the world) were competing for the same clerkship. The present object takes the present eye. My disaster, for the moment, was the more conspicuous; and it was I that got the situation. So you see, even in Muskegon Commercial College, there were lessons to be learned.

For my own part, I cared very little whether I lost or won at a game so random, so complex, and so dull; but it was sorry news to write to my poor father, and I employed all the resources of my eloquence. I told him (what was the truth) that the successful boys had none of the education; so that if he wished me to learn, he should rejoice at my misfortune. I went on (not very consistently) to beg him to set me up again, when I would solemnly promise to do a safe business in reliable railroads. Lastly (becoming somewhat carried away), I assured him I was totally unfit for business, and implored him to take me away from this abominable place, and let me go to Paris to study art. He answered briefly, gently, and sadly, telling me the vacation was near at hand, when we would talk things over.

When the time came, he met me at the depot, and I was shocked to see him looking older. He seemed to have no thought but to console me and restore (what he supposed I had lost) my courage. I must not be down-hearted; many of the best men had made a failure in the beginning. I told him I had no head for business, and the kind face darkened. "You must not say that, Loudon," he replied; "I will never believe my son to be a coward."

"But I don't like it," I pleaded. "It hasn't got any interest for me, and art has. I know I could do more in art," and I reminded him that a successful painter gains large sums; that a picture of Meissonier's would sell for many thousand dollars.

"And do you think, Loudon," he replied, "that a man who can paint a thousand dollar picture has not grit enough to keep his end up in the stock market? No, sir; this Mason (of whom you speak) or our own American Bierstadt—if you were to put them down in a wheat pit to-morrow, they would show their mettle. Come, Loudon, my dear; Heaven knows I have no thought but your own good, and I will offer you a bargain. I start you again next term with ten thousand dollars; show yourself a man, and double it, and then (if you still wish to go to Paris, which I know you won't) I'll let you go. But to let you run away as if you were whipped, is what I am too proud to do."

My heart leaped at this proposal, and then sank again. It seemed easier to paint a Meissonier on the spot than to win ten thousand dollars on that mimic stock exchange. Nor could I help reflecting on the singularity of such a

test for a man's capacity to be a painter. I ventured even to comment on this.

He sighed deeply. "You forget, my dear," said he, "I am a judge of the one, and not of the other. You might have the genius of Bierstadt himself, and I would be none the wiser."

"And then," I continued, "it's scarcely fair. The other boys are helped by their people, who telegraph and give them pointers. There's Jim Costello, who never budges without a word from his father in New York. And then, don't you see, if anybody is to win, somebody must lose?"

"I'll keep you posted," cried my father, with unusual animation; "I did not know it was allowed. I'll wire you in the office cipher, and we'll make it a kind of partnership business, Loudon—Dodd & Son, eh?" and he patted my shoulder and repeated, "Dodd & Son, Dodd & Son," with the kindliest amusement.

If my father was to give me pointers, and the commercial college was to be a stepping-stone to Paris, I could look my future in the face. The old boy, too, was so pleased at the idea of our association in this foolery that he immediately plucked up spirit. Thus it befell that those who had met at the depot like a pair of mutes, sat down to table with holiday faces.

And now I have to introduce a new character that never said a word nor wagged a finger, and yet shaped my whole subsequent career. You have crossed the States, so that in all likelihood you have seen the head of it, parcel-gilt and curiously fluted, rising among trees from a wide plain; for this new character was no other than the State capitol of Muskegon, then first projected. My father had embraced the idea with a mixture of patriotism and commercial greed both perfectly genuine. He was of all the committees, he had subscribed a great deal of money, and he was making arrangements to have a finger in most of the contracts. Competitive plans had been sent in; at the time of my return from college my father was deep in their consideration; and as the idea entirely occupied his mind, the first evening did not pass away before he had called me into council. Here was a subject at last into which I could throw myself with pleasurable zeal. Architecture was new to me, indeed; but it was at least an art; and for all the arts I had a taste naturally classical and that capacity to take delighted pains which some famous idiot has supposed to be synonymous with genius. I threw myself headlong into my father's work, acquainted myself with all the plans, their merits and defects, read besides in special books, made myself a master of the theory of strains, studied the current prices of materials, and (in one word) "devilled" the whole business so thoroughly, that when the plans came up for consideration, Big Head Dodd was supposed to have earned fresh laurels. His arguments carried the day, his choice was approved by the committee, and I had the anonymous satisfaction to know that arguments and choice were wholly mine. In the recasting of the plan which followed, my part was even larger; for I designed and cast with my own hand a hot-air grating for the offices, which had the luck or merit to be accepted. The energy and aptitude which I displayed throughout delighted and surprised my father, and I believe, although I say it whose tongue should be tied, that they alone prevented Muskegon Capitol from being the eyesore of my native State.

Altogether, I was in a cheery frame of mind when I returned to the commercial college; and my earlier operations were crowned with a full measure of success. My father wrote and wired to me continually. "You are to exercise your own judgement, Loudon," he would say. "All that I do is to give you the figures; but whatever operation you take up must be upon your own responsibility, and whatever you earn will be entirely due to your own dash and forethought." For all that, it was always clear what he intended me to do, and I was always careful to do it. Inside of a month I was at the head of seventeen or eighteen thousand dollars, college paper. And here I fell a victim to one of the vices of the system. The paper (I have already explained) had a real value of one per cent; and cost, and could be sold, for currency. Unsuccessful speculators

were thus always selling clothes, books, banjos, and sleeve-links, in order to pay their differences; the successful, on the other hand, were often tempted to realize, and enjoy some return upon their profits. Now I wanted thirty dollars' worth of artist-truck, for I was always sketching in the woods; my allowance was for the time exhausted; I had begun to regard the exchange (with my father's help) as a place where money was to be got for stooping; and in an evil hour I realised three thousand dollars of the college paper and bought my easel.

It was a Wednesday morning when the things arrived, and set me in the seventh heaven of satisfaction. My father (for I can scarcely say myself) was trying at this time a "straddle" in wheat between Chicago and New York; the operation so called is, as you know, one of the most tempting and least safe upon the chess-board of finance. On the Thursday, luck began to turn against my father's calculations; and by the Friday evening, I was posted on the boards as a defaulter for the second time. Here was a rude blow: my father would have taken it ill enough in any case; for however much a man may resent the incapacity of an only son, he will feel his own more sensibly. But it chanced that, in our bitter cup of failure, there was one ingredient that might truly be called poisonous. He had been keeping the run of my position; he missed the three thousand dollars, paper; and in his view, I had stolen thirty dollars, currency. It was an extreme view perhaps; but in some senses, it was just; and my father, although (to my judgment) quite reckless of honesty in the essence of his operations, was the soul of honor as to their details. I had one grieved letter from him, dignified and tender; and during the rest of that wretched term, working as a clerk, selling my clothes and sketches to make futile speculations, my dream of Paris quite vanished, I was cheered by no word of kindness and helped by no hint of counsel from my father.

All the time he was no doubt thinking of little else but his son, and what to do with him. I believe he had been really appalled by what he regarded as my laxity of principle, and began to think it might be well to preserve me from temptation; the architect of the capitol had, besides, spoken obligingly of my design; and while he was thus hanging between two minds, Fortune suddenly stepped in, and Muskegon State capitol reversed my destiny.

"Loudon," said my father, as he met me at the depot, with a smiling countenance, "if you were to go to Paris, how long would it take you to become an experienced sculptor?"

"How do you mean, father?" I cried. "Experienced?"

"A man that could be entrusted with the highest styles," he answered; "the nude, for instance; and the patriotic and emblematical styles."

"It might take three years," I replied.

"You think Paris necessary?" he asked. "There are great advantages in our own country; and that man Prodgers appears to be a very clever sculptor, though I suppose he stands too high to go around giving lessons."

"Paris is the only place," I assured him.

"Well, I think myself it will sound better," he admitted. "A Young Man, a Native of this State, Son of a Leading Citizen, Studies Prosecuted under the Most Experienced Masters in Paris," he added, relishingly.

"But, my dear dad, what is it all about?" I interrupted. "I never even dreamed of being a sculptor."

"Well, here it is," said he. "I took up the statuary contract on our new capitol: I took it up at first as a deal; and then it occurred to me it would be better to keep it in the family. It meets your idea; there's considerable money in the thing; and it's patriotic. So, if you say the word, you shall go to Paris, and come back in three years to decorate the capitol of your native State. It's a big chance for you, Loudon; and I'll tell you what—every dollar you earn, I'll put another alongside of it. But the sooner you go, and the harder you work, the better; for if the first half-dozen statues aren't on a line with public taste in Muskegon, there will be trouble."

Chapter II.

ROUSSILLON WINE.

My mother's family was Scotch, and it was judged fitting I should pay a visit on my way Paris-ward, to my Uncle Adam Loudon, a wealthy retired grocer of Edinburgh. He was very stiff and very ironical; he fed me well, lodged me sumptuously, and seemed to take it out of me all the time, cent per cent, in secret entertainment which caused his spectacles to glitter and his mouth to twitch. The ground of this ill-suppressed mirth (as well as I could make out) was simply the fact that I was an American. "Well," he would say, drawing out the word to infinity, "and I suppose now in your country, things will be so and so." And the whole group of my cousins would titter joyously. Repeated receptions of this sort must be at the root, I suppose, of what they call the Great American Jest; and I know I was myself goaded into saying that my friends went naked in the summer months, and that the Second Methodist Episcopal Church in Muskegon was decorated with scalps. I cannot say that these flights had any great success; they seemed to awaken little more surprise than the fact that my father was a Republican or that I had been taught in school to spell *colour* without the *u*. If I had told them (what was after all the truth) that my father had paid a considerable annual sum to have me brought up in a gambling hell, the tittering and grinning of this dreadful family might perhaps have been excused.

I cannot deny but I was sometimes tempted to knock my Uncle Adam down; and indeed I believe it must have come to a rupture at last, if they had not given a dinner party at which I was the lion. On this occasion, I learned (to my surprise and relief) that the incivility to which I had been subjected was a matter for the family circle and might be regarded almost in the light of an endearment. To strangers, I was presented with consideration; and the account given of "my American brother-in-law, poor Janie's man, James K. Dodd, the well-known millionnaire of Muskegon, was calculated to enlarge the heart of a proud son.

An aged assistant of my grandfather's, a pleasant, humble creature with a taste for whiskey, was at first deputed to be my guide about the city. With this harmless but hardly aristocratic companion, I went to Arthur's Seat and the Calton Hill, heard the band play in the Princes Street Gardens, inspected the regalia and the blood of Rizzio, and fell in love with the great castle on its cliff, the innumerable spires of churches, the stately buildings, the broad prospects, and those narrow and crowded lanes of the old town where my ancestors had lived and died in the days before Columbus.

But there was another curiosity that interested me more deeply—my grandfather, Alexander Loudon. In his time, the old gentleman had been a working mason, and had risen from the ranks more, I think, by shrewdness than by merit. In his appearance, speech, and manners, he bore broad marks of his origin, which were gall and wormwood to my Uncle Adam. His nails, in spite of anxious supervision, were often in conspicuous mourning; his clothes hung about him in bags and wrinkles like a ploughman's Sunday coat; his accent was rude, broad, and dragging; take him at his best, and even when he could be induced to hold his tongue, his mere presence in a corner of the drawing-room, with his open-air wrinkles, his scanty hair, his battered hands, and the cheerful craftiness of his expression, advertised the whole gang of us for a self-made family. My aunt might mince and my cousins bridle; but there was no getting over the solid, physical fact of the stonemason in the chimney-corner.

That is one advantage of being an American: it never occurred to me to be ashamed of my grandfather, and the old gentleman was quick to mark the difference. He held my mother in tender memory, perhaps because he was in the habit of daily contrasting her with Uncle Adam, whom he detested to the point of frenzy; and he set down to inheritance from his favorite my own becoming treatment of himself. On our walks abroad, which soon became daily, he would sometimes (after duly warning me to keep the matter dark from "Aadam") skulk into some old familiar

pot-house; and there (if he had the luck to encounter any of his veteran cronies) he would present me to the company with manifest pride, casting at the same time a covert slur on the rest of his descendants. "This is my Jeannie's yin," he would say. "He's a fine fallow, him." The purpose of our excursion was not to seek antiquities or to enjoy famous prospects, but to visit one after another a series of doleful suburbs, for which it was the old gentleman's chief claim to renown that he had been the sole contractor, and too often the architect besides. I have rarely seen a more shocking exhibition; the bricks seemed to be blushing in the walls, and the slates on the roof to have turned pale with shame; but I was careful not to communicate these impressions to the aged artificer at my side; and when he would direct my attention to some fresh monstrosity— perhaps with the comment, "There's an idee of mine's; it's cheap and tasty, and had a graand run; the idee was soon stole, and there's whole deestricts near Glesgie with the goathic adeetion and that plunth,"—I would civilly make haste to admire and (what I found particularly delighted him) to inquire into the cost of each adornment. It will be conceived that Muskegon capitol was a frequent and a welcome ground of talk; I drew him all the plans from memory; and he, with the aid of a narrow volume full of figures and tables, which answered (I believe) to the name of Molesworth, and was his constant pocket companion, would draw up rough estimates and make imaginary offers on the various contracts. Our Muskegon builders he pronounced a pack of cormorants; and the congenial subject, together with my knowledge of architectural terms, the theory of strains, and the prices of materials in the States, formed a strong bond of union between what might have been otherwise an ill-assorted pair, and led my grandfather to pronounce me, with emphasis, "a real intalligent kind of a cheild." Thus a second time, as you will presently see, the capitol of my native State had influentially affected the current of my life.

I left Edinburgh, however, with not the least idea that I had done a stroke of excellent business for myself, and singly delighted to escape out of a somewhat dreary house and plunge instead into the rainbow city of Paris. Every man has his own romance; mine clustered exclusively about the practice of the arts, the life of Latin Quarter students, and the world of Paris as depicted by that grimy wizard, the author of the *Comédie Humaine*. I was not disappointed—I could not have been; for I did not see the facts, I brought them with me ready-made. Z. Marcas lived next door to me in my ungainly, ill-smelling hotel of the Rue Racine; I dined at my villainous restaurant with Lousteau and with Rastignac: if a curricle nearly ran me down at a street-crossing, Maxime de Trailles would be the driver. I dined, I say, at a poor restaurant and lived in a poor hotel; and this was not from need, but sentiment. My father gave me a profuse allowance, and I might have lived (had I chosen) in the Quartier de l'Etoile and driven to my studies daily. Had I done so, the glamour must have fled: I should still have been but Loudon Dodd; whereas now I was a Latin Quarter student, Murger's successor, living in flesh and blood the life of one of those romances I had loved to read, to re-read, and to dream over, among the woods of Muskegon.

At this time we were all a little Murger-mad in the Latin Quarter. The play of the *Vie de Bohème* (a dreary, snivelling piece) had been produced at the Odéon, had run an unconscionable time—for Paris, and revived the freshness of the legend. The same business, you may say, or there and thereabout, was being privately enacted in consequence in every garret of the neighbourhood, and a good third of the students were consciously impersonating Rodolphe or Schaunard to their own incommunicable satisfaction. Some of us went far, and some farther. I always looked with awful envy (for instance) on a certain countryman of my own, who had a studio in the Rue Monsieur le Prince, wore boots, and long hair in a net, and could be seen tramping off, in this guise, to the worst eating-house of the quarter, followed by a Corsican model, his mistress, in the conspicuous

costume of her race and calling. It takes some greatness of soul to carry even folly to such heights as these; and for my own part, I had to content myself by pretending very arduously to be poor, by wearing a smoking-cap on the streets, and by pursuing, through a series of misadventures, that extinct mammal, the grisette. The most grievous part was the eating and the drinking. I was born with a dainty tooth and a palate for wine; and only a genuine devotion to romance could have supported me under the cat-civets that I had to swallow, and the red ink of Bercy I must wash them down withal. Every now and again, after a hard day at the studio, where I was steadily and far from unsuccessfully industrious, a wave of distaste would overbear me; I would slink away from my haunts and companions, indemnify myself for weeks of self-denial with fine wines and dainty dishes; seated perhaps on a terrace, perhaps in an arbor in a garden, with a volume of one of my favorite authors propped open in front of me, and now consulted awhile, and now forgotten:—so remain, relishing my situation, till night fell and the lights of the city kindled; and thence stroll homeward by the riverside, under the moon or stars, in a heaven of poetry and digestion.

One such indulgence led me, in the course of my second year, into an adventure which I must relate: indeed, it is the very point I have been aiming for, since that was what brought me in acquaintance with Jim Pinkerton. I sat down alone to dinner one October day when the rusty leaves were falling and scuttling on the boulevard, and the minds of impressionable men inclined in about an equal degree towards sadness and conviviality. The restaurant was no great place, but boasted a considerable cellar and a long printed list of vintages. This I was perusing with the double zest of a man who is fond of wine and a lover of beautiful names, when my eye fell (near the end of the card) on that not very famous or familiar brand, Roussillon. I remembered it was a wine I had never tasted, ordered a bottle, found it excellent, and when I had discussed the contents, called (according to my habit) for a final pint. It appears they did not keep Roussillon in half-bottles. "All right," said I. "Another bottle." The tables at this eating-house are close together; and the next thing I can remember, I was in somewhat loud conversation with my nearest neighbors. From these I must have gradually extended my attentions; for I have a clear recollection of gazing about a room in which every chair was half turned round and every face turned smilingly to mine. I can even remember what I was saying at the moment; but after twenty years, the embers of shame are still alive; and I prefer to give your imagination the cue, by simply mentioning that my muse was the patriotic. It had been my design to adjourn for coffee in the company of some of these new friends; but I was no sooner on the sidewalk than I found myself unaccountably alone. The circumstance scarce surprised me at the time, much less now; but I was somewhat chagrined a little after to find I had walked into a kiosque. I began to wonder if I were any the worse for my last bottle, and decided to steady myself with coffee and brandy. In the Café de la Source, where I went for this restorative, the fountain was playing, and (what greatly surprised me) the mill and the various mechanical figures on the rockery appeared to have been freshly repaired and performed the most enchanting antics. The café was extraordinarily hot and bright, with every detail of a conspicuous clearness, from the faces of the guests to the type of the newspapers on the tables, and the whole apartment swang to and fro like a hammock, with an exhilarating motion. For some while I was so extremely pleased with these particulars that I thought I could never be weary of beholding them: then dropped of a sudden into a causeless sadness; and then, with the same swiftness and spontaneity, arrived at the conclusion that I was drunk and had better get to bed.

It was but a step or two to my hotel, where I got my lighted candle from the porter and mounted the four flights to my own room. Although I could not deny that I was drunk, I was at the same time lucidly rational and practical. I had but one preoccupation—to be up

in time on the morrow for my work; and when I observed the clock on my chimney-piece to have stopped, I decided to go down-stairs again and give directions to the porter. Leaving the candle burning and my door open, to be a guide to me on my return, I set forth accordingly. The house was quite dark; but as there were only the three doors on each landing, it was impossible to wander, and I had nothing to do but descend the stairs until I saw the glimmer of the porter's night light. I counted four flights: no porter. It was possible, of course, that I had reckoned incorrectly; so I went down another and another, and another, still counting as I went, until I had reached the preposterous figure of nine flights. It was now quite clear that I had somehow passed the porter's lodge without remarking it; indeed, I was, at the lowest figure, five pairs of stairs below the street, and plunged in the very bowels of the earth. That my hotel should thus be founded upon catacombs was a discovery of considerable interest; and if I had not been in a frame of mind entirely businesslike, I might have continued to explore all night this subterranean empire. But I was bound I must be up betimes the next morning, and for that end it was imperative that I should find the porter. I faced about accordingly, and counting with painful care, remounted toward the level of the street. Five, six, and seven flights I climbed, and still there was no porter. I began to be weary of the job, and reflecting that I was now close to my own room, decided I should go to bed. Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen flights I mounted; and my open door seemed to be as wholly lost to me as the porter and his floating dip. I remembered that the house stood but six stories at its highest point, from which it appeared (on the most moderate computation) I was now three stories higher than the roof. My original sense of amusement was succeeded by a not unnatural irritation. "My room has just *got* to be here," said I, and I stepped towards the door with outspread arms. There was no door and no wall; in place of either there yawned before me a dark corridor, in which I continued to advance for some time without encountering the smallest opposition. And this in a house whose extreme area scantily contained three small rooms, a narrow landing, and the stair! The thing was manifestly nonsense; and you will scarcely be surprised to learn that I now began to lose my temper. At this juncture I perceived a filtering of light along the floor, stretched forth my hand which encountered the knob of a door-handle, and without further ceremony entered a room. A young lady was within; she was going to bed, and her toilet was far advanced, or the other way about, if you prefer.

"I hope you will pardon this intrusion," said I; "but my room is No. 12, and something has gone wrong with this blamed house."

She looked at me a moment; and then, "If you will step outside for a moment, I will take you there," says she.

Thus, with perfect composure on both sides, the matter was arranged. I waited awhile outside her door. Presently she rejoined me, in a dressing-gown, took my hand, led me up another flight, which made the fourth above the level of the roof, and shut me into my own room, where (being quite weary after these contraordinary explorations) I turned in, and slumbered like a child.

I tell you the thing calmly, as it appeared to me to pass; but the next day, when I awoke and put memory in the witness-box, I could not conceal from myself that the tale presented a good many improbable features. I had no mind for the studio, after all, and went instead to the Luxembourg gardens, there, among the sparrows and the statues and the falling leaves, to cool and clear my head. It is a garden I have always loved. You sit there in a public place of history and fiction. Barras and Fouché have looked from these windows. Lousteau and de Banville (one as real as the other) have rhymed upon these benches. The city tramples by without the railings to a lively measure; and within and about you, trees rustle, children and sparrows utter their small cries, and the statues look on forever. Here, then, in a seat opposite the gallery entrance, I set to work on the events of

the last night, to disengage (if it were possible) truth from fiction.

The house, by daylight, had proved to be six stories high, the same as ever. I could find, with all my architectural experience, no room in its altitude for those interminable stairways, no width between its walls for that long corridor, where I had tramped at night. And there was yet a greater difficulty. I had read somewhere an aphorism that everything may be false to itself save human nature. A house might elongate or enlarge itself—or seem to do so to a gentleman who had been dining. The ocean might dry up, the rocks melt in the sun, the stars fall from heaven like autumn apples ; and there was nothing in these incidents to boggle the philosopher. But the case of the young lady stood upon a different foundation. Girls were not good enough, or not good that way, or else they were too good. I was ready to accept any of these views : all pointed to the same conclusion, which I was thus already on the point of reaching, when a fresh argument occurred, and instantly confirmed it. I could remember the exact words we had each said ; and I had spoken, and she had replied, in English. Plainly, then, the whole affair was an illusion : catacombs, and stairs, and charitable lady, all were equally the stuff of dreams.

I had just come to this determination, when there blew a flaw of wind through the autumnal gardens ; the dead leaves showered down, and a flight of sparrows, thick as a snowfall, wheeled above my head with sudden pipings. This agreeable bustle was the affair of a moment, but it startled me from the abstraction into which I had fallen, like a summons. I sat briskly up, and as I did so, my eyes rested on the figure of a lady in a brown jacket and carrying a paint-box. By her side walked a fellow some years older than myself, with an easel under his arm ; and alike by their course and cargo I might judge they were bound for the gallery, where the lady was, doubtless, engaged upon some copying. You can imagine my surprise when I recognized in her the heroine of my adventure. To put the matter beyond question, our eyes met, and she, seeing herself remembered and recalling the trim in which I had last beheld her, looked swiftly on the ground with just a shadow of confusion.

I could not tell you to-day if she were plain or pretty ; but she had behaved with so much good sense, and I had cut so poor a figure in her presence, that I became instantly fired with the desire to display myself in a more favorable light. The young man besides was possibly her brother ; brothers are apt to be hasty, theirs being a part in which it is possible, at a comparatively early age, to assume the dignity of manhood ; and it occurred to me it might be wise to forestall all possible complications by an apology.

On this reasoning I drew near to the gallery door, and had hardly got in position before the young man came out. Thus it was that I came face to face with my third destiny ; for my career has been entirely shaped by these three elements—my father, the capitol of Muskegon, and my friend, Jim Pinkerton. As for the young lady with whom my mind was at the moment chiefly occupied, I was never to hear more of her from that day forward : an excellent example of the Blind Man's Buff that we call life.

Chapter III.

TO INTRODUCE MR. PINKERTON.

The stranger, I have said, was some years older than myself : a man of a good stature, a very lively face, cordial, agitated manners, and a gray eye as active as a fowl's.

"May I have a word with you?" said I.

"My dear sir," he replied, "I don't know what it can be about, but you may have a hundred if you like."

"You have just left the side of a young lady," I continued, "towards whom I was led (very unintentionally) into the appearance of an offence. To speak to herself would be only to renew her embarrassment, and I seize the occasion of making my apology, and declaring my respect, to one of my own sex who is her friend, and, perhaps," I added, with a bow, "her natural protector."

"You are a countryman of mine; I know it!" he cried: "I am sure of it by your delicacy to a lady. You do her no more than justice. I was introduced to her the other night at tea, in the apartments of some people, friends of mine; and meeting her again this morning, I could not do less than carry her easel for her. My dear sir, what is your name?"

I was disappointed to find he had so little bond with my young lady; and but that it was I who had sought the acquaintance, might have been tempted to retreat. At the same time, something in the stranger's eye engaged me.

"My name," said I, "is Loudon Dodd; I am a student of sculpture here from Muskegon."

"Of sculpture?" he cried, as though that would have been his last conjecture. "Mine is James Pinkerton; I am delighted to have the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Pinkerton!" it was now my turn to exclaim. "Are you Broken-Stool Pinkerton?"

He admitted his identity with a laugh of boyish delight; and indeed any young man in the quarter might have been proud to own a sobriquet thus gallantly acquired.

In order to explain the name, I must here digress into a chapter of the history of manners in the nineteenth century, very well worth commemoration for its own sake. In some of the studios at that date, the hazing of new pupils was both barbarous and obscene. Two incidents following one on the heels of the other tended to produce an advance in civilization by the means (as so commonly happens) of a passing appeal to savage standards. The first was the arrival of a little gentleman from Armenia. He had a fez upon his head and (what nobody counted on) a dagger in his pocket. The hazing was set about in the customary style, and, perhaps in virtue of the victim's head-gear, even more boisterously than usual. He bore it at first with an inviting patience; but upon one of the students proceeding to an unpardonable freedom, plucked out his knife and suddenly plunged it in the belly of the jester. This gentleman, I am pleased to say, passed months upon a bed of sickness, before he was in a position to resume his studies. The second incident was that which had earned Pinkerton his reputation. In a crowded studio, while some very filthy brutalities were being practised on a trembling debutant, a tall, pale fellow sprang from his stool and (without the smallest preface or explanation) sang out, "All English and Americans to clear the shop!" Our race is brutal, but not filthy; and the summons was nobly responded to. Every Anglo-Saxon student seized his stool; in a moment the studio was full of bloody coxcombs, the French fleeing in disorder to the door, the victim liberated and amazed. In this feat of arms, both English-speaking nations covered themselves with glory; but I am proud to claim the author of the whole for an American, and a patriotic American at that, being the same gentleman who had subsequently to be held down in the bottom of a box during a performance of *L'Oncle Sam*, sobbing at intervals, "My country, O my country!" While yet another (my new acquaintance, Pinkerton) was supposed to have made the most conspicuous figure in the actual battle. At one blow, he had broken his own stool and sent the largest of his opponents back foremost through what we used to call "a conscientious nude." It appears that, in the continuation of his flight, this fallen warrior issued on the boulevard still framed in the burst canvas.

It will be understood how much talk the incident aroused in the students' quarter, and that I was highly gratified to make the acquaintance of my famous countryman. It chanced I was to see more of the Quixotic side of his character before the morning was done; for as we continued to stroll together, I found myself near the studio of a young Frenchman whose work I had promised to examine, and in the fashion of the quarter, carried up Pinkerton along with me. Some of my comrades at this date were pretty obnoxious fellows. I could almost always admire and respect the grown-up practitioners of art in Paris; but many of those who were still in a state of pupilage were sorry speci-

mens, so much so that I used often to wonder where the painters came from, and where the brutes of students went to. A similar mystery hangs over the intermediate stages of the medical profession, and must have perplexed the least observant. The ruffian, at least, whom I now carried Pinkerton to visit, was one of the most crapulous in the quarter. He turned out for our delectation a huge "crust" (as we used to call it) of St. Stephen, wallowing in red upon his belly in an exhausted receiver, and a crowd of Hebrews in blue, green, and yellow, pelting him—apparently with buns; and while we gazed upon this contrivance, regaled us with a piece of his own recent biography, of which his mind was still very full, and which he seemed to fancy represented him in a heroic posture. I was one of those cosmopolitan Americans, who accept the world (whether at home or abroad, as they find it, and whose favorite part is that of the spectator; yet even I was listening with ill-suppressed disgust, when I was aware of a violent plucking at my sleeve.

"Is he saying he kicked her down stairs?" asked Pinkerton, white as St. Stephen.

"Yes," said I: "his discarded mistress; and then he pelted her with stones. I suppose that's what gave him the idea for his picture. He has just been alleging the pathetic excuse that she was old enough to be his mother."

Something like a sob broke from Pinkerton. "Tell him," he gasped—"I can't speak this language, though I understand a little; I never had any proper education—tell him I'm going to punch his head."

"For God's sake, do nothing of the sort!" I cried. "They don't understand that sort of thing here." And I tried to bundle him out.

"Tell him first what we think of him," he objected. "Let me tell him what he looks in the eyes of a pure-minded American."

"Leave that to me," said I, thrusting Pinkerton clear through the door.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il a?*"* inquired the student.

"*Monsieur se sent mal au cœur d'avoir trop regardé votre croûte,*"† said I, and made my escape, scarce with dignity, at Pinkerton's heels.

"What did you say to him?" he asked.

"The only thing that he could feel," was my reply.

After this scene, the freedom with which I had ejected my new acquaintance, and the precipitation with which I had followed him, the least I could do was to propose luncheon. I have forgot the name of the place to which I led him, nothing loath; it was on the far side of the Luxembourg at least, with a garden behind, where we were speedily set face to face at a table, and began to dig into each other's history and character, like terriers after rabbits, according to the approved fashion of youth.

Pinkerton's parents were from the old country; there too, I incidentally gathered, he had himself been born, though it was a circumstance he seemed prone to forget. Whether he had run away, or his father had turned him out, I never fathomed; but about the age of twelve, he was thrown upon his own resources. A travelling tin-type photographer picked him up, like a haw out of a hedgerow, on a wayside in New Jersey; took a fancy to the urchin; carried him on with him in his wandering life; taught him all he knew himself—to take tin-types (as well as I can make out) and doubt the Scriptures; and died at last in Ohio at the corner of a road. "He was a grand specimen," cried Pinkerton; "I wish you could have seen him, Mr. Dodd. He had an appearance of magnanimity that used to remind me of the patriarchs." On the death of this random protector, the boy inherited the plant and continued the business. "It was a life I could have chosen, Mr. Dodd!" he cried. "I have been in all the finest scenes of that magnificent continent that we were born to be the heirs of. I wish you could see my collection of tin-types; I wish I had them here. They were taken for my own pleasure and to be a memento; and they show Nature in her grandest as well as her gentlest moments." As he tramped the Western States and Territories, taking tin-types, the boy was con-

* "*What's the matter with him?*"

† "*The gentleman is sick at his stomach from having looked too long at your daub.*"

tinually getting hold of books, good, bad, and indifferent, popular and abstruse, from the novels of Sylvanus Cobb to Euclid's Elements, both of which I found (to my almost equal wonder) he had managed to peruse: he was taking stock by the way, of the people, the products, and the country, with an eye unusually observant and a memory unusually retentive; and he was collecting for himself a body of magnanimous and semi-intellectual nonsense, which he supposed to be the natural thoughts and to contain the whole duty of the born American. To be pure-minded, to be patriotic, to get culture and money with both hands and with the same irrational fervor—these appeared to be the chief articles of his creed. In later days (not of course upon this first occasion) I would sometimes ask him why; and he had his answer pat. "To build up the type!" he would cry. "We're all committed to that; we're all under bond to fulfil the American Type! Loudon, the hope of the world is there. If we fail, like these old feudal monarchies, what is left?"

The trade of a tin-typer proved too narrow for the lad's ambition; it was insusceptible of expansion, he explained, it was not truly modern; and by a sudden conversion of front, he became a railroad-scalper. The principles of this trade I never clearly understood; but its essence appears to be to cheat the railroads out of their due fare. "I threw my whole soul into it; I grudged myself food and sleep while I was at it; the most practised hands admitted I had caught on the idea in a month and revolutionized the practice inside of a year," he said. "And there's interest in it, too. It's amusing to pick out some one going by, make up your mind about his character and tastes, dash out of the office and hit him flying with an offer of the very place he wants to go to. I don't think there was a scalper on the continent made fewer blunders. But I took it only as a stage. I was saving every dollar; I was looking ahead. I knew what I wanted—wealth, education, a refined home, and a conscientious, cultured lady for a wife; for, Mr. Dodd"—this with a formidable outcry—"every man is bound to marry above him: if the woman's not the man's superior, I brand it as mere sensuality. There was my idea, at least. That was what I was saving for; and enough, too! But it isn't every man, I know that—it's far from every man—could do what I did: close up the livest agency in Saint Jo, where he was coining dollars by the pot, set out alone, without a friend or a word of French, and settle down here to spend his capital learning art."

"Was it an old taste," I asked him, "or a sudden fancy?"

"Neither, Mr. Dodd," he admitted. "Of course, I had learned in my tin-typing excursions to glory and exult in the works of God. But it wasn't that. I just said to myself, What is most wanted in my age and country? More culture and more art, I said; and I chose the best place, saved my money, and came here to get them."

The whole attitude of this young man warmed and shamed me. He had more fire in his little toe than I in my whole carcase; he was stuffed to bursting with the manly virtues; thrift and courage glowed in him; and even if his artistic vocation seemed (to one of my exclusive tenets) not quite clear, who could predict what might be accomplished by a creature so full-blooded and so inspired with animal and intellectual energy? So, when he proposed that I should come and see his work (one of the regular stages of a Latin Quarter friendship) I followed him with interest and hope.

He lodged parsimoniously at the top of a tall house near the Observatory, in a bare room, principally furnished with his own trunks and papered with his own despicable studies. No man has less taste for disagreeable duties than myself; perhaps there is only one subject on which I cannot flatter a man without a blush; but upon that, upon all that touches art, my sincerity is Roman. Once and twice I made the circuit of his walls in silence, spying in every corner for some spark of merit; he, meanwhile, following close at my heels, reading the verdict in my face with furtive glances, presenting some fresh study for my inspection with undisguised anxiety, and (after it had been silently weighed in the balances and found

wanting) whisking it away with an open gesture of despair. By the time the second round was completed, we were both extremely depressed.

"Oh!" he groaned, breaking the long silence, "it's quite unnecessary you should speak!"

"Do you want me to be frank with you? I think you are wasting time," said I.

"You don't see any promise?" he inquired, beguiled by some return of hope, and turning upon me the embarrassing brightness of his eye. "Not in this still-life here, of the melon? One fellow thought it good."

It was the least I could do to give the melon a more particular examination; which, when I had done, I could but shake my head. "I am truly sorry, Pinkerton," said I, "but I can't advise you to persevere."

He seemed to recover his fortitude at the moment, rebounding from disappointment like a man of india-rubber. "Well," said he, stoutly, "I don't know that I'm surprised. But I'll go on with the course; and throw my whole soul into it, too. You mustn't think the time is lost. It's all culture; it will help me to extend my relations when I get back home; it may fit me for a position on one of the illustrateds; and then I can always turn dealer," he said, uttering the monstrous proposition, which was enough to shake the Latin Quarter to the dust, with entire simplicity. "It's all experience, besides," he continued; "and it seems to me there's a tendency to underrate experience, both as net profit and investment. Never mind. That's done with. But it took courage for you to say what you did, and I'll never forget it. Here's my hand, Mr. Dodd. I'm not your equal in culture or talent——"

"You know nothing about that," I interrupted. "I have seen your work, but you haven't seen mine."

"No more I have," he cried; "and let's go see it at once! But I know you are away up. I can feel it here."

To say truth, I was almost ashamed to introduce him to my studio—my work, whether absolutely good or bad, being so vastly superior to his. But his spirits were now quite restored; and he amazed me, on the way, with his light-hearted talk and new projects. So that I began at last to understand how matters lay: that this was not an artist who had been deprived of the practice of his single art; but only a business man of very extended interests, informed (perhaps something of the most suddenly) that one investment out of twenty had gone wrong.

As a matter of fact besides (although I never suspected it) he was already seeking consolation with another of the muses, and pleasing himself with the notion that he would repay me for my sincerity, cement our friendship, and (at one and the same blow) restore my estimation of his talents. Several times already, when I had been speaking of myself, he had pulled out a writing-pad and scribbled a brief note; and now, when we entered the studio, I saw it in his hand again, and the pencil go to his mouth, as he cast a comprehensive glance round the uncomfortable building.

"Are you going to make a sketch of it?" I could not help asking, as I unveiled the Genius of Muskegon.

"Ah, that's my secret," said he. "Never you mind. A mouse can help a lion."

He walked round my statue and had the design explained to him. I had represented Muskegon as a young, almost a stripling, mother, with something of an Indian type; the babe upon her knees was winged, to indicate our soaring future; and her seat was a medley of sculptured fragments, Greek, Roman, and Gothic, to remind us of the older worlds from which we trace our generation.

"Now, does this satisfy you, Mr. Dodd?" he inquired, as soon as I had explained to him the main features of the design.

"Well," I said, "the fellows seem to think it's not a bad *bonne femme* for a beginner. I don't think it's entirely bad, myself. Here is the best point; it builds up best from here. No, it seems to me it has a kind of merit," I admitted; "but I mean to do better."

"Ah, that's the word!" cried Pinkerton. "There's the word I love!" and he scribbled in his pad.

"What in creation ails you?" I inquired. "It's the most commonplace expression in the English language."

"Better and better!" chuckled Pinkerton. "The unconsciousness of genius. Lord, but this is coming in beautiful!" and he scribbled again.

"If you're going to be fulsome," said I, "I'll close the place of entertainment." And I threatened to replace the veil upon the Genius.

"No, no," said he. "Don't be in a hurry. Give me a point or two. Show me what's particularly good."

"I would rather you found that out for yourself," said I.

"The trouble is," said he, "that I've never turned my attention to sculpture, beyond, of course, admiring it, as everybody must who has a soul. So do just be a good fellow, and explain to me what you like in it, and what you tried for, and where the merit comes in. It'll be all education for me."

"Well, in sculpture, you see, the first thing you have to consider is the masses. It's, after all, a kind of architecture," I began, and delivered a lecture on that branch of art, with illustrations from my own masterpiece there present, all of which, if you don't mind, or whether you mind or not, I mean to conscientiously omit. Pinkerton listened with a fiery interest, questioned me with a certain uncultivated shrewdness, and continued to scratch down notes, and tear fresh sheets from his pad. I found it inspiring to have my words thus taken down like a professor's lecture; and having had no previous experience of the press, I was unaware that they were all being taken down wrong. For the same reason (incredible as it must appear in an American) I never entertained the least suspicion that they were destined to be dished up with a sauce of penny-a-lining gossip; and myself, my person, and my works of art butchered to make a holiday for the readers of a Sunday paper. Night had fallen over the Genius of Muskegon before the issue of my theoretic eloquence was stayed, nor did I separate from my new friend without an appointment for the morrow.

I was indeed greatly taken with this first view of my countryman, and continued, on further acquaintance, to be interested, amused, and attracted by him in about equal proportions. I must not say he had a fault, not only because my mouth is sealed by gratitude, but because those he had sprang merely from his education, and you could see he had cultivated and improved them like virtues. For all that, I can never deny he was a troublous friend to me, and the trouble began early.

It may have been a fortnight later that I divined the secret of the writing-pad. My wretch (it leaked out) wrote letters for a paper in the West, and had filled a part of one of them with descriptions of myself. I pointed out to him that he had no right to do so without asking my permission.

"Why, this is just what I hoped!" he exclaimed. "I thought you didn't seem to catch on; only it seemed too good to be true."

"But, my good fellow, you were bound to warn me," I objected.

"I know it's generally considered etiquette," he admitted; "but between friends, and when it was only with a view of serving you, I thought it wouldn't matter. I wanted it (if possible) to come on you as a surprise; I wanted you just to waken, like Lord Byron, and find the papers full of you. You must admit it was a natural thought. And no man likes to boast of a favor beforehand."

"But heavens and earth! how do you know I think it a favor?" I cried.

He became immediately plunged in despair. "You think it a liberty," said he; "I see that. I would rather have cut off my hand. I would stop it now, only it's too late; it's published by now. And I wrote it with so much pride and pleasure!" he wailed.

I could think of nothing but how to console him. "O, I daresay it's all right," said I. "I know you meant it kindly, and you would be sure to do it in good taste."

"That you may swear to," he cried. "It's a pure, bright, A number 1 paper; the St. Jo *Sunday Herald*. The idea of the series was quite my own; I interviewed the editor, put it to him straight; the freshness of the idea took him, and

I walked out of that office with the contract in my pocket, and did my first Paris letter that evening in Saint Jo. The editor did no more than glance his eye down the headlines. 'You're the man for us,' said he."

I was certainly far from reassured by this sketch of the class of literature in which I was to make my first appearance; but I said no more, and possessed my soul in patience, until the day came when I received a copy of a newspaper marked in the corner, "Compliments of J. P." I opened it with sensible shrinkings; and there, wedged between an account of a prize-fight and a skittish article upon chiropody—think of chiropody treated with a leer!—I came upon a column and a half in which myself and my poor statue were embalmed. Like the editor with the first of the series, I did but glance my eye down the headlines and was more than satisfied.

ANOTHER OF PINKERTON'S SPICY CHATS.

ART PRACTITIONERS IN PARIS.

MUSKEGON'S COLUMNED CAPITOL.

SON OF MILLIONAIRE DODD. PATRIOT AND ARTIST.

"HE MEANS TO DO BETTER."

In the body of the text besides, my eye caught, as it passed, some deadly expressions: "Figure somewhat fleshy," "bright, intellectual smile," "the unconsciousness of genius," "'Now, Mr. Dodd,' resumed the reporter, 'what would be your idea of a distinctively American quality in sculpture?'" It was true the question had been asked; it was true, alas! that I had answered; and now here was my reply, or some strange hash of it, gibbetted in the cold publicity of type. I thanked God that my French fellow-students were ignorant of English; but when I thought of the British—of Myner (for instance) or the Stennises—I think I could have fallen on Pinkerton and beat him.

To divert my thoughts (if it were possible) from this calamity, I turned to a letter from my father which had arrived by the same post. The envelope contained a strip of newspaper-cutting; and my eyes caught again, "Son of Millionaire Dodd—Figure somewhat fleshy," and the rest of the degrading nonsense. What would my father think of it? I wondered, and opened his manuscript. "My dearest boy," it began, "I send you a cutting, which has pleased me very much, from a St. Joseph paper of high standing. At last you seem to be coming fairly to the front; and I cannot but reflect with delight and gratitude how very few youths of your age occupy nearly two columns of press-matter all to themselves. I only wish your dear mother had been here to read it over my shoulder; but we will hope she shares my grateful emotion in a better place. Of course I have sent a copy to your grandfather and uncle in Edinburgh; so you can keep the one I enclose. This Jim Pinkerton seems a valuable acquaintance; he has certainly great talent; and it is a good general rule to keep in with pressmen."

I hope it will be set down to the right side of my account, but I had no sooner read these words, so touchingly silly, than my anger against Pinkerton was swallowed up in gratitude. Of all the circumstances of my career, my birth, perhaps, excepted, not one had given my poor father so profound a pleasure as this article in the *Sunday Herald*. What a fool, then, was I, to be lamenting! when I had at last, and for once, and at the cost of only a few blushes, paid back a fraction of my debt of gratitude. So that, when I next met Pinkerton, I took things very lightly; my father was pleased, and thought the letter very clever, I told him; for my own part, I had no taste for publicity: thought the public had no concern with the artist, only with his art; and though I owned he had handled it with great consideration, I should take it as a favor if he never did it again.

"There it is," he said, despondingly. "I've hurt you. You can't deceive me, Loudon. It's the want of tact, and it's incurable." He sat down, and leaned his head upon his hand. "I had no advantages when I was young, you see," he added.

"Not in the least, my dear fellow," said I. "Only the next time you wish to do me a service, just speak about my

work; leave my wretched person out, and my still more wretched conversation; and above all," I added, with an irrepressible shudder, "don't tell them how I said it! There's that phrase, now: 'With a proud, glad smile.' Who cares whether I smiled or not?"

"O, there now, Loudon, you're entirely wrong," he broke in. "That's what the public likes; that's the merit of the thing, the literary value. It's to call up the scene before them; it's to enable the humblest citizen to enjoy that afternoon the same as I did. Think what it would have been to me when I was tramping around with my tin-types to find a column and a half of real, cultured conversation — an artist, in his studio abroad, talking of his art—and to know how he looked as he did it, and what the room was like, and what he had for breakfast; and to tell myself, eating tinned beans beside a creek, that if all went well, the same sort of thing would, sooner or later, happen to myself; why, Loudon, it would have been like a peephole into heaven!"

"Well, if it gives you so much pleasure," I admitted, "the sufferers shouldn't complain. Only give the other fellows a turn."

The end of this matter was to bring myself and the journalist in a more close relation. If I know anything at all of human nature—and the *if* is no mere figure of speech, but stands for honest doubt—no series of benefits conferred, or even dangers shared, would have so rapidly confirmed our friendship as this quarrel avoided, this fundamental difference of taste and training accepted and condoned.

(To be continued.)

IN ABSENCE.

By Archibald Lampman.

My love is far away from me to-night.
  Oh spirits of sweet peace, kind destinies,
  Watch over her, and breathe upon her eyes;
Keep near to her in every hurt's despite,
That no rude care or noisome dream affright.
  So let her rest, so let her sink to sleep,
  As little clouds that breast the sunset steep
Merge and melt out into the golden light.

My love is far away, and I am grown
  A very child, oppressed with formless glooms.
Some shadowy sadness with a name unknown
  Haunts the chill twilight, and these silent rooms
Seem with vague fears and dim regrets astir,
Lonesome and strange and empty without her.

DEAD MEN'S HOLIDAY.

AFTER SHIPKA.

"Every one kept holiday—except the dead."—VERESTSCHAGIN.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

WHO dares to say the dead men were not glad,
When all the banners flaunted triumph there
And soldiers tossed their caps into the air,
And cheered, and cheered as they with joy were mad?

Proudly the General galloped down the line,
And shouted thanks and praise to all his men,
And the free echoes tossed it back again,
And the keen air stung all their lips like wine.

And there, in front, the dead lay silently—
They who had given their lives the fight to win—
Were *their* ears deaf, think you, to all the din,
And *their* eyes holden that they could not see?

I tell you, no! They heard, and hearing knew
How brief a thing this triumph of a day,
From which men journey on, the same old way,
The same old snares and pitfalls struggle through.

Theirs the true triumph, for their fight was done;
And with low laughter called they, each to each—
"We are at rest, where foemen cannot reach.
And better this than fighting in the sun."

UNEFFECTUAL FIRE.

By Annie Eliot.

I.

THE long sand-beach stretched in one direction into the vagueness of an irregular curve; in the other, it lost itself in the unimportance of a fragmentary jumble of bowlders, a small dwelling, and a bathing-house or two. The blue-green water rose and fell under blue depths of space to the distant horizon. The breakers, with ceaseless, untiring effort, lifted themselves, waxed strong and resistless, and sweeping on in bold confidence, dashed themselves to pieces, and foamed and gurgled and lapped the sand in ebbing weakness, which yet was not all weakness, but a return to renewed strength and progress. It was the reiterated expression of treacherous power and its futility. A gaunt, gray wreck lay three-cornerwise on the sand, colorless, grim, and unwillingly conspicuous, as are most skeletons, that, stripped of the bloom and glory that were theirs, still raise themselves in the midst of existence with the unspoken burden, "Here once was happiness."

The thunder of the surf reverberated, a slight breeze blew from the sea, and there was no other sound or motion

from the far-away curve to the distant jumble of bowlders. Suddenly, from the gray timbers of the wrecked vessel's stern, where they lay prone, half-buried by the sand, rose the head of a young girl. Kneeling, she rested a brown hand on the jagged edge of a beam, and, leaning forward, looked up and down the unpeopled beach. Nothing could be seen of her but a charmingly pretty face, a lot of reddish-brown hair, roughened by the wind, and the supporting hand and wrist. It was as if a spirit of youth had suddenly risen within the very barriers of desolation to assert a resurrection.

For a moment she knelt there, motionless, facing the gleaming sea. The strong light drew her eyebrows together into a slight frown as she glanced up toward the sun—it was early yet—they would come soon. Out at sea a schooner went swiftly across her vision. She watched it, smiling, and with another look north and south, sank back out of sight, and the beach was lonely as before.

For ten minutes more the sun whitened the sails that flitted about the horizon, the waves broke and retreated and advanced, and then down one of the little paths, worn to the sand on the short, dry turf of the fields, and losing itself in the longer beach-grass, came slowly a man and woman. They were both types of a high civilization. She was tall, and carried herself extremely well, but she was obliged to look up to the man who walked by her side. Their costumes bore witness to the careful carelessness of summer fashion. She paused as they came to the edge of the grass and he waited, looking at her. Her eyes swept the long curve of the beach with an indolent curiosity far removed from that eager search of a few moments earlier.

"Nobody here," she said. "Do you know I feel like the man who discovered the Atlantic Ocean, you know, in the reading-books——" She paused and looked at her companion.

"Yes—well?" he answered.

"Don't be affected—tell me his name."

"I suppose you mean Balboa, and it was the Pacific," he suggested, without enthusiasm.

"Yes—no matter if it was the Pacific—I feel like him whenever we come here. Nobody else seems to know about it."

She spoke with a certain vivacity which seemed to contradict the theory of indifference which her expression suggested.

"I hope they won't find out," he remarked.

"They like the other beach better, of course. It's nearer home. I feel as if I was cribbed and confined till I get out of sight of the hotel. I am afraid every minute that Mrs. Mellin will ask me what the temperature is."

They walked on as she spoke, apparently to a definite goal.

"How I hate the temperature! Good, honest talk about the weather I don't mind—but I do hate the temperature. Nobody ever agrees about it, to begin with—do they?"

"Never," he answered, promptly. "The temperature has probably produced more bearing false witness against thy neighbor than any five other causes within the last year. The thermometer is the curse of modern civilization."

Though his interest in the question was less burning than hers, the fact that they were together meant more to him than to her. He watched her, answered her, listened to her with intensity, while her voice and manner never lost their indifference whatever changes her voice might undergo. They passed the corner of the wreck where the apparition had risen just before, and went down to the other end, where some fallen timbers made a sheltered seat. They were both looking away from the dismantled stern of the vessel, and through a convenient opening in its joints, a pair of eyes watched them eagerly. To be sure, their owner could only see the broad shoulders and close-cut hair of the man, and now and then his profile as he looked up at his companion; while of her nothing was visible but her blue flannel skirt, the russet shoes somewhere about the border of it, her small hands with their several rings, and when she leaned forward to pick up a pebble, her face with its somewhat pale beauty, for an instant. The wind was in the observer's direction, and their

DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR.

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

"The unseen listener leaned perilously forward."—Page 198.

voices, raised a little on account of the surf, came steadily to her ears.

"How plainly we hear the buoy," she said, idly, at last. Evidently they knew each other too well to plunge into conversation under the spur of an embarrassing pause. The man looked out to sea, whence came the fitful tone at disconcerting intervals.

"The wind is in our direction," he said, briefly. Then he returned to his study of the effects of her dark hair under a yachting cap, and that of the chastening indifference of her eyes.

"What makes it so sad?" she speculated. "Is it the irregularity of the sound, do you think?"

"Irregularity is not always sad," he objected. "I think it's the—well, the aimlessness—the—the futility of it, don't you know. A bell ought to call people together, and there isn't anybody to call."

"It is neither aimless nor futile."

The man sat up and clasped his hands about his knee, apparently roused into a defence of his opinions. The eyes behind the wreck saw distinctly his handsome profile. "Well, then," he amended, "instead of the ordinary mission of a bell, which is, as I say, to call people together, it warns them off. Therefore it is lonely, it must ever be lonely—that is why it is unhappy."

"That isn't what you said before." She was evidently a logician.

"Isn't it? No matter."

The bell swung at the mercy of the water and the wind; its sound came to their ears in a pause of the surf.

"Keep away! Keep away!" chanted the girl, with the same measured intervals. "I don't know but you are right. It is a rather melancholy burden."

There was silence again. The man picked up a pebble and threw it into the surf.

"I've thought of something else," she said, slowly.

"That must be a relief," he said, dropping down again into his former position. She glanced at him questioningly.

"To think of something else. I am always thinking the same thing——"

"How monotonous!" she interrupted; but he completed his sentence.

"That I love you."

The unseen listener leaned perilously forward to see if she could not see the response of look as well as voice; the blood sprang to her own cheek. Just then the other woman bent forward also and she saw her face. It was calm and unemotional as ever, though a little smile curved her small mouth, as she looked down at her companion.

"That is nice for me," she said, "but perhaps just a little—well, *ennuyant* for you!"

"Anything but that," he said, with a laugh like, yet unlike, her own.

"Don't you want to know what it is that I have thought of?" she asked, leaning back again on the wreck and putting her arm over her head.

"By all means."

"Matthew Arnold's merman."

"It is almost a pity, isn't it, that you didn't think of him before he did? Second thoughts may be best, but they haven't the same commercial value."

"Listen!" she said. "He is ringing the bell for his human wife to come back—she ran away from him, you know, and she doesn't hear—of course it is sad."

"Now you are purely fanciful," he protested. "I was trying to be analytic. If it comes to mermen you can make it anything you like."

"'Come, dear children, come away down;

"'Call no more.

"'She will not come though you call all day;

"'Come away, come away!'" she quoted softly.

"That is just like you, isn't it?" he commented. "You would be like that. You would never have a regret for what you had left behind you. You would be saying your prayers in the little gray church—on a 'windy hill,' wasn't it?—no matter who was calling for you outside."

He spoke with a bitterness that seemed involuntary. She laughed a little. The small hands that were in sight of the silent watcher were playing lazily with the sand, through which the diamonds gleamed with sudden brightness as she half buried her fingers in its colorlessness.

"Would you have me always regret the—the bottom of the sea?" she asked.

"I would have you regret nothing. I am too much of a philosopher," he answered, with a smile at his own presumption, "but I wish—" he caught one of her hands from the yielding sand and kissed it twice. The figure behind the wreck clasped her hands with a sudden movement; a rush of noisy waves—one, two, three—each close behind the other—would have drowned a more emphatic sound. The sparkling hand was withdrawn, and the quiet voice was heard.

"For a philosopher—" she paused, and then went on—"aren't you a little—tempestuous?"

"'*Toujours philosophe*—is a fool,'" he answered, quickly. "I've forgotten who said that, but it was somebody a great deal cleverer than I—and it's true."

"I don't think you are in any immediate danger of—that sort of foolishness."

He laughed.

"Think what you've saved me from."

"Oh, saved you!" she sighed, with slight impatience. "Why can't you let well enough alone?"

"I do, a great deal of the time—only you call it well enough—I don't."

She tossed a handful of sand into space, and it was immediately blown hither and yon, into strange places, as are most things that we toss carelessly into space. Some of it went into the eyes of which she was so unconscious, and made them quite uncomfortable for a moment. Apparently with the gesture she dismissed the subject.

The afternoon waned, the hours passing as swiftly as do all unhurried hours.

"I'd like to walk up the hill," she suggested, "before sunset. Will you go?"

"If you go with me," he assented.

He offered her his hand to help her to rise. She hesitated a little, laughing still, before she gave him hers—the one he had kissed. He grasped it quickly, laughing a little too, and drew her lightly to her feet. She moved a few steps on while he stooped to pick up the shawl and parasol. So standing, she was in full sight from the creviced timbers; it seemed as if she must feel the magnetism of those eager eyes; but she did not; she turned and went on toward the hill, the same idle smile on her lips as she looked up at the man who walked with her. Without turning for a last glance at the lovely grandeur of the surf which still rose and broke and thundered with no diminution of the majesty that had ceased to be a spectacle to their human eyes, they reached the foot of the hill and began to climb it. The other girl rose from her somewhat cramped position, and slowly shaking the sand from her dress gazed after them. She was perhaps nineteen years old, and too nearly beautiful to escape comment wherever might be observers. She stretched her arms lazily, relieved from the narrow limitations of her hiding-place. Her lips were smiling and her cheeks were flushed with excitement. She climbed over the fallen timbers which surrounded her on all sides save that away from the ocean, where the land rose into a little hillock, itself a shield in that direction. Still smiling, she strolled along the sand, and at last threw herself down again upon it, her half-bare arms burying themselves in its warmth, her chin resting in her hands, and her eyes, like ancient mariners, "following the sea."

The sun fell on the reddish masses of her hair, and touched the color on her brown cheeks into deeper warmth, and then slipped away almost imperceptibly behind the hill; but she did not go away, though she shifted her position now and then. She was gifted with an extraordinary facility of repose. But she was mentally active, reviewing every sentence of the conversation she had just heard. Many of its allusions, much of its significance, had escaped her. In its lightest triviality there was something that she did not lay hold of; but the tone, the inflection of it—this she grasped notwithstanding. The intensity that deepened it, the passion that now and then glanced through it, she caught and responded to with a quickness and a certainty that were remarkable. Moreover, her ears were becoming accustomed to the language that had been strange at first; it was no longer the hopeless confusion of tongues that it had been, when it had seemed but a

"If I should go away—go away some day and never come back."—Page 202.

saying of things that had no meaning, a slipping away from a meaning before it was half said, combined with a deafness that came upon them when most tremendous meanings challenged their attention. That first time had been when she wakened from a long nap in her favorite corner of the old ship, to hear just outside the voice that she recognized as that of the young lady watched and idolized for three whole weeks. Since then Judith had come with the same companion three or four times, and she had awaited them, eagerly, silently. At last she fancied she saw realized the vision of years, at last the reserve of strength and the sweet coldness of the princess who perceives the prince had come into her life. Trena Polton had imagination and keen perceptions. To-day, with the sun caressing her cheeks and throat, with the breeze roughening still further her carelessly knotted hair, with the freedom of the sea before her and its voice in her ears, the warm sand under her, and the blue sky bending down about her, she felt the subtleties and the possibilities of love.

At last, as the breeze struck more coldly and the warmth departed, she picked herself up, glanced over her shoulder to the glorified west, and went on up the beach to a path more distant than that down which the others had come.

Meanwhile, at the top of the hill, watching the sunset, sat Judith Van Wert and Randal Kane. In the west, over the bay, the sky was changing from gold to rose, and melting here and there into green, and deepening into faint warm tints of purple and curious, dull, breathing reds; the canoes and row-boats floated softly in a throbbing, molten medium that was not sky and must be water, and a sail-boat drifted silently across the brightness and lost itself in the shad-

ows already beginning to lurk in the near distance.

"There is no use," sighed Judith, "we can't live up to our sunsets here. What possibility has life to offer us of which that magnificence can be a symbol?" She paused to gaze silently a moment. "What deed can be done which should not be unworthy such a background?" she went on, dreamily. "What emotion that could burn itself into such a flame of glory?"

"After all, there are certain things on earth that are too great for other expression," he said. "As for love——"

"Don't," she said, quickly; "you will introduce that 'horrible sense of the *déjà connu!*'"

II.

The door of the fisherman's small house was open. Within was the sound of dishes and a slight hissing, suggestive of the withdrawal of fish from their native element, and a not far-distant frying-pan. As the girl's shadow deepened the growing twilight of the doorway, her mother looked up. "There you are, Trena," she said; "Ben's been looking for you."

The somewhat statuesque importance of "Tryphena" had been shortened for daily use into "Trena."

"He says he'll meet you after supper in Whaler's lot."

The girl tossed her head a little. The interior of the small kitchen looked almost dark after the soft brilliance of the outer world. The bright sparkle of fire from the sputtering stove was dim beside the flame that had devoured the heavens.

"He did, did he?" she responded.

Her mother stood with her elbows on her hips, in one hand a steel knife, in the other, an iron fork asserting themselves at right angles to her body, with which implements, at discreet intervals, she investigated the fish. She faced her daughter with a sharpness that was not condemnatory.

"Yes, he did, and I guess you're goin' to be there too, ain't you?"

"Oh, yes, I guess I'll be there," Trena replied, negligently. "Has father come in?"

"Come in? Yes, he's come in. Sometimes 't looks as if that wasn't anythin' but another name for goin' out," sighed the housekeeper, as she turned a crisp fish in the pan. "Lobster-pots this time."

"He's coming now," said the girl, as she watched a small boat being pulled in through the tinted waters of the bay. Then she sauntered slowly down to the dock to meet him. Her mother stepped to the door and looked after her; there had been a curious, subdued excitement in Trena's manner that had affected her. She wondered what idea the child had in her head. She watched the short, scant blue skirt as it wavered against the grayness of the dock, and noted, half-unconsciously, the erect, light figure, and the pretty, well-set head that gave her ineffective costume a certain picturesqueness. She did not perceive these details which would have struck a more tutored eye with their significance, but she felt her daughter's beauty, and retained this fresh impression of it, even after she had returned to the unbeautiful stove and the numerous pots and kettles subject to its sturdy influence.

As Trena went toward Whaler's lot, after supper, the clouds had faded and grown heavier in the west, and the sky was a curious blending of dark grays, with here and there a vivid red breaking through and vivifying the oppression of the low-lying masses into a sullen hint of rebellion. Trena's spirit was filled with inarticulate discontent. She did not know why the romance of her life had suddenly grown crude and yet colorless. She did not say to herself that it had. She only felt the wide and immeasurable distance between the tryst of Whaler's lot and that of the afternoon on a lonely beach, when the murmurs of love-making drifted in half-meanings and delicate suggestion through the thunder of the surf. She knew so well what Ben would say, and how he would say it. She was sure there would be none of that withheld strength, that reticence of expression that had lent the other interview something elusive, but distinct and delicious. It would not be like that to-night, but perhaps, in time, she might teach him. Why not? The idea pleased her. Tre-

na's temperament was one peculiarly susceptible to shades of feeling. Unused to self-analysis, utterly at a loss as she would have been for the terms to express the distinctions that she perceived, ignorant of the whole world of artificial and conscious sentiment, she nevertheless was keenly sensitive to the changes, fluctuations, and significances of emotional experience. Had she been a woman of the world she would have been dangerously wise in the *nuances* of sentimental relations, and would, perhaps, have used her wisdom not altogether to edification. But she was not a woman of the world, and she had no gauge to judge of the comparative value of her impulses. To her fascinated gaze Judith, in her daintiness, her beauty, and her air of experience, was the incarnation of all wild dreams of what she herself would become; while Kane, whose strength, courtesy, and command of every occasion, seemed to her ignorance exclusively his own, was the nobleman who made all other men commoners. With the frank curiosity of a child she had listened to their idle talk, with as little thought of any dishonor in the transaction as if they had been in reality beings of another world. She was like a novice who has watched with rapture the graceful play of the fencing foils, and in eager emulation snatches one of them, too ignorant to see if the button be in place.

She swung open the big wooden gate that barred the way into Whaler's lot. The late twilight had fallen, but it was long at this season, and the three or four stunted apple-trees that stood together at the further end, stretched out their arms in rugged protectiveness, while through their branches the evening star flickered with an unsteadiness that was that of the slight breeze that was blowing, and not its own. Through all, and under all, and yet unmistakably over all the sounds, the sights, and the beauties of the summer evening, was the long, slow roll of the unseen surf.

A man's figure advanced from the other side of the field.

"Well," he said, "I was beginning to cast about for an excuse for being here by myself, in case anybody should happen along, seeing how you didn't seem to be coming." He smiled as he spoke, and taking her hand in his, swung it gently back and forth as they went toward the gnarled apple-trees. She did not answer for a moment, and let her hand rest in his. Then, with sudden coquetry, she looked up at him.

"Supposing I hadn't come?" she suggested.

"Well, then," he answered, still smiling, "I guess I'd 'a' had to go up and fetch you."

"Supposing I wouldn't have come then," she persisted. "Supposing—I shouldn't *ever* have come?"

Ben looked puzzled and then laughed good-humoredly.

"Well, you're not thinking of getting drowned or—or going to boarding-school, are you?" he inquired, briefly reviewing the two sorts of casualties which, within his memory, had carried off any of the female population of the place. Trena pouted and tossed her head. His calm serenity irritated her.

"I shouldn't think you'd talk that way about my being drowned," she said. "If I should go—go away some day and never come back, perhaps you'd talk differently."

Ben's face grew less untroubled.

"It depends on why you went," he said, slowly; "if 'twas anywhere you didn't want to go I'd go after you; but if it was because you wanted to go, then I guess I'd make up my mind to let you."

Trena glanced at him, a little startled. This new tone did not altogether displease her, though it was unlike what she had heard that afternoon.

"I might go," she said, airily, "because I liked somebody else better."

His momentary sternness vanished. This was nonsense—she liked nobody better.

"I don't believe you will," he answered.

They were standing now under the first apple-tree. He put his arm around her and kissed her cheek. The suddenness of the caress made her forget her new assumptions. Ben was not prodigal of caresses. She laughed and blushed a little; her eyes met his and then glanced away to the trees and the evening sky.

"I don't know as I will," she said.

Ben stood looking at her in silence;

her red-brown hair had almost escaped from the knot which a tawdry, gilded hairpin, bought in imitation of Judith's ornaments, was supposed to hold in place. In the faint light it had lost its tawdriness, and gleamed bright gold in the darker masses of her hair. Her eyes were softened by the half shyness that had come over her. A little restless under his gaze, she raised her hand to the low-bending bough of the tree, and swung it gently back and forth over her head. Ben could say nothing; he turned and looked toward the invisible ocean, feeling dimly that its deep undertone was expression. Its salt breath was in their faces as the darkness closed in more swiftly and the evening star grew brighter.

The branch of the old apple-tree swung suddenly back into its place with a sharp swish. It seemed that it might miss the soft, clinging grasp of her warm, brown hands—they had so little softness in their lives, these apple-trees—they were exposed to so many icy blasts and so much steady, persistent wind, that much of their existence was a struggle; and were it not for occasional visions of sentiment like the present, they would have forgotten that there was such a thing as tenderness in the world.

"Now I've come, why don't you talk to me, Ben?" asked Trena, laughing.

For a time the spirit of discontent was banished, but Trena's impressible nature had come too decidedly under the spell of a different civilization for her not to return to the attempt to repeat some of its features. Ben's talk about the fishing was monotonous, his confidence in her interest inapposite.

"What makes you tell me all that?" she asked, with a flash of impatience.

"Why do I tell you?" he repeated, and went on somewhat clumsily—he was utterly unused to analyzing his emotions. "I don't exactly know. I thought you might — no, I guess it's only because I love you."

Had she been really the sophisticated woman she was trying to fancy herself, the simplicity of this statement would have touched her, did she but know it; but it was simplicity which had palled upon her.

"Oh, yes, I suppose you do," she answered, flippantly.

Then, with an ill-directed grasp at the evasive sentiment of the afternoon, "But what's the use, Ben, anyway?" she added.

Ben was wounded. He did not often tell her that he loved her. He was one of those slow, undemonstrative, not altogether unreasonable people, who, having made such a statement, expect it to remain in force until contradicted or otherwise falsified, and it hurt him that when he tried to make her understand she should treat his explanation as so trivial.

"You never asked me what the use of it was before," he said, "and I'm sorry you have to ask now."

They had wandered away from the apple-tree and were leaning against the old rail fence that bordered Whaler's lot. A couple of belated, and perhaps dissipated, swallows, swooped down almost between them, and, with what seemed a single flutter of swift wings, were gone. How stupid Ben was to answer her in that sort of way! Why couldn't he have shrugged his shoulders and quoted a line of poetry?

He drew nearer to her; possibly he thought that renewed tenderness might overcome this new wilfulness, some indications of which he had seen of late. She moved away pettishly.

"Let's go back," she said, "it's late anyhow."

Ben felt strangely checked and thwarted by her manner. He was not unprepared for a lovers' quarrel now and then, but this coolness, this dissatisfaction was not of that sort. In increasing perplexity and regret he let her lead the way from Whaler's lot toward home. Trena herself could have cried with vexation. She had so lamentably failed in producing the effects she longed for. Ben could not care for her as that other lover cared! Why, if Ben must kiss her, could he not have kissed her hand? That one swift kiss she had seen on the beach seemed to her awakened imagination more poetic, more intense, fuller of concentrated feeling than all Ben's words and demonstrations.

The month went slowly by. With grand unconsciousness of the petty ebb

and flow of human love and jealousy and distrust, the mighty tides swept themselves over the unresisting sand, or when a storm arose, in magnificent contempt of bondage, dashed themselves over the rocks about the light-house. The days were growing steadily shorter, but the afternoons were still sunny, and still Judith and Kane made their way through the long, strong, but yet unsuccessful-looking beach-grass, to the hard sand, and across it to the old wreck. Behind the old wreck often crouched a picturesque figure whose heart was filled with mingled sensations of envy, admiration, dissatisfaction, and something stronger yet, while she listened, half-comprehending, half-bewildered, to their talk with its occasional flashes of passion. Then followed other scenes in Whaler's lot, on the rocks, near the narrow door-stone of the fisherman's house, in the one street of the straggling village—wherever Ben and Trena met, which she, with the ignorance of a child and the persistence of a woman, strove to infuse with the caustic mockery and the sceptical spirit of which she had half caught the significance, and so wounded and angered Ben until he slowly and unwillingly became bitter, suspicious, and resentful.

But to his moods Trena was strangely indifferent; it was as if she were under a spell—the spell of the spirit of the time—only to her the drama of the sands lacked one thing—climax. Were they going on forever in this way? she wondered. Still Judith talked of the sea and life and people, and appealed to him and interrupted him, and still he listened and commented, and now and then said sharp, uncompromising things, and lazily acquiesced in her interruptions. Was this to be all? She grew impatient for something—she did not know for what. Her unregenerate human heart craved climax.

One day, the afternoon had grown almost into evening, and they did not come. Trena, half-asleep in her corner, roused herself to go back—it was her supper hour. Before she rose she heard voices.

"How can you be so impatient," said Miss Van Wert, with an inflection of lingering surprise, "with that calmness before your eyes? Look!"

"Good heavens, Judith!" her companion exclaimed, "haven't you had enough of my patience yet? I should think I had had too much even for you!"

"Look!" she repeated, insistently.

"Yes," he said, "it is very beautiful, but it is unsympathetic."

"Oh, Randal!" she sighed, "sometimes I think it is your sympathetic people that do all the harm in the world."

"Enough of your paradoxes!" he said, almost roughly.

"Oh, but it is," she persisted. "What we want is example, not sympathy. Now to drift into a peace like that!" She stood against the wreck, looking seaward. She was in gray and white, a soft gray that blended with the weather-beaten color of the ship. The sea was perfectly still beyond the line of the surf, which seemed to roll in, curve, and break lingeringly, almost gently, under the hush of the sky. A warm pink, felt rather than seen, glowed under the translucent mother-of-pearl of the sky and water. All up and down the sand was a warm stillness. The distant sail lay becalmed in the heart of the rose.

"I do not want peace," said the man. "I have not your everlasting susceptibilities."

She laughed a little.

"How cruel you are!" she said. "If it were not for my susceptibilities, as you call them, you would never have cared for me at all."

"Heaven knows," he answered, "but I do care for you. I don't care much why."

"But I like my admirers to be discriminating," she demurred.

"And it is nothing to me what your admirers are. I am your lover."

"Oh, dear," she sighed, gently resting her head against a broken upright beam and meeting his dissatisfied eyes; "you are so dreadfully uncompromising."

He laughed angrily—"And you are so distinctly temporizing."

"No, I am not—naturally," she replied, slowly. "I am halting between two opinions."

He looked at her steadily. The dissatisfaction died out of his face, giving place to a keen scrutiny. The warmth was ebbing from the mother-of-pearl,

and leaving only the soft grays—like the color of her gown.

"I wonder if you know what that implies," he said, at last. She lifted her eyes to his frankly, with the same level, unmoved glance.

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "I know. But I never get far beyond implication."

"I wonder if you ever will," he said, half-smiling, "ever get as far as ——"

"Confession?" she interrupted, "perhaps. And then—well, then there will be something to say besides good-by," and she held out her hand.

"Walk with me once up the beach," he said, "and then come back, and I will say good-by."

Trena's eyes followed them as they moved up the beach. She did not dare wait for their return. It was late, and though her mother had so little time to spare from worrying about her father, she might speculate concerning her absence and possibly send someone to look for her. Moreover, for the first time, she felt overpoweringly that she had no right to be there. She shrank from witnessing their parting. Before it had seemed to her a spectacle—to-night she knew that she was listening to a man and woman speaking one to the other. She knew how it must end, and it was this very end that she had longed for—she need not wait to see it. People who were going to say a real good-by did not talk like that about it. Her instinct told her this was but the prelude to lovers' vows.

Swiftly, in the growing dimness which blurred the distant outlines, she slipped out and ran across the sand toward home. The sail still lay becalmed on the glassy gray of the water, the gray of the sky was tender and warm, but the pulse of crimson which had thrilled it with deeper meanings had vanished. Nevertheless, to Trena's eager eyes the scene still thrilled and glowed with the intensity of a lover's farewell.

III.

Trena's mother regarded life on the seaboard as a possession of the frailest possible tenure. She was an inland woman, born and bred, and when she married a fisherman she knew next to nothing of the apprehension that was henceforth to be her daily food. She could not grow accustomed to the ocean; she looked upon the confidence of those who lived on its shores and went down into it in ships of all varieties of promise and performance, as a fatalism little less than impious. To her it was a medium in which people were drowned, nor more, nor less. And those who trusted themselves to a surface which was never intended to be relied upon were sure to meet this fate sooner or later. Naturally it was only a matter of time when her husband should share the common lot. It would have imparted no comfort to have suggested to her that for those who dwell on the dryest kind of land it is only a matter of time. Captain Polton never went out in his boat that she did not think that he might not go again. She had learned to keep her forebodings to herself; they were not, she soon realized, in the spirit of the place, and were never received by her husband with anything but good-humored ridicule. But as she made her bread, or swept her kitchen, or fried her fish, she cast glances at the broad, glistening, tumultuous ocean which might have been those of a Hindoo worshipper toward a malignant deity. Not once, but many times, had the poor woman's imagination presented to her every detail of the scene she felt was inevitable: the heavy sea, the sturdy, struggling boat, the final plunge, without recover, into the trough of the waves; then, the upturned wreck floating helplessly in, and on another day perhaps, the finding of the once strong form, on the dreary beach, of the man whose stiff hand would never guide the rudder or furl a sail again; the heavy tramp of the men carrying something with a sail-cloth over it into the little kitchen. With herself in widow's weeds, and Trena in deep black, the forecast ended in sheer despair. This had been enough in the way of apprehension; but now, while her husband was out later than usual on a rough night, and while she listened for the slow, heavy step of the bearers, she had to note that Trena had grown pale and tired-looking.

Partly in consideration for her entreaties—she did not lay commands, public opinion would have pronounced them too unreasonable—partly from an indifference to the pleasure itself, Trena went out on the water very little, so that the fact that her mother's mind was usually at rest about her, made the present anxiety harder. For that she was anxious about her was undeniable, though it was the furtive, repressed anxiety of one who has borne such a burden long, feeling that its expression is unseasonable and perhaps unwelcome.

One late August evening the girl rose listlessly from where she had been sitting watching her mother sew, and stepped out of the open door.

"I wonder what it is that has gone wrong," sighed her mother, looking after her. Had she witnessed the parting that took place on the evening of the day, two weeks ago, when Trena had returned late for supper and gone out again immediately after with Ben, she might have guessed.

The charm had been upon Trena still as she went on by Ben's side, careless of the direction in which he led, careless of the words that he might say. It seemed cruelly commonplace to-night, this wandering across the fields in this commonplace, acknowledged fashion—utterly destitute of all the charm that clung to the half-said and the tacitly understood. Ben felt the coolness of her mood at once. He had come with news to-night—he had a chance to go into business in a larger way, in a larger place; to him, poor fellow, this evening, instead of being of the commonplace, was touched with a halo of realized happiness and of dear possibilities; they might be married now, and surely, in the thought of this nearer relation, her late tantalizing capriciousness and wounding indifference would yield to something sweeter—so he had hoped before they met. The very exultance of his anticipation rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the combined coldness of her manner; he was the more hurt by the way in which she passed over his attempts to lead her to personal considerations. It was as if she thrust back upon him all that he felt, and part of which, with unusual demonstrativeness, he might have said. The news was still untold when they finally reached the end of their walk, the only mass of rock of any considerable height on this bit of the coast. The darkness, that hurrying to reclaim the tender twilight, sweeps into the last days of summer with encroaching suddenness, had cast itself over sea and land. Ships' lanterns, near and far, were twinkling over the water. A revolving light sent its interrupted message of deliverance across the dimness.

"Trena," said Ben, "I'm going away."

Trena's first impulse was one of pleasure. It was better than she had fancied possible. Here was a parting made ready to her hand. Her lover, too, had come to say farewell. Why should they, too, not have speech, half-quiet, half-passionate, by the sea? Perhaps Ben caught the gleam of this satisfaction in her eyes. Certainly he did not read there what he had hoped for.

"Going away!" she replied.

"Yes," he answered, quietly enough, "I came to tell you."

"Well—the best of friends must part!" the girl said, lightly. He glanced at her questioningly. She was gazing at the distant horizon, where a faint luminousness indicated the rising moon.

"It needn't mean that we must part," he went on, with an effort. "Perhaps it means that we can—stay together," he concluded, awkwardly.

"Stay together?" she repeated, her eyes still on the horizon, while he watched her eagerly, longing for some response to the deep feeling in his own heart—so deep that it made words come hard. She had caught Judith's very pose of the head. "And how do you know we shall like that?"

"Look here, Trena," said he, roughly, "are you listening to me?" She turned toward him.

"Oh, yes, I'm listening fast enough." Her imitation of Judith's manner would have been amusing if it had not been pathetic—the realities were so unlike.

"Then, if you are listening to me, why doesn't it mean something to you?" broke out the man, passionately. "To me it's—what isn't it to me?" he demanded, checked by the force of his own emotion. "And you, you sit there look-

ing out to sea as if you didn't care whether I lived or died, or went or came! Is this what it means—all this way you've got lately, of you will and you won't, and you wish things was different, and why don't I do things that I don't do—is this what it all means, that you *don't* care?"

Trena was thrilled with excitement. She had never seen Ben like this. This was what she wanted, this outburst, violent as it was, had in it something of the held-down intensity that now and then broke the bonds of sober speech down there on the sand.

"Oh my, Ben!" she laughed, "what a fuss just because I like to look out to sea! There's too much caring and not caring in the world, anyhow. What will it all amount to in a hundred years—you and me and our talk about this and that? I say I might as well look out to sea as listen to you."

"Does that mean that it isn't anything to you?" Ben's voice was hoarse. In spite of what he had said, of his being suddenly overwhelmed, as it were, by the evidences which seemed to rush toward him from the past two or three weeks, he had not believed that there was no explanation but that—that she did not care, that it meant nothing to her.

"Perhaps it does, and perhaps—oh, I don't know."

"If that's how you feel," began Ben, with a certain grimness, "then——"

"There you go again," she laughed, mockingly. Her laughter caught an intonation of Judith's, though it was louder, "Talking about feelings—sometimes I wonder if I've got any."

There was a moment's silence. Slowly the misshapen disk of the moon rose above the dark waters, and its faint rays trembled upon their wavering surface.

"If that's the way you feel—or don't feel—it don't make much matter which," said Ben, slowly, "then there won't be anything more to say about my feelings. I've said my last say on that. And I guess the less we see of each other the better, and it won't be long anyway that there'll be any chance. I'm going next week." He had spoken so far with careful deliberation. Now he rose to his feet. "I'm going home, now," he said, and the fire of his anger blazed through his words, "and I'm sorry I ever came with you! I'm sorry I ever saw you. You've fooled me till you've tired of me, and now you have done with it—not like a girl that tells the truth and gives a man the go by and done with it, so that he knows where he is and what she is—but with a lot of words that don't amount to anything; and that shows that she's more'n half afraid of her own meaning, and that she wants to play with him and let him go at the same time. I'm tired of it, and I'm done with it, and I'm done with you, Trena, too!" He turned on his heel, and took long, quick strides over the uneven grass. The whole moon had risen now, and the trembling light grew assured, though the surface it shone upon still wavered. The world had come from darkness into light, but suddenly Trena felt herself within a cold shadow. This was not what she had looked for. It was not thus that the scene was to end. Her soul was filled with dismay.

"Ben," she called, and her voice sounded frightened, "Ben, come back, don't leave me here alone."

He paused and then swiftly retraced his steps. They saw each other's faces distinctly in the white radiance.

"Come," he said, briefly. She held out her hands to him to help her rise. He bent over her and lifted her to her feet. How strong he was! She clung to him, but he put her down.

"Come," he said again, and she followed him along the narrow, trodden footpath. Just beyond they met an older man who was going their way. Ben dropped into the road beside him, and they went together to Trena's door. She clinched her hands in helpless anger at the presence of this third wayfarer. She chafed wildly against the restraint, and her heart was filled with hot, uncomprehending rebellion and self-reproach. She had an impulse to throw herself at Ben's feet in the dusty road, and beg him to wait, to listen; but his face deterred her—she thought he might put her one side and go on, and then she should die. At the door the casual companion would have left them, but Ben bade her good-night, and walked

on with him. Only then could she burst into tears—it had been such a pitiable ending!

She had not seen him again, and now it was two weeks later. To-night the anger and the pain and the self-reproach were not yet stilled, and as yet but half-comprehended. As she stood in the little porch, the silent night brooded over the waters and hushed the world into listening to the dolorous beat of the breakers on the beach below. A storm was rising, and the wind brought its fresh dampness to her. Behind her lay the little village, dark, for the most part, and apparently at rest from anxieties and worryings; at her side, the homely kitchen and its homely associations of shelter and comfort; before her, the great unrest, the merciless, sympathetic sea. She laid her head on her arms and sobbed. It was as if all the peace and quiet of the village, all the comfort, the soft shelter of affection and strength were taken away from her, and she was left alone to face the wide unrest of life. Youth does not discriminate; she felt that she had lost everything. Her mother looked wistfully out into the darkness, where Trena's figure was dimly visible.

"I never mistrusted anything could happen to her on dry land," said the sailor's wife to herself, not without pathos.

IV.

Day after day went by, and their hours taught Trena undreamed-of things; they were peaceful hours of early autumn, when the earth is at rest and having seen the glow, and the richness, and the ripeness, breathes deeply, knowing that it is very good. She was always out of doors. Sometimes she took the walk through Whaler's lot, where the apple-trees sunned themselves, and one stumbled now and then over a fallen apple in the leaf-strewn grass—the leaves prematurely old and withered. Usually she went toward the water, oftenest to the rocks where they had parted finally. One day she went down to the old wreck. This time she took the place where Kane and Miss Van Wert had spent so many hours. They had gone away, she had never seen them again. Why was it, she asked herself for the hundredth time, why was it that what she did had made so different an end? Judith had spoken as carelessly, had laughed oftener, and yet he had never left her in bitterness—he had known that it was not really the end. He had found her again, of course, and they were happy somewhere now; while she—oh! why could not Ben have understood! She longed for the steadiness that had been wont to pin down her fluttering whims with an apparent carelessness that she had admired while she had resisted it. The tears came into her eyes, rolled down, and then slowly ceased. The calm of Nature fell upon her. Vague, great thoughts dawned in her soul. Her imagination had a vision of the realities and the eternities. They were the old thoughts that the sea brings—the unsparingness of its power, its lawlessness, and its order. Not to change human misery into human happiness would it check one breath of the swift impulse that swept those waves up the shore, and yet it had so many waves and so much strength, such unwasted energy, that it might well spare and be merciful. Humanity is so small to the greatness of nature, but the greatness of nature is not infinite—for Infinity can take thought for the littleness of humanity. She felt this, though she could not have said it, and it was with more calmness that, as all of us do, she went back to her own suffering. She had thrown away her happiness, though she knew not how, and they—that slight girl in gray, and the man who stood by her side—they had known how to be happy. Suddenly she straightened herself as one who sees action instead of endurance before her. There was one who knew the secret of doing and leaving undone, there was one who had led her into the snare—there was but one who could show her the way out!

She herself had not known how to conjure, but had learned but half the secret—it was for her now to learn the rest of it.

Three or four days later Miss Van Wert was sitting on the piazza of her father's house in one of the suburbs of a large city. It was, by one of New England's freaks, as warm as midsum-

mer, and the beauty of the evening had brought her outside, although the leaves of the woodbine rustled more dryly than in real summer nights, and there was a sharper and more active tone in the crisp utterances of a neighboring cricket.

"So you are sorry the summer is over?" asked her companion.

"Yes," she answered, "it seems to be the only season of irresponsible enjoyment left us. In these socialistic times it behooves us to weigh our pleasures critically and take them sadly, when winter is upon us. But in summer—oh! in summer, nothing means anything or involves anything or—" Judith paused, for there was a step on the piazza. She looked toward the entrance, where, in the light of the electric lamp, falling on that unshaded part of the porch, a girl's figure was plainly discernible.

"Is Miss Judith Van Wert here?" asked a voice she did not recognize. Judith rose and went forward.

"Yes," she said, in her low, even tones; "did you wish to see me?"

"Yes," said Trena, "I—I want to see you very much." Her eyes wandered to the man at the end of the piazza. He was sitting on the railing, his face in the deep shadow of the woodbine.

"That is Randal Kane, I suppose," she said suddenly. Judith's questioning look grew surprised.

"No," she answered, mechanically, "that is not Mr. Kane."

"What!" exclaimed the girl. Her voice was intense and anxious. "Isn't he with you? Doesn't he—doesn't he keep company with you any more?"

A shade of hauteur fell across Judith's face.

"I do not understand—" she began. Trena laid her brown hand on her arm.

"I don't understand," she said, in her turn, as if the other had not spoken. "I came to find out. I thought you would tell me." She paused in pitiful perplexity. The ground was slipping from beneath her feet. Suddenly she grew frightened and the tears came to her eyes. She was tired and alone, and Ben was farther off than ever. It seemed that this beautiful woman had made a mistake herself, her lover had left her too—how could she help her? Judith watched the girl intently. There was something here she could not understand, but there was nothing bold in her voice or manner. Moreover, there was something not entirely unfamiliar.

"Suppose we come inside," she said, quietly, and she turned to her other visitor, "Will you excuse me?"

The man came forward instantly.

"I will come another time, Miss Van Wert," he said; "good-night," and with a smile he bowed and went by the two women, down the piazza steps, to the gate. As he passed, Trena saw his face in the light; it was that of a man she had never seen. This little incident seemed to demolish all her hopes. With a terrible oppressive sense of mistake, she dumbly followed Judith into a small reception-room. Judith had remembered now. She recognized her as a fisherman's daughter with whom she had now and then, that summer, exchanged a few words. She moved a low chair forward as she turned to her guest.

"We can talk better here," she said, and then paused, struck by the girl's beauty. She had been pretty before—she had noticed her hair and eyes and color—but there had been a change that had intensified everything about her, and that made her beauty dramatic as she stood in the doorway with wide, startled eyes, pale cheeks, and a certain weariness of expression.

"Won't you sit down?" said Judith, smiling with a friendliness the pathos of the face impelled her to express. Trena moved forward slowly and sank into the chair. She was exhausted and faint from hunger, though she did not know it, for she had come straight from the railway station here. The lighted room, the luxury, dismayed her. But more than all else this being suddenly brought face to face with the woman who had been so constantly in her thoughts agitated her. Every pose, every gesture of Judith's was familiar to her; the tones of her voice struck her ear as if she had heard them yesterday, her scrutiny had been so keen and so direct. She wore a different dress, and it was a different place, but it was the same woman.

"Do you mean that he really left you that time?—that he never came back?" asked Trena, slowly. "Have you never seen him again?"

The question was certainly not without significance. Judith colored slowly and her eyes wavered an instant from their calm steadiness. Moreover, she was utterly at a loss to understand her; but she had learned that the easiest way of meeting a difficult social situation was usually the nearest at hand.

"I have seen Randal Kane since last summer, oh, yes!" she said; "we are very good friends, but we do not meet very often in the winter."

"Don't you know how to make him come back?" asked Trena, with a touch of despair.

The shadow of a smile flitted across Judith's lips, and then a suspicion which had flashed across her mind made a longer stay. Had the girl fallen in love with Kane? If so, how much did he know of it?

"I have not wanted to know," she replied, watching Trena without seeming to do so. "He does not live here; I do not know just where he is. He writes books," she added, vaguely, conscious of the pitable inadequacy of the statement. To some people it would have explained so much; but, she felt hopelessly, it would not help this girl to understand. "He has plenty to do—plenty of people to see." Trena's face did not change. Evidently it was his absence that troubled her, not what he might be doing elsewhere.

"Then how am I to make Ben come back?" she asked, stonily.

"Ah! there is a Ben," thought Judith, relieved. "I cannot help you; I cannot even understand until you tell me," she said, quietly.

Suddenly the girl's mood changed.

"*Why* is he not here?" she demanded, with shining eyes. "I saw you together! I watched you! I listened to you! He cared about you—you cared about him—you did not say so, but I knew it. He told you he loved you, because I heard him!" she went on, breathlessly. "And you listened to him, and you never told him to stop or to go away. Is that all it means with you rich people? Is that all it means?" She rose to her feet and came nearer Judith. "I come here, and there's another one here, and you tell me you do not know where that one is—and that you do not see him ever." The unconscious mimicry of her tone, which was the result of Trena's observation, struck Judith unmistakably with a new surprise. "Is that all it comes to—that you do not care, either? And I thought—I thought you could tell me how to get Ben back!" Her voice broke. "I tried to be like you," she went on, miserably, "and that was what you meant—that he should go away and not come back. I *was* like you," she concluded, with a sob, "I *was*—and Ben has gone away too."

Judith had sat perfectly still as she listened to the girl. She had grown pale, but had neither moved nor spoken. It was as if the fierce arraignment had proved her guilty. "Whom summer makes friends of, let winter estrange," was saying itself over and over in an undercurrent of thought. Now she rose and led Trena back to her chair.

"Sit down," she said, gently, "and tell me all about it. If Ben has gone, you shall have him back again—I promise you that." There was something in the low voice that quieted the other woman. "Yes, he shall come back," repeated Judith, insistently. "It would break my heart if he did not!" she exclaimed.

"Your heart?" asked Trena, in dull surprise.

"Yes, mine," answered Judith.

The story was not long in the telling, but Judith listened to it with a variety of sensations. It was startling to learn of the espionage to which she had been subjected; to know that while she had supposed herself alone with Kane their words and actions were scrutinized by another human being. It was impossible not to resent this; but it grew upon her, as Trena went on, that their personalities were nothing to this imaginative creature; that Judith Van Wert had been but a woman with a lover; playing a part that had fascinated the observer who had longed to imitate it. This removal of personality from the scene made it offend her less. When

Trena finished, with the same abrupt question, "Why should it have seemed so real, if it was not?" Judith tried to explain it to her, and found herself faced by impossibilities. It was as if she spoke another tongue. She leaned forward as she sought for the right words, her hand with its sparkle of gems on the dark plush of her chair. The glint of the diamonds drew Trena's eyes. With a sudden throb of recollection, "He kissed your hand," she interrupted. Judith colored vividly.

"You should not have watched us!" she exclaimed, quickly.

"I did not think it was any matter," said Trena, almost indifferently. The reproach did not touch her as it would afterward. Then Judith went back to her impossibilities. How trivial it sounded to tell this eager, passionate girl that the language she had held to be the language of love had been but that of—well, of what?—sentiment? emotion? idleness? Yet it had meant something—a good deal perhaps. It had not been all affectation, indeed it was genuine—after a fashion. Only it was not expected to last forever; they saw the end from the beginning, but they did not say so—no, of course not. Judith found herself in a maze of contradictions, and yet there had been no ambiguity, it had all been clearly understood. Had it not been? For an appreciable space of time a quiver of doubt weakened her position. Was it possible that the difficulty had been with the conception of the parts, hers as well as his? No, no—the trouble was with Trena herself.

"Ben was right," she said, when Judith stopped speaking, "it was all just a lot of words that don't amount to anything, so that a man don't know where he is nor what she is."

What use to say to a girl like this that "whom summer made friends of, winter might be permitted to estrange!"

"If she were an inhabitant of another world," Judith said to an interested listener afterward, with the impatience born of self-reproach, "it couldn't have been harder to make her understand. I felt as if I was being visited by a—a missionary from Mars!"

V.

The next evening Trena walked into the little kitchen where her mother was frying fish. The fish sputtered cheerfully, and there was a trifling access of cheerfulness in Mrs. Polton's manner.

"Well," she remarked, with the usual lack of demonstration in persons of her reticent sort, "so you've come back? I hope you got to see your aunt—you was so anxious to. I never knew you set so much store by your father's relations before."

"Yes, I saw her, mother," said Trena, smiling an instant, as she came and stood by the fire. "Where's father?"

"Ashore, thank mercy!" said the skipper's wife. His boat's sprung a leak and he's looking after it. I s'pose next time it springs one it'll be in the middle of the sea"—she sighed—"and that'll be the end on him!"

"Oh, maybe not," said Trena absently. She was still depressed.

"Find out where Ben is," had been Judith's last words, "and let me know." But what could she do? Judith had failed her once, and a great despair had come upon Trena's soul.

"For the land's sake! you're whiter than a clam-shell!" said Trena's mother suddenly. "Sit down, and I'll give you your tea."

When Captain Polton came in Trena was more like herself.

"Where's Ben Shelton gone to, father?" she asked, abruptly, as they sat at the supper-table.

Captain Polton was a man to whom anything that happened on dry land was as trees walking. At sea his eye was alarmingly keen: he knew the special quality of a breeze while it was yet undeclared; his instinct of the whereabouts of the blue-fish was unerring; his acquaintance with monsters of the deep was both wide and reliable, but the shore limited his investigations. Therefore he saw no particular significance in Trena's question, which was not so lost on her mother.

"He's layin' over to Riverton, I guess," he answered between mouthfuls. "Got some kind of a job over there. They say he's doin' well—well as you can on dry land."

"The Lord made the dry land for men, and the water for fishes," said Mrs. Polton, seeing her way to a point; "and all He didn't do was to put understandin' into the men, so they'd know their place as well as the fishes do."

"These here fish's understandin's must have played 'em considerable of a trick," remarked her husband, with a gesture, nearly related to a wink, for Trena's benefit.

"Well," said Mrs. Polton, with her sex's readiness in changing her ground, "I do like to see a man eat with an appetite."

"Ben Shelton's comin' over here next day after to-morrow night," volunteered the captain. Trena sat up straight in her chair. "I know because Stoddard's boy's borrowed an oar of me. He's comin' late one night, and going to ketch the early boat over to the Point nex' morning, and Stoddard's boy's goin' to pull him over. He'll have to leave 'bout daybreak, I reckon. His business ain't goin' to hender him long. That's how I happen to know—by the oar," he concluded, conscious that this unusual supply of information needed some explanation.

"Next day after to-morrow night," said Trena to herself.

The two following days went slowly, but when the evening of the second came, passed, and deepened into night, without bringing to Trena any sign of Ben's presence, she felt that they had flown. One more chance of seeing him remained, and that she determined to seize, half in desperation that it was but one more; half in faint-hearted hope aroused by Judith's confidence.

He was to leave at dawn; she knew the little place where Stoddard's boy's boat was moored; it was overlooked by the very rock where they had parted; she should be there to see them go.

She woke with a start as the sky was beginning to brighten. She dressed, and as it was still too early to expect to see him, seated herself in the small window of her room and looked toward the growing glory of the east, watching the "day fill its blue urn with fire." The sky was red and purple and green, with a grand waste of color and pulsing radiance, as though this were the last day and the final sun-rising, and all the beauty that was left in heaven should be lavished upon it. The earth was still, in awed but beneficent expectation. Trena could not see the surf, but she heard its monotonous beat as it rolled in solemnly under the glorified sky. Its sound was in a different key from that of the later day. It was as if it too was hushed into a reverent waiting for the advent of some great Power that was to come, and listened for its footsteps, even as it broke in plashing music on the shore. As the glory faded into a concentrated brightness low down in the east, Trena rose and went out, and as she seated herself on the rock "up leaped, of a sudden, the sun." It was day, and the mystery of dawn departed, and the ordinary sights and sounds began to be. From one of the chimneys, as Trena looked landward, curled a veil of smoke. From a neighboring house a man went from the kitchen-door for an armful of wood. The working of the miracle was over—the angel had troubled the waters and had gone. But the day was still new, its freshness yet unspoiled, the clear mirror of its hours was yet unbreathed on by human care and greed and selfishness. Trena looked up suddenly and saw Stoddard's boy, with the oars over his shoulder, going to his boat. Then she turned her head in the other direction and saw Ben coming toward the shore. He would have to pass very near her. In the stillness of the morning content she folded her hands and waited. As he drew near he saw her and paused; then, with the long, quick step she knew, he came toward her. How handsome he was! She had not seen him for so long—so long. Stoddard's boy had gone into the house for something—it was as if they were alone in a new world.

"What made you come here, Trena?" he said, looking down at her.

"Oh, Ben!" she said, with tender impatience, "you know why I came—it was the only place I could find you."

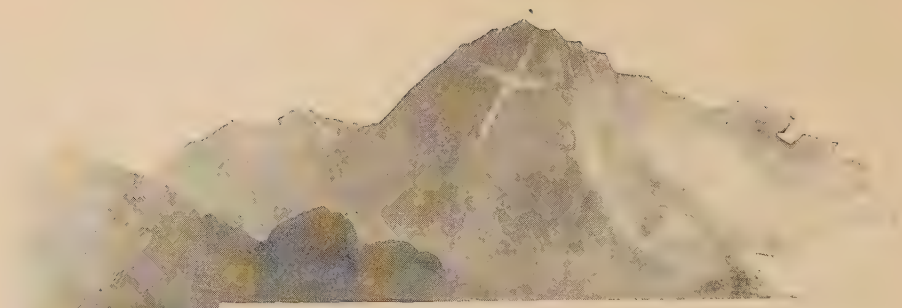
"So you wanted to find me?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, looking up at him steadily. Then she laughed a little; "I don't care so much about partings as I used to, Ben."

Stoddard's boy came out of the house

"I was like you—and Ben has gone away too."—Page 210.

whistling as Ben sat down by her side. Suddenly he stopped whistling and went into the house again, and left them alone in the early morning world. Only their voices were in their ears, with the ebb and flow of the water growing louder as the tide came in, as if it were deepening into the turmoil of the day.



AT THE RANCH OF THE HOLY CROSS.

By A. A. Hayes.

Not very long ago, I passed Sunday with an English friend who has created for himself a charming home in a valley among the Colorado foothills. In the course of the day, he showed me two pictures hanging, in juxtaposition, on the walls of his drawing-room. One recalled the days of his youth ; it was a water-color of Magdalen College, Oxford. The subject of the other had been found in the land of his adoption, in the recesses of the great snowy range which rose to the westward of us ; and this presented as striking a contrast as one could imagine to the bit of Old England. It was the *Mountain of the Holy Cross:* that marvellous peak which, if only reasonably accessible, would be justly classed among the most wonderful sights of the world, and would become the Mecca for many a pilgrimage. On a slope near its lofty summit, two ravines, crossing each other at right angles, and filled always with snow, form, in perfect proportions, the sacred symbol of Christianity : standing out, at that great elevation, in spotless white against the brownish gray of the mountain's surface. The sight of the splendid painting brought vividly back to me my first visit to the spot, something never to be forgotten ; and also a strangely dramatic series of events culminating in its vicinity, almost in its very shadow. The friends who sat with me on the sunny lawn after lunch thought the story worth telling.

I.

There seemed to be something mysterious and uncanny about the stealthy approach of the Georgetown stage-coach, looming, twice its normal size, through the gray mists of the sombre morning. So it struck even Gerard Armstrong, who had taken passage by it, and was waiting for the hour of departure ; and he was a sturdy young fellow, free from morbid fancies and knowing little of nerves.

It was in Leadville—the City of the Carbonates, which had slumbered for years as California Gulch, known and avoided of most prospectors and, indeed, regarded as "played out." Lately, however, the fame of the new and wonderful discoveries there had gone abroad far and wide, and men had come thither in crowds from all parts of the country; so there had sprung up a sort of bogus metropolis of the mountains, a shabby and absurdly pretentious conglomeration of buildings, presenting ludicrous attempts at architectural display and the sharpest of contrasts. To accommodate the incoming hordes, roads had been hastily opened over several passes; and the daily coaches, crowded to their utmost capacity, threaded their perilous way along the edges of terrible precipices, and up and down the steepest of grades. On the outward trips, however, there was plenty of room, and Gerard had found that but one passenger besides himself was booked for to-day's trip over that wonderful route, seventy-five miles in length, leading to Georgetown. This was confirmed, just before the time of departure, by no less an authority than the driver, "Charley," a celebrated character in that region. Gerard had ordered a cup of coffee at a restaurant bearing, as if conferred in irony, the pretentious name of "Delmonico of the Mountains." Its interior did not present a cheerful aspect at a quarter before six on that misty morning. Piles on piles of empty champagne bottles, and other dismal reminders of recent hilarity, were on all sides, and the waiter, whose long vigil had not yet come to an end, made hardly a clean sweep of the cigar stumps from the table when depositing the cracked cup and saucer thereon.

"Say, partner." Gerard looked up to see a tall man standing by him, clad in a long overcoat, and drawing on his gloves. "It was you that wanted the box seat, wasn't it?" continued the driver.

"Yes."

"Well, you could have had it, but we are taking a pile of silver out this time, and the express messenger in charge of it wants that place. You will be comfortable enough behind; only one other passenger. Why, I bring in ten people to Leadville for one I take out."

"Yes, indeed," replied Gerard; "and who is the other passenger?"

"There he is, on the door-step; quiet, schoolmaster-like looking sort of chap. And now, here is the stage, and we must be off."

When Gerard climbed to his seat, this other passenger and the guardian of the bullion were in their places. Charley took the reins from his assistant, swung himself lightly to the box and cracked his whip, and the coach rolled up the street.

It was to the murky gloom of the morning that Gerard ascribed the slight nervous depression or uneasiness that still clung to him as they cleared the town and began to climb toward the pass. He reasoned with himself that it could be nothing else, and he ought to be the happiest man in the mountains. It was a splendid journey that he was to take; one, indeed, exacting and fatiguing, and meant for seasoned travellers rather than holiday tourists, but full of rare interest. The road, he knew, not only crossed but re-crossed the main range, the highest ridge of the continental backbone. The waters of the little stream they had just forded would, ultimately and by tortuous routes, reach the Atlantic Ocean; those just over the pass ahead, the Pacific. He would see the grandest of scenery, culminating in that great, solemn mountain, with the white cross on it, of which he had heard so much. He had the best of health, good prospects, a large part of his well-earned holiday still before him, and—he felt himself flushing as he thought of it—he had a good chance of finding Katie Winterton at Georgetown. It may be said here and, by the way, may appear hereafter, that the prospect of seeing this young lady would have been enough to put heart into any man who knew her, especially if he were beginning to have a faint hope that his appearance would not wholly displease her. With this thought, Gerard threw off the megrims just as the sun came out, and he turned to speak to the man who sat by him. He was of moderate height, with an intelligent face, rather sad when in repose. He was closely shaven, plainly dressed,

and of a very modest and quiet appearance. Gerard talked with him until they reached the breakfast station, where they learned that a third passenger was waiting. This was a man of large and powerful frame, retaining the remnants of extremely good looks, spoiled by dissipation. He sat at the table with the rest and, when the meal was over, went to the bar to fill a large flask. As he was doing this, Gerard saw his companion, who had introduced himself by the name of Curtis, turn and look intently at the stranger for a moment. Then he went to the telegraph desk and wrote a message.

"A man of large and powerful frame retaining the remnants of extremely good looks."

"I have a little sister up at Fairplay," he said to Gerard, in his low, soft voice, and with a smile, "and she likes me to telegraph her once in a while on my journeys."

Then Charley called to them to take their seats, and on went the stage, up to and over the Tennessee Pass. Curtis sat between Gerard and the new-comer, and talked, not continuously, but at intervals, in a low tone, and generally about the route, the small camps which the coach passed, and the last "strike" made at Leadville. The third man smoked incessantly and said nothing; and still the coach rolled on, up and down the heavy grades, through the forests, always near the great, solemn mountains. The sun rose higher in the heavens, the day grew warmer, the light clouds drifted over the grim sides of the Range; and at last, in a green valley, and by the side of a rushing brook, the coach stopped to change horses. Curtis did not descend with the rest, and, when the stranger again climbed to his seat, he found him sitting where he himself had previously sat, on the left.

"I thought," said Curtis, in his gentle way, "that you'd had your share, for a while, of bumping against that iron rail, and we'd try it turn and turn about."

The man briefly assented, lit a fresh cigar, and looked straight in front of

him; and now there was no conversation except between the driver and the express messenger, who had something to say, from time to time, about the "Company," and the new Inspector, and the promotion which had come to "Jim" or "Tom." To all appearances, the Georgetown coach had never made a more peaceful, commonplace trip.

II.

Katie Winterton accompanied her father when he went to Colorado to inspect his railroads, and her advent created much excitement in Georgetown and the region round about; as well might that of a vivacious young Eastern belle, whose dark eyes with their long lashes, as well as her lovely manners and pretty toilettes, were of high repute in the pleasant city which she called her home. Young Eastern mine managers, a little homesick at best, Englishmen from the neighboring ranches, with exceptionally large felt hats and long boots, railroad engineers, and many other people found the hotel where she and her father were staying particularly attractive at that time. Excursions of all sorts were planned and carried out, dances were extemporized, and Katie bade fair to tire herself out; so it was with pleasure that she accepted an invitation to accompany a small party of friends on a visit to the Ranch of the Holy Cross.

"Curious name, is it not, my dear?" said the lively and energetic promoter of the expedition, as she seated herself comfortably in Katie's room. "People out here do not seem to have much reverence, but they mean well, after all. I do not know who first called it so, but everyone knew it by that name when Mrs. Roberts took it, and I remember how shocked she was. Good little Eastern woman, you know, brought up in the strictest sect of the Pharisees, well gone in consumption, and with her mind made up that she must die; and so, all the time thinking about the other world. When she first saw the great white cross on the mountain, she turned pale, poor little thing! and shut her eyes and folded her hands. And then she said she thanked God for sending her to die where she could look up at such a sight as that; for you see, bringing her out was the last chance for her. But, my dear, that air, coming from the great mountains and the piney woods, has no respect for consumption, and she did not die, after all, but grew stronger. And then she repaid the benefit she had received by doing all the good she could to those around her, and that is not a little, I can tell you."

"Shall we see her?" asked Katie.

"Yes, indeed, that is where we shall stay. You see, she began by taking in a few travellers and visitors, and everything was so neat and clean, and the cooking so good, that the place gained a great reputation; and they have had to add all sorts of nooks, and corners, and funny little rooms."

"I think it will be charming to see it," said Katie, "and such pleasant company, too. And that reminds me that I wanted to ask you about the lovely girl I met at your house, who is going with us."

"You mean Helen Graham. Of course she is lovely, and such a capital contrast to you, my dear, with her blue eyes, and hair the color of wheat. No one knows much about her, except that she lives with her aunt and is supposed to be an orphan. All the people here are fond of her, and her aunt is one of the nicest people in the State."

"I took a great fancy to Miss Graham," said Katie, "and am very glad she is going. At what time to-morrow morning do we start?"

"At eight o'clock, and we must not be a second late."

Katie hesitated a little before she put her next question, and only asked it as her lively friend rose to go. The fact was that she had a letter from Gerard Armstrong in her pocket, between the lines of which it was not difficult to read something more than a mere account of his travels and a mention of his hope of going to Georgetown.

"Does the stage from Leadville pass the Ranch?" she finally asked.

"Yes, and stops there to change horses. Good-by."

At about sunset next day—the one before that on which Gerard started

from Leadville—Katie sat on a bench, outside the Ranch, looking at the mighty cross-bearing mountain at the west. She was so intent on the sight that she did not notice the approach of a man who passed her—lifting his hat as he did so—and whom she met afterward at the supper-table. He was both frontiersman and old soldier, tall, straight as an arrow, with a deep scar on his cheek dating, as his friends knew, from the days when he rode with Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley; but retaining all the characteristics of his early life in the mountains, as hunter and explorer. He had a cheerful expression of face and a pleasant voice, and, taking some share in the conversations, made a most agreeable impression on the company. When he had taken his departure, after some whispered words with his host at the door, the latter told Katie and Helen Graham that they had seen Colonel Radford, the most noted "special agent" in the West.

"Colonel Radford, the most noted 'Special Agent' in the West."

"And what is a special agent?" asked Katie.

"Well," was the reply, "as far as I can make out, he's about the most powerful man in the country, after the President. It's his business to see that the United States mails go through safely; and he can enrol as large a posse as he wants, call on the troops, and, in fact, do almost anything he pleases. This particular one is a splendid specimen of the lot. He's got iron nerves, doesn't know what fear is, and is a dead shot and the quickest on the trigger of any man in the State. His name's a terror to the whole tribe of road agents and mail robbers, for, if they cross his tracks"—he spoke with increasing excitement—"the Lord have mercy on their souls! And yet, you have seen how kind and gentle he is—bless you—looks as if he wouldn't hurt a fly. He has been East, and I didn't know he'd come back. I am glad you saw him, young ladies. Make a note of it in your journals, and remember it when you read in the papers, from time to time, what Colonel Radford has done for law and order in the West. Excuse me, I must try to find room for a friend you see over there, who has come in late from Fairplay."

The friend had something on his mind more important than his accommodation for the night, for he drew the host into the little room which served as a kind of office, saw that the door was shut tight, sat down, leaned forward, and spoke deliberately.

"Roberts," he asked, "what's up? You know as well as I do that old Radford's a stormy petrel. *He* isn't here for the benefit of his health—not *much*—and when he appears there's trouble ahead, and don't you forget it! I happened to hear that he came out to Denver quite unexpectedly, and in such a hurry to get up here that he took a special engine to Georgetown."

"I am sure I don't know," Roberts replied. "All he asked me was what day 'Charley' drove from Leadville; I supposed he wanted to ride with him. I am sure I hope there are none of those gangs about here that they have had up Cheyenne way."

"Well, if there are," said the other man, "I am glad the old fellow's within call, for I'm getting some bullion out from Leadville on the mail coach this week. I wonder where he went. I would like to talk to him."

The Colonel had walked rapidly from the house to a spot in the woods about half a mile distant, where a party of twelve or fourteen men had picketed their horses and eaten their supper, and were now gathered about a large camp-fire. Some were young, others middle-aged, and they were all noticeably quiet and resolute of manner. As a matter of fact, every one was a picked man, experienced and seasoned, a man after the chief's own heart; and, collectively, they were a most effective epitome of the dread power of the law. Radford had been more than usually eclectic with them on this occasion, telling them with entire confidence in their discretion, that the service would be specially exacting and dangerous. They greeted him as he approached and sat down with them by the fire. A few minutes later, another man came, with noiseless step, toward the group. He made a communication, in a low tone, to his chief.

"Boys," said the latter, "the scout reports that I was right in my idea of their plans. They will be in the woods just at the end of Blue Gulch, a strong crowd; and they will wait for to-morrow's coach from Leadville, beyond a doubt. The only thing I can't make out is what has become of their captain, who is not with them. Perhaps I shall be able to discover in the morning."

Then he gave the necessary orders, wrapped himself in his blanket, and was soon sound asleep. In the morning, he sent the party ahead in charge of the scout, and watched them with satisfaction as they moved off at a walk, each man girded with a cartridge-belt, and armed with a Winchester rifle and a revolver.

"If the Devil doesn't take better care than usual of his favorite children today," he soliloquized, "they will be in a bad way before they are many hours older." Then he went to the Ranch, waited for breakfast, amused the company with some anecdotes, happened to receive a telegram just as he finished his meal, read it by the aid of a little book which he took from his breast-pocket, mounted his horse, and rode after his posse.

Helen Graham

DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

"A terrible set of ruffians greedily rejoicing in the prospect of certain plunder."

Later, the men of this same posse were stealthily and silently closing in on another party, who, all unconscious of danger, were placed in the woods at the side of the post-road. A terrible set of ruffians were they, indeed, of more than one nationality, with savage, sullen faces :

> "Pistols bulging behind their hips,
> Curses dropping from off their lips ;"

greedily rejoicing in the prospect of certain plunder and possible bloodshed soon to come ; while, all the time, noiselessly, sometimes on tiptoe, sometimes even on hands and knees, the posse encircled them closer and closer. At last, Radford raised his hand. Then the silent men about him unslung their carbines and examined the chambers ; and then, perfectly silent, perfectly vigilant, and grim as death, waited for the coming of the Leadville coach.

III.

"Why, Charley," said the express messenger, "there warn't no sense in the Company keeping Sam in his place after he let the road agents get away with every dollar he had charge of, that day on the Divide. I don't set up myself to have any more pluck than others, and I know all they say about it being no use to show fight when they've got the drop on you ; but duty is duty, and I shouldn't like to come in without a scratch and tell the boys the money was all took. I think I'd try—." It was the last word the poor fellow ever spoke. Gerard saw him fall heavily against the driver's shoulder, as the single shot came from the woods. It all seemed to pass in a second, the two men seizing the horses' heads, the one bloodthirsty villain showing himself for a moment as, more savage even than most of his kind, he fired without previous challenge. Gerard had felt that old sensation of uneasiness coming on him again as the coach entered the gloomy gulch ; and he had, quite mechanically, put his hand under his loose overcoat and drawn his revolver. As he saw the miscreant fire at the messenger, he, cool even at such a moment of surprise and perfectly accustomed to the skilful use of firearms, was taking a snap shot at him, when his arm was gripped by the man at his side and then, strange to say, released. In all the wild excitement of the moment, he yet turned to see the quiet man of a few moments before, the "school-master-like-looking chap" of the driver's description, transformed into an avenging demon. With a spot of color in the centre of each cheek, with his once gentle eyes blazing and his lips tightly compressed over his clenched teeth, he had encircled the large man's neck with his muscular arm as with an iron band, and held him powerless as an infant. Meantime, there had rung out from the woods the stentorian voice of Radford.

"Throw up your hands, you d—d murdering villains. *What*, you *won't?* Then, boys, give them h—l ! Fire !"

Gerard used to say that he lived a year in the next few seconds, and that, in what seemed Pandemonium broken loose ; he saw everything : the driver, the dead man still lying against his shoulder, struggling with the plunging horses and cursing under his breath ; the brief but fierce fighting, the rout and destruction of the band of ruffians. Radford had told the authorities at Washington that, "if he had ordinary luck," he would make an end of them this time, and he kept his word. They fought with desperation, but the skilled and perfectly organized posse closed in with deadly and unrelenting purpose : and, almost in less time than it has taken to tell this story, it was all up with them.

Radford, knocking the empty cartridges from his revolver, came up to the near front wheel of the coach and called out, in his hearty voice :

"A thousand thanks, Mr. Curtis, for your share of the job. That habit of yours of telegraphing to your sister is an uncommonly useful one. And you have caught the head devil, too. He is worth all the rest together, and it is a good deal like murder this time. I say, young fellow," he called to Gerard, "if you are unhurt, I shall have to call on you in the name of the law, to join my posse : and I'll trouble you to slip a

pair of handcuffs, which you will find, I am sure, in Mr. Curtis's pocket, on the wrists of that gentleman he is holding so tight." Gerard did this; and only then did Curtis, who had not spoken or moved, relax his hold, or rather transfer it to one arm of the robber, who had been nearly strangled and was not in a condition to resist, or even speak.

"Tumble him down here, and we'll take care of him," said Radford. "Here, lend a hand, one of you boys; put him inside of the coach and take a half hitch of a rope round his legs. Now, Charley, we will take that poor fellow off your seat. Well, a man can only die once, and there's no better time than when he's doing his duty. Rather close call for you, my boy, wasn't it? even closer than that time I was with you at Trinidad. And now, men may live, and men may die, but the United States mails must go on all the same and not be detained. You will have to carry that inside passenger free to the Ranch, Charley. Let me see; whom shall I send in charge of him?"

"Let me go, Colonel," said Curtis.

"All right. None better. Lock him up in one of Roberts's outbuildings and put some one on guard over him."

Gerard had been assisting in the descent of the manacled prisoner and the body of the faithful messenger. Radford turned to him.

"I think," said he, "you had best act as expressman as far as the Ranch, my young recruit, and then give Mr. Curtis any aid he may need. Here, have a pull at this flask. You look a little rattled. New sort of work for you, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed," said Gerard. "Do you often have such a fight as that?"

"No, this is the worst for a long time. Two poor boys of mine are killed and four wounded. Your fellow-passenger there secured the leader of the gang, and did it well."

"Was the schoolmaster one of your men?" asked Gerard.

"*Schoolmaster?* What, *he?* (glancing toward Curtis). Well, he may have been a schoolmaster once, I never asked him. But what he is now is 'Cheyenne' Curtis, the best special deputy in the mountains."

"Curious that he should be such a quiet man."

"Quiet, yes. He is quiet enough when he isn't in action; but I wonder if you'd have called him quiet when he went, one night, quite alone, into a saloon at Julesburg, to get a man he'd tracked there. The whole crowd showed fight, and he laid out four with a revolver and three with a chair. That made his reputation. Now, then, Charley, if you are ready, away you go. You ought to meet the sheriff and his men not far from here. I wired for them this morning."

IV.

It was evening, calm and delightful. The full moon shone in the heavens, and the soft air was laden with the resinous odor of the plants in the mouth of the cañon. Supper was over at the Ranch, and the guests were discussing the exciting story of the day's doings. The dead had been buried, the wounded cared for, and the prisoners delivered to the sheriff, with the exception of the leader, who was confined in an outbuilding, guarded by two of the posse. Gerard was sitting at Katie's side, on a bench outside the Ranch, talking eagerly to her. He rose as Radford approached.

"My dear young lady," said the latter, addressing Katie, "I am not yet an old man, and it doesn't seem so very long ago that I should have thought it precious hard to be called away from such company as yours. I shall detain this new deputy of mine as short a time as possible; but his turn for duty will come in about fifteen minutes, and I want to give him his instructions." Gerard stepped aside with him. "The two men on guard now were in the fight, and are pretty well used up," said the chief, "and they must be relieved. Curtis is getting his supper, and he wants to take the place of one of them; for he is just set on keeping that fellow safe. I expect a man or two more directly; and, if you will go on with Curtis now, I shall not trouble you long, and will soon release you from your country's service. I will call you when time is up." Gerard assented and turned to Katie, who had moved her seat near to that of Helen Graham.

"It is a little cool," said he. "Had you not best go into the house?" The two girls rose and moved slowly into the long passage, from which a sitting-room opened on one side and the dining-room on the other. Helen, as she passed the door of the latter, happened to look in; then she asked Katie to excuse her for a few moments, and ran up the stairs. In another second, Curtis, pale as death, had sprung from his chair and to the door, drawn Katie and Gerard inside, closed it, and tried several times, in vain, to speak. At last, with his hand at his throat, he gasped out,

"For the love of God, tell me, who was that girl?"

"Miss Helen Graham, of Georgetown," replied Gerard. Curtis reeled as if about to fall, then made a tremendous effort to control himself, and eventually managed to speak, in a low and hoarse tone.

"Dear lady," he said, "you have a kind and gentle face; and you, sir, are a brave man. You will understand my strange conduct when you hear my story and realize, as you must, the horror of the situation. I never saw that girl before, but she is the daughter, and the living, breathing image of a woman whom I loved better than my life, loved with all the passion of my heart and my soul. It was in a quiet New England village, where we had known each other all our lives; and she loved me, too, and had promised to marry me. It was the old story, and I spare you the details. I had an offer to go to California, with the prospect of making enough money there to warrant me in marrying. While I was gone—years it was—a man named John Graham managed, I know not how, to supplant me, married her, and broke her heart; and I came home to find her in her grave. Her only child had been left to the care of a sister, the father caring nothing for her. My heart was broken, too, and I have never cared for my life since. I am haunted by the ghost of the lost past, and there is no peace for me in this world. When I cared no more for money it came to me, and I am rich and can do as I please. It suited me to enter this service: there is less time for thinking and brooding than in other occupations. For some strange reason, I took a great interest in following the trail of the celebrated mail-robber, Idaho Jack, they called him; and he has given me a hard chase. I only saw him a short time ago, and ever since I have been worried by something familiar about his face. Now, it has all come to me in a flash—the dreadful truth! This man is no other than John Graham. I have hunted him down and brought him here, almost into the very presence of his daughter, who thinks him dead long ago! Great Heavens! dear friends, think what must happen. All will come out, and shame and disgrace overwhelm this lovely girl, whom I would have given my life to spare a single sorrow. Think for me, I pray you—think quickly. Can *nothing* be done?" He had stood with his hand pressed to his brow, and now he stopped suddenly, as the door opened softly and Radford entered. If he felt any surprise at seeing the three together, at the attitude of Curtis, or the tears in Katie's eyes, he made no sign. All he said was,

"Ready, Mr. Curtis." The deputy, with wonderful power of self-control, bowed, took his hat, and left the room. Radford followed him, signalling Gerard with a glance to do the same; but before the latter could move, Katie's hands were on his arm, her lovely face close to his, her eyes moist with unshed tears.

"Oh, Gerard," she cried, "think of some way to help this poor man in his trouble, and save Helen from what must come upon her. For my sake, do, *do* try—;" she drew away from him, as her quick ear caught the step of Helen Graham, who came into the room, never brighter, more beautiful, or more animated; and making a charming picture as she stood in the bright light.

"Dear me, I hope I am not *de trop*," she said, gayly.

"No, indeed," replied Gerard, with ready tact. "I have a little commission to execute for Miss Winterton, and you have come at just the right moment to keep her company. I shall do the best I can," he added, with a look at Katie; then he left the room. Only with the greatest difficulty did the girl conceal her agitation from Helen and appear at ease with her. In the meantime, Curtis had gone through the long hall,

taken a rifle from the rack, and walked slowly toward the rude outbuilding in which the prisoner was confined. It stood by itself at some distance from the house, and in the enclosure of which a fence formed the rear. He passed Radford, who was waiting for Gerard; then he looked through the small window. The criminal, his manacles temporarily removed, was eating his supper, with apparent indifference to his surroundings. One of his guards stood in the doorway, the other paced up and down. Curtis told the former that he would be relieved in a few moments, and the latter that he would himself take his place at once. Then he began his steady tramp, his heart wrung with anxiety, his brain in a whirl. The sentry whom he had replaced walked toward the main ranch-house, meeting Gerard, who had just parted from Radford. The young fellow was thoroughly unhappy: determined, of course, to do his duty, but wishing with all his heart that something, he knew not what, would happen to avert the impending calamity. He thought of Curtis's distress, of Katie's pleading eyes; he stopped a moment and looked up at the great, calm moon flooding the mountain fastnesses with her silver light, and — he grasped his rifle more firmly and walked on. And then, as always, the unexpected came to pass. Curtis was at the end of his beat, Gerard had not reached his post. The prisoner was an adroit as well as a desperate man. With the bound of a tiger he felled the sentry at the door, sprang out, and ran swiftly toward the lower end of the enclosure. Curtis turned and saw him. In a second, the rifle was at his shoulder, and his finger on the trigger; but the flood of thought and memory surging in his brain held his purpose captive a moment; and in that moment the fugitive reached the fence and burst through it as if it had been paper. Two feet beyond it, masked by shrubs, was the perpendicular cliff left by the hydraulic miners of former days, and a fall of seventy feet to the rocks below!

An hour later, Gerard sat with Radford in the latter's room, aiding him with the notes he was rapidly making for his report. Suddenly, the older man looked up and fixed his keen eyes on his face.

"My boy," said he, "I think you had best tell me the whole story. It is my business to know secrets and keep them." Without hesitation, Gerard told him all that had passed between Curtis, Katie, and himself. Radford listened with the closest attention and interest. When the recital was over, his genuine human sympathy found ready and ample expression; then his strong professional feeling asserted itself.

"That clears everything up," said he. "What beat me was how Curtis, with as good a Winchester as his, and a bright moon shining, did not drop a man at that distance." He lit a cigar and reflected a while. At last, he asked:

"Who knows all this besides you and me?"

"Only Curtis himself, and Miss Winterton," replied Gerard.

"That's all right," said Radford. "I'll back the little girl, on short acquaintance, to hold her tongue. Now, I'll tell you what we must do, and that is to get all this crowd away from the Ranch bright and early to-morrow morning. If you will attend to the party from Georgetown, you can leave the rest to me. That saves all sort of talk and unpleasant questions. Do you know," he added, taking his cigar from his mouth and looking into the bright open fire, "it strikes me very forcibly that what the parsons call 'the hand of Providence' has been in this thing, and straightened it out a blamed sight better than we could have done."

I have the honor to count Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Armstrong among my friends, and it gave me much pleasure to meet them in New York on their return from their honeymoon journey, and give them a little dinner—at the real Delmonico's, be it known—not any such shabby namesake's as that at which I was obliged to introduce Gerard at the beginning of my story. It was a lovely evening at the end of May, and I had a table on the Avenue side, and the window open. Mrs. Armstrong was in the highest spirits, and had much to say that was interesting and amusing.

"Do you know," she asked me, at last, "that dear old Colonel Radford sent me a pretty wedding present and a long letter? He told me that poor Mr. Curtis was dead; never was the same man after that dreadful night at the Ranch; as he expressed it in his curious way, 'sort of lost his grip, and didn't take any interest!' He left all his money to that lovely Helen Graham, and she is happily married. But, oh, what a time that was!"

The pretty creature stopped, grew sober, and sat silent; and I knew that there and then, on one of the halcyon days of her life, there had come over her the shadow of those sombre scenes in which she had taken part. I was sure, indeed, that in spirit she was far away from that gay room in the centre of the great eastern city; but was, for the nonce, in the well-remembered nook among the eternal hills, above which towers, in awful majesty, the Mountain of the Holy Cross.

THE DUNCHURCH BELLS.*

By Archibald Gordon.

In stops and swells
The Dunchurch bells
  Went pealing, pealing, pealing;
In mead and fen
The Dunchurch men
  Heard them pealing, pealing, pealing;
And ships that sailed far out at sea
And the sailor-lad from the north countree,
When the wanton west wind whistled free,
  Heard them pealing, pealing, pealing.

Now the North Sea leaps both fierce and free,
  Where the bells went pealing, pealing;
And the keen keels glide
Through the tumbling tide
  Where the bells went pealing, pealing.
Sorest of all, in mead or fen,
No longer do the Dunchurch men
With scythe or sickle listen when
  The Dunchurch bells go pealing.

But the fisherman shooting his net in the bay
  Hears them pealing, pealing, pealing;
And the sailor-lad from the north countree,
  Hears them pealing, pealing, pealing;
And when the flaming Cromer Light
Flares out aflash at the fall of night
You may hear (an you listen with ears aright)
  The Dunchurch bells still pealing.

* Where the German Ocean, driven by the North Sea, year after year eats away the east coast of England, there are, underneath its waters, villages, some of actual existence and some of mere legend, over which the tides have ebbed and flowed for centuries. Among these is the pastoral village of Dunchurch, in the belfry of which hung a chime of bells the pride of East Anglia. The Dunchurch ringers had no peers, and on windy nights the coasting voyagers, far out at sea, heard, fitfully, the music that they made. Dunchurch is now itself far out at sea.

ELSKET.

By Thomas Nelson Page.

"The knife hangs loose in the sheath."
—Old Norsk Proverb.

I SPENT a month of the summer of 188– in Norway—"Old Norway"—and a friend of mine, Dr. John ——, who is as great a fisherman as he is a physician, and knows that I love a stream where the trout and I can meet each other alone, and have it out, face to face, uninterrupted by any interlopers, did me a favor to which I was indebted for the experience related below. He had been to Norway two years before, and he let me into the secret of an unexplored region between the Nord Fiord and the Romsdal. I cannot give the name of the place, because even now it has not been fully explored, and he bound me by a solemn promise that I would not divulge it to a single soul, actually going to the length of insisting on my adding a formal oath to my affirmation. This I consented to because I knew that my friend was a humorous man, and also because he positively refused otherwise to inform me where even the streams were about which he had been telling such fabulous fish stories. "No," he said, "some of those —— cattle who think they own the earth and have a right to fool women at will and know how to fish, will be poking in there, worrying Olaf and Elsket, and ruining the fishing, and I'll be —— if I tell you unless you make oath." My friend is a swearing man, though he says he swears for emphasis, not blasphemy, and on this occasion he swore with extreme solemnity. I saw that he was in earnest, so made affidavit and was rewarded.

"Now," he said, after inquiring about my climbing capacity in a way which piqued me, and giving me the routes with a particularity which somewhat mystified me, "I will write a letter to Olaf of the Mountain and to Elsket. I once was enabled to do them a slight service, and they will receive you. It will take him two or three weeks to get it, so you may have to wait a little. You must wait at L—— until Olaf comes down to take you over the mountain. You may be there when he gets the letter, or you may have to wait for a couple of weeks, as he does not come over the mountain often. However, you can amuse yourself around L——, only you must always be on hand every night in case Olaf comes."

Although this appeared natural enough to the doctor, it sounded rather curious to me, and it seemed yet more so when he added, "By the way, one piece of advice: Don't talk about England to Elsket, and don't ask any questions."

"Who is Elsket?" I asked.

"A daughter of the Vikings, poor thing," he said.

My curiosity was aroused, but I could get nothing further out of him, and set it down to his unreasonable dislike of Englishmen, against whom, for some reason, he had a violent antipathy, declaring that they did not know how to treat women or how to fish. My friend has a custom of speaking very strongly, and I used to wonder at the

violence of his language, which contrasted strangely with his character; for he was the kindest-hearted man I ever knew, being a true follower of his patron saint, old Isaac, giving his sympathy to all the unfortunate, and even handling his frogs as if he loved them.

Thus it was that on the afternoon of the seventh day of July, 188–, having, for purposes of identification, a letter in my pocket to "Olaf of the Mountain from his friend Dr. ——," I stood in the rain in the so-called "street" of L——, on the —— Fiord, looking over the bronzed faces of the stolid but kindly peasants who lounged silently around, to see if I could detect in one a resemblance to the picture I had formed in my mind of "Olaf of the Mountain," or could discern in any eye a gleam of special interest to show that its possessor was on the watch for an expected guest.

There was none in whom I could discover any indication that he was not a resident of the straggling little settlement. They all stood quietly about gazing at me and talking in low tones among themselves, chewing tobacco and spitting, or smoking their pipes, as naturally as if they were in Virginia or Kentucky, only, if possible, in a somewhat more ruminant manner. It gave me the single bit of home feeling I could muster, for it was, I must confess, rather desolate standing alone in a strange land, under those beetling crags, with the clouds almost resting on our heads, and the rain coming down in a steady, wet, monotonous fashion. The half-dozen little log- or frame-houses, with their double windows and turf roofs, standing about at all sorts of angles to the road, as if they had rolled down the mountain like the great bowlders beyond them, looked dark and cheerless. I was weak enough to wish for a second that I had waited a few days for the rainy spell to be over, but two little, bareheaded children, coming down the road laughing and chattering, recalled me to myself. They had no wrapping whatever, and nothing on their heads but their soft flaxen hair, yet they minded the rain no more than if they had been ducklings. I saw that these people were used to rain. Something, however, had to be done, and I recognized the fact that I was out of the beaten track of tourists, and that if I had to stay here a week, on the prudence of my first step depended the consideration I should receive. It would not do to be hasty. I had a friend with me which had stood me in good stead before, and I applied to it now. Walking slowly up to the largest, and one of the oldest men in the group, I drew out my pipe and a bag of old Virginia tobacco, free from any flavor than its own, and filling the pipe, I asked him in the best phrase-book Norsk I could command, for a light. He gave it, and I placed the bag in his hand and motioned him to fill his pipe. When that was done I handed the pouch to another, and motioned him to fill and pass the tobacco around. One by one they took it, and I saw that I had friends. No man can fill his pipe from another's bag and not wish him well.

"Does any of you know Olaf of the Mountain?" I asked. I saw at once that I had made an impression. The mention of that name was evidently a claim to consideration. There was a general murmur of surprise, and the group gathered around me. A half-dozen spoke at once. "He was at L—— last week," they said, as if that fact was an item of extensive interest. "I want to go there," I said, and then was, somehow, immediately conscious that I had made a mistake. Looks were exchanged and some words were spoken among my friends, as if they were oblivious of my presence.

"You cannot go there. None goes there but at night," said one, suggestively.

"Who goes over the mountain comes no more," said another, as if he quoted a proverb, at which there was a faint intimation of laughter on the part of several.

My first adviser undertook a long explanation, but though he labored faithfully I could make out no more than that it was something about "Elsket" and "the Devil's Ledge," and men who had disappeared. This was a new revelation. What object had my friend? He had never said a word of this. Indeed he had, I now remembered, said very little at all about the people.

He had exhausted his eloquence on the fish. I recalled his words when I asked him about Elsket. "She is a daughter of the Vikings, poor thing." That was all. Had he been up to a practical joke? If so, it seemed rather a sorry one to me just then. But anyhow I could not draw back now. I could never face him again if I did not go on, and what was more serious, I could never face myself. I was weak enough to have a thought that, after all, the mysterious Olaf might not come; but the recollection of the fish of which my friend had spoken as if they had been the golden fish of the "Arabian Nights," banished that. I asked about the streams around L——. Yes, there was good fishing, but they were all too anxious to tell me about the danger of going over the mountain to give much thought to the fishing. "No one without Olaf's blood could cross the Devil's Ledge." "Two men had disappeared there years ago"—"A man had disappeared there last year. He had gone, and had never been heard of afterward. The Devil's Ledge was a bad pass."

"Why don't they look into the matter?" I asked.

The reply was as near a shrug of the shoulders as a Norseman can accomplish.

"It was not easy to get the proof; the mountain was very dangerous, the glacier very slippery; there were no witnesses, etc. Olaf of the Mountain was not a man to trouble."

"He hates Englishmen," said one, significantly.

"I am not an Englishman, I am an American," I explained.

This had a sensible effect. Several began to talk at once. One had a brother in Idaho, another had cousins in Nebraska, and so on.

The group had by this time been augmented by the addition of almost the entire population of the settlement; one or two rosy-cheeked women, having babies in their arms, standing in the rain utterly regardless of the steady downpour.

It was a propitious time. "Can I get a place to stay here?" I inquired of the group generally.

"Yes—oh, yes." There was a consultation in which the name of Hendrik was heard frequently, and then a man stepped forward and taking up my bag and rod-case, walked off, I following, escorted by a number of my new friends.

I had been installed in Hendrik's little house about an hour, and we had just finished supper, when there was a murmur outside, and then the door opened, and a young man stepping in said something so rapidly that I understood only that it concerned Olaf of the Mountain, and in some way myself.

"Olaf of the Mountain is here and wants to speak to you," said my host. "Will you go?"

"Yes," I said. "Why does he not come in?"

"He will not come in," said my host; "he never does come in."

"He is at the church-yard," said the messenger; "he always stops there."

I arose and went out, taking the direction indicated. A number of my friends stood in the road or street as I passed along, and touched their caps to me, looking very queer in the dim twilight. They gazed at me curiously as I walked by.

I turned the corner of a house which stood half in the road, and just in front of me, in its little yard, was the white church with its square, heavy, short spire. At the gate stood a tall figure, perfectly motionless, leaning on a long staff. As I approached I saw that he was an elderly man. He wore a long beard, once yellow but now gray, and he looked very straight and large. There was something grand about him as he stood there in the dusk.

I came quite up to him. He did not move.

"Good-evening," I said.

"Good-evening."

"Are you Mr. Hovedsen?" I asked, drawing out my letter.

"I am Olaf of the Mountain," he said, slowly, as if his name embraced the whole title.

I handed him the letter.

"You are——?"

"I am—" taking my cue from his own manner.

"The friend of her friend?"

"His great friend."

"Can you climb?"

"I can."

"Are you steady?"

"Yes."

"It is well; are you ready?"

I had not counted on this, and involuntarily I asked, in some surprise, "To-night?"

"To-night. You cannot go in the day."

I thought of the speech I had heard: "No one goes over the mountain except at night," and the ominous conclusion, "Who goes over the mountain comes no more." My strange host, however, diverted my thoughts.

"A stranger cannot go except at night," he said, gravely; and then added, "I must get back to watch over Elsket."

"I shall be ready in a minute," I said, turning.

In ten minutes I had bade good-by to my simple hosts, and leaving them with a sufficient evidence of my consideration to secure their lasting good-will, I was on my way down the street again with my light luggage on my back. This time the entire population of the little village was in the road, and as I passed along I knew by their murmuring conversation that they regarded my action with profound misgiving. I felt, as I returned their touch of the cap and bade them good-by, a little like the gladiators of old who, about to die, saluted Cæsar.

At the gate my strange guide, who had not moved from the spot where I first found him, insisted on taking my luggage, and buckling his straps around it and flinging it over his back, he handed me his stick, and without a word strode off straight toward the black mountain whose vast wall towered above us to the clouds.

I shall never forget that climb. We were hardly out of the road before we began to ascend, and I had shortly to stop for breath. My guide, however, if silent was thoughtful, and he soon caught my gait and knew when to pause. Up through the dusk we went, he guiding me, now by a word, telling me how to step, or now turning to give me his hand to help me up a steep place, over a large rock, or around a bad angle. For a time we had heard the roar of the torrent as it boiled below us, but as we ascended it had gradually hushed, and we at length were in a region of profound silence. The night was cloudy, and as dark as it ever is in midsummer in that far northern latitude; but I knew that we were climbing along the edge of a precipice, on a narrow ledge of rock along the face of the cliff. The vast black wall above us rose sheer up, and I could feel rather than see that it went as sheer down, though my sight could not penetrate the darkness which filled the deep space below. We had been climbing about three hours when suddenly my guide stopped, and unwinding his rope from his waist, held it out to me. I obeyed his silent gesture, and binding it around my body gave him the end. He wrapped it about him, and then taking me by the arm, as if I had been a child, he led me slowly along the narrow ledge around the face of the wall, step by step, telling me where to place my feet, and waiting till they were firmly planted. I began now to understand why no one ever went "over the mountain" in the day. We were on a ledge nearly three thousand feet high. If it had not been for the strong, firm hold on my arm, I could not have stood it. As it was I dared not think. Suddenly we turned a sharp angle and found ourselves in a curious semicircular place, almost level, and fifty or sixty feet deep in the concave, as if a great piece had been gouged out of the mountain by the glacier which must once have been there.

"This is a curious place," I ventured to say.

"It is," said my guide. "It is the Devil's Seat. Men have died here."

His tone was almost fierce. I accepted his explanation silently. We passed the singular spot and once more were on the ledge, but it was not so narrow as it had been the other side of the Devil's Seat, and in fifteen minutes we had crossed the summit and the path widened a little and began to descend.

"You do well," said my guide, briefly, "but not as good as Doctor John." I was well content with being ranked a good second to the doctor just then. The rain had ceased, the sky had partly cleared, and, as we began to descend, the early twilight of the northern dawn began to appear. First the sky became a clear steel-gray and the tops of the mountains became visible, the dark outlines begin-

ning to be filled in, and taking on a soft color. This lightened rapidly, until on the side facing the east they were bathed in an atmosphere so clear and transparent that they seemed almost within a stone's throw of us, while the other side was still left in a shadow which was so deep as to be almost darkness. The gray lightened and lightened into pearl until a tinge of rose appeared, and then the sky suddenly changed to the softest blue, and a little later the snow-white mountain-tops were bathed in pink, and it was dawn.

I could see in the light that we were descending into a sort of upland hollow between the snow-patched mountain-tops; below us was a lovely little valley in which small pines and birches grew, and patches of the green short grass which stands for hay shone among the great bowlders. Several little streams came jumping down as white as milk from the glaciers stuck between the mountain-tops, and after resting in two or three little lakes, which looked like hand-mirrors lying in the grass below, went bubbling and foaming on to the edge of the precipice, over which they sprang, to be dashed into vapor and snow hundreds of feet down. A half-dozen sheep and as many goats were feeding about in the little valley; but I could not see the least sign of a house, except a queer, brown structure, on a little knoll, with many gables and peaks, ending in the curious dragon-pennants, which I recognized as one of the old Norsk wooden churches.

When, however, an hour later, we had got down to the table-land, I found myself suddenly in front of a long, quaint log cottage, set between two immense bowlders, and roofed with layers of birch bark, covered with turf, which was blue with wild pansies. It was as if it were built under a bed of heart's-ease. It was very old, and had evidently been a house of some pretension, for there was much curious carving about the doors, and indeed about the whole front, the dragon's head being distinctly visible in the design. There were several lesser houses which looked as if they had once been dwellings, but they seemed now to be only stables.

As we approached the principal door it opened, and there stepped forth one of the most striking figures I ever saw—a young woman, rather tall, and as straight as an arrow. My friend's words involuntarily recurred to me, "A daughter of the Vikings," and then, somehow, I too had the feeling he had expressed, "Poor thing." Her figure was one of the most perfect I ever beheld. Her face was singularly beautiful; but it was less her beauty than her nobility of look and mien which impressed me. The features were clear and strong and perfectly carved. There was a firm mouth, a good jaw, strong chin, a broad brow, and deep blue eyes which looked straight at you. Her expression was so soft and tender as to have something pathetic in it. Her hair was flaxen, and as fine as satin, and was brushed perfectly smooth and coiled on the back of her shapely head, which was placed admirably on her shoulders. She was dressed in the coarse, black-blue stuff of the country, and a kerchief, also dark blue, was knotted under her chin, and fell back behind her head, forming a background for her silken hair.

Seeing us she stood perfectly still until we drew near, when she made a quaint, low courtesy and advanced to meet her father.

"Elsket," he said, with a tenderness which conveyed the full meaning of the sweet pet term, "darling." There was something about these people, peasants though they were, which gave me a strange feeling of respect for them.

"This is Doctor John's friend," said the old man, quietly.

She looked at her father in a puzzled way for a moment, as if she had not heard him, but as he repeated his introduction a light came into her eyes and coming up to me she held out her hand saying, "Welcome."

Then turning to her father—"Have you a letter for me, father?" she asked.

"No, Elsket," he said, gently; "but I will go again next month."

A cloud settled on her face and increased its sadness, and she turned her head away. After a moment she went into the house and I saw that she was weeping. A look of deep dejection came over the old man's face also.

II.

I found that my friend "Doctor John," strange to relate of a fisherman, had not exaggerated the merits of the fishing. How they got there, two thousand feet above the lower valley, I don't know; but trout fairly swarmed in the little streams which boiled among the rocks, and they were as greedy as if they had never seen a fly in their lives. I shortly became contemptuous toward anything under three pounds, and addressed myself to the task of defending my flies against the smaller ones and keeping them only for the big fellows which ran over three pounds—the patriarchs of the streams. With these I had capital sport, for they knew every angle and hole, they sought every coign of vantage, and the rocks were so thick and so sharp that from the time one of these veterans took the fly it was an equal contest which of us should come off victorious. I was often forced to rush splashing and floundering through the water to my waist to keep my line from being sawed, and as the water was not an hour from the green glaciers above, it was not always entirely pleasant.

I soon made firm friends with my hosts, and varied the monotony of catching three-pounders by helping them get in their hay for the winter. Elsket, poor thing, was, notwithstanding her apparently splendid physique, so delicate that she could no longer stand the fatigue of manual labor, any extra exertion being liable to bring on a recurrence of the heart-failure from which she had suffered. I learned that she had had a violent hemorrhage two summers before, from which she had come near dying, and that the skill of my friend, the doctor, had doubtless saved her life. This was the hold he had on Olaf of the Mountain, this was the "small service" he had rendered them.

By aiding them thus, I was enabled to be of material assistance to Olaf, and I found in helping these good people that work took on once more the delight which I remembered it used to have under like circumstances when I was a boy. I could cut or carry on my back loads of hay all day and feel at night as if I had been playing. Such is the singular effect of the spirit on labor.

To make up for this, Elsket would sometimes, when I went fishing, take her knitting and keep me company, sitting at a little distance. With her pale, calm face and shining hair outlined against the background of her sad-colored kerchief, she looked like a mourning angel. I never saw her smile except when her father came into her presence, and when she smiled it was as if the sun had suddenly come in at a window. I began to understand the devotion of these two strange people, so like and yet so different.

One rainy day she had a strange turn; she began to be restless. Her large sad eyes, usually so calm, became bright; the two spots in her cheeks burned yet deeper; her face grew anxious. Then she laid her knitting aside and took out of a great chest something on which she began to sew busily. I was looking at her, when she caught my eye and smiled. It was the first time she ever smiled for me. "Did you know I was going to be married?" she asked, just as an American girl might have done. And before I could answer she brought me the work. It was her wedding dress. "I have nearly finished it," she said. Then she brought me a box of old silver ornaments, such as the Norsk brides wear, and put them on. When I had admired them she put them away. After a little she arose and began to wander about the house and out into the rain. I watched her with interest. Her father came in, and I saw a distressed look come into his eyes. He went up to her and laying his hand on her drew her toward a seat. Then taking down an old Bible he turned to a certain place and began to read. He read first the ninetieth Psalm: "Lord, thou hast been our refuge, from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, thou art God from everlasting, and world without end." Then he turned to the chapter of Second Corinthians which is a part of our burial service: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept," etc. His voice was clear, rich, and devout, and he read it with sin-

gular earnestness and beauty. Then he opened his hymn-book and began to sing a low, dirge-like hymn. I sat silent watching the strange service and noting its effect on Elsket. She sat first like a person bound, struggling to be free, then became quieter, and at last perfectly calm. Then Olaf knelt down and prayed one of the most touching prayers I ever heard. It was for patience.

When he rose Elsket was weeping, and she went and leant in his arms like a child, and he kissed her as tenderly as if he had been her mother.

Next day, however, the same excited state recurred, and this time the reading appeared to have less effect. She sewed busily and insisted that there must be a letter for her at L——. A violent fit of weeping was followed by a paroxysm of coughing, and finally the old man, who had sat quietly by her with his hand stroking her head, arose and said, "I will go." She threw herself into his arms, rubbing her head against him in sign of dumb affection, and in a little while grew calm. It was still raining and quite late, only a little before sunset; but the old man went out, and taking the path toward L—— was soon climbing the mountain toward the Devil's Seat. Elsket sat up all night, but she was as calm and as gentle as ever.

The next morning when Olaf returned she went out to meet him. Her look was full of eager expectancy. I did not go out but watched her from the door. I saw Olaf shake his head and heard her say bitterly, "It is so hard to wait," and he said, gently, "Yes, it is, Elsket, but I will go again," and then she came in weeping quietly, the old man following with a tender look on his strong, weather-beaten face.

That day Elsket was taken ill. She had been trying to do a little work in the field in the afternoon, when a sinking spell had come on. It looked for a time as if the poor over-driven heart had knocked off work for good and all. Strong remedies, however, left by Dr. John, set it going again, and we got her to bed. She was still desperately feeble and Olaf sat up. I could not leave him, so we were sitting watching, he one side the open platform fireplace in one corner, and I the other; he smoking, anxious, silent, grim; I watching the expression on his gray face. His eyes seemed set back deeper than ever under the shaggy gray brows, and as the firelight fell on him he had the fierce, hopeless look of a caged eagle. It was late in the night before he spoke, and then it was half to himself and but half to me.

"I have fought it ten long years," he said, slowly.

Not willing to break the thread of his thought by speaking, I lit my pipe afresh and just looked at him. He received it as an answer.

"She is the last of them," he said, accepting me as an auditor rather than addressing me. "We go back to Olaf Traetelje, the blood of Harald Haarfarger (the Fairhaired) is in our veins, and here it ends. Dane and Swede have known our power, Saxon and Celt have bowed bare-headed to us, and with her it ends. In this stronghold many times her fathers have found refuge from their foes and gained breathing-time after battles by sea and land. From this nest, like eagles, they have swooped down, carrying all before them, and here, at last, when betrayed and hunted, they found refuge. Here no foreign king could rule over them; here they learnt the lesson that Christ is the only king, and that all men are his brothers. Here they lived and worshipped him. If their dominions were stolen from them they found here a truer wealth, content; if they had not power, they had what was better, independence. For centuries they held this last remnant of the dominion which Harold Haarfarger had conquered by land, and Eric of the Bloody Axe had won by sea, sending out their sons and daughters to people the lands; but the race dwindled as their lands had done before, and now with her dies the last. How has it come? By betrayal, as ever!"

The old man turned fiercely, his breast heaving, his eyes burning. "Was she who came of a race at whose feet jarls have crawled and kings have knelt not good enough!" I was hearing the story and did not interrupt him—"Not good enough for him," he continued in his low, fierce monotone. "I did not want him. What if he was a Saxon? His

fathers were our boatmen. Rather Cnut a thousand times. Then the race would not have died. Then she would not be —not be so."

The reference to her recalled him to himself, and he suddenly relapsed into silence.

"At least Cnut paid the score," he began once more, in a low, intense undertone. "In his arms he bore him down from the Devil's Seat, a thousand feet sheer on the hard ice, where his cursed body lies crushed forever, a witness of his falsehood."

I did not interrupt, and he rewarded my patience, giving a more connected account, for the first time addressing me directly.

"Her mother died when she was a child," he said, softly. His gentle voice contrasted strangely with the fierce undertone in which he had been speaking. "I was mother as well as father to her. She was as good as she was beautiful, and each day she grew more and more so. She was a second Ingeborg. Knowing that she needed other companionship than an old man, I sought and brought her Cnut (he spoke of him as if I must know all about him). Cnut was the son of my only kinsman, the last of his line as well, and he was tall and straight and strong. I loved him and he was my son, and as he grew I saw that he loved her, and I was not sorry, for he was goodly to look on, straight and tall as one of old, and he was good also. And she was satisfied with him, and from a child ordered him to do her girlish bidding, and he obeyed and laughed, well content to have her smile. And he would carry her on his shoulder, and take her on the mountain to slide, and gather her flowers. And I thought it was well. And I thought that in time they would marry and have the farm, and that there would be children about the house, and the valley might be filled with their voices as in the old time. And I was content. And one day *he* came! (the reference cost him an effort). Cnut found him fainting on the mountain and brought him here in his arms. He had come to the village alone, and the idle fools there had told him of me, and he had asked to meet me, and they told him of the mountain, and that none could pass the Devil's Ledge but those who had the old blood, and that I loved not strangers; and he said he would pass it, and he had come and passed safely the narrow ledge, and reached the Devil's Seat, when a stone had fallen upon him, and Cnut had found him there fainting, and had lifted him and brought him here, risking his own life to save him on the narrow ledge. And he was near to death for days, and she nursed him and brought him from the grave.

"At first I was cold to him, but there was something about him that drew me and held me. It was not that he was young and taller than Cnut, and fair. It was not that his eyes were clear and full of light, and his figure straight as a young pine. It was not that he had climbed the mountain and passed the narrow ledge and the Devil's Seat alone, though I liked well his act; for none but those who have Harold Haarfarger's blood have done it alone in all the years, though many have tried and failed. I asked him what men called him, and he said 'Harold;' then, laughing, said some called him 'Harold the Fair-haired.' The answer pleased me. There was something in the name which drew me to him. I had thought of Harold Haarfarger, and that later Harold, who, though a Dane, died bravely for his kingdom when his brother betrayed him, and I held out my hand and gave him the clasp of friendship."

The old man paused, but after a brief reflection proceeded:

"We made him welcome and we loved him. He knew the world and could tell us many things. He knew the story of Norway and the Vikings, and the Sagas were on his tongue. Cnut loved him and followed him, and she (the pause which always indicated her who filled his thoughts)—she, then but a girl, laughed and sang for him, and he sang for her, and his voice was rich and sweet. And she went out with him to fish and to climb, and often, when Cnut and I were in the field, we would hear her laugh, clear and fresh from the rocks beside the streams, as he told her some fine story of his England. He stayed here a month and a week, and then departed, saying he would come

again next year, and the house was empty and silent after he left. But after a time we grew used to it once more, and the winter came.

"When the spring returned we got a letter—a letter to her—saying he would come again, and every two weeks another letter came, and I went for it and brought it to—to her, and she read it to Cnut and me. And at last he came and I went to meet him, and brought him here, welcome as if he had been my eldest born, and we were glad. Cnut smiled and ran forward and gave him his hand, and—she—she did not come at first, but when she came she was clad in all that was her best, and wore her silver—the things her mother and her grandmother had worn, and as she stepped out of the door and saluted him, I saw for the first time that she was a woman grown, and it was hard to tell which face was brightest, hers or his, and Cnut smiled to see her so glad."

The old man relapsed into reflection. Presently, however, he resumed :

"This time he was gayer than before —the summer seemed to come with him. He sang to her and read to her from books that he had brought, teaching her to speak English like himself, and he would go and fish up the streams while she sat near by and talked to him. Cnut also learned his tongue well, and I did also, but Cnut did not see so much of him as before, for Cnut had to work, and in the evening they were reading, and she—she—grew more and more beautiful, and laughed and sang more. And so the summer passed. The autumn came, but he did not go, and I was well content, for she was happy, and, in truth, the place was cheerier that he was here. Cnut alone seemed downcast, but I knew not why ; and then the snow came. One morning we awoke and the farm was as white as the mountains. I said to him, 'Now you are here for the winter,' and he laughed and said, 'No, I will stay till the new-year. I have business then, and I must go.' And I turned, and her face was like sunshine, for she knew that none but Cnut and I had ever passed the Devil's Ledge in the snow, and the other way by which I took the Doctor home was worse then, though easier in the summer, only longer. But Cnut looked gloomy, at which I chid him ; but he was silent, and the autumn passed rapidly, so cheerful was he, finding in the snow as much pleasure as in the sunshine, and taking her out to slide and race on shoes till she would come in with her cheeks like roses in summer, and her eyes like stars, and she made it warm where she was.

"And one evening they came home. He was gayer than ever, and she more beautiful, but silenter than her wont. She looked like her mother the evening I asked her to be my wife. I could not take my eyes from her. That night Cnut was a caged wolf. At last he asked me to come out, and then he told me that he had seen Harold kiss her and had heard him tell her he loved her, and she had not driven him away. My heart was wrung for Cnut, for I loved him, and he wept like a child. I tried to comfort him, but it was useless, and the next day he went away for a time. I was glad to have him go, for I grieved for him, and I thought she would miss him and be glad when he came again, and though the snow was bad on the mountain he was sure as a wolf. He bade us good-by and left with his eyes looking like a hurt dog's. I thought she would have wept to have him go, but she did not. She gave him her hand and turned back to Harold, and smiled back to him when he smiled. It was the first time I had not been glad to have her smile, and I was sorry Harold had stayed, and I watched Cnut climb the mountain like a dark speck against the snow till he disappeared. She was so happy and beautiful that I could not long be out with her, though I grieved for Cnut, and when she came to me and told me one night of her great love for Harold I forgot my own regret in her joy, and I said nothing to Harold, because she told me he said that in his country it was not usual for the father to be told or to speak to a daughter's lover.

"They were much taken up together after that, and I was alone, and I missed Cnut sorely, and would have longed for him more but for her happiness. But one day, when he had been gone two months, I looked over the mountain, and

on the snow I saw a black speck. It had not been there before, and I watched it as it moved, and I knew it was Cnut.

"I said nothing until he came, and then I ran and met him. He was thin, and worn, and older; but his eyes had a look in them which I thought was joy at getting home; only they were not soft, and he looked taller than when he left, and he spoke little. His eyes softened when she, hearing his voice, came out and held out her hand to him, smiling to welcome him; but he did not kiss her as kinsfolk do after long absence, and when Harold came out the wolf-look came back into his eyes. Harold looked not so pleased to see him, but held out his hand to greet him. But Cnut stepped back, and suddenly drawing from his breast a letter, placed it in his palm, saying slowly, 'I have been to England, Lord Harold, and have brought you this from your Lady Ethelfrid Penrith—they expect you to your wedding at the New Year.' Harold turned as white as the snow under his feet, and she gave a cry and fell full length on the ground.

"Cnut was the first to reach her, and lifting her in his arms he bore her into the house. Harold would have seized her, but Cnut brushed him aside as if he had been a barley-straw, and carried her and laid her down. When she came to herself she did not remember clearly what had happened. She was strange to me who was her father, but she knew him. I could have slayed him, but she called him. He went to her, and she understood only that he was going away, and she wept. He told her it was true that he had loved another woman and had promised to marry her, before he had met her, but now he loved her better, and he would go home and arrange everything and return; and she listened and clung to him. I hated him and wanted him to go, but he was my guest, and I told him that he could not go through the snow; but he was determined. It seemed as if he wanted now to get away, and I was glad to have him go, for my child was strange to me, and if he had deceived one woman I knew he might another, and Cnut said the letter he had sent by him before the snow came was to say he would come in time to be married; and Cnut said he lived in a great castle and owned broad lands, more than one could see from the whole mountain, and his people had brought him in and asked him many questions of him, and offered him gold to bring the letter back, and he refused the gold, and brought it without the gold; and some said he had deceived more than one woman. And Lord Harold went to get ready, and she wept, and moaned, and was strange. And then Cnut went to her and told her of his own love for her, and that he was loyal to her, but she waved him from her, and when he asked her to marry him, for he loved her truly, she said him nay with violence, so that he came forth into the air looking white as a leper. And he sat down, and when I came out he was sitting on a stone and had his knife in his hand, looking at it with a dangerous gleam in his eyes; and just then she arose and came out, and, seeing him sitting with his knife, she gave a start, and her manner changed, and going to him she spoke softly to him for the first time, and made him yield her up the knife; for she knew that the knife hung loose in the sheath. But then she changed again and all her anger rose against Cnut, that he had brought Harold the letter which carried him away, and Cnut sat saying nothing and his face was like stone. Then Lord Harold came and said he was ready, and he asked Cnut would he carry his luggage. And Cnut refused, and then suddenly looked him full in his face, and said, 'Yes.' And Harold entered the house to say good-by to her, and I heard her weeping within, and my heart grew hard against the Englishman, and Cnut's face was black with anger, and when Harold came forth I heard her cry out, and he turned and said he would return, and would write her a letter to let her know when he would return. But he said it as one speaks to a child, not meaning it. And Cnut went in to speak to her, but I heard her drive him out as if he had been a dog, and he came forth with his face like a wolf's, and taking up Lord Harold's luggage, he set out. And so they went over the mountain.

"And all that night she lay awake, and I heard her moaning, and all next day she sat like stone, and I milked the

goats, and her thoughts were on the letters he would send.

"I spoke to her, but she spoke only of the letters to come, and I kept silence, for I had seen that Lord Harold would come no more, for I had seen him burn the little things she had given him, and he had taken everything away, but I could not tell her so. And the days passed, and I hoped that Cnut would come straight back; but he did not. It grieved me, for I loved him, and hoped that he would return, and that in time she would forget Lord Harold, and not be strange, but be as she had been to Cnut before he came. Yet I thought it not wholly wonderful that Cnut did not return at once, nor unwise; for she was lonely, and would sit all day looking up the mountain, and when he came she would, I thought, be glad to have him back.

"But at the end of a week she began to urge me to go for a letter. But I told her it could not come so soon; but when another week had passed she began to sew, and when I asked her what she sewed, she said her bridal dress, and she became so that I agreed to go, for I knew no letter would come, and it broke my heart to see her. And when I was ready she kissed me, and wept in my arms, and called me her good father; and so I started.

"She stood in the door and watched me climb the mountain, and waved to me almost gayly.

"The snow was deep, but I followed the track which Cnut and the Englishman had made two weeks before, for no new snow had fallen, and I saw that one track was ever behind the other, and never beside it, as if Cnut had fallen back and followed behind him.

And so I came near to the Devil's Seat, where it was difficult, and from where Cnut had brought him in his arms that day, and then, for the first time, I began to fear, for I remembered Cnut's look when he came from the house when she waved him off, and it had been so easy for him with a swing of his arm to have pushed the other over the cliff. But when I saw that he had driven his stick deep in to hold hard, and that the tracks went on beyond, I breathed freely again, and so I passed the narrow path, and the black wall, and came to the Devil's Seat; and as I turned the rock my heart stopped beating, and I had nearly fallen from the ledge. For there, scattered and half-buried in the snow, lay the pack Cnut had carried on his back, and the snow was all dug up and piled about as if stags had been fighting there. From the wall, across and back, were deep furrows, as if they were ploughed by men's feet dug fiercely in; but they were deeper toward the edge, and on one spot at the edge it was all torn clear from the black rock, and beyond the seat the narrow path lay smooth, and bright, and level as it had fallen, without a track. My knees shook under me, and I clutched my stick for support, and everything grew black before me: and presently I fell on my knees and crawled and peered over the edge, but there was nothing to be seen, only where the wall slants sharp down for a little space in one spot the snow was brushed away as if something had struck there, and the black, smooth rock showed a clean edge, cutting off the sight from the glacier a thousand feet down."

The old man's breast heaved. It was evidently a painful narrative, but he kept on.

"I sat down in the snow and thought; for I could not think at once. Cnut had not wished to murder, or else he had flung the Englishman from the ledge with one blow of his strong arm. He had waited until they had stood on the Devil's Seat, and then he had thrown off his pack and faced him, man to man. The Englishman was strong and active, taller and heavier than Cnut. He had Harold's name, but he had not Harold's heart nor blood, and Cnut had carried him in his arms over the cliff, with his false heart like water in his body.

"I sat all day and into the night there; for I knew that he would betray no one more. I sorrowed for Cnut, for he was my very son. And after a time I would have gone back to her, but I thought of her at home waiting and watching for me with a letter, and I could not; and then I wept, and I wished I were Cnut, for I knew that he had had one moment of joy. And then I took the scattered things from the snow and threw them

over the cliff; for I would not let it be known that Cnut had flung the Englishman over. It would be talked about over the mountain, and Cnut would be thought a murderer, and some would say he had done it foully; and so I went on over the mountain, and told it there that Cnut and the Englishman had gone over the cliff together in the snow on their way, and it was thought that a slip of snow had carried them, and I came back and told her only that no letter had come."

He was silent so long that I thought he had ended; but presently, in a voice so low it was just like a whisper, he added: "I thought she would forget, but she has not, and every fortnight she begins to sew her dress and I go over the mountains to give her peace; for each time she draws nearer to the end, and wears away more and more, and some day the thin blade will snap."

"The thin blade" was already snapping, and even while he was speaking the last fibres were giving way.

The silence which followed his words were broken by Elsket; I heard a strange sound and Elsket called feebly, "Oh, father."

Olaf went quickly to her bedside. I heard him say, "My God in Heaven!" and I sprang up and joined him. It was a hemorrhage. Her life-blood was flowing from her lips. She could not last like that ten minutes.

Elsket.

Providentially the remedies provided by Doctor John were right at hand, and, thanks to them, the crimson tide was stayed before life went out; but it was soon apparent that her strength was gone and her power exhausted.

We worked over her, but her pulse was running down like a broken clock. There was no time to have got a physician, even had there been one to get. I mentioned it; Olaf shook his head. "She is in the hands of God," he said.

Olaf never left the bedside except to heat water or to get some stimulant for her.

But, notwithstanding every effort, she failed to rally. The overtaxed heart was giving out, and all day she sank steadily. I never saw such a desperate face as that old man's. It haunts me now. He held her hand, now growing cold, against his cheek to keep it warm—stroked it and kissed it. As the short, quick breaths came, which precede dissolution, he sank on his knees. At first, he buried his face in his hands; then, in the agony of his despair, he began to speak aloud. I never heard a more moving appeal. It was a man speaking face to face with God, for one about to enter his presence. His eyes were wide open, as if he saw His face. He did not ask that she should be spared to him; it was all for his "Elsket," his "Darling," that Jesus would be her "Herder," and lead her beside the still

waters; that she might be spared all suffering and sorrow, and have peace.

Presently he ended and buried his face in his hands. The quick, faint breaths had died away, and as I looked on the still white face on the pillow I thought that she had gone. But suddenly the large eyes slowly opened wide.

"Father," she said, faintly.

"Elsket," the old man bent over her eagerly.

"I am so tired."

"My Elsket."

"I love you."

"Yes, my Elsket."

"You will stay with me?"

"Yes, always."

"If Cnut comes?"

"Yes, my Elsket."

"If Cnut comes——"

Her true lover's name was the last on her lips.

Very faintly he bent his ear to her lips. "Yes?"

But we never knew just what she wanted. The dim, large eyes closed, and then the lids lifted slowly a little, there was a sigh, and Elsket's watching was over, the weary spirit was at peace.

"She is with God," he said, calmly.

I closed the white lids gently and moved out. Later I offered to help him, but he said "No," and I remained out of doors till the afternoon.

About sunset he appeared and went up toward the old church, and I went into the house. I found that he had laid her out in the large room, and she lay with her face slightly turned as if asleep. She was dressed like a bride in the bridal dress she had sewn so long; her hair was unbound, and lay about her, fine and silken, and she wore the old silver ornaments she had showed me. No bride had ever a more faithful attendant. He had put them all upon her.

After a time, as he did not come back, I went to look for him. As I approached I heard a dull, thumping sound. When I reached the cleared place I found him digging. He had chosen a spot just in front of the quaint old door, with the rude, runic letters which the earliest sunbeams would touch. As I came up I saw he was digging her grave. I offered to help, but he said "No." So I carried him some food and placing it near him left him.

Late that evening he came down and

"Elsket was weeping, and she went and leant in his arms like a child."
—Page 232.

asked me if I would sit up that night. I told him yes. He thanked me and went into the house. In a little while he came out and silently went up the path toward the mountain.

It was a strange night that I spent in that silent valley in that still house, only I, and the dead girl lying there so white and peaceful. I had strange thoughts, and the earth and things earthly disappeared for me, that night shut in by those mountain walls. I was cut off from all but God and the dead. I have dear ones in heaven, and I was nearer to them that night, amid the mountain-tops of Norway, than I was to earthly friends. I think I was nearer to heaven that night than I ever shall be again till I get there.

Day broke like a great pearl, but I did not heed it. It was all peace.

Suddenly there was a step outside, and Olaf, with his face drawn and gray, and bowing under the weight of the burden upon his shoulder, stepped wearily in at the door.

To do Elsket honor he had been over the mountain to get it. I helped lift it down and place it, and then he waited for me to go. As I passed out of the door I saw him bend over the quiet sleeper. I looked in later; he had placed her in the coffin, but the top was not on and he was on his knees beside her.

He did not bury her that day; but he never left her side; he sat by her all day and all night. Next day he came to the door and looked at me. I went in and understood that he wanted me to look for the last time on her face. It was fairer than I ever saw it. He had cut her flowers and placed them all about her, and on her breast was a small packet of letters. All care, all suffering, all that was merely of the earth were cleansed away, and she looked as she lay like a dead angel. After I came out I heard him fastening on the top, and when he finished I went in again. He would have attempted to carry it by himself but I restrained him, and without a word he took the head and I the foot, and so lifting her tenderly we went gently out and up toward the church. We had to pause and rest several times, for he was almost worn out. After we had lowered her into the grave I was in doubt what to do; but Olaf drew from his coat his two books, and standing close by the side of the grave he opened first the little Bible and began to read in a low but distinct voice: "Lord, thou hast been our refuge, from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, thou art God from everlasting, and world without end."

When he finished this he turned and read again: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept," etc. They were the psalm and the chapter which I had heard him read to Elsket that first day when she became excited, and with which he had so often charmed her restless spirit.

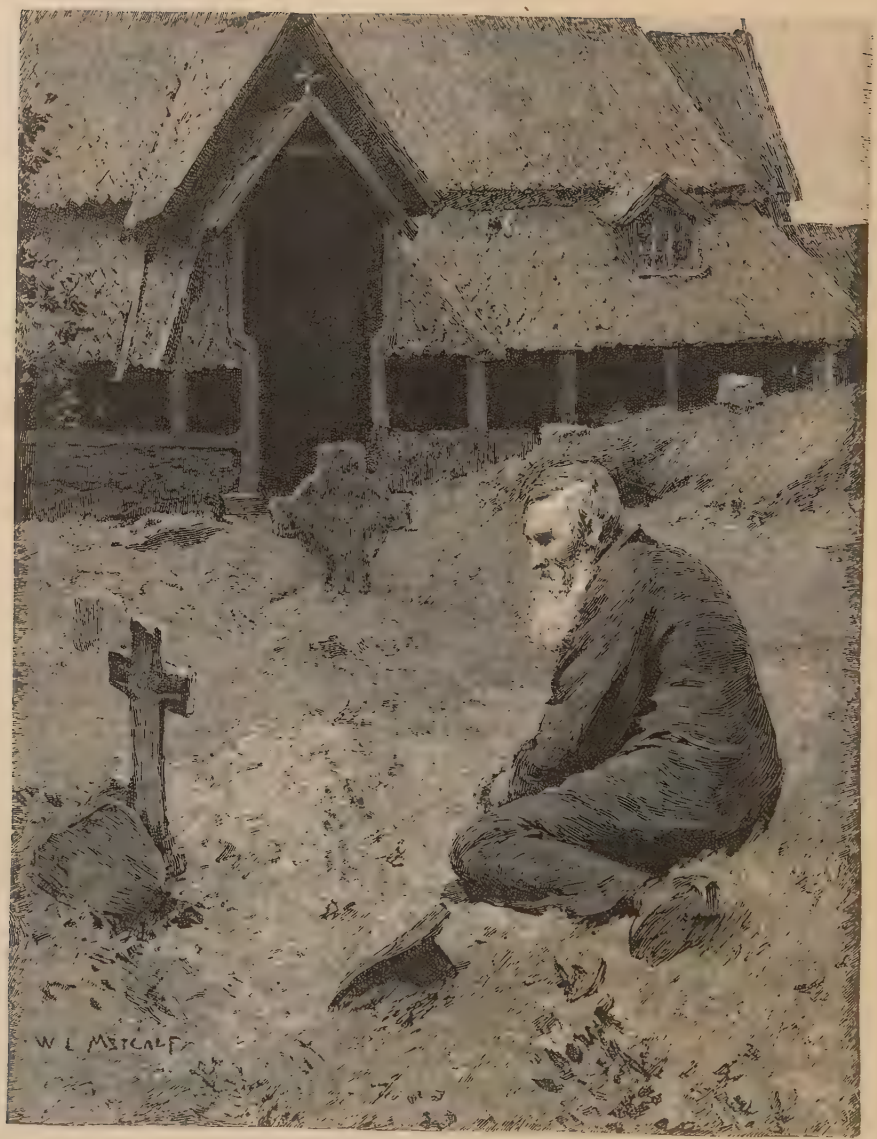
He closed, and I thought he was done, but he opened his hymn-book and turning over a few leaves sang the same hymn he had sung to her that day. He sang it all through to the end, the low, strange, dirge-like hymn, and chanted as it was by that old man alone, standing in the fading evening light beside the grave which he had dug for his daughter, I never heard anything so moving. Then he knelt, and clasping his hands offered a prayer. The words, from habit, ran almost as they had done when he had prayed for Elsket before, that God would be her shepherd and lead her beside the still waters, and give her peace.

When he was through I waited a little, and then I took up a spade to help him; but he reached out and took it quietly, and seeing that he wanted to be alone I left him. He meant to do for Elsket all the last sacred offices himself.

I was so fatigued that on reaching the house I dropped off to sleep and slept till morning, and I do not know when he came into the house, if he came at all. When I waked early next morning he was not there, and I rose and went up to the church to hunt for him. He was sitting quietly beside the grave, and I saw that he had placed at her head a little cross of birchwood, on which he had burned one word, simply,

"ELSKET."

I spoke to him, asking him to come to the house.



"I saw that he had placed at her head a little cross."

"I cannot leave her," he said; but when I urged him he rose silently and returned with me.

I remained with him for a while after that, and each day he went and sat by the grave. At last I had to leave. I urged him to come with me, but he replied always, "No, I must watch over Elsket."

It was late in the evening when we set off to cross the mountain. We came by the same path by which I had gone, Olaf leading me as carefully and holding me as steadily as when I went over before. I stopped at the church to lay a few wild flowers on the little yellow mound where Elsket slept so quietly. Olaf said not a word; he simply waited till I was done and then followed me dumbly. I was so filled with sorrow for him that I did not, except in one place, think much of the fearful cliffs along

which we made our way. At the Devil's Seat, indeed, my nerves for a moment seemed shaken and almost gave way as I thought of the false young lord whose faithlessness had caused all the misery to these simple, kindly folk, and of the fierce young Norseman who had there found so sweet a revenge. But we came on and passed the ledge, and struck the broader path just after the day broke, where it was no longer perilous but only painful.

There Olaf paused. "I will go back if you don't want me," he said. I did not need his services, but I urged him to come on with me—to pay a visit to his friends. "I have none," he said, simply. Then to come home with me and live with me in old Virginia. He said, "No," he "must watch over Elsket." So finally I had to give in, and with a clasp of the hand and a message to "her friend," Doctor John, to "remember Elsket," he went back and was soon lost amid the rocks.

I was half-way down when I reached a cleared place an hour or so later, and turned to look back. The sharp angle of the Devil's Ledge was the highest point visible, the very pinnacle of the mountain, and there, clear against the burnished steel of the morning sky, on the very edge, clear in the rare atmosphere was a small figure. It stood for a second, a black point distinctly outlined, and then disappeared. It was Olaf of the Mountain, gone back to keep watch over Elsket.

THE GREAT KING'S DREAM.

I look upon her, yearning,
She sleeps so still by my side;
And the strange stone's light, still burning,
Falls on the face of my bride;
And my hand that hath never left her,
Lies by her, but touches nor stirs;
And the wealth of which Isis bereft her
Lies heaped at my feet and hers.

Our gems do not flash or sparkle,
But glow with a moveless spark;
Our hours flash not, nor darkle,
With the pulsing of day and dark;
Safe, deep in our bridal chamber,
We heed not the storm nor the snow;
It seemeth, we cannot remember
When it was not always so.

And as at the first she adored me,
Her love in her heart still keeps;
For she lieth turned toward me
With her smile upon her lips;

And I know, 'tis to-day's thoughts make her
So happily, lightly sleep;
I still my breath, lest it wake her
Lest she wake to the old, and weep.

See, still are her robes not faded;
The fire of the carbuncle throws
On the rounds of her eyes deep-shaded
A light that is like the rose;
Her breast, that was once so cruel
Sleeps still as that first night—hush—
Was it the red-rayed jewel
Or I, who made her blush?

Is it mortal bliss, hereunder?
I wonder what men would say—
Do they work yet, out there, I wonder
In the yellow light they call day?
Could they break to their great King's chamber
And wish to their King good-night?
Or good-morrow? I cannot remember
Time, in this scarlet light.

Meseemeth, the air lies chilly
Nor so sweet as it was before—
What's this? the great Queen's lily
In petals on the floor?
It has fall'n from her white hand, drooping
Along the coverlet—
Shall I call? or shall I stooping
Her lotos blossom get?

And strange! there's a sound! I remember
'Tis long since I heard a sound—
Do they dare, to their great King's chamber
Break in, from the common ground?
The golden cloths are shaken
By a strange white radiance borne
Through the pyramid's hall—Awaken!
Awake, my Queen! 'tis Dawn!

—Nay, I know. Spicèd and gummy,
These are cerements, not robes of our pride;
And she is of Egypt, a mummy,
And I lie dead by her side;
'Tis the carbuncle's light immortal
That burns in its setting of rust—
The Earth-shine breaks through the portal!—
And she and I fall into dust.

Japanese Parliament Building—Before the Fire.

PARLIAMENTARY DAYS IN JAPAN.

By John H. Wigmore.

THERE was something tragic in the burning of the Houses of Parliament so soon after their occupation. A fire, even a conflagration such as this was, is commonplace enough, especially in this land, where everybody expects to be burned out sooner or later, and scarcely a night passes without lurid skies and jangling bells. But the Parliament Houses, in a way, stood for all that had been achieved in political progress since 1868. They seemed to be the bodily consummation of the past, and the palpable safeguard of the future.

For the nation to awake and find its representatives without a home was a shock and a foreboding. "An enemy has done this!" was, I suppose, the first thought that came to the mind of everyone. The mind turned, naturally, to a suspicion of intrigue, and could not at first accept the fact of accident, for it was not in accord with the fitness of things, with the justice of Nature, that a nation's hopes should be visited with such destruction.

As for the buildings themselves, there was but little in them to suggest the land of the Shoguns and the Mikados. One might have imagined that the place of the nation's deliberations would be some massive pile, with broad overhanging roofs and solid pillars, with gilded rafters and carved architraves, with cloisters and trellises and bronze lanterns without, and lacquered panels and brass-mounted doors within. But one saw in reality quite a different structure—a very plain, dull-gray, clapboarded building, with windows and cornices of the simplest mill-work, with large staring gables, and quite bare of all but the most ordinary ornamentation. As one alighted from the jinrikisha at the porte-cochère, and stepped inside the doors, one was even less likely to discover any outward marks of what we consider the distinctively Japanese.

First was encountered a phalanx of attendants—not very busy, to be sure, and rather more numerous than the circumstances appeared to require, but resplendent in silver buttons and lace, and topped with the awkward German cap of military cut. If you succeeded in passing these watchful guardians of the portal (which without a square pasteboard of cabalistic contents was well-nigh impossible), you found yourself in a maze of long, lofty corridors, of staircases and balustrades, carpets and brocade hangings, stoves and stamped wall-paper, diminutive pages—dark-haired cherubs—in buttons, and other tokens of Europe's ways. Finally, when you entered either of the Chambers, and saw the maroon-leather seats, the voluminous hangings draped in approved Western curves of studied symmetry, the stage-like recess appropriated for the officers and Government delegates, the broad semi-circle of benches; when you met at the door the dapper member from Tokio or Yokohama, with one hand in his side-pocket (a habit into which there has been a *facilis descensus* in Japan) and the other holding a Havana (of Yokohama make); when these

things met your eyes you wondered whether after all the spirit of old Japan was not a tradition only, whether the nation had not become hopelessly Westernized. It was and is hard not to believe that the graft is a successful and permanent one, that the Government and at least a part of the people have come to think and to feel, as well as to build, according to adopted fashions.

But when you turned back into the picturesque gardens that surrounded the Houses, you noticed that the hand of the native gardener had not lost its cunning. The waste that was taken for the Parliament buildings had been skilfully metamorphosed, and a pleasure-park had taken its place. The gnarled and twisting pine, with reddish bark setting off the dark-green needles—one of the indelible memories of Japan for every sojourner here; the gracefully rounded cedar, with rich golden tips; the tufted awogiri, with smooth green trunk and limbs—these saluted the eye in scores. Some of them reached thirty or forty feet in height, and flourished as though they had known no other soil; yet only a twelve-month before they had all been growing in some distant quarter. True to tradition, a group of these trees stood directly between the outer gate and the front entrance, conventionally concealing the entrance-porch from passers-by. Away to the right, if you followed the path around to the rear (passing the *momban* or porter's lodge, a necessary feature of every public building or gentleman's estate), another scene reminded you that old Japan is only just below the surface. Entering the waiting-room of the servants, you found the soft straw mats, the glowing *hibachi*, the chatting servitors crouched around it with outstretched hands. Here you saw the bamboo pipe, the single whiff of smoke, the bowls of rice, the teapot always on the coals. You heard the long-drawn gurgle of the tea-sipping, and the familiar sharp rap of the pipe on the *hibachi* to knock out the ashes. Passing through the halls to the Chambers, you felt that no such porters and attendants were ever met with in other countries. Their position was menial enough, but their hearty politeness and friendly courtesy, especially to the foreigner, revealed unmistakably the centuries of breeding behind them; for courtesy may be called the flower of Japan's civilization, and one of her chief lessons to the people of the West. Then you entered the House of Peers, and found Viscount Torio resigning his seat, in true old *hara-kiri* spirit, because the President ruled him out of order in presenting an irrelevant motion. Over on the other side, in the Lower Chamber, you heard of fourteen members of the Budget Committee presenting their resignations, in the same style, because of thwarted plans and misunderstood motives. Numberless similar tokens would be found, in Parliament and out of it, of the continuity of Japanese thought and conduct. Some of the outward and visible signs of Western life have been assumed. But the genius of the country, with its virtues and its failings, is as strong and individual as ever. If Japan has imported some parliamentary rules and a design for its National Chambers, it has not discarded — for it cannot — the ancestral traits which will be the controlling influences upon the action of the national representatives.

The Parliament buildings were burnt down (apparently the fire was set by defective electric lighting apparatus) on the night of January the 19th last. But they are to be restored substantially according to the old plans. Against the cheapness of the structure nothing can be said. This first erection was never intended by the Government to be anything but a temporary one—partly because, when the plans were made, nobody knew just how well the Parliamentary experiment would succeed, partly because funds for an adequate building were not easily to be spared. The original appropriation was only 80,000 yen, but it grew, with unexpected needs, to something over 200,000 yen. The permanent structure, however, will probably receive an appropriation of 3,000,000 yen.

But no one can fail to regret that a foreign model was adopted, or to hope that the permanent Houses will have better fortune. There is to-day in Japan a noble opportunity for the development of its historic architecture,

for its adaptation to modern needs in the way of public buildings. The field is waiting for the right man to undertake the task. It will be unfortunate if Japan's peculiar national types are to remain exemplified only in the monuments of the feudal civilization. Many of these are disappearing, year by year. Within a few months, the finest *yashiki* gate in Tokio — standing at the entrance of the old *yashiki* (city-mansion) of the daimio of Choshiu — has been razed, and there is literally not one stone left upon another. The old type must be perpetuated and brought into harmony with the new conditions. The Parliament buildings offer an excellent opportunity for the Government to lend aid and encouragement to this branch of art as it has to others. To add another to the imitations of Western modes which form the staple modern architecture of this part of the Far East will be to stand still instead of going forward.

Of course, two reasons were of chief influence in the adoption of a foreign type for the present Houses—one, the having ready at hand definite European and American models, and the other, the potent wish to equip the nation with such of the outward insignia of Western constitutional methods so that the Japanese demand for treaty revision cannot in decency be refused by the Western powers. This last consideration is and must be an ever-present one. When we consider the aptness of foreign observers to discern not much more than the surface of things, we do not wonder that the Government strains all efforts to make that surface as like as possible to that which the foreigner associates habitually with progress and civilization.

To an American these buildings ought to have a peculiar significance, for it is here that we shall see, within the next score or two of years, the events that will mark outwardly the working out of a truly representative government. Imagine, for an instant, the founders of one of our gigantic close corporations — the Equitable Life, for example—forced by the logic of events to put the control of its stock into the hands of the policy-holders, surrendering to them the choice of directors, and the power to dispose of assets. This is just the process that is going on in Japanese politics to-day. The men who now control national affairs were, until lately, only ordinary *samurai* in rank. In voting themselves titles, some seven years ago, and emerging as counts and barons, they did not change this fact. During the decade 1870-80, one or another of two or three groups—numbering in all less than a dozen men, held the reins of power. The ultimate directors of policy were really fewer. In 1870 Kido, Saigo, and Okubo were these men. Kido, the great inspiring mind of the Restoration, died in 1877. Saigo, the brave leader of the Satsuma clan, perished, like Brutus, on his own sword, after defeat in the Satsuma rebellion of the same year. Okubo, who with the young Ito, then succeeded to practical control, was assassinated in 1878. With him purely personal government is said to have ended, and an opportunity for the diffusion of power occurred. From that time until within a year or two, the situation has been a resultant of several forces; but Ito's general influence, shared however with Inonye (his companion in Western exile and study in the days before the Restoration), seems to have predominated.

The number of the younger men yearly admitted to a share in the close corporation — such as Matsukata, Mori, Mutsu, and Awoki — has constantly increased. Meanwhile a still larger throng has been knocking for admission, and as the next century goes forward, hundreds will join it. In establishing in 1881 a national Parliament, the Government thought, beyond much doubt, that it was preparing for these clamorous patriots a modest vestibule, which should satisfy their political aspirations, but should be surrounded by iron constitutional walls, through which they could not pass further. There can be no doubt now, however, that the voice of Parliament will soon sound through all the chambers of Government, and that the restricted vestibule must give way to we do not know what spacious accommodations. I said that the Government regarded the parliament as an experiment of whose future

no one could be certain. But the first few weeks of its session sufficed to convince all that the experimental stage was over almost before it had begun. Parliament has leaped full grown into its place, like Minerva from Jove's head. The Government itself will fall before Parliament will.

I ought now to turn to some of the leaders of the new body, and speak of their personality. But as introductory to that, and as in some degree explanatory of the immediate and assured success of parliamentary institutions here, let me remind you that Japan has had, for nearly a dozen years, a systematic local self-government. No father, with a manual of pedagogics in his hand, could have begun more scientifically upon the development of his child's powers than did this Government upon its subjects. In every provincial capital now you will see a large stuccoed building, roofed with white-bordered tiles, where for a decade or more the people's representatives have debated and harangued to their heart's content over schools, salaries, police, irrigation, and all the various local interests. In the smaller towns you will find district assemblies, where in the same way the people settle their own affairs by deliberation and vote. From small beginnings, in the early seventies, to the comprehensive law of 1888, the Government has steadily brought this system toward perfection.

The same rule obtains to-day in Japan as in our own country, that usually there must be an apprenticeship for those who wish to rise in politics. Beginning with the ward or village assembly, a man who shows capacity is sent to the provincial Assembly. Here, if his talent is of the political sort, he may rise to become a provincial senator or president of the Assembly. Until last year this was his highest reward; but now Parliament itself has become another step in the ladder. It is the legitimate reward of experience and good service in local politics. As a matter of fact, 134 out of 300 members of the Lower House have been members of provincial Assemblies, and, out of these, 28 have been Presidents, and 12 Vice-Presidents. A much greater number must have held seats in the district Assemblies. Of the remainder, 48 more have seen service as officials in provincial Bureaus, and 20 more in the central Government Departments.

You realize, then, as you look down from the gallery of the House on this varied mass of faces, with a physiognomy so difficult for the Occidental to interpret, that by far the greater number of them are past-masters in their craft, that they are thoroughly familiar with parliamentary and executive business, and that the clash of opinions and the din of debate have no novelty for them. Measured by the Constitution, the Parliament counts only a few months since its birthday, and we are apt to let this color our views of its capacity and its destiny. But we must thoroughly understand that it stands on a solid past of experience and training in politics. The diversity of its interests (for lawyers, farm-owners, journalists, manufacturers, educators, merchants, bank-presidents, all have a place) assures us that it is at any rate a truly representative body, and that it reflects accurately the opinion and the capacity of the Japanese people as a whole.

From one point of view the personal interest of the Parliament centres in the House of Peers, for here we find those figures who have been on the stage since the Restoration, and continue to play a part in this new phase of national life. This is, for many of them, the crowning reward which their services to their country have secured. But some explanation of the Japanese peerage is a necessary preliminary.

In the old days the imperial nobles or *kuge* were distinct from the *daimio* or military nobility. They married only among themselves (like the old German *Fürsten*), and represented in lineage the aristocracy of a thousand years ago, when Japan was in very much the same condition as Europe under Charlemagne. The *kuge* possessed but a shadow of power; they intrigued, they did not govern. They had lost influence at the same time with their Emperor some eight centuries ago; and the *novi homines*, the *daimio* or landed nobles, at

the head of the clans, divided the country among themselves. But the *daimio* also, like the *kuge*, became, in course of time, *fainéants*, and the *karo*, or chief counsellors, managed the affairs of the clans. But neither *kuge* nor *daimio* were one and all figure-heads. The *daimio* of Satsuma and Tosa especially, and the *kuge* Sanjo and Iwakura, were men of brains and individuality, keenly interested in the trend of affairs. The long clan intrigues that preceded the Restoration of 1868 necessarily required assistance at the Imperial court. The whole movement was engineered by a dozen or more men, including a few *kuge* and *daimio*, and several *karo* and leading *samurai*.

Now, when the *daimio* surrendered their fiefs — were mediatized, as the phrase goes—in 1869, and the Emperor's court was removed from Kioto to Yedo, and new forms of ministry were adopted, the nobility was, of course, wholly disorganized. But as constitutional days approached, it became necessary to provide a basis for the selection of the House of Peers. Moreover, an important consideration of policy existed. The spectacle of common *samurai* coming to rule over *daimio* and *kuge* was a novel one. It was too constant a reminder to the multitude that thousands of like rank were excluded from like power. A government of plain Mr. Saigo and Mr. Mori had elements of instability which a cabinet of Count Saigo and Viscount Mori, and so forth, would be free from.

So in 1884 came the decree creating anew the nobility.

In the distribution of titles all the various claims were considered. There were to be five degrees, the names of which are officially translated as Prince, Marquis, Count, Viscount, and Baron. The membership of a single one of these ranks will suffice as a sample of the general reconciliation and amalgamation of conflicting interests which was brought about. Among the eleven Princes are found the five chief *kuge* nearest in blood to the Emperor, the *daimio* of Satsuma and Choshin (the two clans most prominent in the Restoration), the two *kuge* Sanjo and Iwakura, who lent such aid to the Restoration conspiracy, and the present representative of the overthrown Shogunate family. In the other degrees a place was found for all the *daimio* and *kuge* families of importance, and for all the *samurai* families whose services in the Restoration were distinguished. With great self-control and propriety, the little band of leaders placed none of the *novi homines*—including themselves—above the rank of Count.

The House of Peers itself was formed in the following way: Princes and Marquises all received seats. From the 74 Counts, 15 were chosen by themselves; 70 of the 297 Viscounts, and 20 of the 104 Barons were selected in the same manner. Then wealth was given its quota of representation by the election of one member from the leading taxpayers of each province. Finally, special merit and capacity were recognized by the nomination of three score life-members by the Emperor (that is, as inspired by the Government).

Of course the chief figure among the Peers is Count Ito, who was marked out by all as the proper man for the presidency. Were all else forgotten, his services in the framing of the Constitution entitled him to the place. In 1884, when the Board of Constitutional Reform was established, he became its president. To one of the two staffs into which it divided was assigned the investigation of old laws and traditions; to the other, the study of modern constitutions. Ito's European tour had made the results of the latter's deliberations a foregone conclusion, for in Germany he had found the best model for his Constitution, and to-day the political methods of this country tally in the main with those of Germany. Thanks to the directing mind of Ito, and the intelligent industry of his chief assistants, Kaneko Kentaro, Ito Miyoji (who is not a relative of the Count), Inonye Ki, and one or two others, the Constitution was carefully and successfully matured. Mr. Ito Miyoji and Mr. Kaneko have become members of the House of Peers by Imperial nomination. Mr. Kaneko is its Chief Secretary. His name is, perhaps, the best known in America of all the younger generation here. The practice of letting one man wear the epaulettes, so to speak, and

another do the fighting — a practice often excusable in part by reason of the instability of cabinets—is not without its instances in Japan as elsewhere. The policy, for example, of many of the Departments has been, and is really, directed by capable officers not occupying the highest places. Japan has a number of brilliant young men whose services will some day win them proper recognition. Saito (Department of Agriculture and Commerce), Hamao (Education), Suyematsu (Interior), Kurino (Post-Office), Kikuchi (Justice), these are a few of the most prominent. Among them Kaneko is to be numbered. On important points of parliamentary and constitutional practice, his work, though not publicly recognized, has been of superlative value. It is worth noting that of the few names above mentioned, four received their education in American law schools.

Kato Hiroyuki is a notable figure in the Upper House. For twenty years his talents have been exercised for the notable benefit of his country. A scholar by profession, he is one of those who are most familiar with the current of Western thought in philosophy and economics. Many of the Americans who have rendered service to Japan—Fenollosa, Chaplin, Terry, and others—will remember him as President of the Imperial University a decade ago, and now —since the withdrawal of Mr. Watanabe —he again holds the position. But, like so many Japanese scholars, he is a politician, too, in the best sense of the word. Even before the fall of the Shogunate he had written for private circulation an essay on constitutional government. But he did not venture in those days to use such a term explicitly, and it was only after the Restoration that there came into being (invented by him), the Japanese term now used, *rikken seitai*.

Another Imperial nominee is Mr. Hamao, of the Department of Education, to whom I have already referred. He should be well known to all foreign friends of Japan. He was a member of the famous Art Commission which, in 1888, went to Europe to see what Japan could learn from Western art, and returned with the report that its true course was to develop the best of its own qualities. He it was who, with Mr. Okokura (now Director of the Fine Art School), stood by Professor Fenollosa (now of the Boston Art Museum) in his efforts to preserve the masterpieces of Japanese art, and to further its development on truly national lines. The history of the endeavors of this little band, assailed on one hand by the unprogressive devotees of Chinese tradition (who, for example, classified pictures of mountains into those which had trees and those which had no trees), and on the other, by the misguided advocates of foreign artistic methods, would read like a romance. The services in this respect of Hamao and Okakura (under the guidance of Professor Fenollosa) will perhaps never be generally appreciated in this country. But the former has for some time been known as one of the minds of most promise in the Educational department, and he is receiving a part of his reward.

Another of the younger members of merit is Professor Tayama, of the Imperial University, Dean of the Literature College. He received his M.A. at Michigan University, and has never ceased to exert an active influence since his return to this country. He has a brusqueness and originality which have contributed to make him prominent, but he has not escaped the charge of inconsistency, and his outspoken ways are sometimes not acceptable.

Of the members who represent the wealth of the community, little need here be said. None of them are of national reputation. Only eight of the forty-five are of *samurai* blood. The commoners are as yet the chief *kanemachi*, or money-getters. *Samurai* lineage is not the best equipment for what is regarded as success in trade.

On the other side of the Parliament building assembles a conglomerate body of men, all of them active minds, dozens of them with a national reputation, and many destined to fill a Government position in the next decade. I can call attention to only a few.

Let me begin with a personal friend, Mr. Suyematsu Kencho. In England his name is well remembered, for he was one of the earliest and ablest of the

young Japanese sent to that country, and he received a degree from Cambridge. One of his best things in English is his historical essay identifying Yoshitsune, the Japanese hero of the twelfth century, with Jingis Khan. I cannot praise so highly his judgment in English fiction, if his choice of "Dora Thorne," recently translated by him into Japanese, was dictated by his own taste, and not by his opinion of what the reading public would like. He is a son-in-law of Count Ito. He held until lately a responsible position in the Interior Department, and his prospects were such that the resignation of this office to take a seat in the Lower House was somewhat of a surprise. But in the present state of the popular mind the pathway to political success may well be through parliamentary aisles. Mr. Suyematsu has apparently justified his choice of career, for in the House he soon became one of the leaders of the Moderate section (if one may speak of sections or parties in a body as little coherent as the present House), and the next session will probably see him heading a definite party of Moderates.

Mr. Fujita, too, must here be mentioned. He is the Daniel Lamont of Japan, the right-hand man of the able politician Count Okuma, who suffered mutilation in 1888 at the hands of a would-be assassin. Resigning his newspaper, he took office to assist his leader. In Japanese, by the way, one does not say literally "right-hand man," but *koko*, or "legs-and-arms." This differentiation of Japanese politicians into groups composed of a leader (usually a *koshin* or man of distinguished services) and some able subordinates, is very characteristic, and is only one phase of a broad tendency visible throughout Japanese history.

Mr. Fujita enters with two brother-journalists of eminence, Ozaki Yukio, and Shimada Saburo, both adherents of Count Okuma's group, the Kaishin (Progressist). Mr. Shimada is one of the most accomplished minds in the Lower House. He proved his capacity to take broad views by an essay published some years ago, and devoted to the defence of the Shogunate's conduct in the treaty negotiations during the days of Sir Rutherford Alcock, Lord Elgin, and our own Minister Townsend Harris (that greatest of foreign diplomatists in Japan). Mr. Shimada was elected chairman of the committee of the whole, the third position in responsibility in the Lower House, and his success in that capacity has been a remarkable one.

As Mr. Nakajima resigned the presidency at the close of the session, it is not unlikely that the mantle of his office may fall upon Mr. Shimada.

Mr. Mutsu Munemitsu (recently minister to the United States) has a seat in the House, and is at the same time Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. Twelve years ago he was concerned in some intrigues against the Government, and saw the inside of a prison cell for some time, but by some demonstration of power he has succeeded in obtaining a place in the Cabinet. The words of Mr. Fukuzawa (the Horace Greeley of Japan) in a recent editorial, apropos of the question, how to get into the Government, will here be of interest. The style is a characteristic one of the writer, the passage forms a *mangen* or brief editorial, a peculiar feature of the Japanese newspaper; it is usually satirical, and often becomes the humorous vehicle for some very hard truths; for if a hard thing is to be said, the Japanese nature prefers to put it as delicately as possible.

"There are two ways of getting the precious metals from the condition in which nature gives them to us. Either we apply fire and smelt them; or we mix them with water, and then, by gentle and insinuating means, we free the precious substance. So, for the ambitious politician in Japan, there are two avenues to a Government position. Let him on the one hand attack the Government violently. Let him kindle a fire of abuse. Soon, to stop his insistence, they will offer him his object, a place of more or less artless consequence within the fold. Or else let him attach himself to some Minister or other magnate. Let him become a confidant, suggest plans which will benefit his superior, make himself an indispensable; thus by indirection and insinuation will he achieve his purpose. But in one of these two ways must he proceed."

This satire must not be taken too literally, but it proceeds from a man who knows better than any other the lights and shades of Japanese politics.

One of the most interesting members, in character and history, is Mr. Kataoka Kenkichi, from the province of Tosa. A Christian preacher, he has always taken a prominent part in national politics, and wields an immense popular influence in nearly every province. He, too, is a *koko*, and the leader whose cause he serves is Count Itogaki, one of the foremost in the overthrow of the Shogunate, and the man whose persistent agitation was responsible for the granting of the Constitution in 1881. Mr. Kataoka has always been prominent in the Opposition forces, and under the ill-advised Peace Preservation Regulations of December 25, 1887, he was imprisoned for nearly two years.

Two of the members who have a great deal to say on the floor of the House are Messrs. Arai Shogo and Uyeki Yemori. The former was concerned, in the early part of 1886, in the wild and demagogic plot to seize Corea, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He has always been a Radical of the Radicals, and his recent prominence came about through his selection, by a group of fellow-members, as spokesman in the interpellations made to the Government on Treaty Revision. Mr. Uyeki is also in the Opposition—though not in the extreme wing. He is doubtless well-intentioned enough, but is possessed of an unfortunate temper, as well as a far-reaching voice, and he is assuming the rôle of "The Great Objector." Not long ago I listened to him as he shouted and stamped, jerking his head about and pouring forth violent denunciations, interrupting a speaker, and annoying the House; but I soon learned that the object of his abuse was—another member who had committed a breach of order!

One more member must be mentioned. Everyone observes the characteristic figure of Yoshino Seikei—scholar, pedagogue, and man of affairs. Like Gladstone, he still cultivates rural tastes in the midst of politics, and plants his own mulberries. With Jeffersonian simplicity he continues to wear the *hakama* or divided skirt of the *samurai*, and, alone among all the members, wears his hair in the *chon-mage* or *queue* style. He was for ten years a member of the Tokio Metropolitan Assembly, and for a good part of his time was its president, and on two occasions only was he absent from his seat. The national election saw a good deal of bribery in one form or another, and huge sums were spent by the candidates (sometimes 10,000 yen and more); but Mr. Yoshino enjoys the remarkable distinction of being the only man who was elected without spending a yen on his canvass. He was put forward as a candidate for the presidency of the House, but was too little of a party man to command wide support. He now occupies a leading place among the moderate members.

And now, what of the temper of the Houses, and of their manner of doing business?

I shall speak particularly of the Lower House. The House of Peers meets less frequently, and its sessions are shorter. Its debates are less active and less general, and the occasions of special interest are fewer. It must be said that in its behavior it has made a far better record than its neighbor, while it does not fall behind in ability.

In the Lower House there is very frequently something more than routine work to attract the interested observer. The interest reaches its height when some Minister has been interpellated and placed upon the rack. A few of his colleagues attend to lend him countenance, the House fills up as it does on no other occasion, and auditors crowd on tiptoe in the galleries above. The rule is that an interpellation may be moved at any time by thirty members, and the Minister of whom the question is asked is bound to set a time and appear in the rostrum and answer it. Now, if there is one fault that can without doubt be laid to the charge of the Government of the last ten years, it is that of keeping too many things secret, of not taking the public sufficiently into its confidence. Naturally, then, this right of interpellation is one of the most popular privileges involved in the new Constitution. Some one of the supporters of the motion is chosen as spokesman, and then, mounting the rostrum, he speaks to the Government, to the House, and to the nation as he has

never been able before to speak in Japan. He is protected by his parliamentary immunity, and he does not forget it. Then the Minister steps forward to the vacated rostrum (for anything more than a brief question or a point of order must be spoken from the rostrum, just below and in front of the President), and makes his answer. Perhaps he offers a full disclosure. But this is not always so, for the chances are that some state secret has been inquired after, or that the question has been too general to admit of any detailed reply. The latter is a common fault, and not unnaturally, for the whole scope of governmental policy, foreign and internal, is now for the first time ascertainable by the people. Such queries as "Is the Government's policy in regard to the encouragement of industry to be a positive, or a negative one?" were calmly laid before the Ministers. Sometimes the question gets a very brief retort. When a Vice-Minister was explaining the Government bill for the opening of a new export harbor, whence sulphur could be more cheaply exported, an officious member, marching to the rostrum, inquired, with the air of one who was exposing the crass ignorance of the Government, "Is there any likelihood that, if this port is opened, it will be used for the export of sulphur to any extent?" The Vice-Minister, advancing to the vacated rostrum, paused a moment, addressed himself impressively to the inquisitive member. "There is," he said, and retired to his seat, and the House showed its appreciation by laughing at the disappointed questioner.

The most notable occasion of this sort was the interpellation put by Mr. Arai Shogo to Viscount Awoki, in December, on the subject of foreign policy and treaty revision. The Viscount took his stand politely but firmly on the necessities of diplomacy, and refused to answer fully upon certain delicate topics now under negotiation with foreign powers. As he retired from the rostrum a scene of slight confusion occurred. Mr. Suyematsu wished to reply to some aspersions on arguments of his; Mr. Arai wanted to probe deeper into treaty revision; others whose names were on the list of speakers (for they have here adopted the continental practice of giving precedence to those who hand in their names beforehand) claimed their rights, and finally Mr. Uyeki Yemori, the "Great Objector," rose and doubled the hubbub by insisting loudly that everybody else was out of order. "*Gi-cho*," "*Gi-cho*" ("President," "President")—for in parliamentary speaking the title "Mr." is omitted, resounded from a dozen quarters. The President had restored order and designated the next speaker, when someone discovered that Viscount Awoki, the object of the interpellation, had slipped out amid the confusion. Here was a pretty situation, for the appetite of the House had not nearly been sated by his replies, and yet there was no precedent for calling him back. Several hot-heads saw in the precipitate retreat of the Minister an insult to the House, and a lively discussion ensued until the time for adjournment arrived.

In the ordinary session, there is little or no lapse from propriety. The usual expression of approval is "*hiya-hiya!*" which is nothing more nor less than an adapted "hear, hear!" At the opening session, a patriotic member, with a touch of fanaticism, objected to the use of foreign phrases on the floor of Parliament! There is almost no buzz of conversation, and little reading of documents or newspapers, and no moving about of members. The rattling, chatting, and moving about and general inattention which mark so many American legislatures, and sometimes drown the voice of the debater, are entirely absent. Each member seems to believe that there is a duty to listen as well as to attend. No stranger is admitted to the floor. A tiresome speaker may produce a sudden epidemic of coughing, and "Hold on!" "Once is enough!" sometimes greets a speaker who rises too often. The House is always ready to laugh at a good point made from the rostrum, and a full heart frequently speaks out hastily without obtaining leave. After some of the recent scenes in our own Congress and in certain Western legislatures, it would be impertinent to criticise the Japanese legislature for breaches of order. It must be said, however, that

things do not always proceed in the conventional manner. More than once there have been scenes of confusion like the following:

"The President called for an open ballot. Meanwhile the House had been falling into more and more confusion. Members were speaking without leave, others shuffled with their feet, and some hammered their desks with the upright sticks on which their numbers were written. Mr. Kudo insisted on speaking, although forbidden to do so, and Mr. Inonye shouted that he ought to be removed from the House."

"Mr. Kikuchi opposed the motion. Mr. Inonye declared that Mr. Kikuchi's discourse sounded like the rough draft of a rustic discourse. Mr. Tanaka shouted out 'silence.' Mr. Kikuchi, after further interruptions, failed to obtain a hearing, and descended from the rostrum. . . . Other members asked that the usual midday recess be taken, the hour being past noon. Mr. Kudo called out to the President to be good enough to leave the House. Repeated calls for a recess ensued. Mr. Tanaka asked whether the President had power to prevent the members from eating when they were hungry."

The difference between the Commons and the Peers was never more prominent than at the closing moments of the session (Saturday, March 7th). For three hours before the House had been in a chaotic state. A frantic rush took place, each one clamoring to have his measure disposed of. One member despairingly cried out, "Is there no such thing as order?" Another suggested that the only way to reach an adjournment was for the members to leave the Chamber without ceremony or semblance of order. Finally, with some parting flings at the Government from one or two malcontents, an adjournment was reached. But the Peers, calmly laying over unfinished business at an early hour in the afternoon, listened to an address from their President dealing with the significance of the occasion, and then, the session being declared at an end, they all joined in cheers for the Emperor, the Constitution, and the President of the House, and separated decorously and amicably. But these scenes, rare at best, count for little. There is no sign of anger, of temper in them. Japanese excitement effervesces quickly. It is common enough to see two students debating away with unrestrained vehemence, and then one ends with a sally of wit, which sends them both into a burst of laughter. The Japanese are impulsive by nature, and where their strict canons of courtesy do not check the expression of feeling it finds vent easily and dissipates itself.

Apart from the question of decorum, however, there are a dozen ways in which the House does not conform to what we regard as indispensable parliamentary rules. There is no formal opening of the House for business. The President and Secretary enter and take their seats, the members being already in their places, and the orders of the day are read. In true Japanese style, the session opens some fifteen or twenty minutes after its appointed hour. The President, Mr. Nakajima, has no gavel, nor does he use any substitute; but he manages the House with great composure and dexterity. In case of a breach of rules, he merely declares the member out of order, or asks him to wait a while. Early in the session he was obliged to say a number of times in one afternoon, "Please wait a moment," "*Sukoshi o machi nasai*," and the nickname of "President Wait-a-moment" was given him. On these occasions he has a way of making a deprecatory circular motion with his right hand, as if spreading plaster, and a would-be wag has dubbed him, "President Plasterer." On recognizing a speaker, he names him as "Arai Shogo," "Kudo Kokan." No "Mr." is used, nor the periphrasis of "the member from Tokio." Sometimes he names the speaker's number, for each member is numbered, and on each desk is a four-sided black-lacquered baton, with the number of the seat in white painted on each side, and this stands erect when the member is in his seat. The practice of calling by number is not the usual one, and is the outcome of a habit formed in the local assemblies, where everyone is known by his number. This habit clings to many of the members, and they often take the floor with the self-announcing phrase, "President! Number sixty-six!" President Nakajima has the reputation of being one of the coolest men in Japan, though in the chair he has in appearance an alert and

even nervous manner. When standing, his hands often seek his side-pockets. As he sits, he leans his chin on his right hand; and when he has picked out and named the members whom he wishes to recognize, he sinks back into his chair and his gaze becomes steadily fixed on one of the cupola windows until the disappointed seekers for recognition have resumed their seats.

Of the speakers it must be said, in general, that the Japanese are born talkers, but seldom rise to what we call oratory. Of the means by which we obtain variety of expression they employ little outside of emphasis. Inflection is treated conventionally, and on a theory totally different from ours. Time is made little of as a means of emphasis or otherwise. Even if it were not so, the order of thought in a Japanese sentence would require a peculiar arrangement of rhythm and pauses. Gesture is almost wholly lacking. A certain formal or ceremonious bearing, natural to a native of this land of good breeding, gives the speaker a good presence.

But late years have changed the normal type, and in most speakers one sees the adoption of a number of Western ways. The old rule, for instance (and it has only partly passed away), was a strict one that the audience should rise and respond in kind to the speaker's bow at the beginning and at the end of his address. I remember first learning by experience of this custom at an informal talk on American elections to a roomful of officials at Chiba; for, as I bowed, they came to their feet in a body (unexpectedly to myself), with a unanimity which startled me and made me wonder for an instant what menace this signified. But to-day, in the National Assembly, one sees very little of this custom. In gestures, too, we discern a marked difference between men of Western education like Mr. Suyematsu, and native-bred speakers like Mr. Arai. In one sense, to be sure, it is hardly correct to write of a change from the normal type of public speaking. Until the seventies there had in fact been little public speaking (other than the Buddhist sermons) in our sense of the term—I mean monologues upon a stated subject. Mr. Fukuzawa, as famous an educator as he is editor, is said to have been the originator of public lectures, and from his example dates the real history of public addresses in Japan. It is the old canons of expression in reading, story-telling, and conversation, which have been carried into the rostrum, and form the normal type of which I am speaking. The whole subject is another illustration of the difficulty of applying Western standards to the ways of this people. Doubtless, to a Japanese the conventional and impassive discourse of the old style is melodious and impressive, and carries force and persuasion; while the modern way of waving the arms and pointing the finger is coarse and undignified.

The same thought suggests itself in regard to the order and decorum of the House. We cannot judge by Western standards whether it is or is not a well-managed body. What if the President uses no gavel? What if occasionally half a dozen members are on their feet at once? What if a debate goes on with no motion before the House? What if the President now and then enters into the debate himself? This may all be, and yet from a Japanese point of view the House may be excellently managed. I can illustrate my meaning by quoting some remarks made to me recently by an old resident of Japan, the best foreign Confucian scholar here. The Confucian theory of government, he said, is that good government results not so much from good laws as from an able ruler. If the ruler be the right man, then the laws will, and their administration will, of necessity be just and righteous. If, then, the country suffers injury, the fault must be ascribed to the ruler, for if he were capable, would he not have prevented it? So, in a school in Japan to-day, if insubordination or discontent arises, though the students themselves be to blame, it is felt that a change of masters is the remedy. As everybody knows, it is in Japan usually the pupils that expel the master, not the master the pupils. In short, the spirit of the Confucian philosophy (of which the Japanese have drunk so deeply) is that the management of men depends not on rules but on the ruler.

This serves to explain in some degree the theory of Japanese deliberative procedure. With us it is all a matter of conformity to rules. The member must not speak except to a motion, or upon a point of order, or a question of privilege; the President is merely the tool of the Assembly to enforce the proper rule at the proper time. But the ideal of the Japanese Assembly would be the absence of rules. If a true selection had been made, the President would inspire and secure order and propriety. Good management would result from the capacity of the ruler.

A Japanese Political Caricature.
"A cleaver and mysterious device to support the fund."

Whether this interpretation be true or not, I cannot say. The longer one lives in Japan the more one sees how useless it is for the Occidental to hope to understand the motives and springs of action of the Oriental. One can only venture a guess and reserve the privilege of guessing again when some new phase presents itself.

But, however this may suffice as an explanation, certain it is that there is no such parliamentary strictness as we expect in our legislative bodies. But why should it be otherwise? For ten or twelve years the provincial Assemblies have debated under the simplest and barest procedure code. The rules for the Senate and other deliberative bodies, started about 1875, would not have satisfied a country debating-club in the United States. Last year a translation of the best short manual of American parliamentary practice, well advertised among the members of Parliament, had almost no sale, although it was without a competitor. We are in the presence of a national character which demands a procedure much more flexible, much less conventional than our own. Success in management is here achieved by other methods than those commonly accepted in the West.

Parliament and its doings, needless to say, have come in for their share of caricature in the comic press; and among the countless subtle but telling lampoons that have been directed against the nation's representatives, I must describe one of the most recent.

The cartoon (reproduced above) represents the situation in the Lower House when the Budget was laid before it. It must be premised that as a body the House is Oppositionist in tendency, and a party Cabinet is as yet a thing of the future. There are, however, Moderate and Radical groups. Now, when the Budget for 1891 was brought in by the Ministry, it was foreseen that the House would make a strong effort to cut it

down, and that the salaries of officials would in that case be among the first to suffer. There was, then, great perturbation in their ranks. The only question was as to the amount of the reduction. The Moderates were satisfied with three millions (out of ninety odd); the Radicals demanded ten. It was loudly whispered—though without any apparent reason—that the Government was placing money of the secret service fund where it would do most good—that is, in the pockets of its most blatant opponents.

What the cartoon shows us is the interior of a cake-shop. Off at the back of the room the cooks are straining the water from a pudding-cake, by pressing the bags with levers. In the foreground an apothecary's errand-boy is sitting down, hastily swallowing a hot cake, his satchel on the seat beside him. The significance is this: The boy is the Government. The word *awa-oku*, which represents what he is doing, means both "eating a millet-cake" and "scrambling in fear." Back of the boy hang various signs, advertising the delicacies which he may have if he likes—"Terror-cake," "Fuddle-cake," "Bribery-cake." His satchel contains a legend which means at once "medicine-bags" and "Government members." The pudding-bags which the cooks are squeezing are labelled "Budget-pudding," and the baskets receiving the drippings are inscribed "10,000,000" and "3,000,000," showing the amount of useless expense which the respective parties expect to get rid of. A few lines written beneath the drawing enlarge upon the situation in the mysteriously allusive style which seems to characterize Japanese political wit. Above the whole is the legend in English, "A cleaver and mysterious device to support the fund." But who shall interpret the legend?

The first session of the first Japanese Parliament has ended, and the people's representatives have gone back each to his "native country" (as the Japanese student persists in calling his province). There they are renewing touch with their constituents, endeavoring to prove that they have fulfilled their pledges, and planning party triumphs for next year. But though all is quiet now, there is a new meaning in the political world. A new object of ambition, a new sphere of activity, a new means of progress has come permanently into the life of Japan. Only one who by birth and career is identified with this people can truly appreciate its full meaning.

THE SONG OF THE COMFORTER.

By John J. a'Becket.

. . . From the rough yellow road led a path to a small wayside chapel, while higher up, its white walls rising above the encircling green like the soft breast of a dove, stood the Convent of the Comforter, a thin blue smoke oozing indolently from one of its chimneys. Over all, like a sapphire, stretched the pure serenity of a cloudless sky.

Up the road slowly came a young girl. Her lagging steps and drooping head were a pathetic strain of dissonance in the symphony of the buoyant spring. In nature such joyous energy in its calm vernal functions; in her, such a protest against the weariness of being. It was like a tear in a circle of brilliants.

Climbing to the lichen-covered top of a rock by the road-side, she sank down.

Not ungrateful to the tender fellowship of the bright spring-tide, she wondered wearily whether time would bring her ever again into unison with happiness, or would Death, which had passed her by as she waited wistfully for his coming, return again and take her?

She had been a year in Europe, alone. Through a long ordeal of severe study she had labored unfalteringly to perfect an exquisite voice, sustained by an ardent desire to compass the highest that her art could yield. Her master, so sensitive to artistic excellence as to be crabbed, and so independent, through

success in teaching, as to be merciless to mediocrity, devoted himself to her progress with an unflagging vigor. Six weeks ago he had said to the girl, with a brusque wave of his hand:

"Go, and conquer the world! I can do no more for you. You have a voice which God can listen to with complacency. The world will listen to it, too." She had secured a good engagement. Her master and his friends had made the verdict of the public a matter of little doubt. She herself, with the fervid exultation of a musical temperament, felt that she was about to gather a plenteous harvest of glory and of riches by her powers. It was the dawn of her day of triumph.

Then—oh, the agony of reverting to it! her sorrows came. Time might soften the death of her mother to her. Perhaps in years to come the sense that she had been absent from that New England death-bed where a lonely woman yearned for the touch and glance of a daughter, might grow less a reproach. Now, it was hopelessly bitter to think of the pitilessness of death in taking her as the term of her sacrifice ended, and reward to the hundred-fold was about to begin.

Yet this was a wound of Nature, and Nature has her antidotes. But for him! Could the time ever come when the thought of what *he* had done would not be like the stroke of a whip? She could not recall that cruel letter of his without a flush rising in her cheeks as if she had been buffeted? It had struck her down with such double force, coming so fast on her mother's death. Her first instinct on rallying from the anguish of that stroke had been to turn to him; to think what she was to him, what he was to her. The world was not empty while that frank, faithful, blue-eyed New Englander wore her in his heart, that noble soul whom she was proud to honor and love.

There was the pang! Each time she recalled him it was to go through this brutal task of correcting herself again. The man she had worshipped was a phantom. She had created it and set it like an idol in her heart, and he had cast it out. She had put him there for what she thought him, and he had forced her to dethrone him for what he was.

She had been very ill. But the fibre that feels most is the fibre that parts last. She did not die; she regretted even yet that she had not. But in spite of her waiting at the open portal with more than resignation, Death had passed her by. A languid woman had come back to life; a woman who awoke in the morning with a pang to recovered consciousness, and who, at night, sank into sleep's oblivion with a sigh of relief.

She had not sung once since her sorrows had stricken her. They had cared for her till she reached convalescence. Then, with his dogmatic kindness, Ferrari had told her to go to the mountains and rest in the soft spring till she felt the need of music again.

"When you wish to sing, you are cured," he said.

She had come obediently. It was comfort to have someone assume the mastery and direct her course when she felt such a listless indifference to all things that she could determine herself to nothing. She had come here to this little village, clinging to the slope of the mountain, and had gone to a simple, good-hearted *contadina*, whose deference was not without dignity. She had a room about whose windows vines clambered, and looking forth from them she saw the woods rising above her, and the red-tiled roof of the Convent of the Comforter pricking through the trees. The little church could not be seen. Bianca used to go there on Sundays and hear one of the Brotherhood sing the Mass.

Each day the girl walked forth, submitting with patient resignation to the burden of a life despoiled of appetite, aim, and vigor. This gladsome day of spring was the first that had seemed to quicken her vitality; and she rested in its peace and almost forgot.

So she sat there on the great rock, the waves of melancholy lapping her soul, with her dark eyes looking up to the blue of the overhanging sky. As she let them fall they descended on the figure of a young monk, slowly walking down the road saying his Office from the Breviary which he carried in his

hands. He was in perfect harmony with the scene. Tall, broad-shouldered, supple, with the sinuous movement which goes with elastic muscles, there was a rhythmic smoothness in his gait. His eyes were riveted on his book. The thick brown hair clustered about his broad forehead, and his cheeks, with their clear olive-tint, sank in slightly below the cheek-bones. His eyelids were large and full, with long, thick lashes.

For some nameless cause the girl felt an instant affinity with him. The suggestion of strength and calm control was supporting. He turned up the little path which led off from the road to the church and disappeared. It seemed a loss as he passed from view, and she felt drawn after him. He looked so simple, so true; and what was true came home to her. And to her sore heart there was something appealing in the thought that he was cut off from the world, buried here in the white convent, mother and sisters left behind him forever down in the plain below.

As she sat in her revery the tones of an organ came to her from the church. It must be he who had gone there and was playing. Soft and low the strains were borne to her in faint gusts of melody. She felt her soul stirring beneath the influence of the music as it had not since her life had grown so dark.

She slipped down from the rock and slowly made her way up the path. The music sounded fuller as she approached. She went on until she stood at the porch of the church and saw it was empty. She hesitated a moment, and then entered; the interior was bare and poor; the walls were whitewashed. At the end was an altar, in front of which hung a brass lamp, suspended by a long chain from the ceiling. In it glowed a spark of red, where a burning taper shone through the thick ruby glass. On the right-hand side of the little sanctuary was a Pietà, the Mother of the Christ with her dead Son stretched across her lap. Through the cold, bare church surged the music. The monk was apparently improvising, for there was no strict development of theme; only the merging of one phrase into another as they occurred to him.

She put an old chair which stood near, back against the wall, and sitting down, closed her eyes and abandoned herself to the sweetness of the music. The monk had a musician's soul in him; she could tell that by the way in which his wandering fancy touched the keys. There were sudden transitions, though all he played was grave and sweetly sombre. Her soul lived with new life as she sat there motionless, while the waves of music rolled through the little church, broke about the Mother and her dead Son, and flowed back upon her in rippling consolation.

Oh, the restfulness of it! She uttered a sigh of thanksgiving that music could still so master her spirit. No converse could have done for her what that dignified harmony did; it was a messenger of peace. She sat there unable to move, and uncaring, till she heard the flow of music cease, and then a slight sound as the cover was placed over the key-board. She rose at once with a long sigh and hastily left the church. She did not wish the monk who had gone there and played his soul out on the organ in the sacred confidence of solitude to know that another, and that other a woman, had listened to his communings with his spirit. She felt that he had expressed himself as naturally and as artlessly through this medium as the birds moving through the cloister of the woods. He was singing his spring-song — a song, like theirs, without words, but a song grave and sweet, and with soul in it.

She walked slowly back to Bianca's cottage where the vines clustered so thickly about her windows. The good peasant woman looked at her when she came in, and sighed to herself. Under the pale cheeks of the girl was a delicate pink color, and there was a brilliant light in her large eyes. They were signs of greater vigor, perhaps, yet they only seemed to accentuate her frailty; but the good Bianca kept these thoughts within her heart. To the girl she spoke cheerfully of the bright spring day. Had her walk refreshed her? Yes; she felt better than she did when she went out. She felt stronger. She did not tell Bianca that the monk's

music had sent the blood coursing through her more than the ravishing day. That was her secret. Untold, it seemed so much more a solace all her own.

The Italian spring held many of these days of delicate brightness as the earth ripened on into the flush of summer. The girl took her way up the mountain road with a lighter heart, even if her steps had not a more elastic tread. She knew no tonic could do her such good as that pure music with its mellow chords and subtle transitions, like a change from tears to a smile. The thought that pleased her most was that the young monk was pouring out his soul into these strains of music. And she grasped them so clearly! There were sadness and resignation, and at times, jubilant measures of hope in his chords; never despair, nor the bitter unrest which beats against bars.

She began to feel that she was getting better. As she sat and listened to the pleading tones the feeling within her was not happiness, not excitement, not melancholy; but it participated in them all. It was rest and comfort. She could have sat for hours in this glad emancipation from her weary self. When the music ceased it was an effort to rise and hasten forth, the mantle of her sorrow falling heavily about her again.

She always felt this desire that the strong monk should not learn she was there. Should she know that he was playing with the consciousness that one was listening to him, even were he to play the self-same music (and she was sure he would not), it would have appealed to her in not this subtle, comforting way. His soul exhaled some sorrow to itself, alone, and her soul felt it, unknown. The charm lay there.

The monk was so recollected that he never remarked her. Two or three times he had passed her on the mountain road. But his eyes were either fixed upon his Breviary, for he seemed to be saying his office much of the time, or else they were modestly cast down. After a while she felt safe in meeting him, it was so hard to distract him from this concentration. It was only through his music that he seemed to go forth from himself, and then it was a flight toward heaven.

Happily for the girl he went almost every day to the church and played upon the organ. There were certain airs which he played frequently and she got to know them and to look for their recurrence. One in particular appealed to her more than any other. The monk gave it with an intensity of expression that showed how deeply he felt it. It was a series of aspirations, prayerful, but exultant withal; the softly pleading tones of the prelude would swell into greater strength, and, as if soaring higher and higher with the increasing fervor of the suppliant, closed in a very ecstasy of impassioned entreaty. She got quickly to know it by heart, and often as she sat at the vine-clad window of Bianca's cottage and saw the night draw down over the mountain, the music sang itself in her heart, while she watched the stars pierce through the dusky blue of the sky.

One morning, a few weeks later, Bianca had sallied forth to mass in the little church. When she returned and they were eating their simple breakfast, she said to the girl: "Signora, I remembered you to-day in church. It is the Feast of the Holy Ghost. They call Him the Comforter, you know, and I prayed that He would comfort you, in body and in mind. The hymn to Him is very beautiful, dear lady."

"Then that white convent in the woods is the Convent of the Holy Ghost, is it not?" she returned. "They call it the Convent of the Comforter."

"Yes," answered Bianca. "Would you like to read the hymn in the Breviary to the Holy Ghost? I have it in my prayer-book with the Italian words," and Bianca got her leather-covered prayer-book and pointed out the well-fingered page. The Italian translation was not necessary except for a few words, as the girl had learned Latin in the High School of her town, and had sung many church arias written in it. Ferrari had taught her the soft Italian pronunciation of the old Roman tongue. But the invocations and petitions of the hymn were soothing to her. The very title of Comforter given to the Holy Ghost, stirred a devotional sense in her

heart. She read it through meditatively, and slipped the shiny little book into her pocket when she was done.

That day she was a little later than usual in climbing up the road, but as she drew near she saw the monk, her comforter, striding up the pathway to the church. The afternoon was waning into twilight, and when she followed him and heard the organ, the music took on new grace in the golden brown of the fading light.

He preluded with short, quick chords, some of them harsh, and between them little trembling flights of notes. There was a disquiet in his music that seemed to have an artistic, or at least emotional, justification. It was a tentative reaching forth for something, the delicate eagerness of the runs and hurried melodic phrases seeming yearning impatience, and the nervous strong chords the moaning gasps of frustration. It was a joy to hear at last, firm and full, the prayerful melody which had so grown into her soul, melting on the air. What soul he was throwing into it!

Suddenly, her blood gave a leap and her body quivered with its tingling rush through her veins. It was a delight that was almost pain. A tenor voice, clear as a bell and vibrating with sympathetic feeling, soared through the dim church. Never had she heard such tones before. So firm, so crystalline, of so velvety a quality. The monk was singing the song and singing it like an angel from God. She pressed her hand to her breast, breathing quickly through her parted lips, the ringing voice calling a sudden moisture of joy to her eyes. There was such pathos in the round tones as they dilated to greater fulness. She could feel that not half the power of the voice was drawn on in that overflow of melody. Ah! if he would pour the full strength of his superb lungs into those heavenly tones.

As a rich note welled forth and then died away in a perfect *diminuendo*, the intensity of her delight weakened her and she clung to the chair. But what was he singing with such overpowering feeling? She bent her head to catch the words. "*Veni, Pater pauperum, Veni, lumen cordium, Veni, Dator munerum.*" They were the words she had read that morning in Bianca's prayer-book! This air that had sung itself into her heart was the hymn to the Holy Ghost.

She knew the next phrase in the music. It was the one that had always moved her most. Even on the organ that sudden change to a minor key and the notes, saturated with tears, had thrilled her through and through. And now to hear it sung, and by such a voice!

She remembered that the little prayer-book was still in her pocket, and she hastily drew it forth and turned to the place. She had scarcely found it when the pleading voice broke into the melody:

"*Consolator optime,*
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium."

Ah, should she not have known that it was a tearful cry to the Comforter. What words could so well have been wedded to such strains. "O best of Comforters, My soul's dear host, O sweet refreshment, Thou!" There was intoxication to her in the high, tremulous tones with their throbbing pathos of entreaty, their melting tenderness. They took her out of herself, and she shook with her swelling emotion. As the last note, a peal of sweetness, surcharged the church, she rose involuntarily to her feet, erect and tense.

Then she heard his strong fingers play the prelude again. He could not leave it. With one wild yearning to give her soul its needed outlet, she broke into the exquisite song. She felt herself singing as she had never sung before, not even on that day when Ferrari and his friends had shouted "bravas" over her voice. Never had such a passionate exultation of feeling swept down upon her and borne her off on the strong pinions of song. The voice of the monk had fired her; her whole soul was in her glorious voice, crying to the Comforter with the thrilling tones which God had given her, and which had been so long unused.

She felt that a fuller accompaniment from the organ was supporting her. The instrument had seldom yielded such rich chords, even to the monk's

touch. He was inspired, too. And in the overmastering delight of singing again with all her soul was an undercurrent of delight that for once her music was stirring him.

The passion which controlled her made her pour forth her voice without consciousness of effort or of pain. There was the rapture of singing, and singing as she knew she was.

"*Consolator optime,*
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium."

The last note rang out full, triumphant, ecstatic. Then something within her seemed utterly to give way, obstacles seemed swept aside, and a warm tide gushed from her mouth. She hastily raised her handkerchief to her lips. It was drenched in a moment, and she saw her light gown stained with the flow.

She could not utter a sound. Above her head, the organ pealed forth a tumult of chords, and the music seemed sweeping over and submerging her. She could not support herself, and sank upon her knees, clutching the bench in front of her, while her eyes involuntarily turned to where the Mother and her dead Son stood palely forth from the shadow. She felt herself dissolving with weakness, but without pain, without fear, without regret.

She heard the strong voice ring through the church again like a spirit's cry. The walls rocked with the jubilant rush of the monk's song, as he poured forth unstintingly the magnificent fulness of his voice.

"*In labore requies,*
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium."

Not all the sweet notes reached her, but she heard the passionate ardor that pulsed in the first few words. "*In labore requies.*" "In toil, repose." Then she heard no more music from the organ-loft. Lower and lower she had sunk down. But when the strong voice poured forth, firm as iron, but vibrant and mellow, on the words "*In fletu solatium,*" they smote her ears as they did those of the marble mother in the dim extremity of the church.

His head erect, his eyes flashing through the thick lashes, the young monk waited with his long fingers pressed lightly on the keys, expectant of the Voice. But there was only an aching stillness.

He waited two or three moments and then let his fingers fall reluctantly from the keys, sighed lightly, and made a lowlier reverence than usual to the altar, where the ruddy light kindled a point of fire in the gloom.

As he came slowly down the creaking wooden steps from the organ-loft, he was erect and glad at the burning thought that a Voice from heaven had sung to him.

When he reached the foot of the stairs he saw her lying on the worn, blue flags, her gown with dark stains upon it. Then he knew that the being who had sung to him was of a nature kindred with his own.

"When you wish to sing, you are cured," Ferrari had said. She had sung and her ills were over.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Is it not a little odd that, amidst the revolt that has recently arisen among critical authorities against realistic fiction, so cordial a favor should await it at their hands when it takes its most evanescent, its most irretrievably unimaginative, unpoetic form —that of a treatise on a question of the day? A considerable list of novels might be cited in illustration of this, had not the very names of them already grown a little stale. Such novels are not likely to survive the discussion or disturbance that gave them birth. And yet, unless they do, their life in literature cannot well be long. For what, after all, is more fleeting than a question of the day? To those who chance to be of its day, the hope of nations seems to hang on it. Yet it often passes almost before one can say it lightens, leaving publicists or philanthropists at the height of controversy over the means of settling it—a group of dancers unexpectedly bereft of music. It may reappear some later day. But it will then be hailed as a problem entirely new; and, though only an old comet rediscovered, the terrors struck by its flaming tail will be terrors quite out of the general anticipation. Meanwhile the most enamouring artists can stir no wide interest in it. What questions of the day have we that were not questions of a former day, and what notice did we take of them before they became ours?

Besides its fitfulness, the question of the day has the further disadvantage, when dealt with mainly as a question of the day, of being susceptible of none but the baldest treatment. Often it has no inherent picturesqueness, and cannot be made to wear the purple by the deftest fashioning. Left unfashioned, or fashioned but didactically, it is bound to be as wooden as the god of the idolaters.

One easily sees why novels of the sort under consideration find a large fraction of the general public eager to devour them. The desire of storing the mind is as common as that of saving the soul, and swift and pleasant means are as much in request to the one end as to the other. Thus the historical novel has long been held in particular esteem because it teaches history; just the thing it never does, or, at best, does but ill. The question-of-the-day novel battens on a like illusion. And, no doubt, the popular relish for it is not a thing entirely to regret. The scraps of political economy that Harriet Martineau's hosts of readers gathered from her now-forgotten tales were better than no political economy at all. But would it not have been a strange spectacle to have seen the literary umpires of Miss Harriet's day twining the laurel about her brow and congratulating her upon at last having put her imagination to some solid use and given up photography? A spectacle just like this is now within our view, if we will but look at it. What if Shakespeare had produced a play exhibiting the abuses of monopolies, a matter which moved the subjects of his queen to much secret murmuring and no little public petitioning; and thereby, besides crowding his theatre and the pirate

presses that printed his plays, had wrung hearty praises from arbiters of taste who had long bemoaned the prostitution of his talents to the portrayal of low, unheroic Falstaffs! Would not the Shakespeare critics of our time have been greatly distressed at the want of discrimination in his contemporaries?

Thackeray's suggestion to his friend, the fashionable novelist Snooks, for turning a pretty penny by embodying subtly in the text of his tales a variety of good-paying advertisements, is well remembered. The lovely Lady Emily was to be disclosed reclining on "one of Down & Eider's voluptuous ottomans," the only couch on which Belgravian beauty deigned to repose. Lord Bathershins was to step in noiselessly over "one of Thompkins's elastic Axminster carpets." And when the lovely Lady Emily fainted there was to be discovered on the mantel-piece, for her prompt resuscitation, "a flacon of Otto's eau-de-Cologne." And so on. This thrifty project, I believe, has not yet been carried out. But something akin to it has already been accomplished in the question-of-the-day novel; and no heavy strain is put on the imagination to foresee a time when craftsmen in this sort will become the indispensable co-workers of the editors of the party and sectarian newspapers. Such time arriving, will some fierce insurrectionist against a too strenuous realism be found huzzaing it in as bringing with it the fulfilment of his fondest dreams?

THE question that has been discussed more or less for many years, whether it would be better for writers of the daily press, and particularly writers of what are called "editorials," to sign their names to what they write, has a certain actuality in that the practice of signing is spreading steadily in other than editorial departments. I imagine that this habit has come in part from the change in the practice of American magazines, where signature is now the rule; in part, also, from the increase in the number of writers and the natural advance in value to both the writer and buyer of a name possessing some distinction. It is not impossible that the influence of French example may count for something, our acquaintance with French literature and journals being more extended every year. As yet signatures are practically unknown on the editorial page of the daily newspaper. To the question would signatures be better? a good many excellent judges say "Yes." I am inclined to say "No."

I am quite aware of all that can be said against "anonymous journalism;" but so far as concerns the vices of journalism, the only valid purpose of the signature is to secure responsibility, and for that end I do not think that it is either necessary or effective. Any one who is at all acquainted with the papers in England, and the few in this country, in which writers sign their names, will hardly say that they are free from scandal, or "sensationalism," or rash assertion, or the gratification of personal grudges, or corruption. They are by no means so free from these as papers not a writer for which is known outside of his own calling. In either case the degree of effective responsibility is, I fear, largely fixed by the conscience and judgment of the editor and publisher, the law for enforcing it being of little use, and, I am inclined to think, incapable of being made very useful.

As regards the signing of editorials, therefore, the consideration of responsibility may be put aside and the other phases of the subject considered. The chief motive for urging this change is, I suppose, in a sense, commercial. The writer, if his work were known, would, it may be urged, enjoy the advantage of whatever excellence he could show, and would command relatively better compensation. That is true, particularly of those writers whose work is best calculated to draw attention; but I do not think that the general rate of pay would be any higher, or that it would be, on the whole, so fairly distributed. On the other hand, there would be a strong tendency toward the "star" system that prevails in playhouses, a few men getting the prizes. And what I consider much worse, the temptation to writers to make their work of the kind to attract remark would be increased, and the temptation to publishers to secure such work without regard to its real merit would also be aggravated.

The change from what I should call the "impersonal" system of editorial writing to signed articles would tend to destroy what is known as the "traditions" of the

journal. It is easy to make good fun of these, but to a journal they are valuable from the nature of its task. "It consists," says M. Scherer, himself an accomplished journalist, "essentially in the succession of the impressions produced. It lasts only on the condition of incessant recommencements." Now the "traditions" of a journal are the direction and limitations imposed upon the opinions expressed and the modes of expression—upon "the succession of impressions produced, by the common action and interaction of the minds engaged." It is obvious that writers tormented by anxiety for the achievement of the marketable reputation made possible by the system of signatures might be less careful of the common end than if their work were not to be identified. Gambetta recognized the fact when he made of *La République Française* an anonymous journal, and by far the most powerful in its influence over popular opinion of all at that time published. Nor is there any necessary sacrifice of essential independence for the anonymous writer. I believe that those who violate their conscience for profit are more rare in journalism than elsewhere, from the very prosaic reason that an editor who knows his business knows the inferiority of their work and does not seek it.

That is a serious time of life when you begin to realize that the man you are is not the man you hope to become, but the man you have shown yourself to be; a definite quantity with precise limitations, and not a great one. We all compare ourselves at greater or less distances with people in books and in history. There is a time when it is a delightful reassurance to learn from the lives of Keats, Pitt, Hamilton, or Henry Clay, that we are not too young to be famous, and that men no older than we have immortalized themselves as poets or as statesmen. Again there comes a time when we go to books for reassurances of another sort, and pluck up our fainting hopes as we read how Grant, Sherman, Cromwell, and Nathaniel Hawthorne reached our time of life without distinguishing themselves beyond common, and yet lived to take rank among the immortals. There may be hope for us, we feel, for all of our forty odd years. And yet the late-blooming soldiers should not encourage us unduly, for a great soldier is only developed by war, and war, through no fault of his, may be very long in coming.

The serious time of disquieting realization that I spoke of comes to a man between these other two seasons. He has passed the time when any deficiencies in his work are palliated by his youth. Nobody can speak of him as "promising" any more. His blossoms are no longer a credit to him; he must show fruit, or admit that he has none to show, recognizing that the natural inference based on experience is that a man of his age who has done nothing that conspicuously justifies his existence never will do anything of that sort. A reasonable progress is still possible to him, of course, but in the natural course it is expected to be the continuation and perfection of what is behind him. A new quality, new phases of character, unsuspected talent, he *may* develop, but no one expects him to. If he himself expects to, it must be because he knows more about himself than he has disclosed. The story of the friend of Wm. H. Prescott, who regretted that that gentleman's abilities were being put to no considerable use is a case in point. Prescott was approaching that serious period without showing any results. The reason was that he was at work on a ten-year task of history writing. Presently the results came all together.

Ordinarily we do not look for matured fruits of a man's intelligence before he is thirty-five. Before that age he is at liberty to be clever. From then to forty is, in most cases, the serious time when he must do something important or else submit to be stamped as ordinary. If he cannot show power before he is forty, no one, except perhaps his wife, is going to believe it is in him. He cannot expect to be rated either by his hopes or his aspirations after that.

A good many men, conscious of their impending doom, gather their forces during this period for a sink-or-swim struggle to assert themselves and put their fate to the final touch. Among those who succeed the most usual sort of success is financial. Men who get very rich are apt to make their fortunes late in life. Whatever sort of success, though, that comes after forty, whether it pertains to art, or literature, or

generalship, or statesmanship, or finance, is but the harvesting of a crop already sown. Men's purpose after the serious time is to reap what they have consciously or unconsciously sown, and carry what they have got to the most advantageous market. It is the discovery of a fit market rather than the production of different commodities that has been at the bottom of most of the success that has seemed to be late-won.

Two successful Americans are known to me—fine, strong men, not yet grown old—who have pursued fame and have overtaken it in widely different fields. What those fields are is not to the purpose; the victors have won the prize they sought by honorable means, and I honestly admire them for it. But my admiration is tempered with sadness at perceiving in each of these high examples symptoms of an ailment common to both, and already so far advanced that both cases are now beyond all hope of cure; an ailment, to be sure, not necessarily fatal, yet so deplorable to one not afflicted by it that he prays for absolute failure rather than the highest worldly success upon such terms. Their disorder is no new thing with a strange name; on the contrary, it is as old as the hills, and the medical faculty have never named it. Briefly described, it is the inability to stop, even for a single instant—the eagerness to push on without haste, but without rest, like Goethe's star, and having gained much, to gain the whole world, regardless of the soul. There are certain mountain-climbers who never turn to look back, whose eyes are fixed upon the height until it is attained, and then upon the height succeeding. After Mont Blanc the Matterhorn, after the Matterhorn the Himalayas. And with similar narrowness of vision these climbers on the varied slopes of Parnassus see in all the landscape only its mountain-peaks. They reach the summit merely to cast a longing look toward Mount Olympus. There is no Vale of Tempe, no Arcadia for them.

In a brilliant modern comedy one of the characters is pronounced a jolly good fellow. "Did you ever see one of these jolly good fellows at home?" another asks. A world of significance underlies that simple question, in which the painful contrast between the inner and the outer man is conjured up by a stroke of the pen. But in this instance the typical hero is a bachelor whose seamy side is known only to his valet. "In travelling along at night," says the philosopher, "we catch a glimpse into cheerful-looking rooms with light blazing in them, and we conclude, involuntarily, how happy the inmates must be." "Did you ever see the wife of a successful man?" I am tempted to ask, when some one points out to me the shining lights of these two friends of mine. Not that the men are brutal, ill-tempered, or exceptionally irritable; rather the reverse is true of them; they are amiable enough. Yet their unconquerable self-absorption has made them anything but boon companions. Their hours of labor or of research are prolonged unreasonably, with intervals of moodiness, sometimes of utter silence. The bubble they follow is ever dancing before their eyes; the fury of pursuit is all-in-all, and life apart from that has lost its charm. Their wives share in the triumph, of course, and why should they complain? They do not. Like the Dutchman's wife upon her death-bed, they are resigned because they have to be. It is only between the lines of their patient faces that one may read the wish of the heart of heart for the old days to come back when things were otherwise.

So, while the lamp in the window throws its beams abroad to benefit the world at large, the household behind it suffers a distinct loss, of which those who feed the flame are quite unconscious.

DRAWN BY O. H. BACHER.

DECK QUOITS ON A P. AND O. LINER.

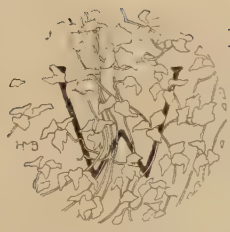
ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. X. SEPTEMBER, 1891. No. 3.

STEAMSHIP LINES OF THE WORLD.

By Ridgely Hunt, U. S. Navy.



RITERS of maritime history give to the United States the credit of establishing long lines of communication by sea with far-distant countries. As early as 1789 the merchants of Boston despatched their ships direct to China and the East Indies, some time before England entered on this trade; for the American vessels not only brought their cargoes to the home markets, but also transshipped spices, silks, teas, sugar, coffee, and cotton to Europe. In those times a skipper felt satisfied if he made the outward voyage of 15,000 miles, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, in 150 days, and came back *via* Cape Horn, some 17,000 miles, in the same time.

The development of the resources of the East by the East India Company, and the richness of the freights carried by the United States vessels—the proceeds of a single voyage often defraying the first cost of the ship—induced England to enter into competition; thus starting that rivalry between the sailing fleets of the two nations that was long the admiration of the world. In 1845 the American clippers, long, low, of good beam, very fine lines, and with yards so square and spars so lofty as to set a greater spread of canvas in proportion to their tonnage than any ship hitherto sailed, entered the race and left all rivals far astern. Then followed the days of which the old "sad sea-dogs" still love to tell, when every stitch of sail was carried until the fierce wind blew it from the bolt-ropes; when for weeks the lee scuppers lay buried in the seething waters and the flying jibboom plunged deep into the white-capped waves; when the good ship Sovereign of the Seas came into port 90 days from Hong Kong, and the town gathered on the wharf to welcome the daring navigators; while the cargo of teas and coffees was sold at fabulous prices. And these old salts still discuss the dinner given the bold captain that night, when the log of the voyage would be read and men would sit amazed at hearing that in 22 days the ship had sailed over 5,391 miles, that for four days her daily run had been 341.8 miles, and that in one day she had done 375 miles, at the rate of 15.6 knots.

The discovery of gold in California started a line of travel 14,000 miles long from Europe and the Eastern seaboard of the United States via Cape Horn to the western coast of North America. Ships on this line took out merchandise of every description to be used in building and maintaining the city of San Francisco, and after landing this freight, for which they received $25 a ton, they sailed for China, whence, after loading with teas and sugars at $25 and $30 a ton for freight, they returned direct to the United States or England.

In the meantime Australia had been opened up, and the Australian packet lines, leaving London for Melbourne 12,000 miles away, were making 100-

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days voyages by way of the Cape, "with a chance of being drowned." This line carried many passengers, but it was not until 1850 that this traffic began to assume such importance that vessels were run on regular schedules for its accommodation. During the time of the Crimean war this trade was enormous, and the Liverpool packet lines between England and New York reaped a rich remuneration in spite of serious accidents. It is reported that in the year 1854 no less than nine emigrant ships foundered at sea.

Promenade Deck of an Orient Liner.

The day of the sailing ship on short routes was now closing, for the steamship entering into competition, gradually absorbed the lucrative passenger traffic and much of the more valuable freight.

In looking over the history of the lines of the world, none is found to have exerted more influence upon subsequent progress than the old route between India and England. This route at first doubled the Cape of Good Hope—a distance of 14,000 miles, so long and uncertain that the East India Company frequently sent their despatches by way of the Persian Gulf and then overland between Bagdad and Constantinople. The successful crossing of the Atlantic Ocean by the steamship Savannah suggested the possibility of a like means of communication with India. Accordingly, the English side-wheel steamship Enterprise, of 470 tons, 122 feet long, bark-rigged, left Falmouth in the year 1825 and reached Calcutta, after a voyage of 13,700 miles, in 113 days, of which 64 were steaming days. This result, though unsatisfactory, stimulated efforts looking toward remunerative steam navigation in the East. The first steamship arrived at Macao, China, in 1830. As an inducement to people to choose this novel mode of travelling, a Canton paper contained the following notice of a steamer: "She carries a crew, a surgeon, a band of music, and has rooms elegantly fitted up for cards and opium smoking."

The problem of a short route to Europe from India was practically solved in 1830, by sending a steamer from Bombay to Suez, a distance of 3,000 miles,

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Entrance to the Suez Canal at Port Said.

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

The Port of Aden, Arabia.

in 25 days. In a few years a regular line was established between the two places, connecting with steamers at Alexandria by means of a camel service across the desert. The camel post was succeeded by four-horse vans, and later these were followed by the Suez Canal and the railway.

With the progress of time sailing-ships have given way to steamships, and the routes of communication which they, after years of navigating, did so much to establish, have become the highways of an enormous trade, along which large and swift steamships are constantly going to and fro with the certainty and regularity of railway trains. A steamer to-day leaves her wharf at the moment of time set forth in her schedule, and arrives at the terminus of her voyage—it may be many thousand miles away—with almost equal promptitude.

Like railway traffic, steamer traffic follows certain main routes or grand trunk lines, having numerous feeders or subsidiary lines. The great ocean thoroughfares of the world are:

1. The route across the Atlantic, through the Mediterranean Sea, Suez Canal, and Red Sea, to India, China, Australia, and eastern Africa.

2. The route by the Pacific Ocean to Japan, China, and Australia.

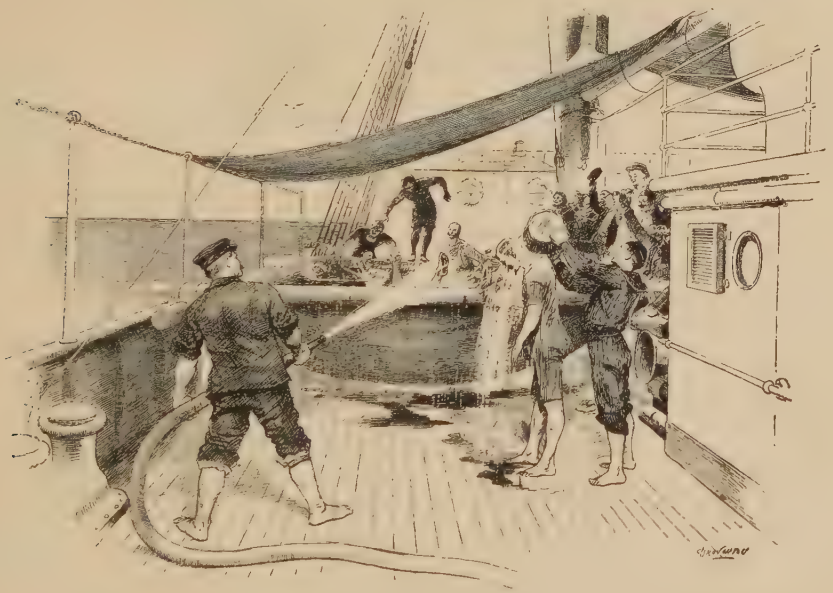
3. The route by the Atlantic Ocean down the east coast of South America, and around Cape Horn, to western America and Australasia; and

4. The route down the Atlantic and the west coast of Africa, around the Cape of Good Hope, to East Africa, Australasia, and the East. The number of steamers traversing these grand routes, and those tributary to them, is estimated to be more than 11,000. In order to emphasize the importance of ocean navigation, the appended table* of the number of steam vessels, their money value, and the value of the merchandise they carry, is given for the five greatest nations of the globe:

	Number of steam vessels.	Gross tons.	Value of vessels.	Value of trade carried in vessels.
Great Britain.	6,403	8,235,854	$550,000,000	$3,476,500,000
Germany.....	741	928,911	63,500,000	1,624,000,000
France.....	526	809,598	48,500,000	1,471,000,000
United States.	416	517,394	42,000,000	1,462,500,000
Italy.....	212	300,625	22,000,000	415,000,000
Russia.....	236	106,155	12,500,000	60,000,000

* The table is from Lloyd's Register, 1890–91.

Owing to the various lines of communication which have been opened up, the traveller is now offered the choice of a number of routes, each vying with the other in attractiveness and interest. For instance, the whole journey from London to Constantinople can be performed with no more than 17 hours of sea-passage; or, if a more leisurely way be preferred, the whole journey can be made by water. Therefore the first thing to be done is to determine the route to be followed, and the time to be given the trip. Then the dates of sailing should be settled. These preliminaries concluded, there comes the question of the selection of steamers. If England is to be visited, passage must be booked on some line bound to that country. If, however, the objective point be on the Continent, a room



A Deck-bath in the Tropics.

should be engaged on some line bound for Germany, France, Spain, or the Mediterranean.

The number of steamers engaged in the regular passenger service between the Eastern seaboard of the United States and the Old World is probably greater than most travellers imagine. At the present time there are upward of thirty-five distinct lines, each with a larger or smaller fleet of steamers regularly engaged in Atlantic transport. Six of these, the Cunard, the White Star, the Anchor, the Guion, the National, and the Inman, sail between New York and Liverpool. Four others, the Norddeutscher Lloyd, the Hamburg-American Packet Company, the Union Line, and the Baltic Line, trade between New York and German ports. The National Line, the Hill Line, and the Wilson Line go to London; two others, the Allan-State and the Anchor, to Glasgow. Two French lines, the General Transatlantic and the French Commercial Steamship Company sail for Havre and Marseilles. Two lines communicate with Dutch ports, the Netherlands-American Steam Navigation Company, and the Royal Netherlands Steamship Company; two more, the Red Star and the White Cross lines, leave for Antwerp; one line, the Thingvalla, steams to Copenhagen, and the General Italian Navigation Company, and the Anchor Line, make Italian ports.

The regular service by steam between Europe and the rich and varied East, by way of the Mediterranean, Suez Canal, and India, is carried on by several dif-

Landing Passengers at Natal, South Africa.

ferent companies, the best known of which are the Peninsular & Oriental Company of England, the Messageries Maritimes of France, the Norddeutscher Lloyd of Germany, and the Austrian Lloyd of Austria. Each of these mail lines offers to travellers all that can be desired in the way of food, quarters, comforts, and facilities for seeing strange lands and peoples; so the selection of any particular one must be decided by personal considerations.

The P. & O. (as the Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Company is commonly called) is one of the most extensive steamship organizations in the world, the yearly distance run on all its lines, main and subsidiary, exceeding 2,500,000 miles. In 1840 the company began the carrying of English mails in steamers between Alexandria and London, receiving for this service a subsidy of $160,000 a year. To-day the fleet numbers 50 vessels, which touch at ports of importance in the Mediterranean, Egypt, the Indian Ocean, China, Japan, and Australia, and the subsidy received for the transportation of mails to and from all these parts is $1,750,000 per annum.

If the traveller wishes to go by this line, he may commence his journey from either London or Plymouth, cross the Bay of Biscay, where the chances of getting an ugly sea and perhaps a gale of wind are about even, and entering the Mediterranean, make Gibraltar his first port, 5 days and 1,300 miles distant from London. A stay of 4 hours will allow a short run on shore. A drive around the superb Rock is worth the taking, also a visit to the battery, where the 16-inch 100-ton guns keep watch over the threshold of the blue sea. Loquacious guides tell of an under-the-sea tunnel between the fortress and Apes Hill, Africa, through which monkeys have passed, and that once upon a time five venturesome sailors started down this subway; three of

CHART OF THE WORLD
SHOWING THE
Principal Steamship Routes.
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
NORTH AMERICA
SOUTH AMERICA
EUROPE
AFRICA
ASIA
AUSTRALIA
UNITED STATES
BRITISH TERRITORY
ANTARCTIC CONTINENT
Ice Barrier
STRUTHERS & CO. N.Y.

them soon turned back, those remaining —but "that is another story."

From Gibraltar the P. & O. steamers steer for Malta, 980 miles away, generally through a smooth sea, though in winter northwesters blow at times with great violence off the Sicilian coast, raising a heavy sea in the channel. In summer the winds are from the southward, hot, humid, and prostrating, but they are not of frequent occurrence nor of long duration. On the fourth day the traveller is landed in Valetta, with 8 or 10 hours at his disposal. He should see the interior of the Church of St. John, where the floor is made of mosaic tablets in memory of the old knights, each tablet bearing a coat of arms formed by the most skilful inlaying of marble tiles.

From Malta to Port Said is 935 miles, made in 4 days. In winter there may be a norther. The traveller has now, after having gone 3,200 miles in 13 days, reached the port to which all ships bound southward make their way. Here will be found P. & O. steamers that have come from Brindisi with the Indian mails, having stopped at Alexandria to ship them by rail to Suez. This route, known as the Indian Mail, is the quickest of all between Europe and India. The train service runs from London to Brindisi in less than 50 hours. From Brindisi, where the steamer is waiting, and where the mails and passengers are hurried aboard, the run is made to Alexandria, 825 miles away, in 3½ days. At Alexandria mails and through passengers are transported by rail to Suez in 16 hours, and from Suez a steamer leaves for Bombay *via* Aden, arriving 12 days later; the whole journey from London to Bombay, 4,020 miles, having taken 18 days.

A second great English line that makes for Port Said is the British India Steam Navigation Company, incorporated in 1856 to open up the coasting trade of India. This organization, upon the opening of the Suez Canal, despatched the first steamer through to London that carried an Indian cargo. Shortly afterward regular routes were inaugurated between London, Aden, and the Persian Gulf; and between Aden and the African coast to Zanzibar. Also a trunk route was established for the various coasting lines of India, extending from London to Calcutta. A further extension was begun about ten years ago, when Batavia, Thursday Island, Brisbane, and Sidney in Australia were added to its itinerary. The British India Steam Navigation Company employs on its main and auxiliary routes a fleet of over 100 vessels, large and small, that traverse about 3,000,000 miles a year.

If the traveller has reached Port Said from Marseilles, he has doubtless come in the Messageries Maritimes steamer. This great French undertaking began its first over-sea contract in 1851, carrying mails as far as Egypt. The next extension of operations was a line to Brazil and the Rio de la Plata. Finally a mail contract established the route to India, China, and Australia. To-day the Messageries fleet comprises 65 superb vessels that have cost about $27,000,000; and the aggregate distance they steam amounts to 2,520,000 miles every year. The ships bound for China leave Marseilles and Naples, and make the ports of Aden, Colombo, Singapore, Saigon, Hong-Kong, and Shanghai. A second main line stretches from Aden down to the Seychelles Islands, Mauritius, Melbourne, Sydney, and New Caledonia. The Messageries Company also operates lines to the West Indies and South America.

To Port Said comes also the Norddeutscher Lloyd Imperial Steamship Company, better known as the German Mail. The East Asian mail line of this company was established only in 1886, and is rapidly growing in importance and favor. The steamers leave Bremen, call at Antwerp, Southampton, and Genoa, thence through the canal to Aden, Colombo, Singapore, and Hong-Kong, to Shanghai. The mail route to Australasia reaches the ports of Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney, whence a branch line leads to the Samoan Islands and Tongatabu. The German Lloyd also operate a line from Trieste via Brindisi to Alexandria. For carrying the mails on the above three lines, in accordance with government stipulations, the German Lloyd receives a subsidy of $1,047,619 per annum.

TABLE OF DISTANCES, DAYS, AND APPROXIMATE PRICES FROM LONDON EASTWARD BY SEA TO SAN FRANCISCO.

From New York to London is 3,000 miles, 7–8 days, and $100.

From San Francisco to New York by rail is 3,000 miles, 6 days, and $200.

London.			Gibraltar.			Malta.			Port Said.			Aden.			Bombay.			Colombo.			Singapore.			Hong-Kong.			Yokohama.			
Miles.	DAYS.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	Miles.	D.	Price.	
1,299	5	$45																												
2,280	9	75	981	4	$30																									
3,215	13	100	1,916	8	60	935	4	$35	1,395	7	$120																			
4,610	20	125	3,311	15	125	2,330	11	120				1,664	7	$90																
6,274	27	250	4,975	22	240	3,994	18	220	3,059	14	200				2,093	11	100	875	4	$40											
6,703	31	250	5,404	26	250	4,423	22	240	3,488	18	230	2,093	11	100																
8,362	38	290	7,063	33	270	6,082	29	250	5,147	25	300	3,752	18	220	2,534	11	130	1,659	7	$90										
9,799	45	340	8,500	40	340	7,519	36	340	6,584	32	340	5,189	25	250	3,971	18	190	3,096	14	150	1,437	7	$60							
11,601	53	390	10,302	48	390	9,321	44	390	8,386	40	370	6,991	33	300	5,773	26	240	4,898	22	200	3,239	15	100	1,802	8	$70				
16,600	71	590	15,780	66	590	14,800	62	580	13,860	58	550	12,460	51	450	10,775	44	360	9,900	40	335	8,240	33	250	6,800	26	200	5,000	18	$200	San Francisco.

Some of the other long lines operated by this efficient organization, which owns more than 75 ocean steamers, are those between Bremen and the United States, between Bremen and Brazil, and between Bremen and Montevideo and Buenos Ayres.

The Austro-Hungarian Lloyd's Steam Navigation Company, the fourth great mail line passing through the Suez Canal, was organized about the year 1840, with 7 steamers for Mediterranean trade. In time, the company prolonged its lines, until, under a liberal government bounty, routes were established between Trieste and Hong-Kong, and between Trieste and Brazil. For the proper performance of all these services the Austrian Lloyds are paid an annuity by the Government amounting to $800,000. The fleet, all told, numbers 75 ships, valued at about $10,000,000, and steams over 1,300,000 miles every year.

Of the different steamship corporations that despatch their vessels by way of the Suez Canal to Australia, the Orient Steam Navigation Company of London deserves special mention. In 1878 it founded a first-class line to Australia, which to-day is a formidable rival of the Peninsula & Oriental Company, receiving a like subsidy of $425,000 for transporting the mails between Naples and Adelaide in 32 days, a distance of 9,000 miles.

There are many other companies sending vessels, via the canal, to India, to China, and to Australasia; on nearly all of them the traveller can find comfort and good cheer, should he desire to be longer at sea and longer in port. The names of a few of the most important of these companies are as follows:

Under the English flag: the Ducal, the Hall, the Harrison, the Clan, the Star, the City, the Direct, the MacIver, and the Anchor Lines; the National Navigation Company of France; the Navigatione Generale Italiana (Italian mail) of Genoa; the Compañia Transatlantica, from Barcelona, Spain; the Nederland India line from Amsterdam; a Russian line; and a Turkish line.

Some of these steamers make the east coast of Africa for cargoes; some go to Australia; some to the Spice Islands, Java and the Philippines; some go no farther than India; and, finally, some reach Japan, Corea, and Vladivostock.

Port Said, the product of the canal, is built on the flat sands at the entrance of the Suez Canal. Its harbor, formed by two long breakwaters, contains one of the largest coaling depots in the world, where vessels are supplied at the rate of 200 tons an hour. The place is noted for its wickedness; it abounds in French cafés and dance-halls where wine, women, and music continue the night long. The traveller should purchase a white helmet at Port Said; these hats are cheap, and add considerably to personal comfort.

The steam traffic of the place is enormous; last year 3,389 vessels traversed the canal. The average time of transit by day is 24 hours; by night with electric lights it is 19 hours, and has been done in 15 hours. In order to navigate by night, a vessel must light the way by carrying an electric projector at her bow as close to the water as possible, and pay the closest attention to the orders from the passing stations or *gares*. Three white lights shown vertically indicate "slow down;" then the display of two white lights is the order to stop and haul in to the *gare*. The steamer presently hauls in, makes fast, puts out all lights, and lies snug in her berth alongside the desert, while the oncoming vessel, looking like a locomotive at night, passes by. One white light from the *gare* and lines are let go, and the journey continued until Suez is reached.

Suez is an uninteresting collection of shipping-houses and squalid native huts, with a few tumble-down mosques. Donkeys and donkey-boys swarm along the docks, and if the vessel stop an hour or two the novelty of such a ride may be enjoyed. The heat of the day is intense, but the nights, especially in the canal, have a "soft, warm witchery" about them that is delicious.

After leaving Suez the way lies through the Gulf of the same name, into the Red Sea, where the water is blue, the background light brown, the hazy atmosphere pink, and the temperature red-hot. Vessels spread double awnings and hang up side curtains, but there is no escaping the intolerable heat experienced day and night going down this sea with the wind aft. Far away to the left, in the dim distance, is the fast-receding brown peak of Mount Sinai; other well-remembered biblical places stretch along the indistinct coast line; the ship speeds southward; the constellations in the blue heavens of night begin to change; the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb are passed; and as the four points of the Southern Cross arise bright and sparkling, the anchor is let go off Aden, in Arabia.

Aden, on its rocky and bare volcanic peninsula, is the Gibraltar of the Red Sea. It interests the traveller because of the big black Somalis, the oily, avaricious Jews, and the thin, ungainly camels moving up and down the streets. The town is too hot for enjoyment; it is better to stay on board ship, buy an imitation ostrich feather from a cheating Jew, and throw coppers into the water for little shave-headed naked negro boys to dive after.

During a stay of a few hours vessels fill up with coal and fresh provisions, land a small cargo of naval stores, cotton, and cotton-twist, and after taking on board coffee (nearly all Mocha is shipped here), dye-stuffs, feathers, dates, etc., depart for Bombay, for Colombo, for Australia, and for Africa.

The weather along the highways of the Indian Ocean is generally fair and warm, with a smooth sea, though, dur-

ing the southwest monsoon, from May to September, there is a perceptible swell, and when this trade-wind sets in, in May, it is sure to bring gales, rain, lightning and thunder. August is the best summer month for cruising in the Indian Ocean. The northeast monsoon, the winter trade-wind, is less violent than the southwest, and has clear skies and a milder temperature. However, in going round the world, passengers, like ships, should take their chances with the weather, for having it fair at Bombay may bring it foul at Calcutta.

Vessels make Bombay, 1,670 miles eastward of Aden, in 7 days, and go alongside the docks when the tide permits. The traveller should at once hurry ashore to gaze with wonder at the infinite variety before him. For here are congregated Indian princes dressed in flowing robes of richest colors; Brahmins and Buddhists with turbans of softest texture bound about their brows; Parsees in long white, full-skirted coats and odd-shaped high hats; Turks in fezes; Chinamen in silks; Persians in white trousers, loose alpaca coats, and shako astrakhan hats; effeminate Cinghalese, Jews, Mohammedans, and Europeans from England, France, Germany, and Russia. Along the water front pass unceasingly women, straight as javelins, tall, lithe, and graceful, their breasts covered by tight sleeveless tunics, their waists and hips wound in light flowing gauze. Silver bangles adorn their arms and legs, and rings glisten in their noses and ears, and on their toes and fingers. Bare-legged, bare-footed, their black hair tucked loosely up upon their shapely heads, on which are poised high brass water-jugs burnished like gold, these graceful creatures walk the streets like the queens of an Oriental fable.

Many lines of vessels converge at Bombay: the P. & O., the British India, and three or four others of less importance; two French lines, a German line, the Austrian Lloyd, the Italian Mail, and a Dutch line, are some of those to be seen during a stay of a fortnight. The British India offers the largest number of routes to the sight-seeing traveller. One of its lines leads to Kurrachee, the northern port of India; another goes to Calcutta, stopping at way ports; a third extends to Zanzibar and Mozambique, and a fourth reaches places on the Persian Gulf. This fourth route the tourist should certainly take if he has the time, though it carry him into the most trying climate imaginable. Before starting he should get Moore's "Lalla Rookh," it can be bought at an excellent English bookstore in Bombay, and read it on the way, as some of the scenes are laid in these waters.

The passengers on these Gulf steamers are of as many types as those seen on Change in Bombay. It is not unlikely that of the twenty or more who sit down to dinner, no two will be of the same color, costume, nationality, or religion. Even the crew ceases to be European; Chinamen usually cook and wait, and Indians handle cargo and work the ship.

About 600 miles and 4 days from Kurrachee, Ormuz is made, dirty, dilapidated, with absolutely no remains of its historic wealth. The first place of importance is Bushire, 300 miles farther up. It is the principal seaport of Persia, and does considerable trade, long caravans of camels transporting merchandise to and from the interior. Persian cats can be got here; a pair offered for $25 was sold finally for $5; with more time they could have been bought for $2.

From Bushire to Bassorah, on the Euphrates, is 180 miles. A narrow canal-like stream leads from the river to the native village where Sindbad the Sailor is said to have roamed. Connection can be made at Bassorah with a steamboat going up the river past the Garden of Eden, a disappointing, flat, uncared-for plain, to Bagdad; and thence, by camel to points in the interior. Steamers in the Persian Gulf trade take in dates, grain, and wool, leaving cotton fabrics, rice, opium, etc.

On returning to Kurrachee, the traveller would do well to take the railway to Agra, and the Taj, Benares, and other places, and so back again to Bombay and the ocean highways.

Henceforth, the character of the passengers on board ship changes somewhat; many of the Europeans leave for extended tours by rail to Calcutta and

other Indian cities, their places being taken by Parsee merchants, rich Indians, and enterprising Chinamen bound away on business.

The run to Colombo, Ceylon, 875 miles to the southward, is made over a warm, smooth sea, and on the evening of the fifth day the harbor is entered. Colombo is a steamship centre where all the vessels of the long trunk lines rendezvous to coal, provision, exchange passengers, and frequently freight. They come from the four quarters of the globe, from Calcutta and Bombay in the north, from China and Singapore in the east, from Australia, Mauritius, and Africa in the south, and from Aden and the Suez Canal in the west. Colombo has much to attract a traveller during the 24 or 48 hours the steamer stays, but usually the Oriental Hotel claims his time and attention, for this is the place of meeting of all who go upon the waters, and high wassail is apt to be the order of the night.

The dining-room of the Oriental is the refreshment-room at the intersection of the chief steam lines of the world. It is, as it were, the restaurant of a Union depot where everyone must go for a meal; at its tables travellers from opposite points of the world meet, Chinese bound for Europe, Englishmen to report for Indian duty, French soldiers en route for Saigon, and Australians making the grand tour.

If the traveller has stayed in the same ship all the way from London, he has, by the time he arrives at Colombo, been 30 days *en voyage* and navigated a distance of 6,700 miles. By whatever line he has come, he should have enjoyed his life on board ship, for after the first day or two out from port acquaintances are made that rapidly ripen into good fellowship. Deck cricket, quoits, and cock fighting enliven the forenoons; a novel and a nap wear away the afternoons; an innocent rubber with the ladies brightens the evenings; a good chorus begins the nights merrily, and a small game of draw shortens the dying hours.

At Colombo often the best of friends must part, some to stay in the country, others to go to a different ship; for the choice of routes is varied, there being some 15 steamship lines radiating hence toward the attractive countries of Australia, Africa, the Dutch East Indies, China, Japan, India, and Europe.

The run up the coast from Ceylon past the French settlement of Pondicherry, where the French steamers touch, to Madras, 614 miles to the northward, is smooth sailing if the monsoon months of April, June, November, and December be avoided. A day in port is sufficient for landing the cargo, brought off in lighters manned by stalwart lascars, naked except for the narrowest of breechclouts and the most enormous of turbans. The traveller, while at Madras, should see the Indian jugglers, and to do this comfortably, should make arrangements to have the exhibition held on board ship. Two or three natives, sitting on the open deck at his feet, place a mango-stone with a handful of dirt under an old cotton sheet, which, after talking gibberish, they remove, disclosing a small green sprout about 8 inches high. "Big mango?" is then inquired by the head juggler; "big mango?" Receiving assent, the twig is carefully re-covered and incantations follow, while the jugglers slowly raise the centre of the sheet higher and higher, until finally, on removing it, there stands a mango-bush 5 feet high, bearing fruit which the juggler will pick and distribute. The trick is worth the $10 it has cost.

From Madras to Calcutta the distance is 770 miles. The most interesting feature of the journey is the difficult navigation of the Hoogly, or Calcutta River, under the direction of the skilful pilots; each of whom brings his own leadsman on board, sometimes two of them, and his own native servant, so as to be quite independent of the ship and her crew.

The river front of Calcutta is one long wharf with vessels moored in columns of twos, threes, and fours for a couple of miles. The steamer traffic is large, nearly 1,000 foreign ships coming and going within a year, and as many coasting steamers. The import trade is principally in cotton goods, metals, and malt liquors; the exports are borax, rice, opium, gums, gunny cloth, etc.

From Calcutta several short sea routes

may be taken to strange countries : the British India ships go to Rangoon, in Burmah, and then down the Malay Peninsula to Penang, one of the Strait Settlements. Penang is on the road from Ceylon to Singapore, and some of the great liners stop for a couple of hours to take in a mail, some tin, and a few spices. The harbor is one of singular beauty, but not otherwise of much interest to the traveller, hurrying on through the picturesque Straits of Malacca to Singapore.

Singapore is the half-way house on the great highway between India and China, where all ships, large and small, stop. Its position is a most important one, not only as a large coaling and docking station, but to a greater extent as an immense entrepôt for goods, the trade being largely one of transit. The shipping business done is enormous ; the docks and streets are full of bustle and activity, of hurrying, running, hard-working Chinese, Javanese, Moluccans, and Europeans, unmindful of a temperature averaging 86° Fahrenheit.

This town of such activity and go lies almost under the equator, in latitude 1° 17′ north ; its longitude is nearly 104° east ; just 12 hours and 9 minutes ahead of New York, from which city it is separated by 12,000 miles of water, requiring about 43 days of ocean navigation.

Singapore has steam communication with 152 different ports, far and near. During the year, 3,600 foreign ships enter the harbor, and nearly the same number clear, representing a shipping movement of over 5,500,000 tons. The regular liners make connection at Singapore with the Netherland-India Steamship Company—"De Nederlandsch-Indische Stoomvaart Maatschappij"—an efficient organization with headquarters at Batavia, Java. Some of the by-ways of travel over which the tourist can agreeably saunter by means of the 30 or more good steamers of this company lead to all the ports on the coasts of the islands of Java, Sumatra, and Borneo, to the Moluccas, Philippines, Celebes, and so back to Singapore, where the traveller boards the steamer bound for Hong-Kong.

The mail, and other full-powered steamships, leaving Singapore for the northward, head straight up the China Sea for Hong-Kong, 1,435 miles away. During this run of 6 days the most learned discussions are held concerning the weather. Typhoons are most prevalent from July to December ; from December to May they seldom happen, still they have been known to occur in every month of the year. The September equinox is a very precarious period ; therefore, if the tourist is anxious to make sure of smooth weather, he should time his voyaging so as to be in these waters in early June, when the southwest monsoon is lightest. But this brings the ship to Hong-Kong at the beginning of the warm weather and rainy season, whereas the months of December and January are the most delightful, the mean temperature being 65° F.

In the wet or damp season the traveller must keep watch of his clothes, books, shoes, etc., or they will get injured by mildew. This supervision of one's effects is necessary throughout the entire voyage around India, the dew at night being penetrating and saturating. Two serviceable suits of flannel should be taken to be worn alternately, so that one suit can be drying. Leather shoes, particularly blacked boots, are damaged by the mould that forms on them when exposed ; the proper foot-gear is the canvas shoe with rubber sole.

Hong-Kong is attractive because of the high peak, 2,000 feet above the water, the forts half-way down the mountain's side, and the city built on the long easy slope running into the capacious bay, where the wharfs, docks, mooring-buoys, and the like give unmistakable evidences of the maritime importance of the place. The men at the clubs on shore, both English and German, will tell the traveller that Hong-Kong ranks as the fourth port in the world in the amount of shipping that annually passes through its waters : a few years ago this was estimated to be above 12,000,000 tons, which, if correct, would give Hong-Kong nearly as much as New York.

Should the traveller desire to visit China and Japan, he must disembark at Hong-Kong. This he will do regret-

fully, for he has become attached to his ship, her officers, and his messmates. He has been well and courteously treated throughout a long and at times tedious voyage, during which everything has been done to make him comfortable and contented. Really, the main differences existing between the steamers of the different companies are those of route and time. For instance, the P. & O. lands the passenger at Hong-Kong 44 days from London, via Gibraltar, Malta, the Canal, Bombay, Colombo, and Singapore, a total distance of 9,800 miles. At every main port touched en route, no matter by what line, at least 6 hours, oftener 12 or 24 hours, can be had on shore in which to see the place, and there are no annoyances or vexations as to Custom-house duties or inspections. The M. M. line, which departs from Marseilles, touches at Naples, and reaches Hong-Kong via the Canal, Aden, Colombo, Singapore, and Saigon, goes over 8,160 miles of water in 36 days. The German mail, leaving Bremen and Antwerp and going by way of the Canal via Colombo and Singapore, traverses 10,223 miles in 43 days. The Austrian Lloyd, from Trieste via Bombay, makes port in 50 days, after a journey of 8,345 miles.

To visit Canton the steamboat should be taken that leaves Hong-Kong daily. The trip of 7 hours' duration will be enlivened by the noisy Chinese passengers on board, and by the numerous Chinese junks constantly passed as they are going up and down the river under sails and oars. The traveller will also encounter some Europeans, who will gladly tell him good stories and put him up at their snug little club-house on the Shameen, the island connected with Canton, where the white population resides. Canton should be seen; it is a typical Chinese city into which modern civilization has made no visible headway.

Returning to Hong-Kong, the waterfront offers much that is attractive. Thousands of junks lie in rows, anchored off the harbor, and thousands more are moored along the sea-wall; the noise made by the crews of these boats, beating gongs, firing crackers, singing, shouting, and burning papers and joss-sticks to their favorite Buddhas, is pandemonium. On shore coolies trot about in couples, with long bamboo-poles on their shoulders, transporting chests of tea, silk, matting, etc., from the junks to the big storehouses and from the storehouses to the lighters to be towed alongside the steamers, where the bales are hoisted into the holds.

At this port the traveller will find a newly organized transpacific service, running by way of Yokohama to Vancouver, where connection is made with the Canadian Pacific Railway to Quebec and Halifax, and thence to London. The line, as at present formed, consists of 3 magnificent steamers, sailing monthly. The Empress of India, the pioneer of the line, recently made the voyage from Yokohama to Vancouver in the unprecedented time of 10 days and 15 hours.

Observing the steamers closely, the traveller will discover that one of them is flying a different flag from those he has been accustomed to see while on the journey along the great Indian Ocean highway: the stars-and-stripes belong to one of the vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company of the United States.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company was organized in 1847, at the time of the colonization of the Pacific States, and gained notoriety by despatching one of its first vessels, the California, from New York, in 1848, to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn. The successful termination of this extraordinary performance, in those early days of steam navigation, enabled the company to inaugurate a steamship service between Panama and San Francisco. The route thus opened was from New York to Colon (Aspinwall), and thence across the Isthmus to Panama, where the steamer was in waiting to run up the Mexican coast to California. The transpacific route was commenced in 1867, soon after the opening of the Pacific Railroad, and is now worked in conjunction with an English line, the Oriental & Occidental.

The traveller bound from Hong-Kong for Yokohama can take either the Canadian Pacific steamers or the Pacific Mail. If, however, he is anxious to see the ports of China and Japan before

entering on the great thoroughfare of the Pacific Ocean, he has at his choice several efficient lines of local and coasting steamers, that will bear him safely to the different treaty ports and afford him all the time he will require for sight-seeing.

Most of the European mail lines go to Shanghai, and the coasting lines of both China and Japan make it a stopping-place. Shanghai is worth a visit because of the different European ways of living in China. The city is composed of sections where each nation has established its own settlement, contiguous to, but quite distinct from, that of any other nation. There is an American town, an English town, a French town, a German town, and a Chinese town, each preserving its own language and society, and as far as possible its own architecture.

The Mitsu Bishe line of steamers, the Mippon Yusen, and two or three others, ply between the ports of Japan along the really beautiful inland passage, and up the Japan Sea. If one be interested in Japanese ceramics, swords, armor, and antiquities, he should take this way trip; eventually bringing up at Yokohama, whence a railway ride of an hour will land him in Tokio.

At Yokohama passage is secured for San Francisco, 5,000 miles to the eastward, across the broadest part of the Pacific Ocean. This route is one of the longest direct lines between two places that is steamed over by the ships of any company. It is a dull and monotonous voyage; nothing but blue water for 18 days, no land is seen, no strange sail sighted, rarely even do gales of wind blow hard enough to make things lively. The cabin passengers are principally Americans returning to their native land, a few Englishmen making the round of the world, a couple of Australians full of talk of the greatness of their own country and sceptical as to the advance and improvement of any other; some Japanese, curious, polite, intelligent; one or two rich Chinamen who keep to themselves, and a sprinkling of other nationalities. This heterogeneous crowd gets on well together, plays cards, makes pools on each day's run, discusses the 180th meridian question, as to why the week is one day longer than seven, jokes, laughs, reads, smokes, and drinks.

The steerage passengers are mostly Chinamen returning to California after a visit home. Special accommodations are fitted for them. Not infrequently the Chinese in large numbers take passage on the Pacific Mail to be landed at Honolulu. This will give the traveller a day in port, when he should go on shore to enjoy Sandwich Island hospitality, and see the Hoola-hoola—a native dance that must be prearranged and paid for, since it is interdicted by the Government because of its supposed demoralizing influence—on the native. After a voyage of 2,000 miles in 7 days to the northeast, the steamer enters the Golden Gate, and passes up to the city of San Francisco. A six-day run by railroad, and the traveller is once again back in New York.

The whole distance travelled by the way described is, in round numbers, 23,000 miles, and the time taken to do this may have been but 80 or 90 days, or more; the longer the better, for it requires plenty of time to enjoy a trip around the world. It also requires money. About $1,000 would be necessary for passage-money alone; double this amount would be sufficient to take the traveller in comfort and ease, and upon his arrival home he would consider it money admirably spent.

The traveller reaching San Francisco by the above highway of circumnavigation can further add to his knowledge of strange countries by selecting a sea journey to New York, instead of a land run by railroad across the continent. To go by sea passage must be secured on board a Pacific Mail coasting steamer, the only line running to Mexico, Central America, and Panama. Steaming down the beautiful coast of California, stopping at picturesque harbors in Mexico, anchoring off roadsteads of Central America, taking on and off a few passengers, an Englishman, a German, an American, handling cargo—such is the rough log of the cruise of 20 days and 3,200 miles until the splendid Bay of Panama is reached. The eight or ten ports of call are better seen from the

ship than from the shore. The enchantment of distance gives way upon close examination to pity and disgust, for dirt, indigence, and a total ignorance of how to live decently are noticeable everywhere.

At Panama two widely different routes leading to the United States are offered: the one goes over the Isthmus of Panama by rail and thence to New York by sea; the other stretches away down the west coast of South America, through the Straits of Magellan, and up the Atlantic highway.

By the first route the railway journey over the 45 miles of land separating the Pacific from the Atlantic Ocean, crosses, recrosses, and runs beside the deserted canal, affording ocular proof of the failure of the scheme. At both Panama and Colon the same appearance of being left is noticeable. The business of the two ports is one of transit only, but is sufficiently great to furnish employment to some thousands of Americans and Jamaicans.

Nearly a dozen steamship lines leave Colon for ports in the United States, Europe, the West Indies, and the neighboring coasts, and by one or two of them the traveller can run up to Greytown, where he will have an opportunity to see the Nicaraguan Canal. This canal, when completed, will make important changes in existing routes between the United States and Europe at one end of the line, and the west coast of the American Continent, China, Japan, and Australasia at the other. For instance, the route from London to Sydney is 12,500 miles, via the Suez Canal; by the Nicaraguan Canal the distance will be less than 12,000 miles. And if the lengths of the routes from the Atlantic seaboards to the Pacific seaboards, both east and west, be compared with those now followed, the great saving by the Nicaraguan gateway becomes still more apparent. Returning to Colon, the traveller boards the north-bound steamer, and lands in New York, 2,000 miles distant, in 8 days.

It may be, however, that the traveller decides upon proceeding by the second route, leading from Panama to New York. If so, he books on board a steamer belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company of England, a powerful organization having the contract for carrying the mails, and controlling almost exclusively the Isthmian trade to and from South America. The ships of the Company run into all the ports of consequence on the west coast, and the lines extend from Valparaiso by way of Magellan Straits to the river Plate and Brazil ports, and thence to Lisbon and England. An important point for consideration in connection with this southern trip is the probability of there being a revolution in progress in some of the countries to be visited, which might interfere with going on shore.

At length the steamer leaves Panama, and the passenger for the United States begins his long journey. His companions are very few, South Americans, principally, bound for ports along the coast, so he is left to his own resources. He can read, and lounge, and make good friends with the officers of the ship, who are Englishmen. At night he can stretch out in his steamer chair and dream away the warm hours gazing at the "majestical roof fretted with golden fire."

From Panama to Valparaiso, some 3,100 miles, 25 ports are touched at, which, Callao excepted, are of no special interest. Callao, the seaport of Peru, is in itself unattractive, the town and the people are dirty; the empty docks, the lazy inhabitants, the atmosphere of *laissez aller*, confirm the opinion that the place and all around it have had their day. From Callao the traveller should go to Lima, 7 miles distant by rail, and take the Oroya railway to the top of the Andes, 15,000 feet above the sea-level; the wonderful engineering ability displayed in constructing this road will prove quite as impressive as the truly magnificent mountain scenery. Two days will suffice to make the excursion and bring him back to Lima, an old Spanish city with many interesting corners. The cathedral should be visited; in the crypt lie the bones of the great Pizarro. A dirty Cholo shows them. Reverently pulling aside a ragged curtain from before a dingy stone bench, he exclaims, "Behold the bones of Francisco Pizarro!" Their state of perfect preservation and sym-

metry of arrangement might incline one to doubt the truth of the statement.

Leaving Callao, en route for Valparaiso, the steamer makes several ports; some of them interesting because of the recent war operations, but otherwise they had better be viewed from the ship's deck, for the same low adobe dwellings and squalid existence characterize them all. After 11 days of pleasant weather Valparaiso is reached. Valparaiso is built on several hill slopes running to the water from a high ridge back of the city. It is a place of great activity; the docks are piled high with freight, the people move about with spirit, the harbor is full of ships, and there is that general air which betokens financial soundness and commercial prosperity. The streets are noticeably clean, the buildings are of good architecture, the stores are inviting, and the frequently recurring signs in English, French, and German, and the people met, are indicative of the cosmopolitan nature of the inhabitants.

The Bay of Valparaiso is open to the northward, from which point the heavy gales blow, raising a long rolling sea that works considerable damage to shipping. Steamers weigh and stand out when these blows come on.

Valparaiso has connection, via Magellan Straits, with Montevideo, 2,750 miles distant, by means of four or five lines of good steamships. The P. S. N.—as the Pacific Steam Navigation Company is called—runs vessels over this route. So do the Cosmos and Hamburg Companies, German lines; there are besides French and Italian lines.

Since leaving Panama, 21 days ago, the weather along the Pacific highway has been uniformly pleasant—for northers are infrequent—the breezes have been light and warm from the southward, the sea long and smooth, and the ship seldom out of sight of the bare sandy hills running along the shore, or the towering Andes stretching away in the background. To the south from Valparaiso, however, this changes. It grows colder, the sea gets rougher, and by the time the Gulf of Peñas, the entrance to the inside passage, is reached, the chances are it will be thick and unsettled, with every prospect of a foul gale. When the storm breaks it is tremendous; in no other part of the world do winds blow harder or seas rise higher; lofty ships carry low sails hereabouts, and steamers frequently have to lie to.

The mad ocean is left astern when the ship enters the inside passage leading along the coast of Patagonia and the Straits of Magellan. Here the scene is one of unparalleled magnificence. High bare walls of stone, towering barren cliffs, lofty snow-capped peaks, weather-scarred mountains down whose furrowed sides extend steel-blue glaciers—all reveal nature in her most majestic and awe-inspiring form.

From Sandy Point, a small settlement midway in the strait, where coal can be obtained, to Cape Virgins, 150 miles beyond, the lay of the land is less varied and attractive. At the Cape the ship enters on the tempestuous Atlantic highway, and heads northward for Montevideo, 1,300 miles away. Five days later the anchor is let go about 3 miles off the city. The traveller must remember, when going on shore at Montevideo, that pamperos blow frequently, raising a nasty cross-sea which makes boating very uncertain. Several well-known lines of foreign vessels make Montevideo a port of call; among them the Messageries Maritimes; the North German Lloyds, the Austro-Hungarian Lloyds, and the Italian Mail. Of the many other lines, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Brazilian, to be seen in the harbor, none is of more importance than the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, of Southampton. In 1842 this steamship company was the first that carried mails to the West Indies from Europe. It began the Brazilian and River Plate (Rio de la Plata) mail service in 1850. To-day its routes include the West India Islands, Mexico, and Central and South America.

The regular liners to Montevideo, and the several local and coasting steamers, come to off Buenos Ayres, 100 miles to the southeastward. The extensive harbor works, for the purpose of making the city a deep-water port, at once excite admiration. Both Montevideo and Buenos Ayres are attractive cities of regular streets, many substantial houses, public buildings with Italian

marble façades, Spanish cathedrals, and extensive suburbs of handsome residences surrounded by beautiful gardens. The mean temperature of the two places, 63°, corresponds with that of Palermo and Rome. The business of Montevideo is good, the imports of merchandise, machinery, and manufactured articles exceeding $22,000,000, and the exports of hides, horns, wool, and beef being valued at $15,000,000. The trade of Buenos Ayres is much larger, the imports being valued at $88,000,000, the exports at $65,000,000.

The traveller for Rio Janeiro can take a coasting line if he desires to visit Southern Brazil; otherwise, any one of the big mail ships will make the run of 1,150 miles in 6 days. The port of Rio, large, deep, and the most beautiful in the world, is entered by a channel a mile and a half wide, defended by forts. Inside the bay is 17 miles long by 10 miles broad. The town is most attractive from the water. It is especially picturesque at night, when the arrangement of the innumerable gas-lights distinctly outlines the entire city, built on a gentle incline toward the bay. The streets are narrow, badly paved, and not over-clean. The traveller will find that he can get on well enough if he talk French, for there is a certain French air about the community. Many of the stores have French signs, nearly all the shopkeepers speak French, it is the language of the hotel clerks, the opera bouffe sings it, and the black-eyed señoritas murmur it.

Rio is connected with Europe by 12 regular lines of steamships, and with the United States by 3. New York being the traveller's objective port, he should take passage on board one of the vessels of the United States & Brazil Mail Steamship Company, flying the American flag. Since leaving Panama, 40 odd days ago, the tourist has steamed over 7,000 miles of ocean highway, yet throughout all this time and distance, he has never once seen the stars-and-stripes. The ships of the United States & Brazil Mail Steamship Company are despatched monthly from Rio, making stops at Bahia, Pernambuco, Maranham, and Para in Brazil. At Para a most interesting route is offered by regular steamers running up the Amazon to Manaos, 1,000 miles away; thence, irregular vessels go 2,000 miles farther. From Para the United States & Brazil Company makes Barbadoes, of the Windward Isles, in 5 days—a healthy, delightful winter resort, where a mean daily temperature of 80° is tempered by the steady northeast trade-winds.

The weather along the Atlantic highway, from the River Plate to the Windward Islands, is for the most part fine, clear, and warm, with occasional rain-squalls when on the line, and possibly a stiff blow when rounding Cape St. Roque. Excepting the pleasure incident to being at sea, there is little to excite the traveller, for the passengers are few, Americans and South Americans, and are not addicted to much amusement. Lounging, reading, smoking, and walking the deck, conversation and cards pass the time.

At Barbadoes the traveller enters the waters of the West India Islands. These islands present a great contrast to South America, not only in physical features, but in weather and population. During the winter months the northeast trades blow at times with force enough to raise a rough sea. During the summer season hurricanes are to be feared. The differences of race characteristics are more noticeable than those of the weather. Instead of the lazy, polite, cruel South Americans, the traveller encounters the ubiquitous West Indian darky, celebrated for his insolence, chaff, and annoying persistence.

From Barbadoes the steamer shapes her course for the Island of St. Thomas, a day's run of 300 miles. St. Thomas is a place of great shipping activity. It communicates with Europe by lines running to England, France, Germany, and Spain. It is the West India headquarters of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and the central point from which branch lines radiate that will take the traveller to any or all of the islands, as he desires.

Now that the West Indies, the Bahamas, and Cuba are growing in favor as winter resorts, the lines and routes of steamers from the West Indies are many and various. For instance, to reach New York the Clyde and Atlas lines sail from Hayti; the New York & Cuba

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

The Port of Valparaiso in a Norther.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

line from Cuba and the Bahamas; the New York & Porto Rico line from St. Johns; the Red D line from Curaçao and Colombian ports; the Quebec Steamship Company from St. Kitts and other Windward Islands and Bermuda; the Atlas, Honduras & Central America and Wessels lines from Jamaica, and the Trinidad line from Port of Spain, Grenada, and Guiana. The Plant line from Jamaica lands the traveller in Tampa, Florida, a place in communication with Havana, as is New Orleans.

If, however, the traveller has taken none of these minor routes, but stayed by the United States & Brazil steamer at St. Thomas, he is landed in New York, 1,450 miles distant, in 6 days.

The whole voyage from San Francisco around the American continent to New York, along the ocean highways commonly navigated by the larger steamships, is 16,500 miles long. The time taken to make this distance is about 100 days. The cost of the journey for tickets, transfers, and unavoidable delays is $1,000; $2,000 will enable the passenger to do it comfortably.

The traveller from New York has been gone from start to finish, by the ocean highways to Europe, India, China, San Francisco, South America, and back to New York, nearly 200 days; has steamed over about 40,000 miles of water, and has spent $4,000. He has learned that there are other lands and other peoples than his own worthy his admiration and study. Let him take a year and $5,000 for this rounding the world, and he will be better satisfied and better informed, and appreciate more fully that "going to sea clears a man's head of much nonsense of his wigwam."

The fourth great ocean thoroughfare, the route around the Cape of Good Hope to Africa, Australia, and the East, is traversed by many fine steamers. The way lies from Europe via Madeira, Cape Verd, St. Helena, West Africa, and Cape Town, thence to East Africa via Mauritius to Australia, whence the Occident line leaves for New Zealand, Samoa, Sandwich Islands, and San Francisco. This long route covers 30,000 miles. To reach the Cape, 6,000 miles from England, the two well-known English Mail lines, the Union Steamship Company and the Castle Mail Packets Company offer the most attractive routes; the steamer service of both is of the highest order. The time out is 18 days, the fare about $180.

Steamer at Anchor, Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope.

Two English lines, the New Zealand Shipping Company and the Shaw, Savill & Albion Company deserve special mention, because the route they follow gives the longest possible stretch of

ocean navigation, each vessel making a complete circuit of the world on the round voyage. The fleet of each company comprises 5 large, well-appointed steamships, despatched alternately every two weeks over the following route: From Plymouth to Teneriffe, 1,420 miles in 5 days, where a stay of 6 hours for coaling gives opportunity for a trip on shore. Then a run of 4,450 miles in 15 days brings the steamer to Cape Town, where an 8 or 10 hour stay is made. Passengers for African ports transfer here. From Cape Town a run of 5,400 miles in 17 days brings the steamer to Hobart, where Tasmanian and Australian passengers leave the vessel. After a few hours in this beautiful harbor a 4 days' run of 1,270 miles lands the traveller in Wellington, New Zealand.

For the homeward voyage a course is shaped for Cape Horn, a 14 days' run. Once around this point the ship makes Rio, 22 days and 6,820 miles distant from Wellington. The next port of call is Teneriffe, 3,360 miles and 12 days distant, whence a 5 days' run is sufficient to cover the 1,420 miles that again lands the traveller in Plymouth, after having been gone 81 days and travelled over 25,150 miles. The price of a ticket over this longest of great sea routes is about $650.

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH I EXPERIENCE EXTREMES OF FORTUNE.

WHETHER it came from my training and repeated bankruptcy at the commercial college, or by direct inheritance from old Loudon, the Edinburgh mason, there can be no doubt about the fact that I was thrifty. Looking myself impartially over, I believe that is my only manly virtue. During my first two years in Paris I not only made it a point to keep well inside of my allowance, but accumulated considerable savings in the bank. You will say, with my masquerade of living as a penniless student, it must have been easy to do so: I should have had no difficulty, however, in doing the reverse. Indeed, it is wonderful I did not; and early in the third year, or soon after I had known Pinkerton, a singular incident proved it to have been equally wise. Quarter-day came, and brought no allowance. A letter of remonstrance was despatched, and for the first time in my experience remained unanswered. A cablegram was more effectual; for it brought me at least a promise of attention. "Will write at once," my father telegraphed; but I waited long for his letter. I was puzzled, angry, and alarmed; but, thanks to my previous thrift, I cannot say that I was ever practically embarrassed. The embarrassment, the distress, the agony were all for my unhappy father at home in Muskegon, struggling for life and fortune against untoward chances, returning at night from a day of ill-starred shifts and ventures, to read and perhaps to weep over that last harsh letter from his only child, to which he lacked the courage to reply.

Nearly three months after time, and when my economies were beginning to run low, I received at last a letter with the customary bills of exchange.

"My dearest boy," it ran, "I believe, in the press of anxious business, your letters and even your allowance have been somewhile neglected. You must try to forgive your poor old dad, for he has had a trying time; and now, when it is over, the doctor wants me to take my shotgun and go to the Adirondacks for a change. You must not fancy I am sick, only over-driven and under the weather. Many of our foremost opera-

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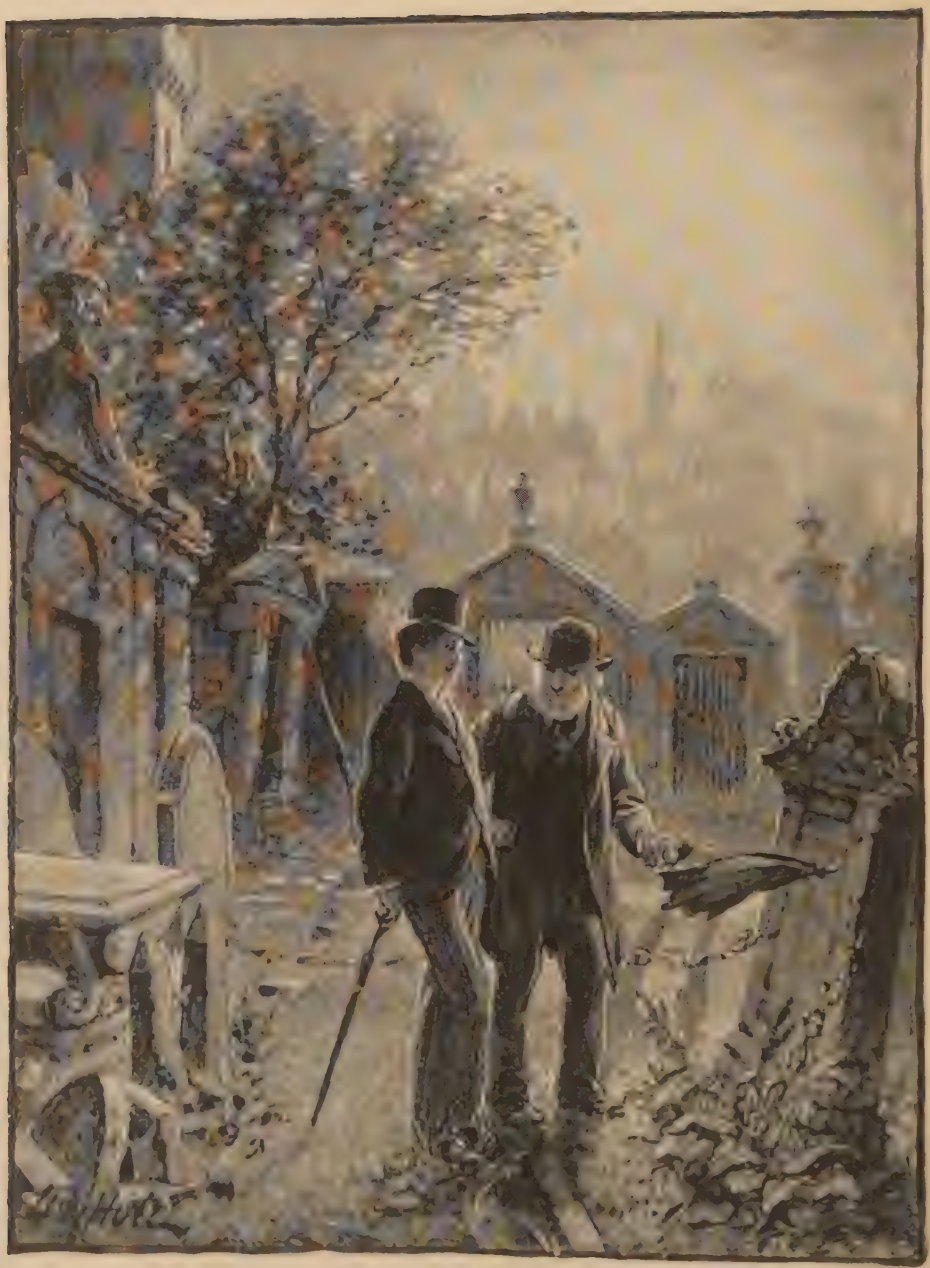


"'I wanted ye to see the place,' said he."—Page 304.

tors have gone down: John T. M'Brady skipped to Canada with a trunkful of boodle; Billy Sandwith, Charlie Downs, Joe Kaiser, and many others of our leading men in this city bit the dust. But Big-Head Dodd has again weathered the blizzard, and I think I have fixed things so that we may be richer than ever before autumn.

"Now I will tell you, my dear, what I propose. You say you are well advanced with your first statue; start in manfully and finish it, and if your teacher—I can never remember how to spell his name—will send me a certificate that it is up to market standard, you shall have ten thousand dollars to do what you like with, either at home or in Paris. I suggest, since you say the facilities for work are so much greater in that city, you would do well to buy or build a little home; and the first thing you know, your dad will be dropping in for a luncheon. Indeed, I would come now, for I am beginning to grow old, and I long to see my dear boy; but there are still some operations that want watching and nursing. Tell your friend, Mr. Pinkerton, that I read his letters every week; and though I have looked in vain lately for my Loudon's name, still I learn something of the life he is leading in that strange, old world, depicted by an able pen."

Here was a letter that no young man could possibly digest in solitude. It marked one of those junctures when the confidant is necessary; and the confidant selected was none other than Jim Pinkerton. My father's message may have had an influence in this decision; but I scarce suppose so, for the intimacy was already far advanced. I had a genuine and lively taste for my compatriot; I laughed at, I scolded, and I loved him. He, upon his side, paid me a kind of dog-like service of admiration, gazing at me from afar off as at one who had liberally enjoyed those "advantages" which he envied for himself. He followed at heel; his laugh was ready chorus; our friends gave him the nickname of "The Henchman." It was in this insidious form that servitude approached me.

Pinkerton and I read and re-read the famous news: he, I can swear, with an enjoyment as unalloyed and far more vocal than my own. The statue was nearly done: a few days' work sufficed to prepare it for exhibition; the master was approached; he gave his consent; and one cloudless morning of May beheld us gathered in my studio for the hour of trial. The master wore his many hued rosette; he came attended by two of my French fellow-pupils—friends of mine and both considerable sculptors in Paris at this hour. "Corporal John" (as we used to call him) breaking for once those habits of study and reserve which have since carried him so high in the opinion of the world, had left his easel of a morning to countenance a fellow-countryman in some suspense. My dear old Romney was there by particular request; for who that knew him would think a pleasure quite complete unless he shared it, or not support a mortification more easily if he were present to console? The party was completed by John Myner, the Englishman; by the brothers Stennis,—Stennis-*aîné* and Stennis-*frère*, as they used to figure on their accounts at Barbizon—a pair of hare-brained Scots; and by the inevitable Jim, as white as a sheet and bedewed with the sweat of anxiety.

I suppose I was little better myself when I unveiled the Genius of Muskegon. The master walked about it seriously; then he smiled.

"It is already not so bad," said he, in that funny English of which he was so proud. "No, already not so bad."

We all drew a deep breath of relief; and Corporal John (as the most considerable junior present) explained to him it was intended for a public building, a kind of prefecture—

"*Hé! Quoi?*" cried he, relapsing into French. "*Qu'est-ce que vous me chantez là?* O, in América," he added, on further information being hastily furnished. "That is anozer sing. O véry good, véry good."

The idea of the required certificate had to be introduced to his mind in the light of a pleasantry—the fancy of a nabob little more advanced than the red Indians of "Fénnimore Cooperr;" and it took all our talents combined to conceive a form of words that would be ac-

ceptable on both sides. One was found, however: Corporal John engrossed it in his undecipherable hand, the master lent it the sanction of his name and flourish, I slipped it into an envelope along with one of the two letters I had ready prepared in my pocket, and as the rest of us moved off along the boulevard to breakfast, Pinkerton was detached in a cab and duly committed it to the post.

The breakfast was ordered at Lavenue's, where no one need be ashamed to entertain even the master; the table was laid in the garden; I had chosen the bill of fare myself; on the wine question, we held a council of war with the most fortunate results; and the talk, as soon as the master laid aside his painful English, became fast and furious. There were a few interruptions, indeed, in the way of toasts. The master's health had to be drunk, and he responded in a little well-turned speech, full of neat allusions to my future and to the United States; my health followed; and then my father's must not only be proposed and drunk, but a full report must be despatched to him at once by cablegram—an extravagance which was almost the means of the master's dissolution. Choosing Corporal John to be his confidant (on the ground, I presume, that he was already too good an artist to be any longer an American except in name) he summed up his amazement in one oft-repeated formula—"*C'est barbare!*" Apart from these genial formalities, we talked, talked of art, and talked of it as only artists can. Here in the South Seas we talk schooners most of the time; in the Quarter we talked art with the like unflagging interest, and perhaps as much result.

Before very long, the master went away; Corporal John (who was already a sort of young master) followed on his heels; and the rank and file were naturally relieved by their departure. We were now among equals; the bottle passed, the conversation sped. I think I can still hear the Stennis brothers pour forth their copious tirades; Dijon, my portly French fellow-student, drop witticisms well-conditioned like himself; and another (who was weak in foreign languages) dash hotly into the current of talk with some "*Je trove que pore oon sontimong de delicacy, Corot. . .,*" or some "*Pour moi Corot est le plou . . .;*" and then, his little raft of French foundering at once, scramble silently to shore again. He at least could understand; but to Pinkerton, I think the noise, the wine, the sun, the shadows of the leaves, and the esoteric glory of being seated at a foreign festival, made up the whole available means of entertainment.

We sat down about half past eleven; I suppose it was two when, some point arising and some particular picture being instanced, an adjournment to the Louvre was proposed. I paid the score, and in a moment we were trooping down the Rue de Renne. It was smoking hot; Paris glittered with that superficial brilliancy which is so agreeable to the man in high spirits, and in moods of dejection so depressing; the wine sang in my ears, it danced and brightened in my eyes. The pictures that we saw that afternoon, as we sped briskly and loquaciously through the immortal galleries, appear to me, upon a retrospect, the loveliest of all; the comments we exchanged to have touched the highest mark of criticism, grave or gay.

It was only when we issued again from the museum that a difference of race broke up the party. Dijon proposed an adjournment to a café, there to finish the afternoon on beer; the elder Stennis, revolted at the thought, moved for the country, a forest if possible, and a long walk. At once the English speakers rallied to the name of any exercise: even to me, who have been often twitted with my sedentary habits, the thought of country air and stillness proved invincibly attractive. It appeared, upon investigation, we had just time to hail a cab and catch one of the fast trains for Fontainebleau. Beyond the clothes we stood in, all were destitute of what is called (with dainty vagueness) personal effects; and it was earnestly mooted, on the other side, whether we had not time to call upon the way and pack a satchel? But the Stennis boys exclaimed upon our effeminacy. They had come from London, it

appeared, a week before with nothing but greatcoats and tooth-brushes. No baggage—there was the secret of existence. It was expensive, to be sure; for every time you had to comb your hair, a barber must be paid, and every time you changed your linen, one shirt must be bought and another thrown away; but anything was better (argued these young gentlemen) than to be the slaves of haversacks. "A fellow has to get rid gradually of all material attachments; that was manhood" (said they); "and as long as you were bound down to anything,—house, umbrella, or portmanteau,—you were still tethered by the umbilical cord." Something engaging in this theory carried the most of us away. The two Frenchmen, indeed, retired, scoffing, to their bock; and Romney, being too poor to join the excursion on his own resources and too proud to borrow, melted unobtrusively away. Meanwhile the remainder of the company crowded the benches of a cab; the horse was urged (as horses have to be) by an appeal to the pocket of the driver; the train caught by the inside of a minute; and in less than an hour and a half we were breathing deep of the sweet air of the forest and stretching our legs up the hill from Fontainebleau octroi, bound for Barbizon. That the leading members of our party covered the distance in fifty-one minutes and a half is (I believe) one of the historic landmarks of the colony; but you will scarce be surprised to learn that I was somewhat in the rear. Myner, a comparatively philosophic Briton, kept me company in my deliberate advance; the glory of the sun's going down, the fall of the long shadows, the inimitable scent and the inspiration of the woods, attuned me more and more to walk in a silence which progressively infected my companion; and I remember that, when at last he spoke, I was startled from a deep abstraction.

"Your father seems to be a pretty good kind of a father," said he. "Why don't he come to see you?" I was ready with some dozen of reasons, and had more in stock; but Myner, with that shrewdness which made him feared and admired, suddenly fixed me with his eye-glass, and asked, "Ever press him?"

The blood came in my face. No; I had never pressed him; I had never even encouraged him to come. I was proud of him; proud of his handsome looks, of his kind, gentle ways, of that bright face he could show when others were happy; proud, too (meanly proud, if you like), of his great wealth and startling liberalities. And yet he would have been in the way of my Paris life, of much of which he would have disapproved. I had feared to expose to criticism his innocent remarks on art; I had told myself, I had even partly believed, he did not want to come; I had been (and still am) convinced that he was sure to be unhappy out of Muskegon; in short, I had a thousand reasons, good and bad, not all of which could alter one iota of the fact that I knew he only waited for my invitation.

"Thank you, Myner," said I; "you're a much better fellow than ever I supposed. I'll write to-night."

"O, you're a pretty decent sort yourself," returned Myner, with more than his usual flippancy of manner, but (as I was gratefully aware) not a trace of his occasional irony of meaning.

Well, these were brave days, on which I could dwell forever. Brave, too, were those that followed, when Pinkerton and I walked Paris and the suburbs, viewing and pricing houses for my new establishment, or covered ourselves with dust and returned laden with Chinese gods and brass warming-pans from the dealers in antiquities. I found Pinkerton well up in the situation of these establishments as well as in the current prices, and with quite a smattering of critical judgment; it turned out he was investing capital in pictures and curiosities for the States, and the superficial thoroughness of the creature appeared in the fact, that although he would never be a connoisseur, he was already something of an expert. The things themselves left him as near as may be cold; but he had a joy of his own in understanding how to buy and sell them.

In such engagements the time passed until I might very well expect an answer from my father. Two mails followed each other, and brought nothing. By the third I received a long and almost incoherent letter of remorse, encourage-

ment, consolation, and despair. From this pitiful document, which (with a movement of piety) I burned as soon as I read it, I gathered that the bubble of my father's wealth was burst, that he was now both penniless and sick; and that I, so far from expecting ten thousand dollars to throw away in juvenile extravagance, must look no longer for the quarterly remittances on which I lived. My case was hard enough; but I had sense enough to perceive, and decency enough to do my duty. I sold my curiosities, or rather I sent Pinkerton to sell them; and he had previously bought and now disposed of them so wisely that the loss was trifling. This, with what remained of my last allowance, left me at the head of no less than five thousand francs. Five hundred I reserved for my own immediate necessities; the rest I mailed inside of the week to my father at Muskegon, where they came in time to pay his funeral expenses.

The news of his death was scarce a grief to me. I could not conceive my father a poor man. He had led too long a life of thoughtless and generous profusion to endure the change; and though I grieved for myself, I was able to rejoice that my father had been taken from the battle. I grieved, I say, for myself; and it is probable there were at the same date many thousands of persons grieving with less cause. I had lost my father; I had lost the allowance; my whole fortune (including what had been returned from Muskegon) scarce amounted to a thousand francs; and to crown my sorrows, the statuary contract had changed hands. The new contractor had a son of his own, or else a nephew; and it was signified to me with business-like plainness, that I must find another market for my pigs. In the meanwhile I had given up my room, and slept on a truckle-bed in a corner of the studio, where as I read myself to sleep at night, and when I awoke in the morning, that now useless bulk, the Genius of Muskegon, was ever present to my eyes. Poor stone lady! born to be enthroned under the gilded, echoing dome of the new capitol, whither was she now to drift? for what base purposes be ultimately broken up, like an unseaworthy ship? and what should befall her ill-starred artificer, standing, with his thousand francs, on the threshold of a life so hard as that of the unbefriended sculptor?

It was a subject often and earnestly debated by myself and Pinkerton. In his opinion, I should instantly discard my profession. "Just drop it, here and now," he would say. "Come back home with me, and let's throw our whole soul into business. I have the capital; you bring the culture, *Dodd & Pinkerton* —I never saw a better name for an advertisement; and you can't think, Loudon, how much depends upon a name." On my side, I would admit that a sculptor should possess one of three things —capital, influence, or an energy only to be qualified as hellish. The two first I had now lost; to the third I never had the smallest claim; and yet I wanted the cowardice (or perhaps it was the courage) to turn my back on my career without a fight. I told him, besides, that however poor my chances were in sculpture, I was convinced they were yet worse in business, for which I equally lacked taste and aptitude. But upon this head, he was my father over again; assured me that I spoke in ignorance; that any intelligent and cultured person was Bound to succeed; that I must, besides, have inherited some of my father's fitness; and, at any rate, that I had been regularly trained for that career in the commercial college.

"Pinkerton," I said, "can't you understand that, as long as I was there, I never took the smallest interest in any stricken thing? The whole affair was poison to me."

"It's not possible," he would cry; "it can't be; you couldn't live in the midst of it and not feel the charm; with all your poetry of soul, you couldn't help! Loudon," he would go on, "you drive me crazy. You expect a man to be all broken up about the sunset, and not to care a dime for a place where fortunes are fought for and made and lost all day; or for a career that consists in studying up life till you have it at your finger-ends, spying out every cranny where you can get your hand in and a dollar out, and standing there in the midst—one foot on bankruptcy, the

other on a borrowed dollar, and the whole thing spinning round you like a mill—raking in the stamps, in spite of fate and fortune."

To this romance of dickering I would reply with the romance (which is also the virtue) of art: reminding him of those examples of constancy through many tribulations, with which the rôle of Apollo is illustrated; from the case of Millet, to those of many of our friends and comrades, who had chosen this agreeable mountain path through life, and were now bravely clambering among rocks and brambles, penniless and hopeful.

"You will never understand it, Pinkerton," I would say. "You look to the result, you want to see some profit of your endeavors: that is why you could never learn to paint, if you lived to be Methusalem. The result is always a fizzle: the eyes of the artist are turned in; he lives for a frame of mind. Look at Romney, now. There is the nature of the artist. He hasn't a cent; and if you offered him to-morrow the command of an army, or the presidentship of the United States, he wouldn't take it, and you know he wouldn't."

"I suppose not," Pinkerton would cry, scouring his hair with both his hands; "and I can't see why; I can't see what in fits he would be after, not to; I don't seem to rise to these views. Of course, it's the fault of not having had advantages in early life; but, Loudon, I'm so miserably low, that it seems to me silly. The fact is," he might add with a smile, "I don't seem to have the least use for a frame of mind without square meals; and you can't get it out of my head that it's a man's duty to die rich, if he can."

"What for?" I asked him once.

"O, I don't know," he replied. "Why in snakes should anybody want to be a sculptor, if you come to that? I would love to sculp myself. But what I can't see is why you should want to do nothing else. It seems to argue a poverty of nature."

Whether or not he ever came to understand me—and I have been so tossed about since then that I am not very sure I understand myself—he soon perceived that I was perfectly in earnest; and after about ten days of argument, suddenly dropped the subject, and announced that he was wasting capital, and must go home at once. No doubt he should have gone long before, and had already lingered over his intended time for the sake of our companionship and my misfortune; but man is so unjustly minded that the very fact, which ought to have disarmed, only embittered my vexation. I resented his departure in the light of a desertion; I would not say, but doubtless I betrayed it; and something hangdog in the man's face and bearing led me to believe he was himself remorseful. It is certain at least that, during the time of his preparations, we grew sensibly apart—a circumstance that I recall with shame. On the last day he had me to dinner at a restaurant which he knew I had formerly frequented, and had only forsworn of late from considerations of economy. He seemed ill at ease; I was myself both sorry and sulky; and the meal passed with little conversation.

"Now, Loudon," said he, with a visible effort, after the coffee was come and our pipes lighted, "you can never understand the gratitude and loyalty I bear you. You don't know what a boon it is to be taken up by a man that stands on the pinnacle of civilization; you can't think how it's refined and purified me, how it's appealed to my spiritual nature; and I want to tell you that I would die at your door like a dog."

I don't know what answer I tried to make, but he cut me short.

"Let me say it out!" he cried. "I revere you for your whole-souled devotion to art; I can't rise to it, but there's a strain of poetry in my nature, Loudon, that responds to it. I want you to carry it out, and I mean to help you."

"Pinkerton, what nonsense is this?" I interrupted.

"Now don't get mad, Loudon; this is a plain piece of business," said he; "it's done every day; it's even typical. How are all those fellows over here in Paris, Henderson, Sumner, Long?—it's all the same story: a young man just plum full of artistic genius on the one side, a man of business on the other who doesn't know what to do with his dollars——"

"But, you fool, you're as poor as a rat," I cried.

"You wait till I get my irons in the fire!" returned Pinkerton. "I'm bound to be rich; and I tell you I mean to have some of the fun as I go along. Here's your first allowance; take it at the hand of a friend; I'm one that holds friendship sacred as you do yourself. It's only a hundred francs; you'll get the same every month, and as soon as my business begins to expand we'll increase it to something fitting. And so far from it's being a favor, just let me handle your statuary for the American market, and I'll call it one of the smartest strokes of business in my life."

It took me a long time, and it had cost us both much grateful and painful emotion, before I had finally managed to refuse his offer and compounded for a bottle of particular wine. He dropped the subject at last suddenly with a "Never mind; that's all done with," nor did he again refer to the subject, though we passed together the rest of the afternoon, and I accompanied him, on his departure, to the doors of the waiting-room at Saint Lazare. I felt myself strangely alone; a voice told me that I had rejected both the counsels of wisdom and the helping hand of friendship; and as I passed through the great bright city on my homeward way, I measured it for the first time with the eye of an adversary.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH I AM DOWN ON MY LUCK IN PARIS.

In no part of the world is starvation an agreeable business; but I believe it is admitted there is no worse place to starve in than this city of Paris. The appearances of life are there so especially gay, it is so much a magnified beer-garden, the houses are so ornate, the theatres so numerous, the very pace of the vehicles is so brisk, that a man in any deep concern of mind or pain of body is constantly driven in upon himself. In his own eyes, he seems the one serious creature moving in a world of horrible unreality; voluble people issuing from a café, the queue at theatre doors, Sunday cabfuls of second-rate pleasure-seekers, the bedizened ladies of the pavement, the show in the jewellers' windows—all the familiar sights contributing to flout his own unhappiness, want, and isolation. At the same time, if he be at all after my pattern, he is perhaps supported by a childish satisfaction: this is life at last, he may tell himself, this is the real thing; the bladders on which I was set swimming are now empty, my own weight depends upon the ocean; by my own exertions I must perish or succeed; and I am now enduring in the vivid fact, what I so much delighted to read of in the case of Lonsteau or Lucien, Rodolphe or Schaunard.

Of the steps of my misery I cannot tell at length, in ordinary times what were politically called "loans" (although they were never meant to be repaid) were matters of constant course among the students, and many a man has partly lived on them for years. But my misfortune befell me at an awkward juncture. Many of my friends were gone; others were themselves in a precarious situation. Romney (for instance) was reduced to tramping Paris in a pair of country sabots, his only suit of clothes so imperfect (in spite of cunningly adjusted pins) that the authorities at the Luxembourg suggested his withdrawal from the gallery. Dijon, too, was on a lee shore, designing clocks and gas-brackets for a dealer; and the most he could do was to offer me a corner of his studio where I might work. My own studio (it will be gathered) I had by that time lost; and in the course of my expulsion the Genius of Muskegon was finally separated from her author. To continue to possess a full-sized statue, a man must have a studio, a gallery, or at least the freedom of a back garden. He cannot carry it about with him, like a satchel, in the bottom of a cab, nor can he cohabit in a garret, ten by fifteen, with so momentous a companion. It was my first idea to leave her behind at my departure. There, in her birthplace, she might lend an inspiration, methought, to my successor. But the proprietor, with whom I had unhappily quarrelled, seized the occasion to be dis-

agreeable, and called upon me to remove my property. For a man in such straits as I now found myself, the hire of a lorry was a consideration ; and yet even that I could have faced, if I had had anywhere to drive to after it was hired. Hysterical laughter seized upon me, as I beheld (in imagination) myself, the waggoner, and the Genius of Muskegon, standing in the public view of Paris, without the shadow of a destination ; perhaps driving at last to the nearest rubbish-heap, and dumping there, among the ordures of a city, the beloved child of my invention. From these extremities I was relieved by a seasonable offer ; and I parted from the Genius of Muskegon for thirty francs. Where she now stands, under what name she is admired or criticised, history does not inform us ; but I like to think she may adorn the shrubbery of some suburban tea-garden, where holiday shop-girls hang their hats upon the mother, and their swains (by way of an approach of gallantry) identify the winged infant with the god of love.

In a certain cabman's eating-house on the outer boulevard I got credit for my midday meal. Supper I was supposed not to require, sitting down nightly to the delicate table of some rich acquaintances. This arrangement was extremely ill-considered. My fable, credible enough at first, and so long as my clothes were in good order, must have seemed worse than doubtful after my coat became frayed about the edges, and my boots began to squelch and pipe along the restaurant floors. The allowance of one meal a day besides, though suitable enough to the state of my finances, agreed poorly with my stomach. The restaurant was a place I had often visited experimentally, to taste the life of students then more unfortunate than myself ; and I had never in those days entered it without disgust, or left it without nausea. It was strange to find myself sitting down with avidity, rising up with satisfaction, and counting the hours that divided me from my return to such a booth. But hunger is a great magician ; and so soon as I had spent my ready cash, and could no longer fill up on bowls of chocolate or hunks of bread, I must depend entirely on that cabman's eating-house, and upon certain rare, long-expected, long-remembered windfalls. Dijon (for instance) might get paid for some of his pot-boiling work, or else an old friend would pass through Paris ; and then I would be entertained to a meal after my own soul, and contract a Latin Quarter loan, which would keep me in tobacco and my morning coffee for a fortnight. It might be thought the latter would appear the more important. It might be supposed that a life, led so near the confines of actual famine, should have dulled the nicety of my palate. On the contrary, the poorer a man's diet, the more sharply is he set on dainties. The last of my ready cash, about thirty francs, was deliberately squandered on a single dinner ; and a great part of my time when I was alone was passed upon the details of imaginary feasts.

One gleam of hope visited me — an order for a bust from a rich Southerner. He was free-handed, jolly of speech, merry of countenance ; kept me in good humor through the sittings, and when they were over, carried me off with him to dinner and the sights of Paris. I ate well ; I laid on flesh ; by all accounts, I made a favorable likeness of the being, and I confess I thought my future was assured. But when the bust was done, and I had despatched it across the Atlantic, I could never so much as learn of its arrival. The blow felled me ; I should have lain down and tried no stroke to right myself, had not the honor of my country been involved. For Dijon improved the opportunity in the European style ; informing me (for the first time) of the manners of America : how it was a den of banditti without the smallest rudiment of law or order, and debts could be there only collected with a shotgun. "The whole world knows it," he would say ; "you are alone, *mon petit Loudon*, you are alone to be in ignorance of these facts. The judges of the Supreme Court fought but the other day with stilettos on the bench at Cincinnati. You should read the little book of one of my friends : *Le Touriste dans le Far-West ;* you will see it all there in good French." At last, incensed by days of such discussion, I undertook to prove to him the contrary, and

put the affair in the hands of my late father's lawyer. From him I had the gratification of hearing, after a due interval, that my debtor was dead of the yellow fever in Key West, and had left his affairs in some confusion. I suppress his name ; for though he treated me with cruel nonchalance, it is probable he meant to deal fairly in the end.

Soon after this a shade of change in my reception at the cabman's eating-house marked the beginning of a new phase in my distress. The first day, I told myself it was but fancy ; the next, I made quite sure it was a fact ; the third, in mere panic I stayed away, and went for forty-eight hours fasting. This was an act of great unreason ; for the debtor who stays away is but the more remarked, and the boarder who misses a meal is sure to be accused of infidelity. On the fourth day, therefore, I returned, inwardly quaking. The proprietor looked askance upon my entrance ; the waitresses (who were his daughters) neglected my wants and sniffed at the affected joviality of my salutations ; last and most plain, when I called for a *suisse* (such as was being served to all the other diners) I was bluntly told there were no more. It was obvious I was near the end of my tether ; one plank divided me from want, and now I felt it tremble. I passed a sleepless night, and the first thing in the morning took my way to Myner's studio. It was a step I had long meditated and long refrained from ; for I was scarce intimate with the Englishman ; and though I knew him to possess plenty of money, neither his manner nor his reputation were the least encouraging to beggars.

I found him at work on a picture, which I was able conscientiously to praise, dressed in his usual tweeds, plain, but pretty fresh, and standing out in disagreeable contrast to my own withered and degraded outfit. As we talked, he continued to shift his eyes watchfully between his handiwork and the fat model, who sat at the far end of the studio in a state of nature, with one arm gallantly arched above her head. My errand would have been difficult enough under the best of circumstances : placed between Myner, immersed in his art, and the white, fat, naked female in a ridiculous attitude, I found it quite impossible. Again and again I attempted to approach the point, again and again fell back on commendations of the picture ; and it was not until the model had enjoyed an interval of repose, during which she took the conversation in her own hands and regaled us (in a soft, weak voice) with details as to her husband's prosperity, her sister's lamented decline from the paths of virtue, and the consequent wrath of her father, a peasant of stern principles, in the vicinity of Chalons on the Marne ;—it was not, I say, until after this was over, and I had once more cleared my throat for the attack, and once more dropped aside into some commonplace about the picture, that Myner himself brought me suddenly and vigorously to the point.

"You didn't come here to talk this rot," said he.

"No," I replied sullenly ; "I came to borrow money."

He painted awhile in silence.

"I don't think we were ever very intimate ?" he asked.

"Thank you," said I. "I can take my answer," and I made as if to go, rage boiling in my heart.

"Of course you can go if you like," said Myner ; "but I advise you to stay and have it out."

"What more is there to say ?" I cried. "You don't want to keep me here for a needless humiliation ?"

"Look here, Dodd, you must try and command your temper," said he. "This interview is of your own seeking, and not mine ; if you suppose it's not disagreeable to me, you're wrong ; and if you think I will give you money without knowing thoroughly about your prospects, you take me for a fool. Besides," he added, "if you come to look at it, you've got over the worst of it by now : you have done the asking, and you have every reason to know I mean to refuse. I hold out no false hopes, but it may be worth your while to let me judge."

Thus—I was going to say—encouraged, I stumbled through my story ; told him I had credit at the cabman's eating-house, but began to think it was drawing to a close ; how Dijon lent me

a corner of his studio, where I tried to model ornaments, figures for clocks, Time with the scythe, Leda and the swan, musketeers for candlesticks, and other kickshaws, which had never (up to that day) been honored with the least approval.

"And your room?" asked Myner.

"O, my room is all right, I think," said I. "She is a very good old lady, and has never even mentioned her bill."

"Because she is a very good old lady, I don't see why she should be fined," observed Myner.

"What do you mean by that?" I cried.

"I mean this," said he. "The French give a great deal of credit amongst themselves; they find it pays on the whole, or the system would hardly be continued; but I can't see where we come in; I can't see that it's honest of us Anglo-Saxons to profit by their easy ways, and then skip over the channel or (as you Yankees do) across the Atlantic."

"But I'm not proposing to skip," I objected.

"Exactly," he replied. "And shouldn't you? There's the problem. You seem to me to have a lack of sympathy for the proprietors of cabmen's eating-houses. By your own account you're not getting on: the longer you stay, it'll only be the more out of the pocket of the dear old lady at your lodgings. Now I'll tell you what I'll do: if you consent to go, I'll pay your passage to New York, and your railway fare and expenses to Muskegon (if I have the name right) where your father lived, where he must have left friends, and where, no doubt, you'll find an opening. I don't seek any gratitude, for of course you'll think me a beast: but I do ask you to pay it back when you are able. At any rate, that's all I can do. It might be different if I thought you a genius, Dodd: but I don't, and I advise you not to."

"I think that was uncalled for, at least," said I.

"I dare say it was," he returned, with the same steadiness. "It seemed to me pertinent; and besides, when you ask me for money upon no security, you treat me with the liberty of a friend, and it's to be presumed that I can do the like. But the point is, do you accept?"

"No, thank you," said I; "I have another string to my bow."

"All right," says Myner. "Be sure it's honest."

"Honest? honest?" I cried. "What do you mean by calling my honesty in question?"

"I won't, if you don't like it," he replied. "You seem to think honesty as easy as Blind Man's Buff: I don't. It's some difference of definition."

I went straight from this irritating interview, during which Myner had never discontinued painting, to the studio of my old master. Only one card remained for me to play, and I was now resolved to play it: I must drop the gentleman and the frock-coat, and approach art in the workman's tunic.

"*Tiens*, this little Dodd!" cried the master; and then, as his eye fell on my dilapidated clothing, I thought I could perceive his countenance to darken.

I made my plea in English; for I knew, if he were vain of anything, it was of his achievement of the island tongue. "Master," said I, "will you take me in your studio again? but this time as a workman."

"I sought your fazér was immensely reech," said he.

I explained to him that I was now an orphan and penniless.

He shook his head. "I have betterr workmen waiting at my door," said he; "far betterr workmen."

"You used to think something of my work, sir," I pleaded.

"Someesing, someesing—yes!" he cried: "enough for a son of a reech man—not enough for an orphan. Besides, I sought you might learn to be an artist; I did not sink you might learn to be a workman."

On a certain bench on the outer boulevard, not far from the tomb of Napoleon, a bench shaded at that date by a shabby tree, and commanding a view of muddy roadway and blank wall, I sat down to wrestle with my misery. The weather was cheerless and dark; in three days I had eaten but once; I had no tobacco; my shoes were soaked, my trousers horrid with mire; my humor

and all the circumstances of the time and place lugubriously attuned. Here were two men who had both spoken fairly of my work while I was rich and wanted nothing; now that I was poor and lacked all: "no genius," said the one; "not enough for an orphan," the other; and the first offered me my passage like a pauper immigrant, and the second refused me a day's wage as a hewer of stone—plain dealing for an empty belly. They had not been insincere in the past; they were not insincere to-day: change of circumstance had introduced a new criterion: that was all.

But if I acquitted my two Job's comforters of insincerity, I was yet far from admitting them infallible. Artists had been contemned before, and had lived to turn the laugh on their contemners. How old was Corot before he struck the vein of his own precious metal? When had a young man been more derided (or more justly so) than the god of my admiration, Balzac? Or if I required a bolder inspiration, what had I to do but turn my head to where the gold dome of the Invalides glittered against inky squalls, and recall the tale of him sleeping there: from the day when a young artillery-sub could be giggled at and nicknamed Puss-in-Boots by frisky misses; on to the days of so many crowns and so many victories, and so many hundred mouths of cannon, and so many thousand war-hoofs trampling the roadways of astonished Europe eighty miles in front of the grand army? To go back, to give up, to proclaim myself a failure, an ambitious failure, first a rocket, then a stick! I, Loudon Dodd, who had refused all other livelihoods with scorn, and been advertised in the Saint Joseph *Sunday Herald* as a patriot and an artist, to be returned upon my native Muskegon like damaged goods, and go the circuit of my father's acquaintance, cap in hand, and begging to sweep offices! No, by Napoleon! I would die at my chosen trade; and the two who had that day flouted me should live to envy my success, or to weep tears of unavailing penitence behind my pauper coffin.

Meantime, if my courage was still undiminished, I was none the nearer to a meal. At no great distance my cabman's eating-house stood, at the tail of a muddy cab-rank, on the shores of a wide thoroughfare of mud, offering (to fancy) a face of ambiguous invitation. I might be received, I might once more fill my belly there; on the other hand, it was perhaps this day the bolt was destined to fall, and I might be expelled instead, with vulgar hubbub. It was policy to make the attempt, and I knew it was policy; but I had already, in the course of that one morning, endured too many affronts, and I felt I could rather starve than face another. I had courage and to spare for the future, none left for that day; courage for the main campaign, but not a spark of it for that preliminary skirmish of the cabman's restaurant. I continued accordingly to sit upon my bench, not far from the ashes of Napoleon, now drowsy, now light-headed, now in complete mental obstruction, or only conscious of an animal pleasure in quiescence; and now thinking, planning, and remembering with unexampled clearness, telling myself tales of sudden wealth, and gustfully ordering and greedily consuming imaginary meals: in the course of which I must have dropped asleep.

It was towards dark that I was suddenly recalled to famine by a cold souse of rain, and sprang shivering to my feet. For a moment I stood bewildered: the whole train of my reasoning and dreaming passed afresh through my mind; I was again tempted, drawn as if with cords, by the image of the cabman's eating-house, and again recoiled from the possibility of insult. "*Qui dort dîne*," thought I to myself; and took my homeward way with wavering footsteps, through rainy streets in which the lamps and the shop-windows now began to gleam; still marshalling imaginary dinners as I went.

"Ah, Monsieur Dodd," said the porter, "there has been a registered letter for you. The facteur will bring it again to-morrow."

A registered letter for me, who had been so long without one? Of what it could possibly contain, I had no vestige of a guess; nor did I delay myself guessing; far less from any conscious plan of dishonesty: the lies flowed from me like a natural secretion.

"O," said I, "my remittance at last! What a bother I should have missed it! Can you lend me a hundred francs until to-morrow?"

I had never attempted to borrow from the porter till that moment: the registered letter was, besides, my warranty; and he gave me what he had—three napoleons and some francs in silver. I pocketed the money carelessly, lingered awhile chaffing, strolled leisurely to the door; and then (fast as my trembling legs could carry me) round the corner to the Café Cluny. French waiters are deft and speedy: they were not deft enough for me; and I had scarce decency to let the man set the wine upon the table or put the butter alongside the bread, before my glass and my mouth were filled. Exquisite bread of the Café Cluny, exquisite first glass of old Pomard tingling to my wet feet, indescribable first olive culled from the *hors d'œuvre*—I suppose, when I come to lie dying, and the lamp begins to grow dim, I shall still recall your savor. Over the rest of that meal, and the rest of the evening, clouds lie thick: clouds perhaps of Burgundy; perhaps, more properly, of famine and repletion.

I remember clearly, at least, the shame, the despair, of the next morning, when I reviewed what I had done, and how I had swindled the poor, honest porter; and, as if that were not enough, fairly burnt my ships, and brought bankruptcy home to that last refuge, my garret. The porter would expect his money; I could not pay him; here was scandal in the house; and I knew right well, the cause of scandal would have to pack. "What do you mean by calling my honesty in question?" I had cried the day before, turning upon Myner. Ah, that day before! the day before Waterloo, the day before the Flood; the day before I had sold the roof over my head, my future, and my self-respect, for a dinner at the Café Cluny!

In the midst of these lamentations the famous registered letter came to my door, with healing under its seals. It bore the postmark of San Francisco, where Pinkerton was already struggling to the neck in multifarious affairs: it renewed the offer of an allowance, which his improved estate permitted him to announce at the figure of five hundred francs a month; and in case I was in some immediate pinch, it enclosed an introductory draft for double the amount. There are a thousand excellent reasons why a man, in this self-helpful epoch, should decline to be dependent on another; but the most numerous and cogent considerations all bow to a necessity as stern as mine; and the banks were scarce open ere the draft was cashed.

It was early in December that I thus sold myself into slavery; and for six months I dragged a slowly lengthening chain of gratitude and uneasiness. At the cost of some debt I managed to excel myself and eclipse the Genius of Muskegon, in a small but highly patriotic Standard Bearer for the Salon; whither it was duly admitted, where it stood the proper length of days entirely unremarked, and whence it came back to me as patriotic as before. I threw my whole soul (as Pinkerton would have phrased it) into clocks and candlesticks; the devil a candlestick-maker would have anything to say to my designs. Even when Dijon, with his infinite good-humor and infinite scorn for all such journey-work, consented to peddle them in indiscriminately with his own, the dealers still detected and rejected mine. Home they returned to me, true as the Standard Bearer; who now, at the head of quite a regiment of lesser idols, began to grow an eyesore in the scanty studio of my friend. Dijon and I have sat by the hour, and gazed upon that company of images. The severe, the frisky, the classical, the Louis Quinze, were there—from Joan of Arc in her soldierly cuirass to Leda with the swan; nay, and God forgive me for a man that knew better! the humorous was represented also. We sat and gazed, I say; we criticised, we turned them hither and thither; even upon the closest inspection they looked quite like statuettes; and yet nobody would have a gift of them!

Vanity dies hard; in some obstinate cases it outlives the man: but about the sixth month, when I already owed eight hundred dollars to Pinkerton, and half

as much again in debts scattered about Paris, I awoke one morning with a horrid sentiment of oppression, and found I was alone: my vanity had breathed her last during the night. I dared not plunge deeper in the bog; I saw no hope in my poor statuary; I owned myself beaten at last; and sitting down in my nightshirt beside the window, whence I had a glimpse of the tree-tops at the corner of the boulevard, and where the music of its early traffic fell agreeably upon my ear, I penned my farewell to Paris, to art, to my whole past life, and my whole former self. "I give in," I wrote. "When the next allowance arrives, I shall go straight out West, where you can do what you like with me."

It is to be understood that Pinkerton had been, in a sense, pressing me to come from the beginning; depicting his isolation among new acquaintances, "who have none of them your culture," he wrote; expressing his friendship in terms so warm that it sometimes embarrassed me to think how poorly I could echo them; dwelling upon his need for assistance; and the next moment turning about to commend my resolution and press me to remain in Paris. "Only remember, Loudon," he would write, "if you ever *do* tire of it, there's plenty work here for you—honest, hard, well-paid work, developing the resources of this practically virgin State. And of course I needn't say what a pleasure it would be to me if we were going at it *shoulder to shoulder*." I marvel (looking back) that I could so long have resisted these appeals, and continued to sink my friend's money in a manner that I knew him to dislike. At least, when I did awake to any sense of my position, I awoke to it entirely; and determined not only to follow his counsel for the future, but even as regards the past, to rectify his losses. For in this juncture of affairs I called to mind that I was not without a possible resource, and resolved, at whatever cost of mortification, to beard the Loudon family in their historic city.

In the excellent Scots' phrase, I made a moonlight flitting, a thing never dignified, but in my case unusually easy. As I had scarce a pair of boots worth portage, I deserted the whole of my effects without a pang. Dijon fell heir to Joan of Arc, the Standard Bearer, and the Musketeers. He was present when I bought and frugally stocked my new portmanteau; and it was at the door of the trunk shop that I took my leave of him, for my last few hours in Paris must be spent alone. It was alone (and at a far higher figure than my finances warranted) that I discussed my dinner; alone that I took my ticket at Saint Lazare; all alone, though in a carriage full of people, that I watched the moon shine on the Seine flood with its tufted islets, on Rouen with her spires, and on the shipping in the harbor of Dieppe. When the first light of the morning called me from troubled slumbers on the deck, I beheld the dawn at first with pleasure; I watched with pleasure the green shores of England rising out of rosy haze; I took the salt air with delight into my nostrils; and then all came back to me; that I was no longer an artist, no longer myself; that I was leaving all I cared for, and returning to all that I detested, the slave of debt and gratitude, a public and a branded failure.

From this picture of my own disgrace and wretchedness, it is not wonderful if my mind turned with relief to the thought of Pinkerton, waiting for me, as I knew, with unwearied affection, and regarding me with a respect that I had never deserved, and might therefore fairly hope that I should never forfeit. The inequality of our relation struck me rudely. I must have been stupid, indeed, if I could have considered the history of that friendship without shame—I, who had given so little, who had accepted and profited by so much. I had the whole day before me in London, and I determined (at least in words) to set the balance somewhat straighter. Seated in a corner of a public place, and calling for sheet after sheet of paper, I poured forth the expression of my gratitude, my penitence for the past, my resolutions for the future. Till now, I told him, my course had been mere selfishness. I had been selfish to my father and to my friend, taking their help, and denying them (what was all they asked) the poor gratification of my company and countenance.

Wonderful are the consolations of lit-

erature! As soon as that letter was written and posted, the consciousness of virtue glowed in my veins like some rare vintage.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH I GO WEST.

I REACHED my uncle's door next morning in time to sit down with the family to breakfast. More than three years had intervened almost without mutation in that stationary household, since I had sat there first, a young American freshman, bewildered among unfamiliar dainties, finnan haddock, kippered salmon, baps and mutton ham, and had wearied my mind in vain to guess what should be under the tea-cosey. If there were any change at all, it seemed that I had risen in the family esteem. My father's death once fittingly referred to, with a ceremonial lengthening of Scotch upper lips and wagging of the female head, the party launched at once (God help me) into the more cheerful topic of my own successes. They had been so pleased to hear such good accounts of me; I was quite a great man now; where was that beautiful statue of the Genius of Something or other? "You haven't it here? Really?" asked the sprightliest of my cousins, shaking curls at me; as though it were likely I had brought it in the cab, or kept it concealed about my person like a birthday surprise. In the bosom of this family, unaccustomed to the tropical nonsense of the West, it became plain the *Sunday Herald* and poor, blethering Pinkerton had been accepted for their face. It is not possible to invent a circumstance that could have more depressed me; and I am conscious that I behaved all through that breakfast like a whipt schoolboy.

At length, the meal and family prayers being both happily over, I requested the favor of an interview with Uncle Adam on "the state of my affairs." At sound of this ominous expression, the good man's face conspicuously lengthened; and when my grandfather, having had the proposition repeated to him (for he was hard of hearing) announced his intention of being present at the interview, I could not but think that Uncle Adam's sorrow kindled into momentary irritation. Nothing, however, but the usual grim cordiality appeared upon the surface; and we all passed ceremoniously to the adjoining library, a gloomy theatre for a depressing piece of business. My grandfather charged a clay pipe, and sat tremulously smoking in a corner of the fireless chimney; behind him, although the morning was both chill and dark, the window was partly open and the blind partly down; I cannot depict what an air he had of being out of place, like a man shipwrecked there. Uncle Adam had his station at the business table in the midst. Valuable rows of books looked down upon the place of torture; and I could hear sparrows chirping in the garden, and my sprightly cousin already banging the piano and pouring forth an acid stream of song from the drawing-room overhead.

It was in these circumstances that, with all brevity of speech and a certain boyish sullenness of manner, looking the while upon the floor, I informed my relatives of my financial situation: the amount I owed Pinkerton; the hopelessness of any maintenance from sculpture; the career offered me in the States; and how, before becoming more beholden to a stranger, I had judged it right to lay the case before my family.

"I am only sorry you did not come to me at first," said Uncle Adam. "I take the liberty to say it would have been more decent."

"I think so too, Uncle Adam," I replied; "but you must bear in mind I was ignorant in what light you might regard my application."

"I hope I would never turn my back on my own flesh and blood," he returned with emphasis; but to my anxious ear, with more of temper than affection. "I could never forget you were my sister's son. I regard this as a manifest duty. I have no choice but to accept the entire responsibility of the position you have made."

I did not know what else to do but murmur "thank you."

"Yes," he pursued, "and there is something providential in the circumstance that you come at the right time. In my old firm there is a vacancy; they

call themselves Italian Warehousemen now," he continued, regarding me with a twinkle of humor; "so you may think yourself in luck; we were only grocers in my day. I shall place you there to-morrow."

"Stop a moment, Uncle Adam," I broke in. "This is not at all what I am asking. I ask you to pay Pinkerton, who is a poor man. I ask you to clear my feet of debt, not to arrange my life or any part of it."

"If I wished to be harsh, I might remind you that beggars cannot be choosers," said my uncle; "and as to managing your life, you have tried your own way already, and you see what you have made of it. You must now accept the guidance of those older and (whatever you may think of it) wiser than yourself. All these schemes of your friend (of whom I know nothing, by the by) and talk of openings in the West, I simply disregard. I have no idea whatever of your going troking across a continent on a wild-goose chase. In this situation, which I am fortunately able to place at your disposal, and which many a well-conducted young man would be glad to jump at, you will receive, to begin with, eighteen shillings a week."

"Eighteen shillings a week!" I cried. "Why, my poor friend gave me more than that for nothing!"

"And I think it is this very friend you are now trying to repay?" observed my uncle, with an air of one advancing a strong argument.

"Aadam!" said my grandfather.

"I'm vexed you should be present at this business," quoth Uncle Adam, swinging rather obsequiously towards the stonemason; "but I must remind you it is of your own seeking."

"Aadam!" repeated the old man.

"Well, sir, I am listening," says my uncle.

My grandfather took a puff or two in silence; and then, "Ye're makin' an awful poor appearance, Aadam," said he.

My uncle visibly reared at the affront. "I'm sorry you should think so," said he, "and still more sorry you should say so before present company."

"A believe that; A keen that, Aadam," returned old Loudon, dryly; "and the curiis thing is, I'm no very carin'. See here, ma man," he continued, addressing himself to me. "A'm your grandfaither, amn't I not? Never you mind what Aadam says. A'll see justice din ye. A'm rich."

"Father," said Uncle Adam, "I would like one word with you in private."

I rose to go.

"Set down upon your hinderlands," cried my grandfather, almost savagely. "If Aadam has anything to say, let him say it. It's me that has the money here; and by Gravy! I'm goin' to be obeyed."

Upon this scurvy encouragement, it appeared that my uncle had no remark to offer: twice challenged to "speak out and be done with it," he twice sullenly declined; and I may mention that about this period of the engagement, I began to be sorry for him.

"See here, then, Jeannie's yin!" resumed my grandfather. "A'm going to give ye a set-off. Your mither was always my fav'rite, for A never could agree with Aadam. A like ye fine yoursel'; there's nae noansense aboot ye; ye've a fine nayteral idee of builder's work; ye've been to France, where they tell me they're grand at the stuccy. A splendid thing for ceilin's, the stuccy! and it's a vailyable disguise, too; A don't believe there's a builder in Scotland has used more stuccy than me. But as A was sayin', if ye'll follie that trade, with the capital that A'm goin' to give ye, ye may live yet to be as rich as mysel'. Ye see, ye would have always had a share of it when A was gone; it appears ye're needin' it now; well, ye'll get the less, as is only just and proper."

Uncle Adam cleared his throat. "This is very handsome, father, said he; "and I am sure Loudon feels it so. Very handsome, and as you say, very just; but will you allow me to say that it had better, perhaps, be put in black and white?"

The enmity always smouldering between the two men at this ill-judged interruption almost burst in flame. The stonemason turned upon his offspring, his long upper lip pulled down, for all the world, like a monkey's. He stared awhile in virulent silence; and then, "Get Gregg!" said he.

The effect of these words was very visible. "He will be gone to his office," stammered my uncle.

"Get Gregg!" repeated my grandfather.

"I tell you, he will be gone to his office," reiterated Adam.

"And I tell ye, he's takin' his smoke," retorted the old man.

"Very well, then," cried my uncle, getting to his feet with some alacrity, as upon a sudden change of thought, "I will get him myself."

"Ye will not!" cried my grandfather. "Ye will sit there upon your hinderlands."

"Then how the devil am I to get him?" my uncle broke forth, with not unnatural petulance.

My grandfather (having no possible answer) grinned at his son with the malice of a schoolboy; then he rang the bell.

"Take the garden key," said Uncle Adam to the servant; "go over to the garden, and if Mr. Gregg the lawyer is there (he generally sits under the red hawthorn), give him old Mr. Loudon's compliments, and will he step in here for a moment?"

"Mr. Gregg the lawyer!" At once I understood (what had been puzzling me) the significance of my grandfather and the alarm of my poor uncle: the stonemason's will, it was supposed, hung trembling in the balance.

"Look here, grandfather," I said, "I didn't want any of this. All I wanted was a loan of (say, two hundred pounds). I can take care of myself; I have prospects and opportunities, good friends in the States——"

The old man waved me down. "It's me that speaks here," he said curtly; and we waited the coming of the lawyer in a triple silence. He appeared at last, the maid ushering him in—a spectacled, dry but not ungenial looking man.

"Here, Gregg," cried my grandfather. "Just a question. What has Aadam got to do with my will?"

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," said the lawyer, staring.

"What has he got to do with it?" repeated the old man, smiting with his fist upon the arm of his chair. "Is my money mine's, or is it Aadam's? Can Aadam interfere?"

"O, I see," said Mr. Gregg. "Certainly not. On the marriage of both of your children a certain sum was paid down and accepted in full of legitim. You have surely not forgotten the circumstance, Mr. Loudon?"

"So that, if I like," concluded my grandfather, hammering out his words, "I can leave every doit I die possessed of to the Great Magunn?"—meaning probably the Great Mogul.

"No doubt of it," replied Gregg, with a shadow of a smile.

"Ye hear that, Aadam?" asked my grandfather.

"I may be allowed to say I had no need to hear it," said my uncle.

"Very well," says my grandfather. "You and Jeannie's yin can go for a bit walk. Me and Gregg has business."

When once I was in the hall alone with Uncle Adam, I turned to him, sick at heart. "Uncle Adam," I said, "you can understand, better than I can say, how very painful all this is to me."

"Yes, I am sorry you have seen your grandfather in so unamiable a light," replied this extraordinary man. "You shouldn't allow it to affect your mind though. He has sterling qualities, quite an extraordinary character; and I have no fear but he means to behave handsomely to you."

His composure was beyond my imitation: the house could not contain me, nor could I even promise to return to it: in concession to which weakness, it was agreed that I should call in about an hour at the office of the lawyer, whom (as he left the library) Uncle Adam should waylay and inform of the arrangement. I suppose there was never a more topsy-turvy situation: you would have thought it was I who had suffered some rebuff, and that iron-sided Adam was a generous conqueror who scorned to take advantage.

It was plain enough that I was to be endowed: to what extent and upon what conditions I was now left for an hour to meditate in the wide and solitary thoroughfares of the new town, taking counsel with street-corner statues of George IV. and William Pitt, improving my mind with the pictures in the

window of a music-shop, and renewing my acquaintance with Edinburgh east wind. By the end of the hour I made my way to Mr. Gregg's office, where I was placed, with a few appropriate words, in possession of a cheque for two thousand pounds and a small parcel of architectural works.

"Mr. Loudon bids me add," continued the lawyer, consulting a little sheet of notes, "that although these volumes are very valuable to the practical builder, you must be careful not to lose originality. He tells you also not to be 'hadden doun'—his own expression—by the theory of strains, and that Portland cement, properly sanded, will go a long way."

I smiled, and remarked that I supposed it would.

"I once lived in one of my excellent client's houses, observed the lawyer; "and I was tempted, in that case, to think it had gone far enough."

"Under these circumstances, sir," said I, "you will be rather relieved to hear that I have no intention of becoming a builder."

At this, he fairly laughed; and, the ice being broken, I was able to consult him as to my conduct. He insisted I must return to the house, at least, for luncheon, and one of my walks with Mr. Loudon. "For the evening, I will furnish you with an excuse, if you please," said he, "by asking you to a bachelor dinner with myself. But the luncheon and the walk are unavoidable. He is an old man, and, I believe, really fond of you; he would naturally feel aggrieved if there were any appearance of avoiding him; and as for Mr. Adam, do you know, I think your delicacy out of place. . . . And now, Mr. Dodd, what are you to do with this money?"

Ay, there was the question. With two thousand pounds—fifty thousand francs—I might return to Paris and the arts, and be a prince and millionnaire in that thrifty Latin Quarter. I think I had the grace, with one corner of my mind, to be glad that I had sent the London letter: I know very well that with the rest and worst of me, I repented bitterly of that precipitate act. On one point, however, my whole multiplex estate of man was unanimous: the letter being gone, there was no help but I must follow. The money was accordingly divided in two unequal shares: for the first, Mr. Gregg got me a bill in the name of Dijon to meet my liabilities in Paris; for the second, as I had already cash in hand for the expenses of my journey, he supplied me with drafts on San Francisco.

The rest of my business in Edinburgh, not to dwell on a very agreeable dinner with the lawyer or the horrors of the family luncheon, took the form of an excursion with the stonemason, who led me this time to no suburb or work of his old hands, but with an impulse both natural and pretty, to that more enduring home which he had chosen for his clay. It was in a cemetery, by some strange chance, immured within the bulwarks of a prison; standing, besides, on the margin of a cliff, crowded with elderly stone memorials, and green with turf and ivy. The east wind (which I thought too harsh for the old man) continually shook the boughs, and the thin sun of a Scottish summer drew their dancing shadows.

"I wanted ye to see the place," said he. "Yon's the stane. *Euphemia Roos:* that was my goodwife, your grandmither—hoots! I'm wrong; that was my first yin; I had no bairns by her; —yours is the second, *Mary Murray, Born* 1819, *Died* 1850: that's her—a fine, plain, decent sort of a creature, tak' her athegether. *Alexander Loudon, Born Seventeen Ninety-Twa, Died*—and then a hole in the ballant: that's me. Alexander's my name. They ca'd me Ecky when I was a boy. Eh, Ecky! ye're an awful auld man!"

I had a second and sadder experience of graveyards at my next alighting-place, the city of Muskegon, now rendered conspicuous by the dome of the new capitol encaged in scaffolding. It was late in the afternoon when I arrived, and raining; and as I walked in great streets, of the very name of which I was quite ignorant—double, treble, and quadruple lines of horse-cars jingling by—hundred-fold wires of telegraph and telephone matting heaven above my head—huge, staring houses, garish and gloomy, flanking me from either hand—the thought of the Rue Racine,

ay, and of the cabman's eating-house, brought tears to my eyes. The whole monotonous Babel had grown, or I should rather say swelled, with such a leap since my departure, that I must continually inquire my way, and the very cemetery was brand new. Death, however, had been active; the graves were already numerous, and I must pick my way in the rain, among the tawdry sepulchres of millionnaires, and past the plain, black crosses of Hungarian laborers, till chance or instinct led me to the place that was my father's. The stone had been erected (I knew already) "by admiring friends"; I could now judge their taste in monuments; their taste in literature, methought, I could imagine, and I refrained from drawing near enough to read the terms of the inscription. But the name was in larger letters and stared at me—*James K. Dodd*. What a singular thing is a name, I thought; how it clings to a man, and continually misrepresents, and then survives him; and it flashed across my mind, with a mixture of regret and bitter mirth, that I had never known, and now probably never should know, what the K had represented. King, Kilter, Kay, Kaiser, I went, running over names at random, and then stumbled with ludicrous misspelling on Kornelius, and had nearly laughed aloud. I have never been more childish; I suppose (although the deeper voices of my nature seemed all dumb) because I have never been more moved. And at this last incongruous antic of my nerves, I was seized with a panic of remorse and fled the cemetery.

Scarce less funereal was the rest of my experience in Muskegon, where, nevertheless, I lingered, visiting my father's circle, for some days. It was in piety to him I lingered; and I might have spared myself the pain. His memory was already quite gone out. For his sake, indeed, I was made welcome; and for mine the conversation rolled awhile with laborious effort on the virtues of the deceased. His former comrades dwelt, in my company, upon his business talents or his generosity for public purposes; when my back was turned, they remembered him no more. My father had loved me; I had left him alone to live and die among the indifferent; now I returned to find him dead and buried and forgotten. Unavailing penitence translated itself in my thoughts to fresh resolve. There was another poor soul who loved me: Pinkerton. I must not be guilty twice of the same error.

A week perhaps had been thus wasted, nor had I prepared my friend for the delay. Accordingly, when I had changed trains at Council Bluffs, I was aware of a man appearing at the end of the car with a telegram in his hand and inquiring whether there were any one aboard "of the name of London Dodd?" I thought the name near enough, claimed the despatch, and found it was from Pinkerton: "What day do you arrive? Awfully important." I sent him an answer giving day and hour, and at Ogden found a fresh despatch awaiting me: "That will do. Unspeakable relief. Meet you at Sacramento." In Paris days I had a private name for Pinkerton: "The Irrepressible" was what I had called him in hours of bitterness; and the name rose once more on my lips. What mischief was he up to now? What new bowl was my benignant monster brewing for his Frankenstein? In what new imbroglio should I alight on the Pacific coast? My trust in the man was entire, and my distrust perfect. I knew he would never mean amiss; but I was convinced he would almost never (in my sense) do aright.

I suppose these vague anticipations added a shade of gloom to that already gloomy place of travel: Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, scowled in my face at least, and seemed to point me back again to that other native land of mine, the Latin Quarter. But when the Sierras had been climbed, and the train, after so long beating and panting, stretched itself upon the downward track — when I beheld that vast extent of prosperous country rolling seaward from the woods and the blue mountains, that illimitable spread of rippling corn, the trees growing and blowing in the merry weather, the country boys thronging aboard the train with figs and peaches, and the conductors, and the very darky stewards, visibly exulting in the change — up went my soul like a

balloon; Care fell from his perch upon my shoulders; and when I spied my Pinkerton among the crowd at Sacramento, I thought of nothing but to shout and wave for him, and grasp him by the hand, like what he was — my dearest friend.

"O Loudon!" he cried. "Man, how I've pined for you! And you haven't come an hour too soon. You're known here and waited for; I've been booming you already; you're billed for a lecture to-morrow night: *Student Life in Paris, Grave and Gay:* twelve hundred places booked at the last stock! Tut, man, you're looking thin! Here, try a drop of this." And he produced a case bottle, staringly labelled PINKERTON'S THIRTEEN STAR GOLDEN STATE BRANDY, WARRANTED ENTIRE.

"God bless me!" said I, gasping and winking after my first plunge into this fiery fluid. "And what does 'Warranted Entire' mean?"

"Why, Loudon! you ought to know that!" cried Pinkerton. "It's real, copper-bottomed English; you see it on all the old-time wayside hostelries over there."

"But if I'm not mistaken, it means something Warranted Entirely different," said I, "and applies to the public house, and not the beverages sold."

"It's very possible," said Jim, quite unabashed. "It's effective, anyway; and I can tell you, sir, it has boomed that spirit: it goes now by the hundred gross of cases. By the way, I hope you won't mind; I've got your portrait all over San Francisco for the lecture, enlarged from that carte de visit: *H. Loudon Dodd, the Americo-Parisienne Sculptor.* Here's a proof of the small handbills; the posters are the same, only in red and blue, and the letters fourteen by one."

I looked at the handbill, and my head turned. What was the use of words? why seek to explain to Pinkerton the knotted horrors of "Americo-Parisienne?" He took an early occasion to point it out as "rather a good phrase; gives the two sides at a glance: I wanted the lecture written up to that." Even after we had reached San Francisco, and at the actual physical shock of my own effigy placarded on the streets I had broken forth in petulant words, he never comprehended in the least the ground of my aversion.

"If I had only known you disliked red lettering!" was as high as he could rise. "You are perfectly right: a clear-cut black is preferable, and shows a great deal farther. The only thing that pains me is the portrait: I own I thought that a success. I'm dreadfully and truly sorry, my dear fellow: I see now it's not what you had a right to expect; but I did it, Loudon, for the best; and the press is all delighted."

At the moment, sweeping through green tule swamps, I fell direct on the essential. "But, Pinkerton," I cried, "this lecture is the maddest of your madnesses. How can I prepare a lecture in thirty hours?"

"All done, Loudon!" he exclaimed in triumph. "All ready. Trust me to pull a piece of business through. You'll find it all type-written in my desk at home. I put the best talent of San Francisco on the job: Harry Miller, the brightest pressman in the city."

And so he rattled on, beyond reach of my modest protestations, blurting out his complicated interests, crying up his new acquaintances, and ever and again hungering to introduce me to some "whole-souled, grand fellow, as sharp as a needle," from whom, and the very thought of whom, my spirit shrank instinctively.

Well, I was in for it: in for Pinkerton, in for the portrait, in for the type-written lecture. One promise I extorted—that I was never again to be committed in ignorance; even for that, when I saw how its extortion puzzled and depressed the Irrepressible, my soul repented me; and in all else I suffered myself to be led uncomplaining at his chariot wheels. The Irrepressible did I say? The Irresistible were nigher truth.

But the time to have seen me was when I sat down to Harry Miller's lecture. He was a facetious dog, this Harry Miller; he had a gallant way of skirting the indecent which (in my case) produced physical nausea; and he could be sentimental and even melodramatic about grisettes and starving genius. I found he had enjoyed the benefit of my

correspondence with Pinkerton: adventures of my own were here and there horribly misrepresented, sentiments of my own echoed and exaggerated till I blushed to recognize them. I will do Harry Miller justice: he must have had a kind of talent, almost of genius; all attempts to lower his tone proving fruitless, and the Harry-Millerism ineradicable. Nay, the monster had a certain key of style, or want of style, so that certain milder passages, which I sought to introduce, discorded horribly, and impovished (if that were possible) the general effect.

By an early hour of the numbered evening I might have been observed at the sign of the *Poodle Dog*, dining with my agent: so Pinkerton delighted to describe himself. Thence, like an ox to the slaughter, he led me to the hall, where I stood presently alone, confronting assembled San Francisco, with no better allies than a table, a glass of water, and a mass of manuscript and typework, representing Harry Miller and myself. I read the lecture; for I had lacked both time and will to get the trash by heart — read it hurriedly, humbly, and with visible shame. Now and then I would catch in the auditorium an eye of some intelligence, now and then, in the manuscript, would stumble on a richer vein of Harry Miller, and my heart would fail me, and I gabbled. The audience yawned, it stirred uneasily, it muttered, grumbled, and broke forth at last in articulate cries of "Speak up!" and "Nobody can hear!" I took to skipping, and being extremely ill-acquainted with the country, almost invariably cut in again in the unintelligible midst of some new topic. What struck me as extremely ominous, these misfortunes were allowed to pass without a laugh. Indeed, I was beginning to fear the worst, and evén personal indignity, when all at once the humor of the thing broke upon me strongly. I could have laughed aloud; and being again summoned to speak up, I faced my patrons for the first time with a smile. "Very well," I said, "I will try; though I don't suppose anybody wants to hear, and I can't see why anybody should." Audience and lecturer laughed together till the tears ran down; vociferous and repeated applause hailed my impromptu sally. Another hit which I made but a little after, as I turned three pages of the copy: "You see I am leaving out as much as I possibly can," increased the esteem with which my patrons had begun to regard me; and when I left the stage at last, my departing form was cheered with laughter, stamping, shouting, and the waving of hats.

Pinkerton was in the waiting-room, feverishly jotting in his pocket-book. As he saw me enter, he sprang up, and I declare, the tears were trickling on his cheeks.

"My dear boy," he cried, "I can never forgive myself, and you can never forgive me. Never mind: I did it for the best. And how nobly you clung on! I dreaded we should have had to return the money at the doors."

"It would have been more honest if we had," said I.

The pressmen followed me, Harry Miller in the front ranks; and I was amazed to find them, on the whole, a pleasant set of lads, probably more sinned against than sinning, and even Harry Miller apparently a gentleman. I had in oysters and champagne — for the receipts were excellent — and being in a high state of nervous tension, kept the table in a roar. Indeed, I was never in my life so well inspired as when I described my vigil over Harry Miller's literature or the series of my emotions as I faced the audience. The lads vowed I was the soul of good company and the prince of lecturers; and — so wonderful an institution is the popular press — if you had seen the notices next day in all the papers, you must have supposed my evening's entertainment an unqualified success.

I was in excellent spirits when I returned home that night, but the miserable Pinkerton sorrowed for us both.

"O, Loudon," he said, "I shall never forgive myself. When I saw you didn't catch on to the idea of the lecture, I should have given it myself!"

(To be continued.)

ODD AMERICAN HOMES.

By John R. Spears.

AMONG the most interesting to me of the descriptive articles printed in the magazines of 1890, were those of a series in SCRIBNER'S, on the subject of American homes; and they must have had something of this interest for almost everyone, for it is a sorry soul that does not thrill with pleasure at the thought of home, an unfortunate soul that does not own one, an unambitious soul who, having a home, does not often consider what he can do to add to its charms. Many kinds of houses were portrayed in the series — magnificent homes, plain homes, city homes, country homes; but in all cases they were the homes of people of taste and refinement. And so, when all the series had been printed, it occurred to the writer that certain other homes with which he had become acquainted—homes that no artist or architect could approve—the homes of the rude and unrefined, the odd homes of Americans, might be interestingly described. Yet let it be said that no one knows better than the writer that neither cost nor conventionality is a necessity to an attractive home.

In a study of odd homes the oddest of them all will naturally be found where ordinary materials are scarce and necessity is the mother of invention—on the frontier. It was the oddity of frontier homes that first drew the attention of the writer to the subject of this article, and frontier homes will be first described. Although the American frontier is now a narrow and narrowing space, there is still a considerable territory in the Southwest within which farms may be had practically for the taking—the cash cost is nominal. In Texas are areas, larger than some of the Eastern States, on which no man dwells. In the Indian Territory the land yet to be opened to settlement will make thousands of farms; while in that small, but very remarkable, part of the Southwest aptly termed "No Man's Land," more than a million fertile acres are yet unclaimed by the home-seekers. While the work of settling these lands is going on, there is no part of the American republic likely to prove more entertaining to the traveller than the settled portions adjoining. Lacking the weird bustle and whirl, and certain other characteristics, which make the mining towns picturesque and in a way attractive, the frontier of the Southwest has features of its own which well repay attention.

Of all of these features none will be more likely to interest any passing stranger than the homes peculiar to the prairie section—the dugout and the sod-house.

The frontiersman of the Southwest has but a small store of goods. With a wagon above which five arching hoops stretch a breadth of cotton cloth to shelter his family; with a team in a disjointed harness to draw the wagon; with a shot-gun for game and a navy revolver to satisfy his love of swagger or the demands of frontier society; with a side of bacon and a bag of meal for food, he wends his way across the plains. He is "from the States," and he is going "to locate a claim." He avoids rather than seeks a settled neighborhood, and so drifts on and on until at last a spring or a stream of sweet water, with the accompanying clumps of gnarled cotton-wood trees, attracts him, and he decides "to locate." Thereat he sets to work digging a dwelling.

A look at the site chosen by the wiser ones is alone worth a journey thither. They have a term which they apply out there to the land found along the water-courses that is graphically descriptive. They call it broken land.

Into the face of one of the low vertical earth walls of the broken land, the home-maker cuts a hole as a Yankee farmer digs a cellar for a hillside barn. Though rarely larger than ten by fourteen feet on the bottom, these cellar-like holes are sometimes twelve by eighteen,

Dugout of a Southwestern Pioneer.

with the depth of the hole as much as five or six feet, and sometimes eighteen by fifteen large, with the long way of the hole lying along the front of the natural earth wall.

The digging completed, trees are cut to furnish logs for building up the front of the home, and for use as rafters placed a foot or so apart over the top. The limbs of the trees, with some long grass from a moist place, if any can be found, are used to make a rude thatch over the rafters, and then the sods, cut out and carefully saved when the hole was dug, are placed on top of the thatch, while the earth from the hole is heaped on top of all into a grave-shaped mound. A blanket is hung in the doorway, or the cotton from the wagon-hoops will serve, and there is the dugout home as cosey as the home of a prairie-dog or a woodchuck.

"'Taint much for style, huht-uh, but stranger, haint that a plumb pretty view from the do'? Um-huh-h-h, well, I reckon that's whatever," said the proud owner of such a home forty miles north of Vernon, Texas, and thereby called attention to certain of his own characteristics, as well as to certain peculiarities of his home.

Varying tastes make many kinds of dugouts. They can be found with the walls and floor covered with boards bought at a great price in a far-away railroad town. Some have board walls that rise a foot or two above the ground, and a board roof as well. Some have a window in one end. Now and then a small one will have a canvas roof. Some are dug in the level prairie. The owner of a livery stable in Vernon, Texas, told the writer that he had often at night unwittingly driven right over such dwellings and wondered what made the ground so uneven, until the proprietor of the dugout came out with a Winchester in hand.

The half-way house on the road from Vernon to Mangum was, in those days (1888), a dugout. It had six beds ranged in two rows along the side walls. The space between the beds was just wide enough to enable the guests to pass along in single file to the table beyond. The landlady at the head of the table used the stove at her elbow for a sideboard. Slops in the coffee-cups that

A Kansas Sod House

were passed to her to be refilled were poured on the floor, where the dry, sandy loam quickly absorbed them. There are more attractive hotels in the Texas Panhandle, but this one, as here accurately described, probably seems worse to the reader than it would have seemed on inspection, for there was no bad odor about it, while the table looked clean and even attractive to the hungry wayfarers.

However the dugout may seem to the unaccustomed, it is a home to which the southwestern frontiersman becomes so much attached that he will sometimes live in no other. When this statement was made to the writer he could not believe it, but after seeing a picturesque dugout in the Cobequid Mountains, Nova Scotia, with a great forest on every side from which a log-cabin could have been easily made, the conclusion that some men,

Squaw Man's Home, Indian Territory.

like some animals, burrow instinctively was inevitable. Surely there is no place like home when the home is a dugout.

All travellers observe that the styles of dwellings vary about as much in different parts of the country as fashions in clothes do. Contemplate, for instance, the flat-head houses of Brooklyn —two stories high in front and three in the rear; the beetle-rump cottages of Philadelphia, where the second story projects several feet beyond the rear wall of the first; the Jersey City street, where all the houses are built on the hulks of abandoned canal-boats. So it is that in the Southwest the dugout is the favorite Texas frontier home, while in Kansas society demands the construction of a sod-house.

An Indian Tepee—Group of Blackfeet.

An axe and a shovel are all the tools needed in preparing the Texas home; to build a sod-house the architect needs a plow as well. The reader will doubtless remember that Mr. William P. P. Longfellow, in his "Architect's Point of View," printed in the January SCRIBNER, did not mention the plow as one of the implements of his art, but Kansas frontier builders find the plow very useful. Having selected his building-spot the Kansan goes to the moistest piece of grass he can find, because its roots are sure to be long and strong, and there turns over the sod in furrows a foot wide and three inches deep. The sods thus turned are cut into convenient lengths to handle, and then laid up into house walls as flat stones might be. When the walls are as high as he can reach from the ground he drags his wagon to them and uses it as a scaffold. Holes for windows and doors are left in the wall. Rough boards are commonly used for door and window frames, but small limbs from a tree in the creek bed will answer. Puncheons split from tree-trunks would be used, but for the fact that tree-trunks in that country cannot be split. Tree-trunks supported on posts (for a sod wall will bear very little weight) serve as rafters, and the smaller limbs with grass make a thatching for the roof, which is made water-proof by two layers of sod. A majority of the sod-houses have sawed rafters and sheet-

A Nova Scotia Dugout.

ing, however, though sods are almost always used in place of shingles.

The proprietor of the sod-house shown in the engraving began housekeeping on his claim in what is now the wing, which by itself is a genuine sod-house. But he had located a lucky claim; it was near Meade, Kansas, in the Crooked Creek Valley, where he got flowing water at a depth of one hundred and fifty feet, and was thus able to irrigate his fields. With increasing prosperity he built a sod-walled addition with a shingle roof, and thus became the owner of the most pretentious farm-house for miles round about.

Some sod walls are furred off, lathed, and plastered. The home of the Presbyterian preacher in Beaver City, No Man's Land, in 1888, was plastered on the sod with gypsum. It had good windows, good doors, a good floor, and was divided into several rooms It was not only comfortable, but having been decorated with rare taste by his wife and daughters, was positively charming within. Like the one illustrated, it was an exceptionally good sod-house. The earth, carpeted with buffalo-grass, is the usual floor, while windows and doors are often closed with cotton cloth only.

On the trail from Meade to Beaver City may still be found the ruins of an abandoned town that was built of sods. The most pretentious building was the hotel, a structure at least twenty by forty feet large, and a story and a quarter high. If in the proper hands it was doubtless a decent—perhaps a comfortable—hostelry. Of course the second floor, like the roof, had to be supported clear of the sod walls by substantial posts.

Thinking of the booms and boomers of the Southwest recalls naturally the boomers of Oklahoma. No unprejudiced reader can hear the true story of Oklahoma without a feeling of indignation, for during a period of nine years one set of white men occupied and grew rich in a territory from which another set was excluded on the pretence that

white men could not lawfully occupy it. The strong arm of the American army was used at the dictation of the cattle-owners to exclude the home-seekers. Seeking only what they believed to be their lawful heritage under the homestead laws of Oklahoma, boomers faced the heat of the August sun on the glaring sands of the Cimarron; they crouched over scanty fires, or with none at all, under the lee of overturned wagons while bitter northers swept across the plains of the Cherokee strip; they faced death itself from the rifles and revolvers of the cowboys; but their courage never failed and they triumphed at last.

It is a picturesque country. From the summit of the great red earth cliffs of the Canadian one may look over great breadths of woodland and miles of rolling prairie, with here and there stretches and clumps of trees—upon scenes of such beauty that even the stolid Choctaws and Chickasaws, as they gazed thereon, exclaimed "Oklahoma," *i.e.*, "lovely country." It is said that when once a boomer was able to enter the land and locate a claim, he never abandoned the effort to secure it, but waited, as best he could, until noon of that day, April 28th, 1889, when the last barrier was removed, and then joined in the most remarkable race the world ever saw—a race between thousands of men on foot, in wagons and on horseback, each seeking a home.

Home of a Lighthouse Keeper, Delaware Breakwater.

Of the efforts made to secure the home before that day, none was more interesting than those where little bunches of people, as they would have said—two or three families of close friends stole into the forbidden land. Selecting a location as far as possible from the cattle ranches, and always in the forest, homes of poles and brush were built and an effort made to exist on the game that abounded, and the products of little gardens that were planted in some natural opening. But sooner or later the smoke of the campfire attracted the attention of a cowboy, and then came a squad of soldiers

A Greenlander's Home, built of Stone and Sod.

A Hatteras Island House.

from Fort Sill. The gardens were trampled under the hoofs of cavalry horses, the boomers were forced into their own or the army wagons, and then brands from the camp-fire were applied to the shelters they had lived in. As the flames rose crackling and roaring through the dry structure, the women and children wept aloud, while the men looked on dry-eyed but with murder in their hearts, because of the destruction of their homes.

A citizen of the Southwest no less interesting, though often much less attractive, than any of the rest, is the squawman. The hearts of the Indians are like the hearts of children—pretty bad children sometimes, but children nevertheless. Given the ability to win the regard of the simple-hearted, and rarely can a place be found so nearly a lazy man's paradise as the Indian Territory. The climate, save for an occasional norther, is about as delightful as that on a South Sea island. Grain and garden vegetables need little more than the planting to produce abundant crops. The woods and prairies are alive with game, and the streams are full of fish. The young squaws, some of whom are almost white and very attractive, are obedient and long-suffering as wives. A squaw's right in the tribe gives her white husband all the land she can cultivate and more, too. The squaw feels honored by a union with a white man. Little wonder, then, that plenty of white men are found anxious to marry here and settle down to a life of idleness.

The home commonly built by such a family is picturesque in its wretchedness, and that is the best that can be said of it. It is a conglomeration of logs and planks that would not be tenable in a climate less mild. The interior is always as unattractive as the exterior, and very often more so, for cleanliness is not a characteristic of the ordinary squawman's wife. Nevertheless hundreds of white men call such places as here described, home.

It should be said, however, that the particular shanty from which the engraving was made was the home of a very different kind of a squawman. Instead of being lazy, he was one of the most energetic and enterprising men of

the Territory, and a handsome mansion has replaced his first home. A Scotchman by inheritance, a Yankee in training, and a rustler by instinct, this man found himself in the Peoria reservation, some years ago, looking for the silver mines found there long ago, it is said, by the early explorers. Here he fell in love with the granddaughter of old Baptiste Peoria, the last of the great chiefs of the tribe, and married her. He thus obtained something better than a silver mine. The land which became his through his wife was as fertile as any ever warmed by genial sunshine. It is but nine miles from a good Kansas market. When visited by the writer this man had all the land he was entitled to, "and perhaps a potato patch more," as he said, under a good wire fence—had one corn field, for instance, in which the rows of corn-stalks were three miles long—a field that paid him from seven to eight dollars an acre profit every year.

To fully describe the odd homes of the American Indians would require at least as much space as can be devoted to this entire article, but very interesting matter it would be, were the writing well done. Consider for a moment the great adobe structures of the Pueblos, holding from three hundred to seven hundred people, in connection with the little pole-and-brush or basket-work huts of the Apaches and the Navajos, which are, as one may say, close beside them. Recall the cone-shaped tepees of the Sioux, once covered with buffalo skins, but now with cheap muslin that is not only thin and incapable of shedding rain when new, but which, under such usage as it had when that unfortunate people were driven from the Pine Ridge agency by the murder of Sitting Bull, is burned full of holes by the sparks of the fires they kindle in vain efforts to make themselves comfortable. And then there are the Seminole homes, built, because summer is ever present, with a roof and an elevated floor, but without walls, on the low-lying hummocks of the Florida Everglades; homes which are as complete contrasts as possible with those other native homes the igdlus of the Eskimos.

If the writer may judge from what he has heard since returning from a voyage to Greenland, so little is known by the average citizen about the Eskimo homes

A Mexican Home—La Logia Sinaloa, Mexico.

An Adirondack Home in Winter.

that a paragraph should perhaps be devoted to them. The Greenlander lives in a house so much like the sod-house of the Kansas plains that one almost wonders whether the original sod-house builder was not a Dane who had been to Greenland. The Greenland home is built of alternate layers of stone and sod. It has a plank floor, and a roof that is made of timbers and plank covered with sods. It has, however, a stone and sod burrow-like entry from twelve to sixteen feet long, and a beehive-shaped kitchen built at one side of the entry, which, of course, the sod-house does not have. When told that these huts are cleaner and sweeter than the tenements described in "How the Other Half Lives," that the walls are ornamented with lithographs and other prints, that civilized stoves and clocks are not unknown, and that in summer the Eskimo leaves his hut to camp for weeks in a tent while sun and air disinfect the igdlu, the ordinary citizen is greatly astonished. On the west shore of Baffin's Bay the Eskimos live in snow-huts in winter and in tents in warm weather. Everybody has read of the dome-shaped snow-house, but very few seem to know that in most of these houses a seal-skin tent is erected to shield the snowy vault from the heat of the seal-oil lamp, and the inhabitants from the dripping water when the fire happens to get warm enough to melt the vault in spite of the tent. Of the great dugouts of the northwest coast little need be said, for since Alaska became a United States territory these homes, so much like the Texas dugout, have often been described.

One might with interest tell of certain other uncivilized or frontier homes —the Chinese houses in mining towns built of old vegetable and meat tins filled with earth, and the hollow trees and the caves that have been used as homes elsewhere on the frontier—the houses made of poles and mats with grass roofs in Mexico and Central America; but there are odd homes in the old sections of the United States as well as elsewhere, and these must receive attention. The rude home of the plantation darky—a home with log walls, a puncheon floor, a roof of unsmoothed clapboards held in place by logs laid on top and a stick-and-mud chimney, would seem odd to the unaccustomed. The homes of some of the lighthouse keepers of the Atlantic coast—apartments of three or four rooms compressed into, or

placed one on top of the other within the tower on top of which is a great lamp and a powerful lens—are odd homes, and in some cases unique. But of all the homes in the East that might be described here with interest, space remains for but two. One of these is the home of the Hatteras Islander, a home which, as was told in SCRIBNER'S for last October, is, at the north of the Cape, about to be whelmed in a deluge of sand.

Seen from without, the typical home of the Hatteras islander seems to be very much like that of any country cottager. It is a rectangular structure, one story high, with what seems to be an ordinary fireplace chimney boarded in at one end, and usually with from one to three little shed-roof additions on the sides, "lean-tos," as they are called. The house shown in the engraving had its roof patched with canvas.

On entering a Hatteras home the stranger, if tall, would at once notice that the door was so low that only very short men could enter without stooping. There is probably not a door on the island that a tall man can enter without stooping. Once the door is passed the walls are found to be smoke-stained to a remarkable degree. If one of the little doors leading to a lean-to is opened the room beyond is seen to be a bedroom just large enough to hold a bed with standing space on one side, but rarely high enough for an ordinary man to stand erect in. Feather beds of prodigious size are invariably used, although the climate of the island is so mild that most of the people live without stoves.

But the chief peculiarity of the house is what is supposed to be an ordinary fireplace chimney when it is seen from without. It is a very extraordinary fireplace. It is as if an Indian tepee had been spliced to a frame cottage. Built for the most part of common boards nailed to poles set in the ground, and having a floor of sand, it serves at once as a bay to enlarge the main living room, as a kitchen, and as a fireplace. A low bench runs around the wall of the bay, and here the family gathers when the weather is cool to hold their hands over the fire, made of the branches of live-oaks and cedars on the sand in the middle of the bay. The Hatteras islander passes his winter evenings in the corner of his chimney rather than in the chimney corner. Here, too, the cooking for the family is done.

As will readily be imagined, much smoke from the fire escapes into the main room in spite of the wide board, nailed to a long pole, with which the weather side of the top of this chimney is always lengthened—a device suggesting the flap at the top of the Sioux tepee. When a northeast gale prevails in winter, the cold blast pours in through the cracks of the chimney to make the unfortunates shiver, though the heat of the fire may be scorching their hands and faces. Worse than all else, a woman or a girl, now and then, is burned to death because her skirts happen to get into the unprotected flame.

The last home to be described has been left for the last because it is odd in more senses than one. Not only is it unusual in its materials and form; the fact that a laborer should have built a home not only different from that of his neighbors, but one which might well make a man of education and refinement envious, is itself odd.

Just over the dividing ridge between the waters of the Hudson and those of Lake Ontario—between the waters of a tributary of Black River and a tributary of the Mohawk, at the southwest corner of the Adirondack wilderness—lies a little settlement called Wheelertown. It has a sawmill, a store, a schoolhouse, and a dozen or more dwellings scattered for a mile along the road that skirts the woods. The dwellings of the whole settlement are odd in one respect. To the rectangular box-frame model common throughout the nation is added a shed-roof kitchen which, instead of being placed behind the main part of the house, as is done elsewhere, is here built in front, opening on the public highway.

Standing at the back of one of the fields in this odd settlement, and almost within a squirrel's jump of the great forest that stretches away unbroken for more than a hundred miles to the northeast, is an odd home worthy of imitation. The walls, which enclose a room, say eleven by fourteen feet large, are

built of unplaned hemlock boards nailed in a vertical position to small timbers at the bottom and top. The cracks between the boards are covered with battens. The floor is of the same material as the sides, but the roof is covered with spruce bark supported by boards that serve at once the purpose of rafters and sheeting. The bark is held in place by poles brought from the woods and laid across it. A length of stove-pipe projecting through a hole in the back, serves as a chimney for a cooking-stove.

Instead of a kitchen in front of the house, as other dwellings in the settlement have, there is an entry or storm portico built of vertical spruce slabs, which form a pleasing contrast with the walls of the house. Wooden latches serve to hold the doors shut, and a padlock with a wire-mended chain and a staple lock it when locking is desired. A small window on each side furnishes ample light for the interior.

As winter came on the unplastered and unceiled walls were found too thin to shut out the cold of an Adirondack storm ; the house had to be banked up, as, indeed, is done to every house in the region. The ordinary citizen of the country there uses stable sweepings or the earth on which the house is built. The man who preferred a spruce bark roof to one of boards, having a love of the beautiful as strong as his desire for the useful, built a rustic structure of slabs and stakes high about the walls of his house, and then filled the space thus formed heaping-full of spruce and balsam boughs.

It is a lowly home, but when last the writer saw it the snow lay deep upon the ground round about. The evergreen boughs that at once shut out the cold of winter storms and made fragrant the air within, were peeping out between the slabs that held them in place and from beneath the snow that had fallen upon them. The snow that had fallen upon the roof had been melted by the heat within, and running down, had frozen into great icicles that hung from the eaves. The wife, coming out to hang some freshly washed clothing on a line, paused in her work a moment to listen to the ring of the steel her man was setting home in the heart of a giant birch in the forest near by. A moment later the tree, with crash and boom, fell to the earth. And then the man, as he rested with his eyes on the swaying boughs of the fallen tree, heard the voice of the wife begin a song born of cheery content beside their bark-covered cottage, just beyond the shadows of the forest.

THE CITY OF THE SACRED BO-TREE.

(ANURADHAPURA.)

By James Ricalton.

Bell-arch near Ruanweli Dagoba.

RICE and kurakkan, yams, chillies, jak-fruit, and plantains were the staple articles offered for sale in the dingy boutiques that lined the sides of a half-deserted street. Here and there turbaned aborigines sought shelter from the heat of the sun under the projecting palm-thatch, while they haggled with the patient boutique-keepers for a section of a jak-fruit, a bunch of betel-leaves, or a few cents worth of rice for their next meal. This street leads out into a grassy common, where a number of trees cast a grateful shade over a group of half-nude coolies squatted beneath. The opposite side of the common is bounded by a thoroughfare, designated by a modern signboard as the "Sacred Road," and on which bands of dust-covered, weary pilgrims were wending their way. They were walking faster than is their custom on long pilgrimages, and already beginning to raise their hands over their heads, with palm to palm, and uttering their strange homage-cry: "Sadu! sadu! sadu!" (hallelujah! etc.). It was evident they were nearing some extraordinary shrine. A few rods farther on they entered a walled inclosure, where all was dark with the shade of gigantic trees, and where crumbling walls, moss-covered statues, and dislodged blocks of granite indicated the flight of centuries since the shrine-builders had first been there. Then up a series of well-preserved steps (where dvarpal—door-guardians—guard the approach), whose balustrades terminate in the mouths of fabulous monsters that suggest a hybrid of the elephant and the crocodile.

For a time I become a pilgrim myself, and join their number, that I may witness the object of their devotion—as wonderful to me as it is worshipful to them. We reach the uppermost of three successive terraces of masonry, which is crowned by the multiple trunk of a venerable tree. The several divisions of this tree are feeble, gnarled, and bent; the leaves lack the fresh verdancy of a vigorous growth, and plainly show the yellowish pallor of decrepitude. The soil that nourishes its roots is wellnigh saturated with the oil of its anointment; yet, bent with age, this patriarch spreads its protecting arms over the jaded devotees, while they deposit be-

neath it and around it their offerings of cocoanut-oil, palm-blossom, champac flowers, and the bloom of the temple-tree (frangipani). Then their eager gaze is turned upward to the branches; they crave a single leaf, but none would dare pluck it from the tree; it must fall in full maturity to yield its maximum of merit. I had travelled nearly a hundred miles to look upon this wonderful tree, and was also anxious to carry away a specimen of its sacred leafage. A passing breeze sways the branches; the leaves rustle; the watchers gaze more expectantly; a withered member is separated from its branch and comes sailing down. There is no whoop of exultation, no trifling smile; but instead, a determined sally, a pious scramble, a collision of zealous hands and heads, and the solitary leaf is borne away in the happy bosom of the successful competitor. The prizes were few and the competitors were many, so I could only hope to secure one by remaining till the pilgrims, at nightfall, had turned their steps homeward, which I did; but even then robed priests remained to guard this holy of holies.

As if, however, to reward my patience, two leaves fell at my feet, whereupon, well satisfied, I turned away from a tree that is enshrined in the hearts of four hundred millions of the human family, and which is, in all probability, the oldest historical tree in the world; and when I tell the reader that it has been dropping its consecrated leaves into the outstretched hands of pilgrims for two thousand one hundred and thirty years, he will, I trust, pardon a desire on my part to carry away a memorial.

The street to which I have made reference is the modern main street of a jungle-environed village in the interior of Ceylon—that beautiful island of the Orient, which has been likened to a pearl-drop on the brow of India. This native village of to-day retains the name of an ancient city over whose ruins it is built—ANURADHAPURA.

More than a hundred years before Tsin-Shee Hwang-Tee had set his millions of laborers at work on the great wall of China, ancient Anuradhapura was a flourishing city and the capital of "Lanka," as the island was called by the ancients. It was a youthful contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh, greater than either in territorial area, and was in its glory and amplitude when Rome and Carthage were young. A hundred and fifty years before Vespasian had begun the great amphitheatre at Rome, Walagambahu, a Ceylonese king, had completed the Abhayagiria Dagoba, a monumental structure fifty feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, and containing an amount of solid masonry sufficient to build eight thousand houses large enough to accommodate forty thousand people, or the inhabitants of a city about twice the size of Poughkeepsie. The vast ruins of this city, with others at Pollonarua, Kalawewa, Mihintale, and Sigiri, have been pronounced, by those who have seen them, second only to those in Egypt, and yet to the average reader Anuradhapura is almost an *urbs incognita*.

The first authentic history of Ceylon dates from the landing of one Wijeyo, a scapegrace from the rule of his father, Sinhabahu, who lived in a district west of Bengal, in India. Wijeyo's arrival in Ceylon was about the year 477 B.C., and after a reign of forty years he died and left his realm to a nephew named Panduwassa. Panduwassa sought a consort from the land of his nativity. In due time his Indian queen arrived, accompanied by her six brothers, who founded principalities and built cities, one of which, in honor of its founder, prince Anuradha, was called Anuradhapura. The followers of Wijeyo and their descendants took the name Sinhalese—from the name of his father, Sinhabahu, and it is still applied to the dominant part of the population and to their language, which is a compound of Sanskrit and Pali. The Sinhalese were never a literary people, and yet they possess genealogical chronicles such as belong to few nations. These are collectively called the Mahawanso, after its author Mahanamo, a Buddhist priest. The Mahawanso was written in A.D. 460, and covers a period extending from 543 B.C. to A.D. 301, but subsequently brought down to the British occupation of the island by different monastic historians. It is to the unquestioned authenticity and credibility of these chronicles that

The Sacred Bo-Tree of Ceylon.
(The oldest historical tree in the world, having stood for 2,130 years. From a photograph by the author.)

the world is indebted for so much trustworthy information of remote Ceylonese history. Anuradha and his sister, the queen Bhoda-Kachána, were the grandchildren of Amitodama, an uncle of the great Gautama Buddha. The city named in honor of the brother soon became the capital. It had been visited by the predecessors of Gautama, and in 307 B.C. it received his collar-bone, his begging-dish, and other sacred relics, among which was a branch of the bo-tree under which he sat when he first attained Nirvâna, or perfect Buddhahood. This branch of the bo-tree, according to Sinhalese annals, was brought from Patalipoora, in India, by a sister of Mahindo, who successfully established Buddhism in Ceylon in the same year. The tree to which I have already referred as being the object of so much veneration is claimed to be the growth of the identical branch brought from India by the devoted priestess two thousand one hundred and thirty years ago; and with the written records in the possession of these dévotees the antiquity of the tree and its claim to being the oldest historical specimen can scarcely be questioned. In all countries where the Buddhistic cult prevails, especially in Ceylon, India, and Burmah, the bo-tree (*Ficus Religiosa*) has become a consecrated object, and may be seen on the roadsides, about houses and temples, and in the towns, protected by walls of masonry, over and within which shrines are placed for homage-offerings.

I have shown how early the young capital was honored with the kindred of the great Gautama, and how, being sanctified by so many precious relics, it rapidly expanded into a great city, and became at that early period, as it continues to be at the present time, a Mecca of Buddhism. And while Anuradha is mentioned as its founder, important coadjutants in the building up of that peerless city were the sacred bo-tree and the collar-bone of the author of the new religion. But before I describe the sepulchre of the mighty city, I shall glance at it as seen in the faithful annals of the Mahawanso, when countless *wihares* rang with hosannas to great Lord Buddha.

From the days of the mound-builders down to the Eiffel Tower, man has shown himself to be a monument-erecting being; the Christians have their cathedrals, the Mohammedans have their mosques, and the Buddhists have their shrine-tombs, designated differently in different countries as pagoda, tope, and dagoba. The pagodas of China are entirely dissimilar to those of Burmah, and the dagobas of Ceylon are quite unlike those in either country; yet all serve the one purpose of relic-sepulture. They are not altogether a thing of the past; they are still erected near the temples; but those of modern construction are small and unimportant when compared with those that have withstood biennial monsoons for two thousand years; even their half-buried ruins are stupendous.

The general form of a dagoba is that of a dome surmounted by a spire, and although there is endless diversity of detail and modification of contour, the bell-shaped dome with spire is the distinguishing feature of these Buddhistic structures in most countries. Sometimes the spire rests upon a square pedestal, and the dome generally upon a quadrangular platform or plaza, which in turn is flanked by a circular fosse, giving a somewhat fantastic alternation of circle, quadrate, and hemisphere. The bulk of the material is brick and mortar, the entire structure being coated with a composition of lime, cocoanut-water, and a glutinous juice of a native fruit. This incrustation is snow-white, very durable, and, when dry, receives a polish like marble. A small cell in the centre contains the sacred objects to be preserved, including precious stones, images of Buddha, emblems, and offerings. No passage is left for entrance, and the precious, and often valuable, entombment is sealed forever from the curious and the avaricious. Because of their antiquity and magnitude, and because they constituted one of the most remarkable features of the olden city, as they do of its vast ruins at the present time, I have made special mention of these gigantic tombs, that tower above the jungle of Ceylon as the Egyptian pyramids tower above the sand of the desert.

A Buddhist Priest of Ceylon.

The site of Anuradhapura is on a jungle-plain three hundred feet above the level of the sea, ninety miles north of Kandy, the present beautiful highland capital. The city at the time of its greatest expansion covered two hundred and fifty-six square miles, although this great area included extensive reservoirs and other unoccupied space. During the reign of Makalantisso, about 40 B.C., it was inclosed by a wall fifteen feet in height; and a hundred years later Wasobho increased its height to forty feet. The great area of the city cannot, however, be regarded as a criterion of its populousness. The number of inhabitants is not recorded, if ever known, but an estimate based on a large allowance for topes, tanks, and other unpeopled spaces, places the population at two hundred and fifty thousand.

The following translation from a na-

tive source describes the city at a remote period :

"The magnificent city of Anuradhapura is refulgent from the numerous temples and palaces whose golden pinnacles glitter in the sky. The sides of its streets are strewed with black sand, and the middle is sprinkled with white sand; they are spanned by arches bearing flags of gold and silver ; on either side are vessels of the same precious metals, containing flowers ; and in niches are statues holding lamps of great value. In the streets are multitudes of people armed with bows and arrows ; also men powerful as gods, who with their huge swords could cut in sunder a tusk-elephant at one blow. Elephants, horses, carts, and myriads of people are constantly passing and repassing ; there are jugglers, dancers, and musicians of various nations, whose chanque-shells and other musical instruments are ornamented with gold. The distance from the principal gate to the south gate is four gaws (sixteen miles) ; and from the north gate to the south gate four gaws; the principal streets are Chandrawakka-widiya, Rajamaha-widiya, Hinguruwakka-widiya, and Mahawelli-widiya. In Chandrawakka-widiya are eleven thousand houses, many of them being two stories in height ; the smaller streets are innumerable. The palace has immense ranges of buildings, some of two, others of three, stories in height ; and its subterranean apartments are of great extent."

An Ancient Stone Canopy.

One of the most noteworthy buildings of the "refulgent" city was the Lowa-Maha-Paya, or the Brazen Palace, erected by King Dutugemunu in the year 142 B.C. It stood upon one thousand six hundred granite pillars, and vied with surrounding dagobas in height, rearing its ninth story two hundred and seventy feet skyward ; it contained one thousand dormitories for priests ; its roof was of brass, and, according to the Mahawanso, the walls gleamed with resplendent gems ; the great hall was supported on golden pillars resting on lions, and in the centre was an ivory throne with a golden sun and a silver moon on either side. Several times the Brazen Palace was razed by iconoclastic invaders from India, and as often restored by the zealous adherents of the new faith, up to the latter part of the twelfth century, when the capital was removed to Pollonarua.

From the upper stories of this magnificent pile the priestly occupants could view the far-extending city, and look upon six great dagobas, all within a radius of little more than a mile, and lifting their huge white domes as high as some of the loftiest cathedrals in Europe.

The Ruanweli Dagoba stood near the palace ; and according to the native archives, rested on a platform 500 feet square, its glass pinnacle glittering in the sun 270 feet above the city, its base surrounded by marble statues, and its outer walls mounting elephants of masonry with real tusks. In the north, beyond splendid pavilions of king and queens, loomed the great Jetawanarama Dagoba, with its twenty million cubic feet of masonry. The beholder at the palace had only to turn his gaze in the direction of the rising sun to look upon the greatest of the relic-tombs, the Abhayagiria Dagoba.

In another direction lay the sparkling waters of Basawakulam and Tissa-

wewa, artificial lakes of rare beauty. These were only a few of the prominent features of the great city that spread out in view of the yellow-robed priests of the Lowa-Maha-Paya.

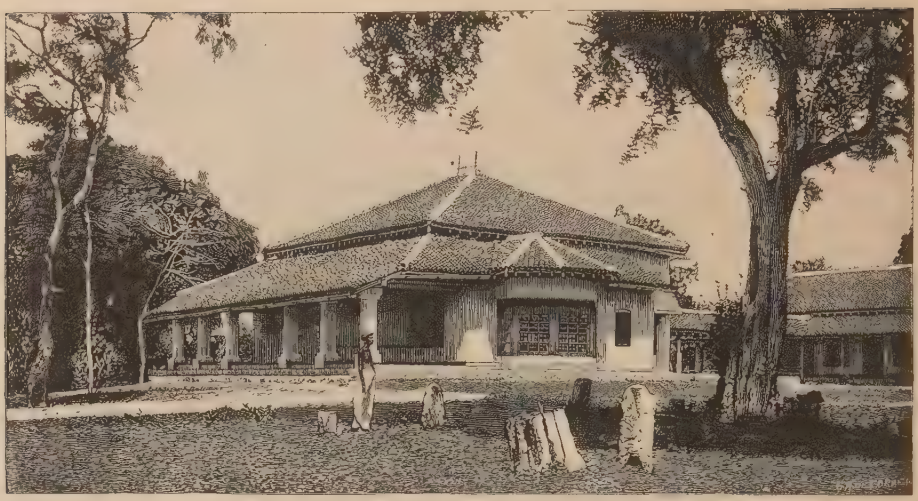
their backs, nipped the latest flush of tender leaves. The mountains are high and the valleys are locked in thick, tangled foliage, shutting out the light; but above the matted tropical growth

A Sinhalese Girl.

There were other dagobas, and other palaces, countless temples, luxurious baths; there were elegant canopies, many-pillared preaching-halls and royal incineraries, a description of which occupies a great portion of the Mahawanso.

Having glanced briefly at ancient Anuradhapura through the native annals, let the reader accompany me from Kandy, the present capital of the island, to the tomb of all her glory and greatness. A delightful railway ride of eighteen miles took me to Matale. The way is through magnificent mountain scenery, where uncultivated tracts blazed with many-colored lantana, and the long slopes and high summits were ruled into rectangular spaces by the intersecting rows of tea-bushes. Bands of coolie girls, with large baskets bound to the palm towers and waves his tufted crown. The train swept along midway between height and depth, stopping at many small way-stations embowered in native creepers, and surrounded by well-kept parterres. It soon left tea-plantations and entered those of coffee and cocoa. On one side of the way the mountain is covered with coffee-trees in delicate white bloom, while on the opposite side a broad valley is filled with ranges of cocoa-trees, burdened with the weight of large crimson pods, gleaming among a profusion of massive, deep-green leaves.

In an hour the train reached Matale, the northern terminus of railway travel in Ceylon. Here I took a horse-coach for a ride of twenty-nine miles, necessitating four relays. The horses were untrained, half-crazy stallions, very difficult



The Rest-house at Anuradhapura.

to start, and, as good fortune would have it for the sake of speed, equally difficult to stop. They galloped incessantly except during the necessary halts at relay stations. A bugler rode behind who blew shrill blasts. The stallions often plunged wildly and kicked high, but I had secured a seat with the driver and was quite out of reach of their loftiest efforts. I reached Dambulla, the end of this coach line, at six o'clock in the evening. The remainder of the distance, forty-two miles, was to be made during the night in a bullock-coach. After a hurried supper at the government rest-house I entered a two-wheeled coach, drawn by a pair of zebu bullocks, and wedged myself among five natives. This was the government mail express for Jaffna, at the extreme north of the island. We were soon off at a lively trot, and only the initiated know what a bullock trot in a two-wheeled coach implies. The night soon became very dark; a greater part of the distance lay through dense jungle. I was alone among natives who spoke no word of English, single-handed, barring the companionship of my Winchester, and about to enter forty-two miles of gloomy jungle. Our zebu steeds never travelled slower than a trot, but were relayed every four miles. They were in all respects more tractable than the horses of the last stage. At the relay stations a cluster of palm-roofed huts nestled in the thick wood, and cocoanut-oil tapers twinkled around the bullock stables. Native babes crying in unmistakable English could be heard within the adobe homes (burrows). Stage after stage we made during the long night, the silence only broken at intervals by the howling of packs of hungry jackals. Sleep often overcame me as I leaned upon my rifle, my head nodding rhythmically to the short, quick step of the zebus, until a blast from the driver's bugle startled me into semi-consciousness. This note of the bugle warned the keepers of the next station to be in readiness with a relay of bullocks. When the station was reached, and while an exchange of mail was being made, fresh bullocks walked under the yoke, almost of their own accord, whereupon we were off again at the usual trot through more deep woods, where large glow-worms shone like emeralds on the tree-trunks under the dark foliage. Thus the long, dreary, weird night-ride continued, until, at the ninth station, the breaking of dawn slightly revived my energies; a little later, the ruddy east lifted the veil from the great dagobas, and the morning carol of birds welcomed me to the buried city.

My Ceylonese companions extricated themselves from the small bullock-coach when we reached the outskirts of the town, and I was driven to a government rest-house in a vacant field. The rest-house in Ceylon and the traveller's bun-

galow in India combine the characteristics of the caravansary of the East and the English inn. They are a very convenient institution, much cheaper and much cleaner than the average village hotel in Europe or America. The native in charge was promptly on hand to relieve me of my hand-baggage, and to direct me to a room in the new, stucco-walled, tile-roofed rest-house. I was in a condition to testify that there was no misnomer about this new-fashioned hotel, and having sustained a forty-two mile bullock-trot, I was likewise ready to test its victualling capacity; so I ordered a meal and went to the veranda to make a first survey of the surroundings. I had scarcely seated myself when a strange bird darted from a tree near by into the yard before me. It was a bird of paradise. It reminded me of a tradition of the country, that Adam and his bird of paradise were exiled to Ceylon after their expulsion from the garden of Eden; indeed, it is even claimed that our first parent left his foot-print in solid rock on one of the highest peaks of the island, which, in commemoration thereof, is called Adam's Peak at the present time.

In a few minutes the rest-house keeper, at the door behind me, announced "breakfast, master."

"What is that hill covered with trees down there in the jungle?" I asked.

"Oh! that dagoba, master. That Abhayagiria Dagoba!" replied Murugasúi.

"Where is Ruanweli?"

"Ah! Ruanweli that way, master," he responded, pointing toward the west.

"Well, I have breakfast; then I see Anuradhapura," I said, syncopating my sentences after his own fashion that he might better comprehend the English.

The rest-house at which I was quartered is centrally located with reference to the site of the ancient city. The modern town of two thousand inhabitants is scattered along the different roads in the vicinity; a few comfortable bungalows are occupied by agents of the government civil service. An inner and an outer circular road enable the visitor to reach the more important points of interest. The whole region is level and uninteresting; and the chief occupation of the inhabitants in early days, as at the present time, was the production of rice. A system of gigantic reservoirs, for purposes of irrigation, was adopted by the earliest kings; and under the British rule many of these are being restored, as an abundant supply of water is indispensable

A Monolithic Statue of Buddha, seven feet in height.

to a rice-growing country. Mention has already been made of Tissawewa and Basawakulam, two lake-like tanks

Sinhalese Pillars near Ruanweli.

that afford an unlimited supply of water to the present population in the town and in the surrounding country, and which must have occupied a central position in the ancient metropolis.

With the exception of the small tract occupied by the present town or village, the two hundred and fifty-six square miles covered by ancient Anuradhapura is a thick jungle.

Under the stimulus of British enterprise the Buddhist priests and the government have done something already toward the restoration of some of the great dagobas, and excavations among the ruins; but a full restoration can scarcely be expected until a cosmopolitan interest has been awakened, and that is possible only when a railway, already under contemplation, is completed and the wonderful ruins made accessible to the world.

Soon I left the rest-house and approached Ruanweli Dagoba from the west; a tall, narrow bell-arch, supported on octagonal pillars of brick, stands at the right of a rude path before the muragé, or guard-house. The upper portion of the dagoba has been disintegrated into partial deformity, and is overgrown with grass and shrubbery. The high perpendicular walls around the base show the progress of restorations, which are now being made by the contributions from pilgrims. Passing through the muragé, and turning to the right, a curious stone bath, 60 feet in diameter and 25 feet deep, may be seen. It is circular in form and built of perfectly fitting segments of granite.

Turning to the left, near the wall of the dagoba, a number of mutilated marble statues are found, the largest of which is said to be that of Dutugemunu, the builder of the dagoba. Farther around this circle of statues is one facing the dagoba, supposed to be that of King Bhatiya Tissa, who reigned at the beginning of the Christian era, and who is said to have been the only layman ever permitted to enter the Ruanweli by an underground passage and

Ruanweli Dagoba.

look upon the sacred treasures within. Many fragments of broken statues and altars, showing indications of gaudy col-

Thupurama Dagoba, erected 307 B.C.

ors, are scattered over the plaza on which the massive structure is reared. The place of entrance to this underground passage is said to be marked by a small pit and mound on the south side. This famous shrine, which was originally 270 feet in height, is now, owing to the ravages of time and the vandalism of the invader, only 189 feet.

Leaving the Ruanweli on the opposite side to that of my approach, where the work of restoration also goes on, I passed into a green common where sacred cattle were grazing, and where there were groups of square granite pillars, some erect and some prostrate, but all with uniquely carved capitals, and as perfect as when they came from the workman's hands two thousand years ago. In all parts of this imperfectly cleared space might be seen clusters of these exquisite pillars, not large, often not over fourteen or fifteen inches square, but graceful in proportion and distinctive in architectural character. Many of these groups are supposed to mark the localities of preaching halls or the residences of priests connected with the adjacent dagobas.

Near by one of these groups of pillars I found the ruins of a bathing-tank, or "pokuna," as it is called in the native language. Like other "pokunas" of the place it is quadrangular in form, and built of a series of granite blocks extending down to the water on every side in the form of steps. Earthquake shocks and time have displaced its symmetrical blocks. It was once for royal use; now it is filled with pestilential water, and while I stood before it a crocodile lay basking on a stone at the water's edge.

Walking a half mile farther north I reached a small but important dagoba, which is older than any monument in India, and which is supposed to contain the right collar-bone of the great apostle of Buddhism. Although smaller than the other great dagobas of Ceylon, it is considered more elegant in form and more sacred in what it contains than its more imposing neighbors. Four rows of beautiful columns, each row containing twenty-seven members, radiate from the dagoba as a centre; these octagonal columns are 24 feet high, 14 inches thick, and are set in square bases and surmounted by circular capitals decorated with minute and delicate sculptures. The design of these slender columns, peculiar to Sinhalese architecture, is believed by some to have been derived from the slender trunk of the graceful areca palm, some of which may be noticed in the illustration near the pillars around Thupurama. At the foot of each flight of steps leading to the muragé before Thupurama may be seen a pair of dvarpal, or door guardians, cut in bass-relief on upright slabs of stone. This venerable shrine was erected 307 B.C.

A few rods to the northeast of it a

prodigious vessel, cut from a single block of granite, lies intact. It is 10 feet long, by 5 feet, 3 inches wide, and 2 feet, 6 inches deep. It is ornamented with pilasters in bass-relief. It dates from the second century before Christ. It was probably used to hold food for the priests; only a few years ago two counties subscribed to fill it with food for the pilgrims of a full-moon pilgrimage.

Having spent the hottest part of the day under a tropical sun, and having exhausted my stock in hand of photographic plates, I returned to the rest-house by the Basawakulam, whose bund, or artificial embankment, offered a pleasant walk. The jungle on the farther shore is a safe approach to the lake for wild animals; and elephants, in their nightly forages there, enter the lake and bathe.

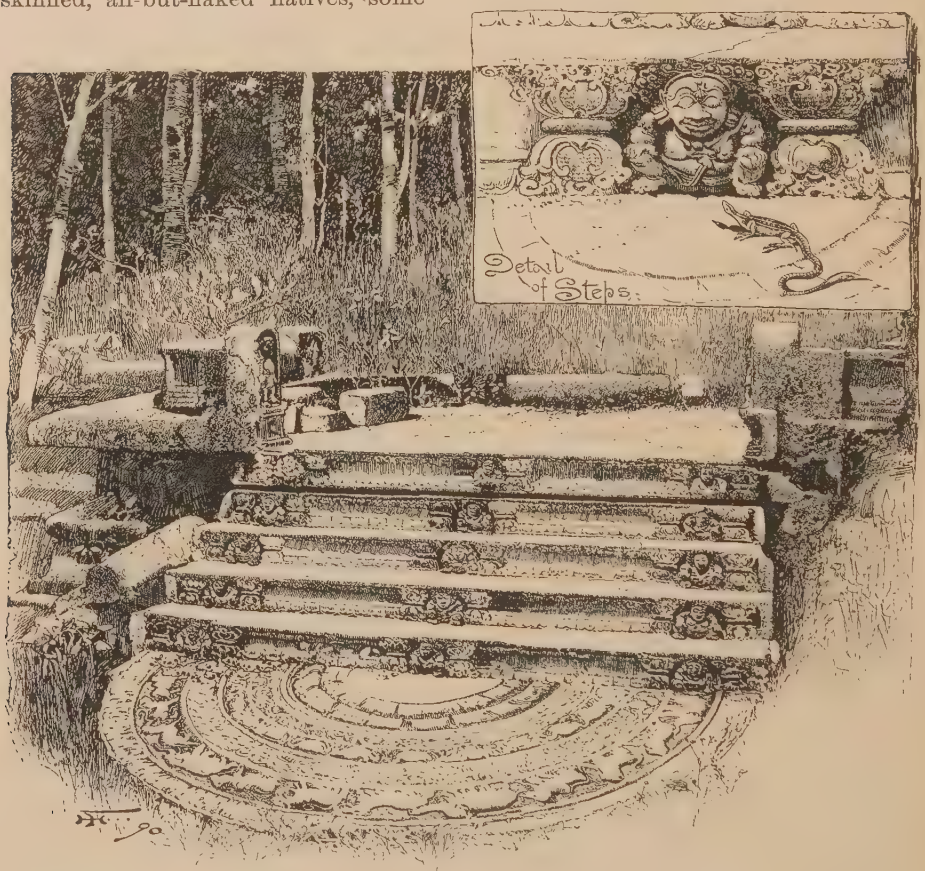
After a night in the rest-house I again set forth, under the guidance of Murugasúi, to visit other portions of the buried city. The Brazen Palace was not far away, or rather its site, for of the original nine stories I found only sixteen hundred monolithic granite pillars, on which it stood; these are mostly erect, and arranged in rows of forty each way, standing twelve feet above ground and measuring 2 feet in breadth and 1½ foot in thickness. No trace remains of the original coating of chunam (plaster), or their covering of copper; but distinct marks of the wedges by which they have been split from the parent rock remain. Two thousand years ago story was piled upon story, and now the foundations support only the tender creepers that twine about their mossy faces.

Passing along a street that leads to Tissawewa, a tank three miles in circumference, and a feeder of Basawakulam, and which is itself fed by another and still larger one called Kalawewa, and whose area is 4,425 acres, I pass three small ponds, which are also fed from Tissawewa. One is for the exclusive use of the "dhobies" (washermen), and the pond is full of them, some waist-deep,

One of the "Stone Canoes"—62 feet 9 inches long, by 4 feet 4 inches wide—built of granite slabs.

engaged in the rinsing stage of their aquatic occupation, while others stand at the edge of the water thrashing the garments over large stones, after the destructive fashion of all "dhobies" in the East.

The second pond is for bathing purposes, and is likewise full of black-skinned, all-but-naked natives, some



Moonstone and Steps to the Queen's Palace.

floundering while others stand pouring chattifuls of water over their heads. The third pond is for drinking purposes, and is separated from the other by a slight embankment; the water it contains is almost hidden by a dense growth of lotus in richest efflorescence, and swaying heavily under the weight of its own massive bloom.

Not far from this flowering pond stands another dagoba, clad in thick perennial shrubbery; it is Miriswetiya, and its erection by King Dutugemunu is another of the many instances found in history of the great consequences of a royal whim. Burrows tells us that the pious rajah had on a certain occasion partaken of a dish called "sambal" (wetiya), which is in part composed of chillies (miris), without offering a portion to the priest. Desiring to atone for this mortal breach of royal etiquette, he built this great dagoba, and named it after the dish that had inadvertently escaped the priestly palate.

In the western side a chapel has been excavated which affords one a beautiful example of Sinhalese architecture. Excavations on the other side have revealed many altars and other ruins, the most remarkable of which are sixty-two enor-

mous pillars, thirty-seven of them being nearly intact.

Pursuing my way along the shady road, walled on either side with generous foliage and arched with depending vines, I reached a grassy bank, ascending which I found myself on the bund of Tissawewa, overlooking an expanse of water that seemed, indeed, a natural lake of no small extent. If the two great reservoirs in Central Park were combined, four such expanses of water could be placed within the area of Tissawewa, and twenty-six might be placed in the space occupied by its great feeder Kalawewa. Strange water-birds were feeding along its margin, and several cormorants were resting on driftwood far out in the tank; at the latter I fired many futile shots from my Winchester, the ricochet of the bullets telling me more accurately than vision the deceptive distance over the surface of this great body of water.

The heat was oppressive, and I returned to the rest-house hoping to get a wheeled conveyance for further exploration. Murugasúi offered to provide me with the best the rest-house could furnish, or, indeed, the only procurable vehicle in modern Anuradhapura. So after tiffin I set forth to explore a part of the ruins lying several miles north, in the cabriolet of the wilderness, consisting of two wheels, surmounted by an enormous palm-leaf calash, and drawn by two lazy zebus. The vehicle was without seats, so I sat upon my camera-box, while Murugasúi located himself conveniently close to the zebus that he might hurry them by twisting their tails.

The first objects of interest were reached after a ride of about two miles in the jungle; they are called the "Stone Canoes" because of their rude resemblance to boats, but they are believed to have been used as receptacles of food for the priests. Two are monolithic—the larger measuring 16 feet in length by 3 feet 7 inches in width. A third, built of massive slabs of granite and measuring 62 feet 9 inches by 4 feet 4 inches, is given in the illustration [p. 331]. In all directions from the "Canoes" the extent of ruins is bewildering; there are indications of large buildings on every side. A monolithic Buddha, in sitting posture, seven feet high, rests upon an extemporized pedestal, and, although somewhat mutilated and weatherworn [p. 327], its features are in good preservation. Not many rods distant there is a large number of pillars, plainly denoting some important building; steps, landing-stones, door-guardians, and pillars are all unusually large; near here also there is a continuation of large stones, which have led to the belief that they mark the locality of the great East and West street, described in the Mahawanso.

A short distance away are a number of large pillars, supposed to be remains of elephant stables; they are 2 feet square and stand 16 feet above ground. Near these is also what has been called the King's Palace, but which was more probably an elegant preaching hall or temple. It consists of an elevated platform of stone, beautifully cut and but slightly displaced in many parts, and with most of the pillars which originally supported the superstructure still standing. The steps are delicately carved, each bearing three grotesque figures; the semicircular landing-stone at the foot of the steps is called a "moonstone," and is peculiar to Ceylon. The uniform designs on this indigenous piece of architecture are the elephant, lion, bull, hanza (or sacred goose), and lotus, arranged in semicircles, the geese carrying in their mouths the leaf, bud, and blossom of the lotus. The moonstone exhumed at the King's Palace is the most nearly perfect of any yet found; having been buried in the earth its most delicate lines are perfectly preserved.

The ruins of the Queen's Palace, not far away, are similar to those of the King's Palace, the steps and moonstone being likewise in excellent preservation. What is popularly known as the Queen's Palace may possibly have been the shrine of some relic. The records of the Mahawanso do not enable one to identify localities nor the different buildings. Exquisitely carved dvarpal and lions stand on either landing-stone at the top of the stairs, and on the platform twenty-four pillars remain erect.

Farther along this road a square stone, perforated with nine square holes, may be seen. A number of such stones are found in different parts of

the ruins, some containing twenty-five square holes. These stones were used by the priesthood to enable them to attain the highest degree of sacerdotal exaltation. The apertures were filled with different ingredients, such as sandalwood, sweet-oil, etc., whereupon the subject placed himself before the mystic stone and continued to gaze intently upon it until a spark of light appeared in its centre; continuing to gaze, the light became brighter and brighter until his illumined vision could penetrate all the mysterious depths of the infernal regions; then raising his eyes heavenward his spiritualized vision penetrated the abodes of the demigods, the various galleries of heaven, and finally the highest heaven of all, the Nirvâna of the glorified Buddha.

It is evident that the hand of man, through repeated demolitions and restorations, has done more to bury and obliterate the great city than the ravages of time. But we soon arrive at another great dagoba, and while Murugasúi sat beneath the hood of the jungle cart, and whipped the flies off the panting zebus, I caught a view of Jetawanarama. This prodigious structure is not so old as some of the other dagobas, having been built in the third century A.D., yet it shows its age more than those already mentioned. It is covered almost to the top with a dense growth of heavy timber, in which troops of wanderoo monkeys scamper and howl, and at its summit leopards find their safest retreat. Again we find the approach marked by the usual square pillars of the early muragé, and dvarpals meet us at the steps. A number of stone chatties resting on massive pedestals flank both sides of the platform; then between this part of the ruin and the jungle-covered mountain of brick lies the broad moat that encompasses the whole. Jetawanarama is invisible because of its bosky mantle, excepting a turret-shaped mass at the top of the dome, which in turn is surmounted by a tottering truncated cone. Extensive excavations on the north side exhibit a chaos of nondescript ruins, including sections of large columns and vast quantities of marble.

From Jetawanarama, in every direction, the jungle is studded with pillars, and the ground is strewn with blocks of granite, making the way ofttimes impassable, and wherever the soil is upturned it is red with disintegrated brick.

The next place of special interest is the Kuttam Pokunas, or twin bathing-tanks. Except the great dagobas, no part of the work of the old Sinhalese artisans has so thoroughly resisted the levelling influence of time as the numerous pokunas. Diocletian and Caracalla built their baths to great heights, but the Ceylonese kings placed their beautiful pokunas below the level of the ground. These unique twin-baths are near the last-named dagoba, and it is quite probable that Maha Sen, who erected the dagoba, was also the builder of the Kuttam Pokunas, about the close of the third century A.D. The Roman baths of Caracalla were begun in A.D. 212, and those of Diocletian in A.D. 302. The Roman emperors built of brick, and the Anuradhapuran kings built of granite. The Roman baths are mostly crumbling ruins, while the pokunas, with but slight expense and labor, could be rendered as perfect as they were when the mendicant priests doffed their yellow robes and descended their beautiful stairways. The pokunas were small in comparison to the Roman baths, but they were numerous—every important temple, palace, and pavilion having its own pokuna. The twin-tanks lie side by side, one a trifle larger than its mate; the larger is 152 feet long, 51 feet wide, and about 30 feet in depth. In places the elegantly hewn stones have been displaced, probably by earthquakes and tree-roots. Still these baths of Maha Sen are picturesque; the pilastered balustrades are exquisite; the dislodged blocks are sharp-edged and unchipped; venerable trees on their banks cast a deep shadow over them; turtles tumble from projecting limbs into their scummy waters, and luxuriant vines creep over the steps.

By this time I was temporarily wearied of dagobas, temples, palaces, and pokunas, and returned to the rest-house, where I could reinforce my energies with rice and curry. I was ready, after a night's rest, to renew my antiquarian researches. At night vespers were sung by an orchestra of insects; the whole

surrounding country seemed alive with them, each with a different instrument. The morning had its matin of bird-song; the deep woods, where daylight had scarcely penetrated, and every thicket, bush, and tree-top, was full of bird-notes.

Starting out again on the Sacred Road in the direction of the celebrated bo-tree, I came to several recumbent stone bulls that have survived the levelling effects of time. The Sinhalese women believe that by swinging one of these entirely around they will avert barrenness. The largest seems to have been made originally to revolve on a pivot, to facilitate the rite, but now it lies on the greensward at the roadside, and female pilgrims have to tug with might and main to revolve it. A small but very sacred dagoba stands a little east of the "Via Sacra," and north of the stone bulls, called Selachaittiya (stone temple), but which, according to some English scholars in Ceylon, should be called Lajjikawihara, after its builder, Lajjitissa, who reigned 119 B.C., and who erected this dagoba to commemorate the spot where Buddha is said to have rested.

About a quarter of a mile south of the bo-tree one may see the tomb of Elala, a Tamil usurper from India, who led an invasion against Ceylon about two hundred years B.C., overthrew the Sinhalese sovereign, and placed himself upon the throne. After Elala had ruled forty-four years, Dutugemunu, a brave young prince and worthy representative of the Sinhalese line, determined to depose him and re-establish the rightful dynasty. After a bloody but indecisive battle, which was fought just outside the walls of the city, it was decided that a termination should be reached by a single combat between the contending aspirants, the Sinha and the Tamil. Mounted on their war-elephants they advanced to mortal combat; Elala hurled his lance at his youthful foe, who averted it by a dexterous movement; then the elephants rushed together; Elala's fell and crushed its rider beneath it; whereupon the victorious prince entered the city in triumph, and re-established, in his own person, the sovereignty of his race. King Dutugemunu displayed great magnanimity toward his fallen enemy, and caused his body to be incinerated, with high honors, on the spot where he fell, and erected over his ashes a huge mound of earth, which, after two thousand years, clearly identifies his tomb; while the final resting-place of his commemorator is a matter of conjecture.

I left Elala's tomb to inspect the greatest dagoba of Anuradhapura, the Cheops of Ceylon, and, indeed, of its kind the greatest monument in the world, Abhayagiria.

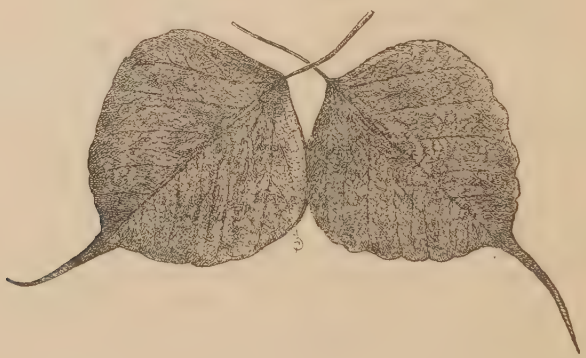
I have already mentioned this huge structure as it must have appeared to the priestly beholder from the upper stories of the magnificent Brazen Palace, its white chunam dome rising heavenward, and from its spire the pennant of Gautama floating four hundred and five feet above the plain. But long ages have subtracted one hundred and twenty-four feet from its altitude and despoiled its beauty; twice two thousand monsoons have swept away its spire, while perennial summer has buried it beneath repeated growths of tree and shrub. It presents a picture of unutterable sadness; jungle-fowls utter their weird cry on its farther slopes, and wild animals burrow among the *débris*. It was Walagambahu's proud masterpiece, now it is the lair of wild beasts; but in recent years devoted priests have begun the work of reclamation, and the larger trees have been cleared away, leaving only stumps and shrubbery to stud its swelling dome.

The ruins of several chapels surround its base, in one of which a monstrous seven-headed cobra, male and female figures, and flower-pieces are exquisitely carved. The basilary square, covering eight acres, and flagged with stone, is overgrown with grass and shrubbery; the eleven acres within its precincts are covered with the *débris* of many buildings, large and small, this dagoba having had a college of priests proportionate to its magnitude. A winding pathway leads to the platform above the dome, within which a circular stone staircase connects with the summit; thither I went for a parting look over the far-reaching landscape and at the buried city beneath. Bulankulam, Basawakulam, and Tissawewa sparkle in

the sunlight; the Yoda Ela zigzags its course through thick forest toward Tissawewa.

In an opposite direction, but running parallel with the Yoda Ela, the classical Malwatte oya (river) winds to the northward, sometimes hiding in dark-green jungle and then revealing itself in silvery curves as it recedes toward the meeting-place of earth and sky, where hazy mountain contours rise and fall like billows. A landscape boundless as the ocean lies before us; here and there green rice-fields break the continuity of silent forest, and an occasional palm-roofed hut tells us that a few human beings still exist on the once populous plain. The limitless forests were once luxuriant rice-fields; now leopards prowl under the shade of their aged trees; the water-buffalo wallows in the turbid pools, and herds of wild elephants disport where once they were the slaves of man.

But the saddest picture is immediately around us, where thousands upon thousands of human habitations have left no trace save in the discoloration of the soil. Time mocks monuments and laughs at kings; and now the silent jungle waves over the entombed city.



Leaves from the Sacred Bo-Tree of Ceylon.

FOR REMEMBRANCE.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

It would be sweet to think when we are old
  Of all the pleasant days that came to pass:
  That here we took the berries from the grass,
There charmed the bees with pans, and smoke unrolled,
And spread the melon nets when nights were cold,
  Or pulled the blood-root in the underbrush,
  And marked the ringing of the tawny thrush,
While all the west was broken burning gold.

And so I bind with rhymes these memories,
  As girls press pansies in the poet's leaves
And find them afterwards with sweet surprise;
    Or treasure petals mingled with perfume,
  Loosing them in the days when April grieves;
    A subtle summer in the rainy room.

ADVENTURES AMONG BOOKS.

By Andrew Lang.

IN an age of reminiscences, is there room for the confessions of a veteran, who remembers a great deal about books and very little indeed about people? I have often wondered that a *Biographia Literaria* has so seldom been attempted—a biography or autobiography of a man in his relations with other minds. Coleridge, to be sure, gave this name to a work of his, but he wandered from his apparent purpose into a world of alien disquisitions. The following pages are frankly bookish, and to the bookish only do they appeal. The habit of reading has been praised as a virtue, and has been denounced as a vice. In no case, if we except the perpetual study of newspapers (which cannot fairly be called reading), is the vice, or the virtue, common. It is more innocent than opium-eating, though, like opium-eating, it unlocks to us artificial paradises. I try to say what I have found in them, what distractions from the world, what teaching (not much), and what consolations.

In beginning an *autobiographia literaria*, an account of how, and in what order, books have appealed to a mind, which books have ever above all things delighted, the author must pray to be pardoned for the sin of egotism. There is no other mind, naturally, of which the author knows so much as of his own. *On n'a que soi*, as the poor girl says in one of M. Paul Bourget's novels. In literature, as in love, one can only speak for himself. This author did not, like Fulke Greville, retire into the convent of literature from the strife of the world, rather he was born to be, from the first, a dweller in the cloisters of a library. Among the poems which I remember best out of early boyhood, is Lucy Ashton's song, in the "Bride of Lammermoor:"

> Look not thou on beauty's charming,
> Sit thou still when kings are arming,
> Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,
> Speak not when the people listens,
> Stop thine ear against the singer,
> From the red gold keep thy finger,
> Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
> Easy live and quiet die.

The rhymes, unlearned, clung to my memory; they would sing themselves to me on the way to school, on cricket-field, and about the age of ten, probably without quite understanding them, I had chosen them for a kind of motto in life, a tune to murmur along the *fallentis semita vitæ*. This seems a queer idea for a small boy, but it must be confessed to.

"It takes all sorts to make a world," some are soldiers from the cradle, some merchants, some orators; nothing but a love of books was the gift given to me by the fairies. It was probably derived from forbears on both sides of my family, one a great reader, the other a considerable collector of books which remained with us and were all tried, persevered with, or abandoned in turn, by a student who has not blanched before the *Epigoniad!*

About the age of four I learned to read by a simple process. I had heard the elegy of Cock Robin till I knew it by rote, and I picked out the letters and words which compose that classic, till I could read it for myself. Earlier than

that, "Robinson Crusoe" had been read aloud to me, in an abbreviated form, no doubt. I remember the pictures of Robinson finding the footstep in the sand, and a dance of cannibals, and the parrot. But, somehow, I have never read "Robinson" since; it is a pleasure to come.

The first books which vividly impressed me were, naturally, fairy tales, and chap-books about Robert Bruce, William Wallace, and Rob Roy. At that time these little tracts could be bought for a penny apiece. I can still see Bruce and Wallace in full armor, discoursing across a burn, and Rob Roy slipping from the soldier's horse into the stream. They did not then awaken a precocious patriotism; a boy of five is more at home in Fairyland than in his own country. The sudden appearance of the White Cat as a queen, after her head was cut off; the fiendish malice of the Yellow Dwarf; the strange cake of crocodile eggs and millet seed which the mother of the Princess Frutilla made for the Fairy of the Desert—these things, all fresh and astonishing, but certainly to be credited, are my first memories of romance. One story of a White Serpent, with a woodcut of that mysterious reptile, I neglected to secure, probably for want of a penny, and I have regretted it ever since. One never sees those cheap books now. "The White Serpent," in spite of all research, remains *introuvable*. It was a lost chance, and Fortune does not forgive. Nobody ever interfered with these, or indeed with any other, studies of ours at that time, as long as they were not prosecuted on Sundays. "The fightingest parts of the Bible," and the Apocrypha, and stories like that of the Witch of Endor, were sabbatical literature; read in a huge old illustrated Bible. How I advanced from the fairy tales to Shakespeare, what stages there were on the way—for there must have been stages—is a thing that memory cannot recover. A nursery legend tells that I was wont to arrange six open books on six chairs, and go from one to the others, perusing them by turns. No doubt this was what people call "desultory reading," but I did not hear the criticism till later, and then too often for my comfort. Memory holds a picture more vivid than most, of a small boy reading the "Midsummer Night's Dream," by firelight, in a room where candles were lit, and some one touched the piano, and a young man and a girl were playing chess. The Shakespeare was a volume of Kenny Meadows's edition; there are fairies in it, and the fairies seemed to come out of Shakespeare's dream into the music and the firelight. At that moment I think that I was happy; it seemed an enchanted glimpse of eternity in Paradise; nothing resembling it remains with me, out of all the years.

We went from the border to the south of England, when the number of my years was six, and in England we found another paradise, a circulating library with brown, greasy, ill-printed, odd volumes of "Shakespeare" and of the "Arabian Nights." How their stained pages come before the eyes again; the pleasure and the puzzle of them! What did the lady in the Geni's glass box want with the Merchants? what meant all these conversations between the Fat Knight and *Ford*, in the "Merry Wives?" It was delightful, but in parts it was difficult. Fragments of "The Tempest" and of other plays, remain stranded in my memory from these readings: *Ferdinand* and *Miranda* at chess; *Cleopatra* cuffing the messenger; the asp in the basket of figs; the *Friar* and the *Apothecary*; *Troilus* on the Ilian walls; a vision of *Cassandra* in white muslin, with her hair down. People forbid children to read this and that. I am sure they need not, and that even in our infancy the magician, Shakespeare, brings us nothing worse than a world of beautiful visions, half realized. In the Egyptian wizard's little pool of ink, only the pure can see the visions, and in Shakespeare's magic mirror children see only what is pure. Among other books of that time I only recall a kind of Sunday novel, "Naomi; or, The Last Days of Jerusalem." Who, indeed, could forget the battering-rams, and the man who cried on the battlements, "Woe, woe to myself and to Jerusalem!" I seem to hear him again, when boys break the hum of London with yells of the latest news.

We left England in a year, went back to Scotland, and awoke, as it were, to know the glories of our birth. We lived in Scott's country, within four miles of Abbotsford, and, so far, we had heard nothing of it. I remember going with one of the maids into the cottage of a kinsman of hers, a carpenter; a delightful place, where there was sawdust, where our first fishing-rods were fashioned. Rummaging among the books, of course, I found some cheap periodical with verses in it. The lines began:

> The Baron of Smaylhome rose with day,
> He spurred his courser on.
> Without stop or stay, down the rocky way
> That leads to Brotherstone.

A rustic tea-table was spread for us, with scones and honey, not to be neglected. But they *were* neglected till we had learned how

> The sable score of fingers four
> Remains on that board impressed,
> And for evermore that lady wore
> A covering on her wrist.

We did not know, nor ask the poet's name. Children, probably, say very little about what is in their minds, but that unhappy knight, Sir Richard of Coldinghame, and the Priest, with his chamber in the east, and the moody Baron, and the Lady, have dwelt in our mind ever since, and hardly need to be revived by looking at "The Eve of St. John."

Soon after that we were told about Sir Walter, how great he was, how good, how, like Napoleon, his evil destiny found him at last, and he wore his heart away for honor's sake. And we were given the "Lay," and "The Lady of the Lake." It was my father who first read "Tam o' Shanter" to me, for which I confess I did not care at that time, preferring to take witches and bogies with great seriousness. It seemed as if Burns were trifling with a noble subject. But it was in a summer sunset, beside a window looking out on Ettrick and the hill of the Three Brethren's Cairn, that I first read, with the dearest of all friends, how

> The stag at eve had drunk his fill
> Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
> And deep his midnight lair had made
> In lone Glenartney's hazel shade.

Then opened the gates of Romance, and with Fitz James we drove the chase, till

> Few were the stragglers, following far,
> That reached the lake of Vennachar,
> And when the Brig of Turk was won,
> The foremost horseman rode alone.

From that time, for months, there was usually a little volume of Scott in one's pocket, in company with the miscellaneous collection of a boy's treasures. Scott certainly took his fairy folk seriously, and the Mauth Dog was rather a disagreeable companion to a small boy in wakeful hours.* After this kind of introduction to Sir Walter, after learning one's first lessons in history from the "Tales of a Grandfather," nobody, one hopes, can criticise him in cold blood, or after the manner of Mr. Leslie Stephen, who is not sentimental. Scott is not an author like another, but our earliest known friend in letters; for, of course, we did not ask who Shakespeare was, nor inquire about the private history of Madame d'Aulnoy. Scott peopled for us the rivers and burnsides with his reivers: the Fairy Queen came out of Eildon Hill, and haunted Carterhaugh; at Newark Tower we saw "the embattled portal arch"

> Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
> Had oft rolled back the tide of war,

just as, at Foulshiel, on Yarrow, we beheld the very roofless cottage whence Mungo Park went forth to trace the waters of the Niger.

Probably the first novel I ever read was at Elgin, and the story was "Jane Eyre." The tale was a creepy one for a boy of nine, and Rochester was a mystery, St. John a bore. But the lonely little girl in her despair, when something came into the room, and her days of starvation at school, and the terrible first Mrs. Rochester, were not to be forgotten. They abide in one's recollection with a Red Indian's ghost, who carried a rusty ruined gun, and whose acquaintance we made at the same time.

* Mauth is Manx for dog, I am told.

I fancy I was rather an industrious little boy, and that I had minded my lessons, and satisfied my teachers—I know I was reading Pinnock's "History of Rome" for pleasure—till "the wicked day of destiny" came, and I felt a "call," and underwent a process which may be described as the opposite of "conversion." The "call" came from Dickens. "Pickwick" was brought into the house. From that hour it was all over, for five or six years, with anything like industry and lesson-books. I read "Pickwick" in convulsions of mirth. I dropped Pinnock's "Rome" for good. I neglected everything printed in Latin, in fact everything that one was understood to prepare for one's classes in the school whither I was now sent, in Edinburgh. For there, living a rather lonely small boy in the house of an aged relation, I found the Waverley novels. The rest is transport. A conscientious tutor dragged me through the Latin grammar, and a constitutional dislike to being beaten on the hands with a leather strap urged me to acquire a certain amount of elementary erudition. But, for a year, I was a young hermit, living with Scott in the "Waverleys," and the "Border Minstrels," with Pope, and Prior, and a translation of Ariosto, with Lever, and Dickens, David Copperfield, and Charles O'Malley, Longfellow, and Mayne Reid, Dumas, and in brief, with every kind of light literature that I could lay my hands upon. Carlyle did not escape me; I vividly remember the helpless rage with which I read of the Flight to Varennes. In his work on French novelists, Mr. Saintsbury speaks of a disagreeable little boy, in a French romance, who found Scott *assommant*, stunningly stupid. This was a very odious little boy, it seems (I have not read his adventures), and he came, as he deserved, to a bad end. Other and better boys, I learn, find Scott "slow." Extraordinary boys! Perhaps "Ivanhoe" was first favorite of yore; you cannot beat Front de Bœuf, the assault on his castle, the tournament. No other tournament need apply. M. Conan Doyle, greatly daring, has attempted to enter the lists, but he is a mere Ralph the Hospitaller. Next, I think, in order of delight, came "Quentin Durward," especially the hero of the scar, whose name Thackeray could not remember, Quentin's uncle. Then "The Black Dwarf," and Dugald, our dear Rittmeister. I could not read "Rob Roy" then, nor lately; nay, not till this very year. Now Di Vernon is the lady for me; the queen of fiction, the peerless, the brave, the tender, and true.

The wisdom of the authorities decided that I was to read no more novels, but, as an observer remarked, "I don't see what is the use of preventing the boy from reading novels, for he's just reading 'Don Juan' instead." This was so manifestly no improvement, that the ban on novels was tacitly withdrawn, or was permitted to become a dead letter. They were far more enjoyable than Byron. The worst that came of this was the suggestion of a young friend, whose life had been adventurous—indeed he had served in the Crimea with the Bashi Bazouks—that I should master the writings of Edgar Poe. I do not think that the "Black Cat" and the "Fall of the House of Usher," and the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" are very good reading for a boy who is not peculiarly intrepid. Many a bad hour they gave me, haunting me, especially, with a fear of being prematurely buried, and of waking up before breakfast to find myself in a coffin. Of all the books I devoured in that year, Poe is the only author whom I wish I had reserved for later consideration, and whom I cannot conscientiously recommend to children.

I had already enjoyed a sip of Thackeray, reading at a venture, in "Vanity Fair," about the Battle of Waterloo. It was not like Lever's accounts of battles, but it was enchanting. However, "Vanity Fair" was under a taboo. It is not easy to say why; but Mr. Thackeray himself informed a small boy, whom he found reading "Vanity Fair" under the table, that he had better read something else. What harm can the story do to a child? He reads about Waterloo, about fat Jos, about little George and the pony, about little Rawdon and the rat-hunt, and is happy and unharmed.

Leaving my hermitage, and going into the very different, and very disagreeable, world of a master's house, I

was lucky enough to find a charming library there. Most of Thackeray was on the shelves, and Thackeray became the chief enchanter. As Henry Kingsley says, a boy reads him and thinks he knows all about life. I do not think that the mundane parts, about Lady Kew and her wiles, about Ethel and the Marquis of Farintosh, appealed to one or enlightened one. Ethel was a mystery, and not an interesting mystery, though one used to copy Doyle's pictures of her, with the straight nose, the impossible eyes, the impossible waist. It was not Ethel who captivated us; it was Clive's youth and art, it was J. J., the painter; it was jolly F. B. and his address to the maid about the lobster, "A finer fish, Mary, my dear, I have never seen." Does not this solve the vexed question whether lobsters are fish, in the French sense? Then "The Rose and the Ring" came out. It was worth while to be twelve years old, when the Christmas books were written by Dickens and Thackeray. I got hold of "The Rose and the Ring," I know, and of the "Christmas Carol," when they were damp from the press. King Valoroso, and Bulbo, and Angelica were even more delightful than Scrooge, and Tiny Tim, and Trotty Veck. One remembers the fairy monarch more vividly, and the wondrous array of egg-cups from which he sipped brandy—or was it right Nantes?—still "going on sipping, I am sorry to say," even after "Valoroso was himself again." But, of all Thackeray's books, I suppose "Pendennis" was the favorite. The delightful Marryat had entertained us with Peter Simple and O'Brien (how good their flight through France is!), with Mesty and Mr. Midshipman Easy, with Jacob Faithful (Mr. Thackeray's favorite), and with Snarleyyow; but Marryat never made us wish to run away to sea. That did not seem to be one's vocation. But the story of Pen made one wish to run away to literature, to the Temple, to streets where Brown, the famous reviewer, might be seen walking with his wife and umbrella. The writing of poems "up to" pictures, the beer with Warrington in the mornings, the suppers in the back kitchen, these were the alluring things, not society, and Lady Rockminster, and Lord Steyne. Well, one has run away to literature since, but where is the matutinal beer? Where is the back kitchen? Where are Warrington, and Foker, and F. B.? I have never met them in this living world, though Brown, the celebrated reviewer, is familiar to me, and also Mr. Sidney Scraper, of the University Club. Perhaps back kitchens exist, perhaps there are cakes and ale in the life literary, and F. B. may take his walks by the Round Pond. But one never encounters these rarities, and Bungay and Bacon are no longer the innocent and ignorant rivals whom Thackeray drew. They do not give those wonderful parties; Miss Bunnion has become quite conventional, Percy Popjoy has abandoned letters; Mr. Wenham does not toady; Mr. Wagg does not joke any more. The literary life is very like any other, in London, or is it that we do not see it aright, not having the eyes of genius? Well, a life on the ocean wave, too, may not be so desirable as it seems in Marryat's novels: so many a lad whom he tempted into the navy has discovered. The best part of the existence of a man of letters is his looking forward to it through the spectacles of Titmarsh.

One can never say how much one owes to a schoolmaster who was a friend of literature, who kept a houseful of books, and who was himself a graceful scholar, and an author, while he chose to write, of poetic and humorous genius. Such was the master who wrote the "Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster," Mr. D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, to whom, in this place, I am glad to confess my gratitude after all these many years. While we were deep in the history of Pendennis we were also being dragged through the Commentaries of Caius Julius Cæsar, through the Latin and Greek grammars, through Xenophon, and the Eclogues of Virgil, and a depressing play of Euripides, the "Phœnissæ." I can never say how much I detested these authors, who, taken in small doses, are far, indeed, from being attractive. Horace, to a lazy boy, appears in his Odes to have nothing to say, and to say it in the most frivolous and vexatious manner. Then

Cowper's "Task," or "Paradise Lost," as school-books, with notes, seem arid enough to a school-boy. I remember reading ahead, in Cowper, instead of attending to the lesson and the class-work. His observations on public schools were not uninteresting, but the whole English school-work of those days was repugnant. One's English education was all got out of school. As to Greek, for years it seemed a mere vacuous terror; one invented for one's-self all the current arguments against "compulsory Greek." What was the use of it, who ever spoke in it, who could find any sense in it, or any interest? A language with such cruel superfluities as a middle voice and a dual; a language whose verbs were so fantastically irregular, looked like a barbaric survival, a mere plague and torment. So one thought till Homer was opened before us. Elsewhere I have tried to describe the vivid delight of first reading Homer, delight, by the way, which St. Augustine failed to appreciate. Most boys not wholly immersed in dulness felt it, I think; to myself, for one, Homer was the real beginning of study. One had tried him, when one was very young, in Pope, and had been baffled by Pope, and his artificial manner, his "fairs," and "swains." Homer seemed better reading in the absurd "crib" which Mr. Buckley wrote for Bohn's series. Hector and Ajax, in that disguise, were as great favorites as Horatius on the Bridge, or the younger Tarquin. Scott, by the way, must have made one a furious and consistent Legitimist. In reading the "Lays of Ancient Rome," my sympathies were with the expelled kings, at least with him who fought so well at Lake Regillus:

> Titus, the youngest Tarquin,
> Too good for such a breed.

Where

> Valerius struck at Titus,
> And lopped off half his crest;
> But Titus stabbed Valerius
> A span deep in the breast—

I find, on the margin of my old copy, in a school-boy's hand, the words "Well done, the Jacobites!" Perhaps my politics have never gone much beyond this sentiment. But this is a digression from Homer. The very sound of the hexameter, that long, inimitable roll of the most various music, was enough to win the heart, even if the words were not understood. But the words proved unexpectedly easy to understand, full as they are of all nobility, all tenderness, all courage, courtesy, and romance. The "Morte d'Arthur" itself, which about this time fell into our hands, was not so dear as the "Odyssey," though for a boy to read Sir Thomas Malory is to ride at adventure in enchanted forests, to enter haunted chapels where a light swims from the Graal, to find by lonely mountain meres the magic boat of Sir Galahad. After once being initiated into the mysteries of Greece by Homer, the work at Greek was no longer tedious. Herodotus was a charming and humorous story-teller, and, as for Thucydides, his account of the Sicilian Expedition and its ending was one of the very rare things in literature which almost, if not quite, brought tears into one's eyes. Few passages, indeed, have done that, and they are curiously discrepant. The first book that ever made me cry, of which feat I was horribly ashamed, was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with the death of Eva, Topsy's friend. Then it was trying when Colonel Newcome said *Adsum*, and the end of Socrates in the *Phædo*, moved one more than seemed becoming—these, and a passage in the history of Skalagrim Lamb's Tail, and, as I said, the ruin of the Athenians in the Syracusan Bay. I have read these chapters in an old French version of Ronsard's time (1550), a version derived through the Italian from a Latin translation of Thucydides. Even in this far-descended form, the tale keeps its pathos, the calm, grave stamp of that tragic telling cannot be worn away by much handling, by long time, by the many changes of human speech. When

> All was done that men can do,
> And all was done in vain:

"Others too," says Nicias, in that final speech, "having done what men might have borne what men can endure."

This is the very burden of life, and the last word of tragedy. For now all is vain: courage, wisdom, piety, the bravery of Lamachus, the goodness of Nicias, the brilliance of Alcibiades, all are expended, all wasted, nothing of that brave venture abides, except torture, defeat, and death. No play nor poem of individual fortunes is so moving as this ruin of a people; no modern story can stir us, with all its eloquence, like the brief gravity of this ancient tale. Nor can we find, at the last, any wisdom more wise than that which bids us do what men may, and bear what men must. Such are the lessons of the Greek, of the people who tried all things, in the morning of the world, and who still speak to us of what they tried in words which are the sum of human gayety and gloom, of grief and triumph, hope and despair. The world, since their day, has but followed in the same round, which only seems new: has only made the same experiments, and failed with the same failure, but less gallantly and less gloriously.

One's school-boy adventures among books ended not long after winning the friendship of Homer and Thucydides, of Lucretius and Catullus. One's application was far too desultory to make a serious and accurate scholar.

I confess to having learned the classical languages, as it were, by accident, for the sake of what is in them, and with a provokingly imperfect accuracy. Cricket and trout occupied far too much of my mind and my time: Christopher North, and Walton, and Thomas Tod Stoddart, and "The Moor and the Loch," were my holiday reading, and I do not regret it. Philologists and Ireland scholars are not made so, but you can, in no way, fashion a scholar out of a casual and inaccurate intelligence. The true scholar is one whom I envy, almost as much as I respect him, but there is a kind of mental short-sightedness, where accents and verbal niceties are concerned, which cannot be sharpened into true scholarship. Yet, even for those afflicted in this way, and with the malady of being "idle, careless little boys," the ancient classics have a value for which there is no substitute. There is a charm in finding ourselves, our common humanity, our puzzles, our cares, our joys, in the writings of men severed from us by race, religion, speech, and half the gulf of historical time, which no other literary pleasure can equal. Then there is to be added, as the university preacher observed, "the pleasure of despising our fellow-creatures who do not know Greek." Doubtless, in that there is great consolation.

It would be interesting, were it possible, to know what proportion of people really care for poetry, and how the love of poetry came to them, and grew in them—and where and when it stopped. Modern poets whom one meets are apt to say that poetry is not read at all. Byron's Murray ceased to publish poetry in 1830, just when Tennyson and Browning were striking their preludes. Probably Mr. Murray was wise in his generation. But it is also likely that many persons, even now, are attached to poetry, though they certainly do not buy contemporary verse. How did the passion come to them? How long did it stay? When did the Muse say good-by? To myself, as I have remarked, poetry came with Sir Walter Scott, for one read Shakespeare as a child, rather in a kind of dream of fairyland and enchanted isles, than with any distinct consciousness that one was occupied with poetry. Next to Scott, with me, came Longfellow, who pleased one as more reflective and tenderly sentimental, while the reflections were not so deep as to be puzzling. I remember how "Hiawatha" came out, when one was a boy, and how delightful was the free forest life, and Minnehaha and Paupukkeewis, and Nokomis. One did not then know that the same charm, with a yet fresher dew upon it, was to meet one later, in the Kalewala. But, at that time, one had no conscious pleasure in poetic style, except in such ringing verse as Scott's, and Campbell's in his patriotic pieces. The pleasure and enchantment of style first appealed to me, at about the age of fifteen, when one read for the first time,

> So all day long the noise of battle rolled
> Among the mountains by the northern sea;
> Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
> Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord.

Previously one had only heard of Mr. Tennyson as a name. When a child I was told that a poet was coming to a house in the Highlands where we chanced to be, a poet named Tennyson. "Is he a poet like Sir Walter Scott?" I remember asking, and was told, "No, he was not like Sir Walter Scott." Hearing no more of him, I was prowling among the books in an ancient house, a rambling old place with a ghost-room, where I found Tupper, and could not get on with "Proverbial Philosophy." Next I tried Tennyson, and instantly a new light of poetry dawned, a new music was audible, a new god came into my medley of a Pantheon, a god never to be dethroned. "Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is," Shelley says. I am convinced that we scarcely know how great a poet Lord Tennyson is; use has made him too familiar. The same hand has "raised the Table Round again," that has written the sacred book of Friendship, that has lulled us with the magic of the "Lotus Eaters," and the melody of "Tithonus." He has made us move, like his own Prince,

> Among a world of ghosts
> And feel ourselves the shadows of a dream.

He has enriched our world with conquests of romance; he has recut and reset a thousand ancient gems of Greece and Rome; he has roused our patriotism; he has stirred our pity; there is hardly a human passion but he has purged it and ennobled it, "except this of love." Natheless, the Laureate remains the most various, the sweetest, the most exquisite, the most learned, the most Virgilian of all English poets, and we may pity the lovers of poetry who died before Tennyson came.

Here may end the desultory tale of a desultory bookish boyhood. It was not in nature that one should not begin to rhyme for one's-self. But those exercises were seldom even written down; they lived a little while in a memory which has lost them long ago. I do remember me that I tried some of my attempts on my dear mother, who at once said to me what Dryden said to "Cousin Swift," "You will never be a poet," a decision in which I straightway acquiesced. For to rhyme is one thing, to be a poet quite another. A good deal of mortification would be avoided if young men and maidens only kept this obvious fact well posed in front of their vanity and their ambition.

In these bookish memories I have said nothing about religion and religious books, for various reasons. But, unlike other Scots of the pen, I got no harm from "The Shorter Catechism," of which I remember little, and neither then nor now was able to understand a single sentence. Some precocious metaphysicians comprehended and stood aghast at justification, sanctification, adoption, and effectual calling. These, apparently, were necessary processes in the Scotch spiritual life. But we were not told what they meant, nor were we distressed by a sense that we had not passed through them. From most children, one trusts, Calvinism ran like water off a duck's back; unlucky were they who first absorbed, and later were compelled to get rid of, "The Shorter Catechism!"

One good thing, if no more, these memories may accomplish. Young men, especially in America, write to me and ask me to recommend "a course of reading." Distrust a course of reading! People who really care for books *read all of them.* There is no other course. Let this be a reply. No other answer shall they get from me, the inquiring young men.

A CHINA HUNTER IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Alice Morse Earle.

MY dearly loved friend, Charles Lamb, wrote, in his "Essays of Elia," "I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire first for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery. I have no repugnance for those little lawless azure-tinted grotesques that, under the notion of men and women, float about uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china teacup." In his partiality for old china I humbly join, and it is of the search through New England for such dear old china loves that I write.

Were the possession of old or valuable specimens of porcelain and pottery the only good thing which came from the long days of country ranging and farm-house searching spent in these china-quests Philistines might perhaps scoff at the waste of time and energy; but much else that is good have I found. Insight into human nature—love of my native country—knowledge of her natural beauties—acquaintance with her old landmarks and historical localities—familiarity with her history—admiration of her noble military and naval heroes—and study of the ancient manners, customs, and traditions of her early inhabitants have all been fostered, strengthened, and indeed almost brought into existence by the search after and study of old china. How vague were my school-day history-lesson memories of Perry, of Lawrence, and of Decatur until I saw their likenesses on some hideous Liverpool pitchers in an old sailor's hut! then I read eagerly every word of history, every old song and ballad about them. How small was my knowledge of old "table manners" and table-furnishings until I discovered, through my china studies, how our ancestors ate and served their daily meals! How entirely powerless was I to discover the story of human nature as told in the countenance until my inquiries in country towns after old china made me a second Lavater in reading the possibilities of successful purchase in case the questioned one chanced to own any old porcelain heirlooms! How few of our noble wood and valley roads had I seen until I drove through them searching for old farm-houses that might contain some salvage of teacups or teapots! And not only do we learn of America through our china hunts, but of England as well; for nearly all of our old table-ware was English and the progress of the production of English china can be traced as easily in New England as in old England. Few of the more costly pieces came across the ocean to us, but humbler specimens perhaps show equally well the general progress of the manufacture.

The great number of pewter plates and platters, hot-water jugs with wicker handles, teapots, posnets and porringers still found in old homes in New England proves how recently and universally pewter was employed for table-ware; in fact, the date of the settlement of America was the time when pewter utensils succeeded wooden trenchers, and the time of the Revolutionary War may be given as the turning-point when china crowded out pewter. The history of the use of crockery and china as table-ware by our ancestors cannot at the extreme limit extend back more than two hundred years, though the Seventeenth-century Pilgrims had a few pieces of India china.

One of the earliest mentions of china in America is in the inventory of the estate of President Davenport of Harvard College, in 1648—"Cheyny £4." In the inventory made in 1647 of the possessions of Martha Coteymore (who afterward married Governor Winthrop) is the item—"One parcel cheyney plates and saucers £1." In 1699 John Higginson wrote to his brother in India in regard to importations that "china and lacker-ware will sell if in small

quantity." Lisbon ware (which was earthen-ware) was left by will in Massachusetts in 1650. The inventories of various estates made in the town of Stamford from 1650 to 1674 contain mention of no china or glass and only two shillings' worth of earthen-ware. In 1713 six hogsheads of earthen-ware, including teapots, were advertised for sale in Boston. These teapots were generally black, for they were popularly supposed to make the best tea. A box of china was advertised for sale in Boston in 1732. Peter Faneuil in 1737 had a bountiful supply of glass and china, as he had of other luxuries.

China was doubtless as plentiful in New England as elsewhere in America at that date. One of the earliest mentions of china in New York, is in a list of the possessions of Cornelius Stienwerck made in 1686—ten pieces of china dishes or porcelain, valued at £4. But china did not abound in New York until after the Revolutionary War. In an inventory made at that time of the contents of a house on the Neutral Ground in Westchester County, there were such items of luxury as 26 horses ; 36 table-cloths, rich furniture, bed-linen, and clothing ; quantities of silver ; and the pewter articles included 1 coffee-kettle, 1 teapot, 27 dishes, 12 plates, 12 soup-plates, 6 butter-plates, 3 mugs, 2 salons, 5 basins, 6 spoons, 3 measures. And with all these possessions—*not one piece of china* is named. In the inventories of the property of the New Jersey farmers whose household goods were destroyed by the soldiers in the Revolutionary War, and who expected to receive indemnity from the Government for their losses, but few pieces of china are mentioned, and we discover that each family rarely possessed more than three or four china cups and saucers. These records are true and faithful lists of the possessions of well-to-do people at that date, and indicate that china was far from plentiful.

Nor was china frequently owned in Pennsylvania at that time, though Mrs. Franklin, in a letter written to her Benjamin in 1765, speaks of a "set of tea china, a handsome stand for a kettle to stand on, and the ornamental china," etc., etc. Benjamin Lay, the "Singular Pythagorean cynical philosopher," to show his hatred of the use of tea, brought in 1742 all his wife's china into the market-place, and began to break it piece by piece with a hammer. "But the populace, unwilling to lose what might profit them, overset him, scrambled for the china, and bore it off whole." As the Pythagorean philosopher's wife was dead, this wanton destruction of her dear china was not so cruel as at first appears. An old lady wrote in 1830, for Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia," about things as they were in that city before the War of Independence—"Pewter plates and dishes were in general use. China on dinner-tables was a great rarity. Glass tumblers were scarcely seen. Punch, the most common beverage, was drank from one large bowl of silver or china."

We have searched far and wide for specimens of any old American pottery, but fruitlessly. We have, however, gained in our equally careful searches for information, a few facts about American china which may prove of interest to some other china-hunters. The chapter on old American china might read—so one critic says—like the chapter on the snakes in Iceland—"There is no old American china."

There were practically no manufactories of fine pottery and porcelain in this country until this century, and almost none until the year 1876. At a very early date, however, potteries for the manufacture of coarse ware were established, and protected by law, especially in New England. The General Court of Massachusetts ordered, in 1646, that "Tyle-earth to make sale-ware, shall be digged before the first 9 mo. and turned over in last or first before it be wrought." John Pride, of Salem, was a potter as early as 1641. The coarse crockery known as Danvers crockery was coeval with the existence of the town bearing the same name. In 1766 there was a pottery near Bean Hill, in Norwich, but only a few men were employed therein. This pottery is referred to in Dr. Peter's "History of Connecticut" and in Morse's "Gazetteer" of 1797, as well as in Miss Caulkin's "History of Norwich." In 1751, this advertisement appeared in a Long Island newspaper: "Any persons desirous may be supplied

with vases, urns, flower-pots to adorn gardens and tops of houses, or any other ornament made of clay, by Edward Annely at Whitestone, he having set up the potter's business by means of a German family that he *bought*, who are supposed by their work to be the most ingenious that ever arrived in America. He has clay capable of making eight different kinds of ware." So doubtless some very good pottery was made in Whitestone, though none of it has been preserved.

At the commencement of the Revolutionary War a man named Upton came from Nantucket to East Greenwich, Rhode Island, and there manufactured earthenware. The pottery when made was baked in a kiln which stood at the corner of King and Marlboro Streets. He made pans, bowls, plates, and cups and saucers of common red clay, a little finer in quality than that now used in the manufacture of flower-pots. As of course no porcelain was imported from Europe during the war, New Englanders used the coarse plates and cups and saucers. The clay came from Goold's Mount, now owned by Mr. Henry Waterman, of Quidneset. After the war was ended Potter Upton went back to his safety-assured home in Nantucket, and the Greenwich pottery was closed. At the same date a similar pottery existed in Quasset, in Windham County, Connecticut.

In Norwalk, and New Haven, and Hartford, potteries were established soon after the Revolutionary War. Dr. Dwight, in 1822, gave the number of potteries in Connecticut as twelve, and the value of the earthen- and stone-ware manufactured yearly as $30,740. In Philadelphia, china works were established comparatively early, and Mr. Prime, in his book on "Pottery and Porcelain," has given an interesting account of some of the Pennsylvania potteries and china works. There were several manufactories, however, which he did not mention. An article in the "American Museum," in 1791, on the existing state of American manufactures said, "coarse tiles and bricks of an excellent quality, potters' wares, all in quantities beyond the home consumption, a few ordinary vessels of stone mixed with clay, some mustard and snuff bottles, a few flasks or flagons, a small quantity of sheet glass, and of vessels for family use, generally of inferior kinds, are now made." So it is no wonder that we found no old china of American manufacture, for there was none to be found.

Doubtless the earliest pieces of china which our Puritan ancestors had in any great numbers while they were still using pewter, and wooden trenchers, were in New England, as in old England, Delft. These Delft pieces of table-ware were perhaps brought to them through the Dutch settlers in New York. When our Pilgrim Fathers lived in Holland, and when they made their night trip through Delft, no plebeian persons had earthen-ware on their tables, hence the Pilgrims could have brought few pieces of Delft-ware to New England on the Mayflower.

Some of the old Delft is still in existence, being most frequently found in Connecticut, the nearest neighbor to the early Dutch settlements. The old pieces are chiefly in the form of blue and white plates, the largest sizes having served as meat-platters. Occasionally the decoration is in blue and white and yellow or orange. Very rarely a vase or covered jar has been preserved, though I have seen a number of old blue and white "apothecary jars" in New England homes. These are lettered with the abbreviated names of drugs, and when in use in Holland were covered with tightly-tied oiled-skin, the contents being poured through the spouts, which were at other times kept closely corked. They are identical in shape with the old "sirooppots" shown in Dutch museums, and form for us nowadays a fine "posy-holder." Some old Delft pieces are shown in Fig. I., among them an apothecary jar marked Succ. E : Spin. C., and a tea-caddy marked with the names Gerrit Eyben—Aalte Evert, and the date 1793. The latter specimen was doubtless a wedding or betrothal gift. On this tea-caddy the dark blue decoration is under the glaze, and the red and black quaint Dutch-dressed figures and the inscription are over the glaze and were doubtless specially painted on and fired when the piece was purchased for a gift or token.

I have never found in all my searches through New England one piece of old Sèvres, Dresden, or Berlin ware, or of any Italian or German pottery; nothing but Chinese, Delft, and English wares, except one graceful blue and white vase, which may be Persian (Fig. II.). As the country owner of this rather oddly-decorated and certainly oddly-shaped vase knew nothing of how it had been acquired by her family nor how long it had been possessed by them, nor whence it came, nor indeed anything save that it had stood for many years on the best-room mantel-shelf, it may be comparatively a modern piece of ware.

Among the earliest English wares brought to America were the salt-glazed stone-wares, and several collections of fine specimens have been gathered within a few years, chiefly from the farm-houses in the Connecticut River Valley, that once rich but now thoroughly-devastated field for china-hunters. The three salt-glazed pitchers in Fig. III. are entitled respectively, Sportive Innocence (which bears high-colored children at awkward play); the Farmer's Pitcher, bearing the inscription "Success to Trade," and the Province House Pitcher, so called because it was found with two pewter drinking-cups behind a panel in the historical old Province House in Boston. Gentle Agnes Surriage may once have held this old stone-ware pitcher in her fair hand. These three pitchers are probably Crouch-ware, though there are no marks upon them to definitely prove it.

Bow, Chelsea, and Derby wares are but seldom seen in old New England homes, nor have we found specimens of the better class of Wedgwood's manufactures in any great numbers. Doubtless many families of wealth in America had some pieces of the latter ware, but the great demand for Wedgwood-ware in England and its comparatively high price prevented it from being imported very freely by our frugal and thrifty grandfathers. Teapots of black "basalts-ware" and the mottled "tortoise-shell-ware" are occasionally found. The frail, fluted bowl, the pickle-leaf, the graceful pitcher with twisted handle, and the fragile creamer of Queen's ware in Fig. IV. are Wedgwood of beautiful glaze and lovely shape, and are of so delicate and thin a paste that it is wonderful that they could have been safely preserved for a hundred years outside a collector's cabinet, and stranger still, have been used upon the tea-table of a country home. Great numbers of pieces of *so-called* Lowestoft china are found in New England, and it is much more plentiful there than is any other porcelain of the last century. I say "so-called" because the fierce controversy between china students (one party swearing that the disputed articles are pure Lowestoft—made in Lowestoft, and decorated there; another positive that they are Oriental, made in China and printed there; a third equally confident that the pieces were made in China and decorated in Lowestoft) must be settled by a more competent judge than a mere seeker after china and truth. When such authorities as Owen, Franks, Chaffers, and Jewitt disagree, who shall decide?

Much Caughley, Bristol, and early Worcester ware is gravely asserted in New England country homes to be Lowestoft, and all are still more commonly called Chinese. It is the favorite New England tradition, told of nearly every piece of English ware of the last century, that "my grandfather had that tea-set imported from China," or "an old sea-captain brought that bowl to us from Hong-Kong," and even when you show the Caughley, Bow, or Plymouth marks, the owners are unconvinced and openly indignant. The ownership of Chinese porcelain evidently denoted much higher claims to aristocracy than that of English ware. Crests, arms, and initials are very common on Lowestoft porcelain, "put on for us in China," and as there are never any definite marks on this ware to prove it to be English, the "China" or "Indian" tradition must in such cases never be openly doubted.

Much undoubtedly veritable old Chinese porcelain, such as Canton and Nankin, is found in New England seaports and river-valley towns; nor can it be doubted that many persons in America and England ordered services of porcelain to be made and decorated for them in China. These orders were sometimes

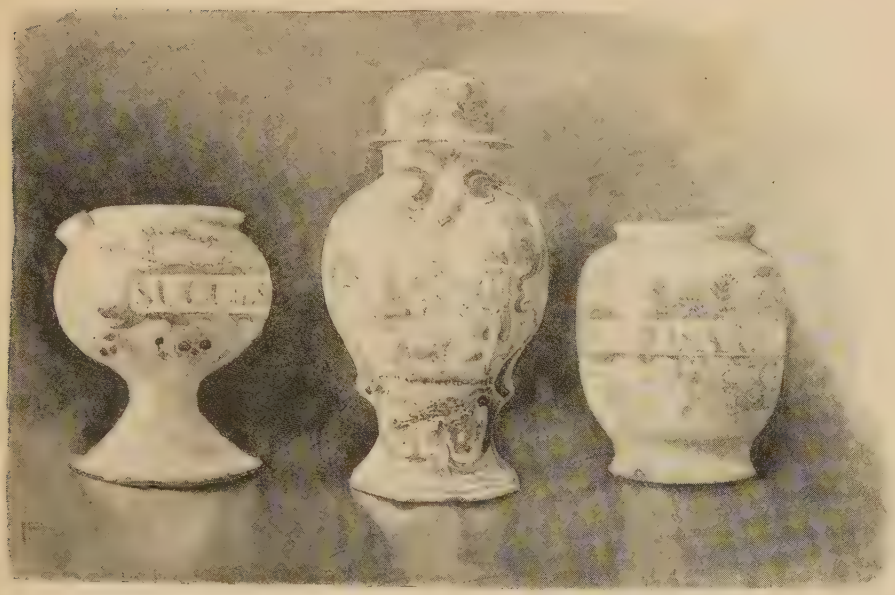


Fig. I.—(a) Old Delft Pieces.

filled in a manner which was vastly disappointing. Miss Leslie, the sister of the great painter, related that she ordered a dinner service to be made and decorated for her in China. She directed that a coat-of-arms should be placed in the centre of each plate, and made a drawing of the coat-of-arms and pasted it in the centre of a specimen plate, and wrote under it "Put this in the middle." What was her dismay when, on the arrival of the china, she found on every piece not only the coat-of-arms but the words indelibly burnt in, "Put this in the middle."

Nor can you implicitly rely upon the traditional age of a piece of china. Many persons do not realize for how short a time we have had tea, and I have been shown many a teapot "over two hundred years old" or "brought over in the Mayflower," some even "three hundred years old." Pepys in his diary wrote in 1661 of tea as "a China drink of which I had never drunk before." It cost, in 1666, sixty shillings a pound; and I can hardly think with tea at *that* price that our frugal Pilgrim Fathers had much use for teapots. Of course the marks on these aged teapots also prove them to be of much more recent manufacture, and in point of fact we know that tea was not used in America until 1710.

Many pitchers and mugs of cream-colored ware were made in Liverpool in the latter part of the last century and in the early years of this one, and were printed with likenesses, mottoes, and ballads, as well as maps and allegorical scenes relating to America. These were the first pieces of crockery ever decorated in England especially for the American market, and were doubtless ordered

(b) Old Delft Tea-caddy.

by Americans. Though they are far from beautiful in shape, color, or design, their inscriptions and portraits make

Fig. II.—A Persian Vase.

them interesting to every historical student as well as to every china collector.

The names and faces of few American heroes or statesmen who became famous before the war of 1812 are ever seen on these pitchers, or indeed on any pieces of English ware. Washington, Franklin, and Hancock appear, and there are two pitchers bearing battle-scenes and entitled respectively "Death of Warren" and "Death of Montgomery." Englishmen had vague ideas of the names of our States as well, for Boston and Tenasee often appear on these Liverpool wares in the list of States.

Many of these pitchers relate to the life and death of Washington, and such are known as "Washington Pitchers." There are at least thirty different Washington prints, and new ones are constantly being added to the list. They bear sentiments, verses, or inscriptions, eulogizing the virtues and bravery of the "glorious American," or lines indicative of our national grief at his death. The lines, "Deafness to the ear that will patiently hear, and dumbness to the tongue that will utter a calumny against the immortal Washington" were much favored and printed by English potters, and are found on pitchers and mugs of many sizes and shapes. The portraits by Gilbert Stuart are the ones which the English potters endeavored to copy, and the face in Fig. V. gives a fair idea of their success. One set of pitchers, however, was printed with so excellent a likeness (engraved from the Lansdowne portrait of Washington) that an American gentleman with one blow of a heavy hammer struck the piece bearing the portrait from the side of one of the largest pitchers, had it handsomely framed and sent to Mount Vernon, where it hung for years and was known as the "pitcher portrait." This portrait was in 1876 on exhibition in the Philadelphia State House. Four brothers, residents of Philadelphia at the beginning of this century, had each a great toddy-jug painted for him in China with a copy of the "pitcher portrait," and also his own initials; and these four fine toddy-jugs were used only on the anniversary of Washington's birthday.

The first "naval pitcher" is found in various sizes, printed in red, black, or blue, and is decorated with a ship under full sail, bearing the flag of the United States, and a scroll with the sentiment, "Success to the Infant Navy of America." These pieces were sent to America after our little marine war with France in 1799, when Captain Truxton, of the Constellation, captured the French frigates Insurgente and La Vengeance. This capture was honored by a popular song called "Truxton's Victory," and the defeat of the French Navy was as great a source of delight to Englishmen as to Americans. London merchants sent to Truxton as a testimonial a service of silver plate worth over three thousand dollars. Long and bitterly during the constant naval defeats of the English in the war of 1812 must those English merchants have regretted that silver token of encouragement to the American Navy.

The naval battles and heroes of the war of 1812 furnished many subjects

for use in decorating these pitchers, and some bear inscriptions far from flattering to English vanity. With the portraits of Perry are the words of his famous despatch, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." With Lawrence, his dying words, "Don't give up the ship." With the likeness of Decatur, who captured the Macedonian, "Free Trade, Sailors' Rights."

"Then quickly met our nation's eyes
The noblest sight in nature,
A first-class frigate as a prize
Brought back by brave Decatur."

With Commodore Bainbridge, of the Constitution (Old Ironsides), are his words "Avast, boys, she's struck." The old ballad says:

"On Brazil's coast, she ruled the roast
When Bainbridge was her captain—
Neat hammocks gave, made of the wave,
Dead Britons to be wrapped in."

These pitchers were nearly all printed by John Sadler, who not only stamped and fired for Liverpool manufacturers, but for many other English potters. Nearly all the designs on the Wedgwood "Queen's ware" were printed by him, for he managed to keep his process a secret for years. This invention of printing on porcelain and pottery, which so cheapened the price of decorated English crockery, was suggested to Sadler by a very trifling incident. He was an engraver, and he saw some children pasting the waste paper prints which he had thrown away upon broken bits of porcelain and pottery, and from this suggestion he developed his process of china-printing. It was very simple. An ordinary paper print while still wet was pressed on the glazed pottery, when the ink became transferred and was then burnt in. These pitchers and mugs, in spite of their interesting historical associations and the honored names they bear, are often put to rather undignified uses in country homes throughout New England. They are the favorite depositories of herb-teas, soft soap, tooth-brushes, and spices; and one fine "Apotheosis pitcher" which we purchased contained a villanous-looking, purple-black liquid compound, which the owner explained was "Pa's hair-restorer." In spite of careless use, however, many specimens still exist, often nicked, cracked, and handleless, but still of interest to the omnivorous or patriotic collector.

No pieces of English ware give more

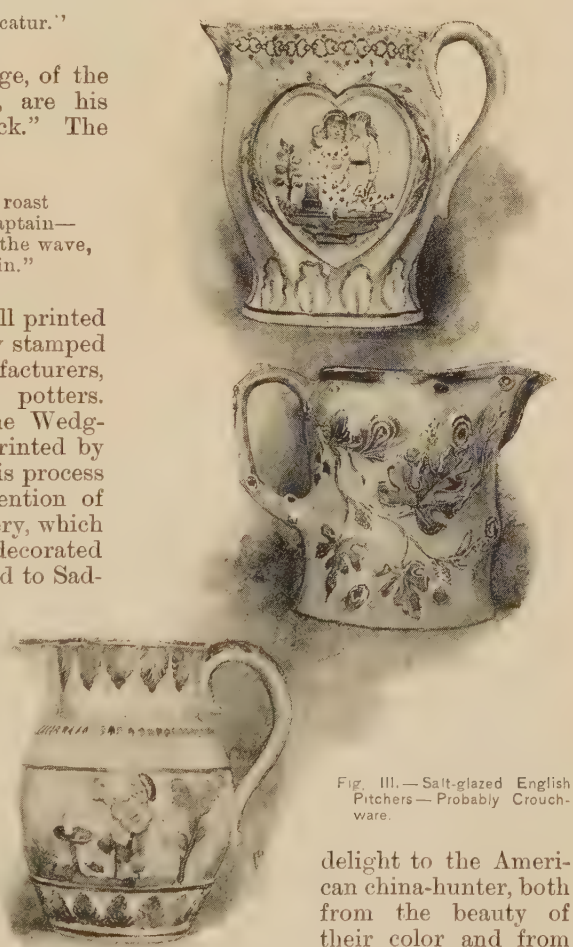


Fig. III. — Salt-glazed English Pitchers — Probably Crouch-ware.

delight to the American china-hunter, both from the beauty of their color and from the interest in their design, than the dark-blue Staffordshire pieces of dinner- and tea-services that were made in such numbers by the firms J. V. W. Ridgway, Enoch Woods & Sons, Clews, and J. Riley, in the early years of this cent-

ury. These pieces were painted with views of American scenery and edifices, or with subjects relating to the United States, and were sent to the American

Fig. IV.—Wedgwood Pieces.

market. Of these the "Pilgrim Plates" are perhaps more highly prized than any others, especially in Massachusetts, by all descendants from and lovers of the Puritans. Though the dull color of blue in which many of these plates were stamped does not render them so beautiful for decorative purposes as many others, the "Pilgrim Plates" sell readily in Boston "antique shops" for ten or twelve dollars according to size and condition. They bear a print representing the Mayflower and a small boat over-filled with Pilgrim Fathers landing on Plymouth Rock, which is inscribed with the names Carver, Brewster, Winslow, Bradford, and Standish. I have often been informed by anachronistic country owners that the plates "came over in the Mayflower," and also at other times that they were made for the "dinner at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument in 1824, when Daniel Webster spoke." This account was so obviously improbable, since nothing in the design on the plate bore reference to that occasion, that I was glad to receive from Mr. T. B. Drew, Librarian of Plymouth Hall, in Plymouth, confirmation of my belief that the occasion for which they were made was instead the Bicentennial Celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims, which was held in Plymouth in 1820, and at which Daniel Webster, clad in silk gown and satin small-clothes, made the address which laid the foundation of his reputation as an orator. Mr. Drew says:

"The Pilgrim Plates you refer to were made in England by order of John Blaney Bates, a well-known contractor and builder of his day, who in 1820 was building the Plymouth County Court House. He had it so nearly completed that the dinner of the celebration was provided in that building. It was, as you say, the Bicentennial of the Landing of the Pilgrims, but often termed by us the Webster Celebration, on account of Daniel Webster being the Orator of the Day. There were two sizes of pitchers and two of plates, and one of the plates has on the rock the names as you describe. After the dinner the wares were sold either at auction or private sale, and the different pieces became distributed quite widely through New England. I know of no publication that gives any account of what I have been telling you, but the facts were well known and have been told by aged people who remember the circumstances." To this information I can add in one respect. There are six sizes of plates, one is shown in Fig. VI. Another of the largest size is deep, like a soup-plate. An old lady still living in Plymouth asserts that while the plates were furnished by Mr. Bates, her husband (seeing their popularity and ready sale) ordered the pitchers, as she remembers, from Holland. As the print on the

pitchers varies from that on the plate, and as the former do not bear the stamp of Enoch Woods, of Burslem, this reminiscence is probably correct, except possibly the point that the pitchers came from Holland. These plates are usually found one in a family, but from one household in Paxton were purchased by a Worcester china-hunter two soup-plates, four tea-plates, seven saucers, and ten "cup-plates." By cup-plates I mean the little flat saucers in which our grandmothers placed their tea-cups when they poured their tea into the deeper saucers to cool; and it was not at all bad form to also drink the cooled tea from the saucers. A lady, at whose home Daniel Webster and Judge Story were frequent visitors, tells me that these two representative Americans of that time always drank their tea from their saucers.

Dark blue plates relating to Lafayette are perhaps more wide-spread than any other historical plates through New England, especially the beautiful one of the "Cadmus" (the ship which brought

Fig. V.—A Washington Pitcher.

Lafayette to America in 1824); the one bearing a view of La Grange, the home of Lafayette; and the well-known "Landing of Lafayette" at New York in 1824. These three designs are shown

Fig. VI.—A Pilgrim Plate.

in Fig. VII. I have never seen any pieces bearing the last-named design which were disfigured by use or indeed showed any appearance of having been anything but much-prized treasures. These Lafayette plates had always been kept in the top drawer of a high chest of drawers, a "high boy," wrapped in a hand-woven "flannel sheet," until it was brought out in the world and hung on the wall of my dining-room. The great veneration and affection felt by all Americans for the noble character of Lafayette was doubtless the cause of the careful preservation of the china relating to him.

La Grange, the home of Lafayette, was a familiar scene to Americans. Many transparencies and pictures of the chateau were exhibited during his tour. The dingy and poorly printed view on the plate is of the gloomy entrance with the great fir-trees, and is the same as the engraving in Cloquet's "Recollections of Lafayette." The "Cadmus Plate" is one of the most beautiful of the "old blues." Every one I have seen is of the finest color, clear in print, brilliant in glaze and in good preservation. The graceful shell border is of so rich and dark a blue, and the centre design so distinct and bright that it gives one the impression of looking out from a dark cave on the sunny ocean and

a full-sailed ship. Few New England families owned more than one or two pieces of the "Landing of Lafayette"—either a bowl or a plate, while in New York many persons purchased whole

Another very beautiful and much desired Staffordshire plate is the one celebrating "Commodore McDonough's Victory on Lake Champlain." I have seen all the pieces of a dinner-service

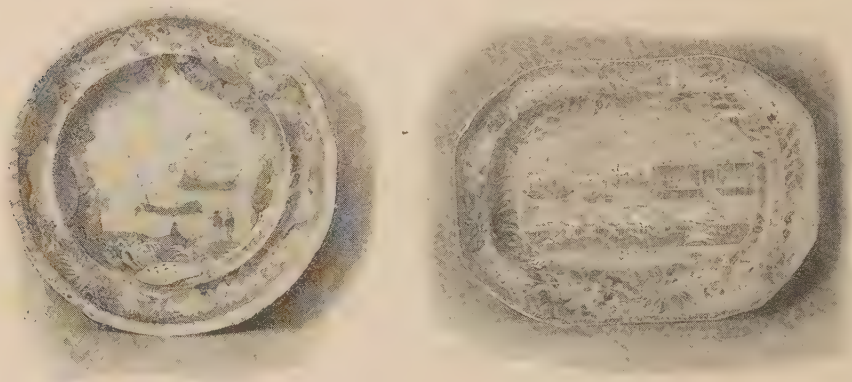


Fig. VII.—Lafayette Plates. (a) The "Cadmus." (b) Landing of Lafayette at New York.

dinner-services, and the remains of the set are still preserved.

The "Baltimore & Ohio" plates are very interesting. One has a picture of a stationary engine and little square cars, like modern coal cars, running by a cable down an appallingly steep hill. The other has the little stumpy locomotive, such as was built by Peter Cooper (which was originally intended to have sails to help propel it), and short top-heavy cars shaped like stage-coaches (Fig. VIII.). These plates were printed with other pieces of dinner services to commemorate the building of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, the first railroad in the country. This event was considered of so great importance that it was celebrated by a great trades procession in Baltimore, July 4, 1828, during which the cordwainers made a fine pair of satin shoes, which were at once sent to the idolized Lafayette and placed in the museum at La Grange.

(c) La Grange, the Home of Lafayette.

bearing this design (Fig. IX.). A curious but more recently printed plate is the Millennium Plate shown in Fig. X.

The "Steamship Plate," which bears a print of a steamboat and the name "Union Line" or "Chief Justice Marshall" (which were among the first steamboats that navigated the Hudson River), shows the manner in which passengers were transferred to and from the shore—by a rope and small boat. This method, wherein the rope was wound around the wheel, caused so many accidents that it was soon abandoned. This plate has a lovely shell border, the most beautiful of all the borders used on the Staffordshire plates (Fig. XI.).

There are two prints of the Boston State House, and they are frequently found on various pieces of dinner and toilet services, especially in Massachusetts. They are familiarly distinguished as "the one with John Hancock's cows" and "the one without the cows." One—

Fig. VIII.—"Baltimore & Ohio" Plates.

by far the prettier—bears in the foreground a group of grazing cattle, by tradition being those of John Hancock. The "New State House" was built on John Hancock's field, where not only his cows but those of many of his fellow townsmen found pasturage. The pasturing of cows on the common in front of the State House continued until 1830, when accidents from bovine assaults upon citizens became so frequent that the cows were exiled from their old feeding-ground. These two State House plates are often light in color, and not very beautiful, though of interest and value to the collector. The one with the cows is shown in Fig. XII.

Plates, cups, and saucers are occasionally found printed with a view of John Hancock's house, usually in black or green (see Fig. XIII.). To this historic house were brought the wounded from the battle of Bunker Hill, and in it, besides the gay visit of d'Estaing and his fellow officers, Washington and Lafayette were visitors, and scores of other distinguished men. This handsome and substantial mansion was intended by Gov. Hancock to have been a gift or bequest from him to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to be preserved as a memorial of great historic events, and as a temporary home for each Governor of the State who chose to occupy it during his term of office. Hancock died, however, without signing this bequest, and his heirs then offered it to the Government for a small sum. After many years of indecision, partial acceptance, and final refusal of this offer, the fine old house was, in 1863, pulled down.

Many of these china treasures would be of little value on the shelves of a collector, or, indeed, of little interest to the general observer, but they are endeared to the china hunter by remembrance of the circumstances under which they were found, or by some story connected with the past owner or with the piece itself.

We once addressed to an old Yankee farmer who had brought a load of apples into town, the stereotyped inquiry which we had asked, ah! how many hundred times, and received this drawling answer: "No–o, I donow as I know anyone as has got any old furnitoor or chayner she wants to sell. My wife hain't got any anyway. My Aunt Rebecca's got a curous old plate and I guess she'd sell it—she'd sell her teeth if anybody'd buy 'em and pay enough to suit her." We finally extracted from him (after much parrying of our direct questions) that "she got it in Washington fifty year ago," that "the folks set a great store by it and said it came from

Mount Vernon and belonged to Marthy Washington," that "it had the names of the States around it," "it was blue and

Fig. IX.—"Commodore McDonough" Plate.

perhaps green, too," and "it had stars sure and he guessed they were gilt." Now we had seen a cup and saucer of the tea-set said to be presented to Martha Washington by Mr. Van Braam, and we remembered that it was decorated in blue and green with the names of the States in the links of a chain and the initials M. W. in the centre of a great gilt star. We knew at once that Aunt Rebecca's plate must be one in that set. Oh, what a discovery! Did not a single plate of that set sell in New York

Fig. X.—Millennium Plate.

for two hundred and fifteen dollars in 1876? And has not Sypher one marked with the price "three hundred dollars?"

We figured our plate in all the loan collections, marked with our names in large letters as joint owners; we planned a velvet case to hold the precious treasure; we even hesitatingly thought that we might make our joint-will and leave it to the Government or the Mount Vernon Society—and then we drove eighteen miles to secure it. I shall never forget the sinking disappointment I felt when I saw the Martha Washington plate. There were the names of the States, and stars there were, but not a gilt one; and where were the touches of verdant color? All was blue—deeply, darkly, vilely blue. At any other time we should have hailed the fine White House plate which was shown us with delight, but now we

Fig. XI.—The Steamship Plate.

could hardly speak. At last, in sullen disparagement, we offered a dollar for it, had our offer accepted, carelessly took it, and rode away. I have never been so disappointed save when I travelled fifty miles to secure an old inlaid harpsichord, as described, and found a wretched, undersized, broken-down *melodeon*. I would not look at the deep-dyed White House impostor for a month, but when I heard that a collector had paid twenty-five dollars for a similar one in New York I unwrapped it and hung it on the wall. Fig. XIV. shows the plate we hoped to find and the plate we found.

There is no hobby in the pursuit of which one meets with so many rebuffs,

so many failures, as in china-hunting. I mean true china hunting, not china buying at high prices from dealers. But there is a blessed delight when your search is at last successful that quite rewards you and makes you forget the cruel disappointments. A true china hunter will drive for days through the country asking for "old crockery" at every house which is surmounted by a gambrel roof, has a great square chimney or an old well-sweep, without even hearing of one old tea-cup; and yet will start out again the next week cheerful, hopeful, undaunted, and courageous. Nor is it at all sure to be clear sailing if you discover the treasures.

We have visited again and again one old farm-house in Massachusetts which we know contains enough old English pottery and porcelain to found a museum, but cajoleries, flatteries, persuasions, open demands, elaborate explanations, and assumption of indignant and hurt astonishment at refusals—one and all are in vain; not even one old plate have we ever seen. The farmer's wife greets us most cordially, gives us doughnuts and milk in summer, and apples and cider in winter, but in commonplace modern pitchers and dishes; and when we leave she urges us hospitably and warmly to "come again." We know well where her precious china is hidden. High up on either side of the great mantel-pieces in "living room" and "best room" are cupboards, so high that one would have to climb up on a chair to see into them; and from the good wife's frequent furtive glances—speaking though silent—at the locked cupboard doors we know well what treasures are shelved within.

But life is short, and we are waiting, wickedly waiting. The farmer and his wife are old, and when they depart from this life they cannot take their keys and crockery with them.

It may appear to scoffing outsiders that all this asking and looking becomes monotonous, but I find no lack of variety. Had you gone to an isolated farm-house to purchase some Delft jars which you had heard the owner wished to sell, had you found the house locked and empty of its inmates, had you decided not to leave without trying at least to see the jars, and then climbed upon a peaked roof hen-house under a window which commanded a view of the mantel-piece holding the coveted Delft, had you felt the roof of the hen-house suddenly give way and precipitate you down among piercing splinters and broken eggs on which you stood for one

Fig. XII.—"State House" Plate.

Fig. XIII.—John Hancock's House.

hour with only distracted hens and scarcely less distracted thoughts for company, until at last the owner of the Delft and eggs came home, and kindly and even cheerfully chopped up his own hen-house in order to extricate you from your well-deserved prison—had *you* experienced all this, I feel sure you would not complain of lack of incident in china-hunting.

But all the variety and all the monotony of the search are as naught when compared with the pleasures of the result—the possession, arrangement, and contemplation of the treasures at home. For the home in which these china-waifs are gathered together should not display them as in Charles Lamb's "great house" in a "china-closet" but all over the house—on tables, mantels, shelves, and in corner cupboards, where they constantly recall the story of their discovery and acquisition; and all the dark-blue Staffordshire plates should be hung on the wall, where they form so rich a point of color that they put to shame and rout all the thin watercolors and pale French china in their vicinity, and make us fully appreciate Oscar Wilde's sigh of "trying to live up to his blue and white china."

But let us no longer dwell on the charms of our widely-gathered possessions, lest it be said of us as of Horace Walpole,

> "China's the passion of his soul,
> A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl
> Can kindle wishes in his breast,
> Inflame with joy or break his rest,"

but end with the assurance that we fully concur in the words of a well-known English collector, "China is not a mere fancy, it is a *complete education.*"

Fig. XIV.—The Plate we Hoped to Find and the Plate we Found.

The Room in which Browning Wrote "Asolando."

BROWNING'S ASOLO.

By Felix Moscheles.

I HAD gone to Asolo to think of the friend I loved so well, and to listen to those who would tell me of him; to sketch and to note what I saw and heard. There could be nothing very new, nothing of paramount interest to learn, I felt sure, for I knew that Browning had led the simplest and quietest of lives in the old city; but, rambling over the ground he had so lately trodden, I might at least come across some evidence of his passage.

A couple of hours' ride by rail had taken me from Venice to Cornuda; two more by diligence to my destination. Leaving the plain, an excellent road, cutting into the flanks of the hill on which the town is built, soon brought me to the summit. I had only risen four hundred feet, but a magnificent view greeted

me on all sides. "In clear weather you can see Venice," the driver told me; but I was anxious to look forward, not backward, and, alighting at the entrance to a narrow street, I walked along the *sotto-portici* formed by a series of quaint thick-set arches that support the upper stories. A few steps brought me to the house in which, as the tablet on the wall says, lived the "Somma Poeta," who here wrote his last work, "Asolando."

View of the Sotto-portici from the Door of Browning's House, Main Street, Asolo.

"What a curious place to select," was my first thought, as I stood at the door of the queer old house. I walked up twelve or fifteen hard stone steps, grasping the banister to guide myself in the dark, and was soon warmly welcomed by Signora Nina Tabacchi, as, passing through the kitchen, I was ushered into the sitting-room. "Scrupulously clean and neat" was my next impression, but how plain! This cradle of "Asolando" was only a piece of the kitchen partitioned off for back-parlor purposes, a glass door and window separating the two. The thin cotton curtain might possibly screen the mysteries of culinary processes from the poet's eye, but his ear must have been caught by occasional sounds of hacking and chopping, and certainly no kettle could have boiled, no wood could crackle, or incense arise from that adjacent hearth, without making itself distinctly noticeable. Such was his study and his drawing-room, a multum in parvo, about twelve feet square.

The furniture is of the good old lodg-

ings type, that is, as regards the style only, for Signora Tabacchi would not tolerate a flaw, a spot, or a tarnish, as do some of the older school of landladies. There is a large round pedestal table with a red cloth table-cover, inoffensive in its pattern; one-half was devoted to his papers; on the other luncheon was served for his sister and himself. A full-length sofa, uncompromisingly hard, takes up the greater part of one wall; a kind of sideboard stands opposite. On the chiffonnier, between the two windows, rests the looking-glass, and half a dozen mahogany chairs, cane-bottomed and severe-backed, but of a good old design, complete the arrangements. On the flesh-colored walls hang a series of prints, illustrating events in the history of Venice. Doges are disporting themselves in most conventional attitudes, the vanquished are kneeling before the victors, and one has a general impression that history involves a great amount of bowing and scraping. In pleasant contrast with these are the domestic joys, as depicted by the photographer. As he looked up from his papers, Browning's eye must have rested on that shell-adorned frame that encircles the usual specimens of family portraits. There is the young man pressing into the focus to meet the clever dog seated on the table by his side; there are several aunts and cousins and a typical presentment of the mother and child, as conceived by the camera and lens.

I have plenty of time to notice it all, for I am now the occupant of these rooms. The thunder-storm that has been threatening since yesterday has come at last, I have closed sketch-book and paint-box, and, sitting at the round table, have taken up the pen, prompted, I suppose, by the desire to share with friends the memories that crowd around me.

When Browning made himself a temporary home here to write his last work, he sallied forth with Luigi, the landlady's son, in quest of an inkstand, and brought home the plain glass article now before me, a few penholders, common wooden ones, such as a child might use at school, and a pencil. There they are on a blue-patterned china plate, just as he left them. I have reverently put them aside, but I might just as well use them, sacrilegious as it would seem, for he would never allow me to make the slightest fuss about him, his comings and his goings, his doings and his sayings; so why stand on ceremony with the inanimate objects that have outlived him? He is gone, and now a pen is just a pen, as "a flower is just a flower."

With Luigi he at once made friends, and would, I feel sure, have done him many a good turn, had he lived. "You must get some schooling here," he had said, "and then you shall go to England with me; there is the stuff to make an engineer of you." Luigi is as pleasant and good-looking a youth of seventeen as one can see, bright and steady. Now he is at home for the holidays, helping his mother in her queer little draper's shop, two doors off. The idea of studying for an engineer he has given up as being too expensive a career, and is fitting himself for a clerkship in the civil service. How this lad, ever on the alert to make himself useful, could have kept any length of time in Browning's good graces, is a mystery to me. He owns that on one or two occasions the sturdy master sent him flying when he would imprudently insist on opening the door for him or lighting him down the dark staircase.

Asolo boasts of a theatre, and the troupe acting there last September must have been none of the worst, for out of the twenty performances Browning missed but two or three. From beginning to end did he sit in Mrs. Bronson's box and follow the actors as they told the story of Hamlet, Othello, or Mary, Queen of Scots, or as they played Goldoni's comedies. The performance mostly wound up with a short farce; from that he escaped, leaving Gigi (that is Luigi), who was his frequent companion, to do the screaming laughter. About half-past eleven or twelve he got home, and by five or six in the morning he was up again.

Of his bedroom there is little to say. It is about sixteen feet by nine and ten feet high. A really good rococo design, speaking of an artistic past, embossed and picked out in gray, decorates the whitewashed walls. Irregular rafters

separate you from the room above. The floor is paved with bricks, very much wrinkled and worn with age. Signora Tabacchi's offer to procure a carpet was energetically refused. The pieces of furniture are few and far between. There is a funny little toilet looking-glass. A towel neatly nailed over the glass door insures privacy; the washing-basin is only visible to the practised eye, but the bath-tub, the redeeming feature, is truly Anglo-Saxon. A cheap print of the Madonna della Seggiola hangs over the bed, and a few views of Venice give local color to the room.

And what, in this land of vistas, greeted the poet's eye as he opened his unpainted shutters? A blank wall and somebody else's shutters. The same in the other rooms; a world inside—no need to seek inspiration from beyond!

Market Place in Asolo.

To be sure, when the sun has left that neighbor's wall his shutters are opened and a flood of light bursts into the centre corridor of the house: the reflections from the marble floor seem to carry it on to the opposite window, that frames a lovely glimpse of the hills and verdure beyond. In that glimpse Browning delighted. When his son, leaving his newly-acquired Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice, came to Asolo and visited his father's rooms, he was struck, as I was later, with the uncongenial outlook.

"Wait, Pen, till they open those shutters," Browning had said. Pen waited, and was duly impressed and pleased. It was well so, for had it been otherwise his father's pleasure would have been incomplete.

The owner of the house is the Signore Dottore Avvocato Bolson. You will recognize him at once by the fact that he is the only man in Asolo who wears a tall hat; the kindly face beneath the hat wears as engaging an expression as any in the place, and, in response to it you will do well to let him show you the view from his balconies; he knows he is a favored mortal, stepping as he does from each room on to Nature's parade-ground, and he is so genuinely appreciative, so proud of all he surveys, that he thirsts for a sympathizer with whom to share his treasures.

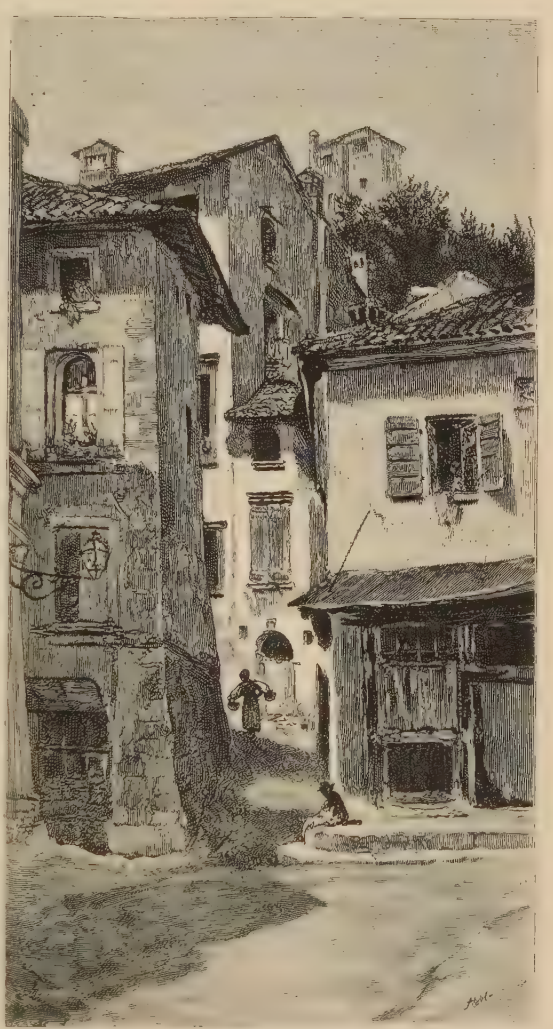
The people here are all of the kindliest nature, simple, peaceful folk, a hard-working farming community. Perched on high in their picturesque dwellings, they seem raised above at least some of our terrestrial troubles. They live sheltered by solid masses of mediæval stone, and surrounded by the gardens they cultivate; the vine is here, there, and everywhere, zigzagging along rough stone terraces and gliding down the slopes, or creeping into the windows. A tangle of massive foliage springs from one knows not where, large leaves that dwarf all else elbow their way to the front, and here and there in their midst a big yellow gourd is resting comfortably on a stone cornice or an artificial prop.

The fig-leaves, though certainly over-

shadowed by the size of their bulky neighbors, hold their own, and are by no means beaten in the universal struggle for air and space. And somewhere, not quite near, is a little graceful figure stretching upward to train the vine in the way it should go; and straightway you come to the conclusion, if you are an artist, that that figure belongs to a beautiful girl. No matter if you meet her afterward and find you were mistaken.

The children are out of doors; so are the pigs. While the latter always seem grumbling and dissatisfied, the former are as happy as sunshine and polenta can make a child. The sight of an approaching stranger at once suggests to a sturdy urchin the idea to rush for a chair, and to the whole family the simple offer of a welcome.

No wonder if some of these good people were destined to entertain an angel or a poet unawares. In neither of these capacities may our friend have manifested himself to them, but something certainly there must have been about him that endeared him to all he met. Faces brighten as I speak of him; voices deepen as they answer: "Ah, poveretto! how kind he was, *proprio buono!*" "Here he used to sit and chat with us;" or, "I showed him the way up to the Belvedere." This last remark, not from one of the humbler denizens of Asolo, but from no less a personage than the postmaster. Some days back, as he was watching me painting a view of the market-place, I imprudently mentioned that this might possibly be reproduced in some illustrated paper. He at once expressed deep regret that in my picture the entrance to the post-office was obstructed by a market-stall. I apologized as best I could, but to no purpose, and finally, to soothe his wounded feelings, I introduced the shield above the door of the Uffizio Postale. Now, however, nothing would satisfy him short of two conscientious, accurate drawings, one giving the exterior, the other the interior, of the office over which he presides. "Surely, signor," he says, "you will not leave Asolo without having painted these? Time? You will find time; if it fails you will make a careful drawing and note down the color of the panels." "But," I mildly interpose, "you see there is nothing very picturesque in the subject." "Picturesque? Why, my dear sir, you must think only of the historical interest attached to the place, which, if you



View of Street. The "Belvedere."

DRAWN BY FELIX MOSCHELES. ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

Main Street of Asolo.

[Browning's house—a tablet in memory of the poet is affixed to the wall.]

are the man I take you to be, you can worthily hand down to posterity. This is the threshold the great poet crossed, and over that counter he handed me the manuscript of his last work, the immortal 'Asolando.' To me he confided it, and on me he relied to transmit it with the greatest care, for he assured me he had kept no copy of it. Yes, it went per book-post, registered, addressed, I well recollect, to the publisher, Mr. Smith, of London, and he was surprised it should only cost so little. I will look it all up and tell you the exact date, weight, and cost; you must give it to the world, and further, you must——"

But here I once more ventured to interrupt with an "Undoubtedly, only I fear I may not be able to do full justice to the incident; you know the Mr. Smiths of London do not take all you send them." But my protest was of little avail, and at my own risk I will give the information since received. The manuscript was posted on October 15, 1889, the day on which the dedication to Mrs. Bronson is dated. It weighed four hundred and fifty grammes, and the postage amounted to seventy centimes. To this I may add that the manuscript thus sent, and since returned to the poet's son, is written in Browning's neatest and distinctest hand. There are but few corrections or erasures. Of these, one has perhaps a special interest, as applying to the last line he ever published. The "Epilogue" he first ended thus:

> "Strive and thrive" cry "God to speed,
> Fight ever there as here."

This he changed to:

> "Strive and thrive" cry "Speed—fight on,
> Fare ever there as here."

On hearing that the MS. had safely reached its destination, Browning's kind thoughts at once reverted to the postmaster, good and true, and he went to thank him for his part in the transaction.

I owe it to that warm-hearted official to say that if his communications about Browning were not of a very sensational character, they were so graphic, so evidently truthful, that I listened to them with interest. It was the signor who, eleven years ago, had shown him the way up to the Belvedere. This was the place the poet had come to see, the spot he had borne in mind for some forty years, since, as a young man, he had reached it on foot, when on a walking tour through the Venetian province. Little can have changed since then; the stones roll down the narrow path from under your feet as you ascend through vineyards and orchards, past stray poultry and groups of sleeping ducks. In a few minutes you reach the crest of the hill. The old house, turret-flanked and loop-holed, must for many a year have frowned upon the valley below, as citadels are supposed to frown; an erroneous supposition in this case, for the little turret on the hill is all smiles, garland-wreathed, happy, and contemplative in its green old age.

During his stay at Asolo Browning commonly breakfasted and lunched in his own rooms, and dined with Mrs. Bronson—that Mrs. Arthur Bronson to whom he dedicates his last book of verses, and whom he thanks in his preface for "yet another experience of the gracious hospitality now bestowed on me for so many a year." It will be for abler pens to trace the portrait of the friend he loved and honored. Suffice it to say here that to her he owed those days of peaceful rest and happiness that marked the last chapter of his life. She it was who had selected the simple rooms, which she knew were so well suited to his taste. Where it could be avoided, he should in no way feel indebted to her or her kind forethought. He should follow his own devices and live just as he liked. And so it was. He would take a long walk with his sister in the morning, and on his return would work for a couple of hours. Then, after having done full justice to Signora Tabacchi's maccaroni or risotto, he and Miss Browning went to spend the rest of the day with their friend. After a three o'clock tea they usually drove out, mostly to some distant place, far away across country.

It was on one of these occasions, on the road to Bassano, that Browning hit upon the title he would give his volume

of poems. His son suggesting that it should in some way be connected with the name of Asolo, he bethought himself of the verb asolare. "Have you a good dictionary?" he asked his hostess; "I feel sure it was Cardinal Bembo who used the word, but I must look it up." He did, the well-known result being the adoption of the title, and the explanation given in the introductory lines.

At Mrs. Bronson's it had become quite self-understood that he should come and go as he liked, and that he should consider "La Mura" as much his home as he would his own house. A spacious loggia had recently been added to the old building, virtually forming a new room, roofed in, but open to the air on three sides. Here Browning spent many an hour, walking up and down, or reading in the armchair that his obliging friend, the barber, had insisted on sending him. Here he would sit and "drink in the air," as he used to say, never tiring of the lovely view before him.

He would hurry home lest he should miss the sunset as seen from that loggia. He loved to watch the deepening and growing shadows rising beneath his feet; and the clouds, too, as they gathered, dark and aggressive, or brighter and promising peace for the morrow.

A constant source of enjoyment to him was an old spinet, marked and dated: Ferdinando Ferrari, Ravenna, 1522. Knowing how much this little instrument had given him pleasure during former stays at her house in Venice, his hostess had had it brought to Asolo, and, here as there, he delighted in playing upon it of an evening; simple, restful melodies that had been familiar to him for years, or quaint scraps of early German or Italian music.

From the spinet he would go to the books. "What have you got?" he asked the first evening of his stay. "What shall I read to you? Shakespeare? What! you don't mean to say you haven't brought your Shakespeare! I am shocked."

On this, as on other occasions, he was always most deprecatory when, as naturally happened, he was asked to read something of his own. But the new edition of his works which he had presented to his friend, being at hand, he would take down a volume and relate, in his own words, and with his unaffected intonation, the story of a Paracelsus or a Strafford. And that would afterward lead him to speak with ever fresh enthusiasm of the historical associations connected with such names. In the course of the exhaustive studies that always preceded the composition of any work of his, he had made himself intimately acquainted with every fact concerning the lives of those whom he intended to depict. Whatever detail history has preserved, be it ever so distantly connected with his subject, he made his own; and what his mind had once assimilated, his memory ever retained. As he visited the places associated with his heroes, he would pick up a thread here, give a novel interpretation there, till you would be carried away by the matter as well as by the simple forms in which he cast his knowledge.

The pilgrim to Asolo would naturally look about for some clew to the poems written there. He would hope to meet with some of the models, animate or inanimate, that might have suggested one or the other of the "Facts and Fancies." But, reticent as Browning always was concerning his work, even with those nearest to him, he has left no trace to guide us.

It was quite exceptional, when one day, returning from a drive, he said: "I've composed a poem since we've been out; it is all in my head, and when I get home I will write it down."

"What is it about?" very naturally asked his companions.

"No, no, no, that I won't say; you know I never can speak of what I am writing."

"Ah, but now you have told us so much, you must tell us all," pleaded Mrs. Bronson; and as she resolutely declared she would not take no for an answer, he gave way and said:

"Very well, then, I will tell you; it is all about the ladies wearing birds in their hats. I've put it pretty strong, and I don't know how they'll like it."

The proof-sheets of his book of poems he had given to Mrs. Bronson.

"Did you understand them all?" he asked. "Did you understand the Flute Music? Ah, not quite; well, some day I'll tell you all about it." But the day never came! He little knew that he was postponing it forever, happily ignorant as he was of his gradually approaching end. On one occasion, when speaking of the *Asilo Infantile*, which he hoped to transform into a summer dwelling, he said: "It is more for Pen; I may not enjoy it long, but I do think I am good for another ten years."

The *Asilo Infantile* stands opposite the loggia, on the ridge of the hills that push forward into the valley; it is a large, unfinished building, originally intended to do service as a school-house. This from the first attracted Browning's notice, and the desire soon arose to become the owner of it, and to convert it into a residence. "If it were mine I would call it Pippa's Tower," he said. Pippa and her sister weavers were often uppermost in his mind, and he would tell how formerly the girls used to sit at their work in the doorways all along the *sotto-portici* and weave cheerful songs into their web. Now the trade has gone to Cornuda and elsewhere, and tall brick chimneys are the rallying-points of the workers.

Browning had visions of what he would like to do for the poor girls thus dispossessed, should he come to live among them, visions that may yet be realized by those who bear his name, and inherit his world-wide sympathies. Negotiations were opened with the Town Council with the view of acquiring the building and grounds to be dedicated to Pippa. It was the first time that municipal property was to be sold, so the matter had carefully to be considered by those in authority. The negotiations took their due course, but alas! they came to a close too late; the intending tenant was never to obtain possession; the day and hour that a favorable decision was arrived at, was also the day and hour of the poet's death.

"RUN TO SEED."

By Thomas Nelson Page.

JIM'S father died at Gettysburg; up against the Stone Fence: went to Heaven in a chariot of fire on that fatèful day when the issue between the two parts of the country was decided: when the slaughter on the Confederate side was such that after the battle a lieutenant was in charge of a regiment, and a major commanded a brigade.

This fact was much to Jim, though no one knew it: it tempered his mind: ruled his life. He never remembered the time when he did not know the story his mother, in her worn black dress and with her pale face, used to tell him of the bullet-dented sword and faded red sash which hung on the chamber wall.

They were the poorest people in the neighborhood. Every body was poor, for the county lay in the track of the armies, and the war had swept the country as clean as a floor. But the Uptons were the poorest even in that community. Others recuperated, pulled themselves together, and began after a time to get up. The Uptons got flatter than they were before. The fences (the few that were left) rotted; the fields grew up in sassafras and pines; the barns blew down; the houses decayed; the ditches filled; the chills came.

"They're the shiftlesses' people in the worl'," said Mrs. Wagoner with a shade of asperity in her voice (or was it satisfaction?). Mrs. Wagoner's husband had been in a bomb-proof during the war, when Jim Upton, Jim's father, was with his company. He had managed to keep his teams from the quartermasters, and had turned up after the war the richest

man in the neighborhood. He lived on old Colonel Duval's place, which he bought for Confederate money.

"They're the shiftlesses' people in the worl'," said Mrs. Wagoner. "Mrs. Upton ain't got any spirit: she jus' sets still and cries her eyes out."

This was true, every word of it. And so was something else that Mrs. Wagoner said in a tone of reprobation, about "people who made their beds having to lay on them;" this process of incubation being too well known to require further discussion. But what could Mrs. Upton do? She could not change the course of Destiny. One—especially if she is a widow with bad eyes, and in poor health, living on the poorest place in the State—cannot stop the stars in their courses. She could not blot out the past, nor undo what she had done. She would not if she could. She could not undo what she had done when she ran away with Jim and married him. She would not if she could. At least the memory of those three years was her's, and nothing could take it from her—not debts, nor courts, nor anything. She knew he was wild when she married him. Certainly Mrs. Wagoner had been careful enough to tell her so, and to tell every one else so too. She would never forget the things she had said. Mrs. Wagoner never forgot the things the young girl said either—though it was more the way she had looked than what she had said. And when Mrs. Wagoner descanted on the poverty of the Uptons she used to end with the declaration: "Well, it ain't any fault of *mine:* she can't blame *me:* for Heaven knows I warned her: I did *my* duty!" Which was true. This was a duty Mrs. Wagoner seldom omitted. Mrs. Upton never thought of blaming her, or anyone else. Not all her poverty ever drew one complaint from her lips. She simply sat down under it, that was all. She did not expect anything else. She had given Jim to the South as gladly as any woman ever gave her heart to her love. She would not undo it if she could—not even to have him back, and God knew how much she wanted him. Was not his death glorious—his name a heritage for his son? She could not undo the debts which encumbered the land; nor the interest which swallowed it up; nor the suit which took it from her—that is, all but the old house and the two poor worn old fields which were her dower. She would have given up those too if it had not been for her children, Jim and Kitty, and for the little old enclosure on the hill under the big thorn-trees where they had laid him when they brought him back. No, she could not undo the past, nor alter the present, nor change the future. So what could she do?

In her heart Mrs. Wagoner was glad of the poverty of the Uptons; not merely glad in the general negative way which warms the bosoms of most of us as we consider how much better off we are than our neighbors—the "Lord-I-thank-thee-that-I-am-not-as-other-men-are" way—but Mrs. Wagoner was glad positively. She was glad that any of the Uptons and the Duvals were poor. One of her grandfathers had been what Mrs. Wagoner (when she mentioned the matter at all) called "Manager" for one of the Duvals. She was aware that most people did not accept that term. She remembered old Colonel Duval—the *old* Colonel—tall, thin, white, grave, aquiline. She had been dreadfully afraid of him. She had had a feeling of satisfaction at his funeral. It was like the feeling she had when she learned that Colonel Duval had not forgiven Betty nor left her a cent.

Mrs. Wagoner used to go to see Mrs. Upton—she went frequently. She carried her things—especially advice. There are people whose visits are like spells of illness. It took Mrs. Upton a fortnight to get over one of her visits—to convalesce. Mrs. Wagoner was a mother to her: at least she herself said so. In some respects it was rather akin to the substance of that name which forms in vinegar. It was hard to swallow: it galled. Even Mrs. Upton's gentleness was overtaxed—and rebelled. She had stood all the homilies—all the advice. But when Mrs. Wagoner, with her lips drawn in, after wringing her heart, recalled to her the warning she had given her before she married, she stopped standing it. She did not say much; but it was enough to make Mrs. Wagoner's stiff bonnet-bows tremble. Mrs. Wagoner walked out feeling chills

down her spine, as if Colonel Duval were at her heels. She had meant to talk about sending Jim to school; at least she said so. She condoled with every one in the neighborhood on the "wretched ignorance" in which Jim was growing up, "working like a common negro." She called him "that ugly boy."

Jim was ugly—very ugly. He was slim, red-headed, freckle-faced, weak-eyed; he stooped and he stammered. Yet there was something about him, with his thin features, which made one look twice. Mrs. Wagoner used to say she did not know where that boy got all his ugliness from, for she must admit his father was rather good-looking before he became so bloated, and Betty Duval would have been "passable" if she had had any "vivacity." She was careful in her limitations, Mrs. Wagoner was. Some women will not admit others are pretty, no matter what the difference in their ages: they feel as if they were making admissions against themselves.

Once when he was a boy Mrs. Wagoner had the good taste to refer in Jim's presence to his "homeliness," a term with which she sugar-coated her insult. Jim grinned and shuffled his feet, and then said, "Kitty's pretty." It was true: Kitty was pretty: she had eyes and hair. You could not look at her without seeing them—big brown eyes, and brown, tumbled hair. Kitty was fifteen—two years younger than Jim in 187–.

Jim never went to school. They were too poor. All he knew his mother taught him and he got out of the few old books in the book-case left by the war—odd volumes of the Waverley novels, and the *Spectator*, "Don Quixote," and a few others, stained and battered. He could not have gone to school if there had been a school to go to: he had to work: work, as Mrs. Wagoner had truthfully said, "like a common nigger." He did not mind it; a bird born in a cage cannot mind it much. The pitiful part is, it does not know anything else. Jim did not know anything else. He did not mind anything much — except chills. He even got used to them; would just lie down and shake for an hour and then go to ploughing again as soon as the ague was over, with the fever on him. He had to plough; for corn was necessary. He had this compensation: he was worshipped by two people—his mother and Kitty. If other people thought him ugly, they thought him beautiful. If others thought him dull, they thought him wonderfully clever; if others thought him ignorant, they knew how wise he was.

Mrs. Upton's eyes were bad; but she saw enough to see Jim: the light came into the house with him. Kitty sat and gazed at him with speechless admiration; hung on his words, which were few; watched for his smile, which was rare. He repaid it to her by being—Jim. He slaved for her; waited for her (when a boy waits for his little sister it is something); played with her when he had time (this also was something) made traps for her; caught her young squirrels; was at once her slave and her idol. As he grew up he did not have time to play. He had to plough: "just like a common nigger," Mrs. Wagoner said. In this she spoke the truth.

It is a curious thing that farming paid better shortly after the war than it did later. Lands fell. Times grew harder. They were always growing harder with Jim. The land was worked out. Guano was necessary to make anything grow. Guano was bought on credit. The crops would not pay. Several summers there was drouth; crops failed. One of the two old mules he had died; Jim ploughed with one. Then he broke his leg. When he got about again he was lame: the leg had shortened.

"They're the shiftlesses' folks in the worl'," said Mrs. Wagoner; "they can't blame *me*. Heaven knows I told——" etc. Which was true—more than true.

Jim ploughed on, only slower than ever, thinner than ever, sleepier than ever.

One day something happened which waked him up. It was a Sunday. They went to church; they always went to church—old St. Ann's—whenever there was service. There was service there since the war only every first and third Sunday, and every other fifth Sunday. The Uptons and the Duvals had been vestrymen from the time they had brought the bricks over from England,

generations ago. They had sat, one family in one of the front semicircular pews on one side the chancel, the other family in the other. Mrs. Upton, after the war, had her choice of the pews; for all had gone but herself, Jim, and Kitty. She had changed, the Sunday after her marriage, to the Upton side, and she clung loyally to it ever after. Mrs. Wagoner had taken the other pew —a cold, she explained at first, had made her deaf. She always spoke of it afterward as "our pew." (The Billings, from which Mrs. Wagoner came, had not been Episcopalians until Mrs. Wagoner married.) Carrie Wagoner, who was a year older than Kitty, used to sit by her mother, with her big hat and brown hair. Jim, in right of his sex, sat in the end of his pew.

On this Sunday in question Jim drove his mother and Kitty to church in the horse cart. The old carriage was a wreck, slowly dropping to pieces. The chickens roosted in it. The cart was the only vehicle remaining which had two sound wheels, and even one of these "wabbled" a good deal, and the cart was "shackling." But straw placed in the bottom made it fairly comfortable. Jim always had clean straw in it. His mother and Kitty noticed it. Kitty looked so well. They reached church. The day was warm, Mr. Bickersteth was dry. Jim went to sleep during the sermon. He frequently did this. He had been up since four. When service was over he partially waked—about half-waked. He was standing in the aisle moving toward the door with the rest of the congregation. A voice behind him caught his ear:

"What a lovely girl Kitty Upton is." It was Mrs. Harrison, who lived at the other end of the parish. Jim knew the voice. Another voice replied:

"If she only were not always so shabby!" Jim knew this one also. It was Mrs. Wagoner's. Jim waked.

"Yes, but even her old darned dress cannot hide her. She reminds me of ——" Jim did not know what it was to which Mrs. Harrison likened her. But he knew it was something beautiful.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wagoner; then added, "Poor thing, she's got no education, and never will have. To think that old Colonel Duval's fam'bly's come to this! Well, they can't blame me. They're clean run to seed."

Jim got out into the air. He felt sick. He had been hit vitally. This was what people thought! and it was true. He went to get his cart. (He did not speak to Kitty.) His home came before his eyes like a photograph: fences down, gates gone, houses ruinous, fields barren. It came to him as if stamped on the retina by a lightning-flash. He had worked—worked hard. But it was no use. It was true: they were "clean run to seed." He helped his mother and Kitty into the cart silently—doggedly. Kitty smiled at him. It hurt him like a blow. He saw every worn place, every darn in her old dress, and little, faded jacket. Mrs. Wagoner drove past them in her carriage, leaning out of the window and calling that she took the liberty of passing as she drove faster than they. Jim gave his old mule a jerk which made him throw up his head and wince with pain. He was sorry for it. But he had been jerked up short himself. He was quivering too.

II.

On the following Friday the President of one of the great railway lines which cross Virginia was in his office when the door opened after a gentle knock and some one entered. (The offices of presidents of railroads had not then become the secret and mysterious sanctums which they have since become.) The President was busily engaged with two or three of the Directors, wealthy capitalists from the North, who had come down on important business. He was very much engrossed; and he did not look up directly. When he did he saw standing inside the door a queer figure—long, slim, angular—a man who looked a boy, or a boy who looked like a man—red-headed, freckle-faced, bashful—in a coat too tight even for his thin figure, breeches too short for his long legs; his hat was old and brown; his shirt was clean.

"Well, what do you want?" The President was busy.

It was Jim. His face twitched several times before any sound came:

"– – I– w– w– w want t– t– t– to ge– get a place."

"This is not the place to get it. I have no place for you."

The President turned back to his friends. At the end of ten minutes, seeing one of his visitors look toward the door, he stopped in the middle of a sentence and glanced around.

The figure was still there—motionless. The President thought he had been out. He had not.

"Well?" His key was high.

"– – – – I– I– w– w– want to– to get a place."

"I told you I had no place for you. Go to the Superintendent."

"– – – I– I've b– b– b– been to him."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Si– si– si– says he ain't got any place."

"Well, I haven't any. Go to Mr. Blake."

"– – – I've b– been to *him*."

"Well, go to—to—" The President was looking for a paper. It occupied his mind. He did not think any further of Jim. But Jim was there.

"– – Go– go where?"

"Oh, I don't know—go anywhere—go out of *here*."

Jim's face worked. He turned and went slowly out. As he reached the door he said:

"Go– go– good-evening, g– gentlemen."

The President's heart relented: "Go to the Superintendent," he called.

Next day he was engaged with his Directors when the door opened and the same apparition stepped within—tall, slim, red-haired, with his little, tight coat, short trousers, and clean shirt.

The President frowned.

"Well, what is it?"

"– – – I– I– I w– w– w– went to– to the s– s– Superintendent."

"Well, what about it?"

"Y– y– you told me t– to go– go to him. H– e– e ain't got any place." The Directors smiled. One of them leaned back in his chair, took out a cigar and prepared to cut the end.

"Well, I can't help it. I haven't anything for you. I told you that yesterday. You must not come here bothering me; get out."

Jim stood still—perfectly motionless. He looked as if he had been there always—would be there always. The Director with the cigar, having cut it, took out a gold match-box, and opened it slowly, looking at Jim with an amused smile. The President frowned and opened his mouth to order him out. He changed his mind.

"What is your name?"

"J– J– James Upton."

"Where from?"

Jim told him.

"Whose son are you?"

"C– c– c– Captain J– J– James Upton's."

"What! You don't look much like him!"

Jim shuffled one foot. One corner of his mouth twitched up curiously. It might have been a smile. He looked straight at the blank wall before him.

"You are not much like your mother either—I used to know her as a girl. How's that?"

Jim shuffled the other foot a little.

"R– r– run to seed, I reckon."

The President was a farmer—prided himself on it. The reply pleased him. He touched a bell. A clerk entered.

"Ask Mr. Wake to come here."

"Can you carry a barrel of flour?" he asked Jim.

"I– I'll get it there," said Jim. He leaned a little forward.

"Or a sack of salt? They are right heavy."

"I– I– I'll get it there," said Jim.

Mr. Wake appeared.

"Write Mr. Day to give this man a place as brakeman."

"Yes, sir. Come this way." This to Jim.

Jim electrified them all by suddenly bursting out crying.

The tension had given way. He walked up to the wall and leaned his head against it with his face on his arm, shaking from head to foot, sobbing aloud.

"Thank you, I—I'm ever so much obliged to you," he sobbed.

The President rose and walked rapidly about the room.

Suddenly Jim turned and, with his arm over his eyes, held out his hand to the President.

"Goodby." Then he went out.

There was a curious smile on the faces of the Directors as the door closed.

"Well, I never saw anything like that before," said one of them. The President said nothing.

"Run to seed," quoted the oldest of the Directors, "rather good expression!"

"Damned good seed, gentlemen," said the President, a little shortly. "Duval and Upton—that fellow's father was in my command. Died at Gettysburg. He'd fight hell."

Jim got a place—brakeman on a freight-train. That night Jim wrote a letter home. You'd have thought he had been elected president.

It was a hard life: harder than most. The work was hard, the fare was hard; the life was hard. Standing on top of rattling cars as they rushed along in the night around curves, over bridges, through tunnels, with the rain and snow pelting in your face, and the tops as slippery as ice. There was excitement about it, too: a sense of risk and danger. Jim did not mind it much. He thought of his mother and Kitty.

There was a freemasonry among the men. All knew each other; hated or liked each other; nothing negative about it.

It was a bad road. Worse than the average. Twice the amount of traffic was done on the single track that should have been done. Result was men were ground up—more than on most roads. More men were killed in proportion to the number employed than were killed in service during the war. The *esprit de corps* was strong. Men stood by their trains and by each other. When a man left his engine in sight of trouble, the authorities might not know about it, but the men did. Unless there was cause he had to leave. Sam Wray left his engine in sight of a broken bridge after he reversed. The engine stopped on the track. The officers never knew of it; but Wray and his fireman both changed to another road. When a man even got shaky and began to run easy, the superintendent might not mind it; but the men did: he had to go. A man had to have not only courage but nerve.

Jim was not especially popular among men. He was reserved, slow, awkward. He was "pious" (that is, did not swear). He was "stuck up" (did not tell "funny things," by which was meant vulgar stories; nor laugh at them either). And according to Dick Rail, he was "stingy as h—l."

These things were not calculated to make him popular, and he was not. He was a sort of butt for the free and easy men who lived in their cabs and cabooses, obeyed their "orders," and owned nothing but their overalls and their shiny Sunday clothes. He was good-tempered, though. Took all their gibes and "dev'ling" quietly, and for the most part silently. So, few actually disliked him. Dick Rail, the engineer of his crew, was one of those few. Dick "despised" him. Dick was big, brawny, coarse: coarse in looks, coarse in talk, coarse in feeling, and when he had liquor in him he was mean. Jim "bothered" him, he said. He made Jim's life a burden to him. He laid himself out to do it. It became his occupation. He thought about it when Jim was not present; laid plans for it. There was something about Jim that was different from most others. When Jim did not laugh at a "hard story," but just sat still, some men would stop; Dick always told another harder yet, and called attention to Jim's looks. His stock was inexhaustible. His mind was like a spring which ran muddy water; its flow was perpetual. The men thought Jim did not mind. He lost three pounds; which for a man who was six feet (and would have been six feet two if he had been straight) and who weighed 122, was considerable.

It is astonishing how one man can create a public sentiment. One woman can ruin a reputation as effectually as a churchful. One bullet can kill a man as dead as a bushel, if it hits him right. So Dick Rail injured Jim, for Dick was an authority. He swore the biggest oaths, wore the largest watch-chain, knew his engine better and sat it steadier than any man on the road. He had had a passenger train again and again, but he was too fond of whiskey. It was too risky. Dick affected Jim's standing: told stories about him: made his life a burden to him. "He shan't stay on the

road," he used to say. "He's stingier'n ——. Carries his victuals about with him—I b'lieve he sleeps with one o' them *I*-talians in a goods box." This was true—at least about carrying his food with him. (The rest was Dick's humor.) Messing cost too much. The first two months' pay went to settle an old guano-bill; but the third month's was Jim's. The day he drew that he fattened a good deal. At least, he looked so. It was eighty-two dollars (for Jim ran extra runs—made double time whenever he could). Jim had never had so much money in his life; had hardly ever seen it. He walked about the streets that night till nearly midnight, feeling the wad of notes in his breast-pocket. Next day a box went down the country, and a letter with it, and that night Jim could not have bought a chew of tobacco. The next letter he got from home was heavy. Jim smiled over it a good deal, and cried a little too. He wondered how Kitty looked in her new dress, and if the barrel of flour made good bread; and if his mother's shawl was warm.

One day he was changed to the passenger service, the express. It was a promotion, paid more, and relieved him from Dick Rail. He had some queer experiences being ordered around, but he swallowed them all. He had not been there three weeks when Mrs. Wagoner was a passenger on the train. Carry was with her. They had moved to town. (Mr. Wagoner was interested in railroad development.) Mrs. Wagoner called him to her seat, and talked to him—in a loud voice. Mrs. Wagoner had a loud voice. It had the "carrying" quality. She did not shake hands; Carry did and said she was so glad to see him: she had been down home the week before—had seen his mother and Kitty. Mrs. Wagoner said they still kept their plantation as a country place. Carry said Kitty looked so well. Her new dress was lovely. Mrs. Wagoner said his mother's eyes were worse. She and Kitty had walked over to see them to show Kitty's dress. She had promised that Mr. Wagoner would do what he could for him on the road.

Next month Jim went back to the freight service. He preferred Dick Rail. He got him. Dick was worse than ever, his appetite was whetted by abstinence; he returned to his attack with renewed zest. He never tired—never flagged. He was perpetual: he was remorseless. He made Jim's life a wilderness. Jim said nothing, just slouched along silenter than ever, quieter than ever, closer than ever. He took to going to another church on Sunday than the one he had attended, a more fashionable one than that. The Wagoners went there. Jim sat far back in the gallery, very far back where he could just see the top of Carry's head, her big hat and her face, and could not see Mrs. Wagoner, who sat nearer the gallery. It had a curious effect on him: he never went to sleep there. He took to going up-town walking by the stores—looking in at the windows of tailors and clothiers. Once he actually went into a shop and asked the price of a new suit of clothes. (He needed them badly.) The tailor unfolded many rolls of cloth and talked volubly: talked him dizzy. Jim looked wistfully at them, rubbed his hand over them softly, felt the money in his pocket; and came out. He said he thought he might come in again. Next day he did not have the money. Kitty wrote him she could not leave home to go to school on their mother's account, but she would buy books, and she was learning; she would learn fast, her mother was teaching her; and he was the best brother in the world, the whole world; and they had a secret, but he must wait.

One day Jim got a bundle. It was a new suit of clothes. On top was a letter from Kitty. This was the secret. She and her mother had sent for the cloth and made them; hoped they would fit. They had cried over them. Jim cried a little too. He put them on. They did not fit, were much too large. Under Dick Rail's fire Jim had grown even thinner than before. But he wore them to church. He felt that it would have been untrue to his mother and Kitty not to wear them. He was sorry to meet Dick Rail on the street. Dick had on a black broadcloth coat, a velvet vest, and large-checked trousers. Dick looked Jim over. Jim winced, flushed a little: he was not so

sunburned now. Dick saw it. Next week Dick caught Jim in a crowd in the "yard" waiting for their train. He told about the meeting. He made a double shot. He said, "Jim's in love, he's got new clothes! you ought to see 'em!" Dick was graphic; he wound up: "They hung on him like breechin' on his old mule. By ——! I b'lieve he was too —— stingy to buy' em, and made 'em himself." There was a shout from the crowd. Jim's face worked. There was a handspike lying near and he seized it. Someone grabbed him, but he shook him off as if he had been a child. Why he did not kill Dick no one ever knew. He meant to do it. For some time they thought he was dead. He laid off for a month. After that Jim wore what clothes he chose: no one ever troubled him.

So he went on in the same way: slow, sleepy, stuttering, thin, stingy, ill-dressed, lame, the butt of his tormentors.

He was made a fireman; preferred it to being a conductor, it led to being an engineer, which paid more. He ran extra trips whenever he could, up and double straight back. He could stand an immense amount of work. If he got sleepy he put tobacco in his eyes to keep them open. It was bad for the eyes, but waked him up. Kitty was going to take music next year, and that cost money. He had not been home for several months, but was going at Christmas.

They did not have any sight tests then. But the new Directory meant to be thorough. Mr. Wagoner had become a Director, had his eye on the presidency. Jim was one day sent for, asked about his eyes; they were bad. There was not a doubt about it. They were inflamed; he could not see a hundred yards. He did not tell them about the extra trips and putting the tobacco in them. Dick Rail must have told about him. They said he must go. Jim turned white. He went to his little room, close up under the roof of a little house in a back street, and sat down in the dark; thought about his mother and Kitty, and dimly about someone else; wrote his mother and Kitty a letter, said he was coming home—called it "a visit;" cried over the letter, but was careful not to cry on it. He was a real cry-baby—Jim was.

"Just run to seed," he said to himself, bitterly, over and over; "just run to seed." Then he went to sleep.

The following day he went down to the railroad. That was the last day. Next day he would be "off." The train-master saw him and called him. A special was just going out. The Directors were going over the road in the Officers' car. Dick Rail was the engineer, and his fireman had been taken sick. Jim must take the place. Jim had a mind not to do it. He hated Dick. He thought of how he had pursued him. But he heard a voice behind him and turned. Carry was standing down the platform, talking with some elderly gentlemen. She had on a travelling cap and ulster. She saw him and came forward—a step:

"How do you do?" she held out her little gloved hand. She was going out over the road with her father. Jim took off his hat and shook hands with her. Dick Rail saw him, walked round the other side of the engine, and tried to take off his hat like that. It was not a success; Dick knew it. Jim went.

"Who was that?" one of the elderly gentlemen asked Carry.

"An old friend of mine—a gentleman," she said.

"Rather run to seed—hey?" the old fellow quoted, without knowing exactly why; for he only half recognized Jim, if he recognized him at all.

They started. It was a bad trip. The weather was bad, the road was bad, the engine bad; Dick bad—worse than all. Jim had a bad time: he was to be off when he got home. What would his mother and Kitty do?

Once Carry came (brought by the President), and rode in the engine for a little while. Jim helped her up and spread his coat for her to sit on, put his overcoat under her feet; his heart was in it. Dick was sullen, and Jim had to show her about the engine. When she got down to go back to the car she thanked him—she "had enjoyed it greatly"—she "would like to try it again." Jim smiled. He was almost good-looking when he smiled.

Dick was meaner than ever after that, sneered at Jim—swore; but Jim didn't mind it. He was thinking of someone else, and of the rain which would prevent her coming again.

They were on the return trip, and were half-way home when the accident happened. It was just "good dusk," and it had been raining all night and all day, and the road was as rotten as mud. The special was behind and was making up. She had the right of way, and she was flying. She rounded a curve just above a small "fill," under which was a little stream, nothing but a mere "branch." In good weather it would never be noticed. The gay party behind were at dinner. The first thing they knew, was the sudden jerk which came from reversing the engine at full speed, and the grind as the wheels slid along under the brakes. Then they stopped with a bump which spilled them out of their seats, set the lamps to swinging, and sent the things on the table crashing on the floor. No one was hurt, only shaken, and they crowded out of the car to learn the cause. They found it. The engine was half buried in wet earth on the other side of the little washout, with the tender jammed up into the cab. The whole was wrapped in a dense cloud of escaping steam. The noise was terrific. The big engineer, bare-headed and covered with mud, and with his face deadly white, was trying to get down to the engine. Someone was in there.

They got him out after a while (but it took some time) and laid him on the ground, while a mattress was got. It was Jim.

Carry had been weeping. She sat down and took his head in her lap, and wiped his blackened and bleeding face with her lace handkerchief; and smoothed his wet hair.

The newspaper accounts, which are always reflections of what public sentiment is, or should be, spoke of it—some, as "a providential;"—others, as "a miraculous;"—and yet others as "a fortunate" escape on the part of the President and the Directors of the road, according to the tendencies, religious or otherwise, of their paragraphists.

They mentioned casually that "only one person was hurt—an employee, name not ascertained." And one or two had some gush about the devotion of the beautiful young lady, the daughter of one of the directors of the road, who happened to be on the train, and who, "like a ministering angel, held the head of the wounded man in her lap after he was taken from the wreck." A good deal was made of this picture, which was extensively copied.

Dick Rail's account, after he had come back from carrying the broken body down to the old place in the country, and helping to lay it away in the old enclosure under the big trees on the hill, was this:

"By ——!" he said, when he stood in the yard, with a solemn-faced group around him, "we were late, and I was just shaking 'em up. I had been meaner 'n hell to Jim all the trip (I didn't know him, and you all didn't neither), and I was workin' him for all he was worth, I didn't give him a minute. The sweat was rolling off him, and I was damnin' him with every shovelful. We was runnin' under orders to make up, and we was just rounding the curve this side of Ridge Hill, when Jim hollered. He saw it as he raised up with the shovel in his hand to wipe the sweat off his face, and he hollered to me, 'My God! Look, Dick! Jump!'

"I looked and Hell was right there. He caught the lever and reversed, and put on the air before I saw it, and then grabbed me, and flung me clean out of the cab: 'Jump!' he says, as he give me a swing. I jumped, expectin' of course he was comin' too; and as I lit, I saw him turn and catch the lever and put on the sand. The old engine was jumpin' nigh off the track. But she was too near. In she went, and the tender right on her. You may talk about his eyes bein' bad; but when he gave me that swing, they looked to me like coals of fire. When we got him out 'twarn't Jim! He warn't nothin' but mud and ashes. He warn't quite dead; opened his eyes, and breathed onct or twict; but I don't think he knew anything, he was so smashed up. We laid him out on the grass, and that young lady took his head in her lap and

cried over him (she had come and seed him in the engine), and said she knew his mother and sister down in the country (she used to live down there); they was gentlefolks; that Jim was all they had. And when one of them old director-fellows who had been swilling himself behind there come aroun,' with his kid gloves on and his hands in his great-coat pockets, lookin' down, and sayin' something' about, 'Poor fellow, couldn't he 'a jumped? Why didn't he jump?' I let him have it; I said, 'Yes, and if it hadn't been for him, you and I'd both been frizzin' this minute.' And the President standin' there said to some of them, 'That was the same young fellow who came into my office to get a place last year when you were down, and said he had 'run to seed.' 'But,' he says, 'Gentlemen, it was d——d good seed!'"

How good it was no one knew but two weeping women in a lonely house.

PRESENT IDEALS OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITY LIFE.

By Josiah Royce.

RECENTLY, in looking through some papers on file in our college library at Cambridge, I came upon a leaflet, dated New York, November 2, 1853, containing a report of a committee of the trustees of Columbia College, upon several matters, one of which is "The Establishment of a University System." The report also treats of proposed "Changes in the Collegiate Course," and defines, according to the ideas of the signers, "the Mission of the College." This mission is "to direct and superintend the mental and moral culture." "Mental and moral discipline, it is agreed," says the leaflet, "is the object of collegiate education. The mere acquisition of learning, however valuable and desirable in itself, is subordinate to this great work. . . . . The design of a college is to make perfect the human intellect in all its parts and functions; by means of a thorough training of all the intellectual faculties, to attain their full development; and by the proper guidance of the moral functions, to direct them to a proper exertion. To form the mind, in short, is the high design of education as sought in a College Course." The report hereupon proceeds to note that, unfortunately, this sentiment, "manifest and just" though it be, "does not meet with universal sympathy or acquiescence." "On the contrary, the demand for what is termed progressive knowledge . . . . and for fuller instruction in what are called the useful and practical sciences, is at variance with this fundamental idea. The public generally, unaccustomed to look upon the mind except in connection with the body, and to regard it as a machine for promoting the pleasures, the conveniences, or the comforts of the latter, will not be satisfied with a system of education in which they are unable to perceive the direct connection between the knowledge imparted, and the bodily advantages to be gained. For this reason, to preserve in some degree high and pure education and strict mental discipline, and to draw as many as possible within its influence, we must partially yield to those sentiments which we should be unable wholly to resist." The committee therefore "think that while they would retain the system having in view the most perfect intellectual training, they might devise parallel courses, having this design at the foundation, but still adapted to meet the popular demand."

After this fashion, then, the members of the Columbia committee propose to meet the public desire of their time for some modification of the traditional college course. The report next passes on to the question of the establishment of higher "University" courses to supplement the collegiate work. The members of the committee hope the desire for such additional instruction "may in part be reached by the plan suggested by them. But they are admonished that this design is not free from serious difficulties." In conse-

quence the committee "simply report this subject as having engaged their attention." The "plan suggested" is simply the establishment of "parallel courses" as a concession to popular demands.

The situation at Columbia in the early fifties, as thus displayed, is not without decided interest even to-day. We have heard of this situation more than once since: On the one side stands the abstract ideal of something called "the perfect moral and intellectual discipline of the mind." On the other hand stands at least a portion of the public, demanding "practical and progressive knowledge." The lovers of the abstract ideal accuse this public of being "unaccustomed to look upon the mind except in connection with the body," while they of course imagine themselves, as lovers of ideals, quite able to accomplish the feat of "looking upon the mind" without any such connection whatever. They accordingly feel and express some contempt for the persons who cannot follow them in their abstractions. But these partisans of the ideal are still reluctantly forced to confess that just such "looking upon the mind in connection with the body," has somehow made the Philistine public wealthy, and socially powerful. Hence one must humor the Philistines a little, not by abandoning one's traditions about collegiate work, but by offering a few "parallel courses" of a more "progressive" sort. Meanwhile, however, in this connection, there soon appears an unexpected bearing of the new undertaking upon instruction of the higher "University" grade. The new courses, namely, will very naturally be offered to graduates of the traditional college work, whose minds having been more or less nearly "perfected" by the best system of "intellectual and moral discipline," may now be more safely supplied with "progressive knowledge." However, one feels that such an undertaking, even in case of graduate students, has its dangers. One is "admonished that this design is not free from serious difficulties." One is disposed to report the mere fact that the thing is under consideration and to wait further events. By such halting steps, in the midst of such serious perplexities, despite such unfortunate misunderstandings of the unity of life's great business—yes, even by means of this very conflict between the lovers of the "practical and progressive" and the people who "look upon the mind" out of "connection with the body," has the cause of the American University slowly and yet happily progressed during the last forty years, until to-day there is so much to rejoice in, and still so much before us to undertake.

It is the purpose of the present paper to give a brief sketch of certain facts relating to the development of the modern American University, to suggest some of the ideals that university instruction just now has in mind in our country, and to indicate hereby some of our present problems. I shall not care to speak from the point of view of any one institution as such. The "American University," using the word as a convenient general name, is just now at a critical point in its development. A number of our leading institutions are together engaged in the work of "modifying the collegiate course," and of supplementing it by "university work." If the report of Columbia's committee in 1853 very fairly represents the situation in those days in all our most prominent colleges, the latest report of President Low is an important indication of the present tendencies at work in more places than one. Meanwhile, the general public has frequently heard of late of the office which the University ought to fill, and is familiar, although perhaps even now not too familiar, with the idea that a University is much more than the traditional American "College" of former days, and that "University work," in the stricter sense, means work above the collegiate grade. A great deal has also been written about the function of the University as a centre of original research. I should not try to add to the already extensive literature of the topic, were I not impressed by the thought that we still, most of us, imperfectly understand the forces that are just now at work to produce this modification of the character of our academic institutions. The opposition which the Columbia committee made in 1853 between the

"disciplinary" ideals of the traditional College course, and the "practical and progressive" needs of the relatively materialistic public, is still in a measure with us. But meanwhile, what many fail to understand is, that just these relatively "materialistic" demands and interests of the public, which have occasioned the call for "practical and progressive" studies, have been among the most potent factors in precisely that reform of higher study which is now making the American University daily more ideal in its undertakings, more genuinely spiritual in its enthusiasm and in its scholarship, and really far less Philistine in its concerns than was the American College of former days. This, to my mind, is the most deeply instructive feature of the modern University life. In 1853 we find a representative committee defending a really fine and ancient ideal of collegiate "discipline," against a thoughtless "practical" and "popular" demand. The history of academic life since has been in large part the history of the triumph of just that popular demand. Has the result been the degradation of our academic ideals? No, the result has been the evolution of the University ideal among us — an ideal higher, more theoretical, more scholarly, less "popular" in the evil sense of that word, and in the best sense more unworldly than its predecessor. Let us look a little at the history of the process, and see that this is so.

I.

A great deal of this history I must indeed pass over here, partly because its outlines are familiar to every reader, partly because its details are too minute and too imperfectly accessible. What everybody knows is that the immense extension of the natural and physical sciences within the last half century has been of great significance in altering men's views as to the educator's business, and especially as to the business of the colleges. As the Columbia report shows, the interest in what we now call University work, was for a good while associated, in the minds both of those who magnified and those who belittled the importance of such work, with the growth of what were regarded as materialistic opinions and ideals. Strange, and yet inevitable and most instructive, union of the spiritual and the bodily concerns of men! The traditional college course was to "fit"—yes, so far as might be in a four years' curriculum, to "perfect" a man, by "culture," for this world, and for entrance on the future life. To this end, before he entered college, one first taught him the rules of Latin grammar, and all the even remotely conceivable forms of τύπτω. Then, in college, one not only continued this drill, but brought him "into contact with the greatest minds of antiquity," by teaching him to analyze their written words and sentences as they never could have thought of doing themselves. This plan was indeed in its way an excellent one; but after all it did not universally succeed in bringing about the close "contact." Meanwhile, since youth is wayward, one "disciplined" the student, following his steps with constant admonition, ordering his studies as precisely as his hours, and correcting his conduct as carefully as his exercises. By the Senior year he had already become learned in Logic, and a master of the devices of Oratory; and one now showed him the Evidences of Revealed Religion, and refuted for him the principal errors of infidelity. One also grounded him in "Civil Polity," and even taught him something of "Science." In mathematics, too, he was by this time well versed, insomuch that he usually regarded it as the most finished and complete of the departments of human knowledge, and supposed its business and its discoveries to be ended whenever Sturm's theorem had been demonstrated, and the Conic Sections had been exhaustively treated in a single small text-book. Thus his intellectual and moral life were rounded out; he now possessed "culture." Culture was something precise, definable, transmissible. The possession of it made him great on commencement day, and he "went forth," diploma in hand, into a wicked world which is "not accustomed to look upon the mind except in connection with the body."

Far be it from one who, like the present writer, owes an incalculable debt to those who taught him a form, considerably altered and improved indeed, of this traditional course; far be it from such an one to belittle the worth of what he learned thereby. For very many American colleges, the traditional curriculum more or less modified still is, and will long remain, the substance of academic "culture." And as it has accomplished a great work in the past, so let the traditional college course continue for a season its services in its own field. I suggest its defects in my obviously too meagre sketch; but they were the defects of its admirable qualities. It could not of itself make scholars; but it has helped great numbers to become such. It could not insure true "culture." But many of its graduates have attained a noble culture. Its "discipline" was often crude, but was more often serviceable. I am glad that our most progressive institutions have modified it until it is no longer easily recognizable. I hope that in anything like its old form and methods it will in time become altogether a memory; but I am sure that as such it will be a good memory. Progress removes many old servants from office, but does not forget them, and does honor them. Classical scholarship, for the rest, will not die with the traditional college course, nor yet pine after that course is dead. Literature will not suffer by the dissolution of the old curriculum. The "greatest minds of antiquity" will still speak to our world long after the memory of those once tabulated forms of τύπτω has faded "like streaks of the morning cloud." "Discipline" will in the end prosper in the midst of much modified academic methods. Religion will arouse as much thought and devotion as ever, even if Seniors are no longer examined on the Evidences. And still all these great interests will look back to the days of τύπτω and of "discipline" with thankfulness and with affection. For the old way was indeed good in its time.

Over against this traditional curriculum, however, stood, during the sixties and early seventies, the new "Science curriculum," a still undefined thing, whereof, as many people imagined, Mr. Spencer had given the best general suggestion in his essays on Education, but of whose precise content nobody could speak with assurance. Its ideals were understood to be, as I have suggested, both "practical" and "materialistic." Meanwhile, in giving expression to these ideals, its partisans were fond of using a formula as amusingly abstract and meaningless as that of their opponents, who wanted to "look upon the mind out of connection with the body." This favorite abstract statement of the partisans of the "new" method was, that they, for their part, were minded to study "things," not "words."

It is curious to observe how fond educational theories have often been of such false abstractions. Herein, to be sure, they only follow the fashion of many political theories. Just as "freedom," or "balance of trade," or "money," have often come to be talked of as if all these were names for things that could exist all alone by themselves, and could be estimated without any reference to other social facts, or to anything else in the universe, so in educational matters, men love purely abstract catchwords, and love judgments founded upon such terms. Which would you rather study, "words" or "things?" Which would you rather possess, "money" or "credit?" Do you prefer the "law," or would you be more content with "freedom" instead? All such questions persist in reminding me of an illustration that I have written down, I believe, more than once before. It is, in case of them all, as if the soul of some still indefinite animal, not yet embodied here on earth, were to be asked, in some preexistent state, "When you come to be incarnated on earth, which of the two organs would you prefer to have in your body, a great toe, or a tail?" Well, even so it is with that favorite contrast between "words" and "things." Just as the Columbia committee regretted that people would not "look upon the mind" out of "connection with the body," so the partisans of the so-called "science-curriculum" in education used to ask us defiantly whether or no we preferred studying "words" to studying "things." Well, if that meant the

same as asking us whether we preferred τύπτω and its forms to anything else in heaven or earth, the question might be faced and pretty easily answered. But if it meant to suggest that we could become rationally conscious of things without all the while reflecting upon our own words and the sense of them, the suggestion became too near the absurd for serious criticism. Is science to cultivate in us a sort of aphasia? Or is reflective self-consciousness to be discouraged as we grow in insight into nature's truth?

Meanwhile, the partisans of the traditional linguistic and literary training, somewhat disturbed in mind by this flippant accusation that their own task was merely a study of "words," were not slow to respond that they were really studying, in their classics and in their literary exercises, not words, but human life. The spirit, they said, is after all the concretest of "things," the most real, the most complex, the deepest-natured. Since this spirit is revealed to us in the history of humanity, we learn the wealth of its laws, the significance of its problems, the profound meaning of its facts whenever we wisely study a great literature. Life is not mere "words." The soul of the classics is more than their language. The minds of antiquity are the objects of a science as serious in its undertakings, as objective in its appeal to matters of fact, as extended in its field as any natural science. Continental scholarship has long since furnished us the example of scientific method applied to this world of truth that is embodied in literature. The science which studies life as it is thus embodied, is called Philology, using that word in Boeckh's sense, and after the fashion already sanctified, since his time, by more than one generation of long-lived and inquiring Germans. The moral, however, of this observation was, that if classical studies were to retain their strong hold on the academic public, they must become themselves more scientific. Classical Philology must transcend the traditional lore of the older college curriculum. The traditional course itself must be the first to modify its own ideals, and to break down its own limitations. Serious scholarship must be set as an ideal before the minds of even young college students. A higher learning must join itself to the old "discipline." The deadness of the old drill in memorized grammar must be quickened by an endeavor really to bring about that "contact with the true mind of antiquity" which earlier generations of college students had so often missed. Classical study, if it ever was a study of *mere* words, must learn a lesson from the example of natural science, and become indeed a study of the things of the spirit.

So, for the past twenty-five years, many of our best teachers have reasoned, and thus the "materialistic" interests that were once so feared, the "parallel courses" that were once so unwillingly tolerated, have proved to the lovers of true literature and of human life the most inspiring of rivals, the friendliest of allies, although disguised as enemies. The result of this "conflict" between the two ideals of academic work, has been the union of both in the efforts of all concerned to build up a system of University training, whose ideal is at once one of scholarly method, and of scientific comprehension of fact. For the scholar as such, be he biologist or grammarian or metaphysician, the exclusive opposition between "words" and "things" has no meaning. He works to understand truth, and the truth is at once Word *and* Thing, thought *and* object, insight *and* apprehension, law and content, form and matter. You understand it when you both conform your opinions to the facts and comprehend the force and the meaning of your opinions; when you get hold upon realities, and at the same time interpret your own knowledge of them. There is no science unexpressed; there is no genuine expression of truth that ought not to seek the form of science.

Now, such being the ideal of the scholar's business that has gradually grown up among us, in our best institutions of learning, one result has of course been, that however we have differed as to what we ought to teach to undergraduates, we have all come to feel that the work of the undergraduate

course ought to be supplemented by higher courses, wherein the scholar as such should have a chance to say his say, to present his truth, to indicate the recent advance of his science, whether that science were Geology, or Sanskrit, or Latin Grammar, or Mathematics. Thus, then, the coming of the natural sciences, with their high demands upon the learner, and their strong assertion that they taught truth about "things," had seemed at first to threaten the purity and authority of the collegiate course of former times. To prevent such evil effects the device of "parallel courses" suggested itself; and in many Western Colleges this device has developed the system of the various so-called "Colleges"—departments of one large institution, whose concurrent courses all lead to degrees, while the degrees themselves have different names, according as the courses have more or less of the traditional character of the classical course in them. But this system of parallel courses, with or without differently named degrees at the end of the courses, could not suffice, in the larger institutions, to meet all the needs of the new situation. Such organization of natural history work as Agassiz initiated at Cambridge, demanded room for a higher sort of instruction. Other departments could not remain behind where natural science led. And thus it was that the call for what used to be called "post-graduate" study became general. And so, once more the "materialistic" interests, in getting a hearing for themselves, brought to pass the beginning of a revolutionary change. Those whom the Columbia committee accused of thinking only of the "body," began a process that is now transforming with the highest purpose the training of the soul. Such was the origin of the modern American University.

II.

A FRIEND and colleague of mine has given me a look into an interesting note-book of his own, written out in the first year of his graduate life, and, as it chances, in the first year of President Eliot's administration at Harvard. The notes are an evidence of the state of "post-graduate" work at Cambridge in the academic year 1869-70. A series of "philosophical lectures" was then offered to graduates, and formed, I believe, the first course of formal graduate instruction in metaphysical topics at Harvard. The lecturers were Professor Bowen, Mr. John Fiske, Mr. Charles Peirce, Mr. Cabot, Dr. Hedge, and—last and greatest name—Emerson. The lecturers followed in series, filling the winter with what constituted one long course. Examinations were held upon all the courses but Emerson's. The whole series, as represented by my friend's note-book, is a decidedly impressive one. Mr. Fiske's lectures, on "Positivism," afterward took shape in the "Cosmic Philosophy." Professor Bowen's and Dr. Hedge's contributions to the work were also substantially repeated in later publications. Mr. Cabot, now Emerson's biographer, broke on this occasion a silence that he has in general maintained far too rigidly. Emerson himself read those papers on the "Natural History of the Intellect" which have since been seen, in the original manuscript or in copy, by a few students, but which have so far not been published—papers in which, as he said, he was "watching the stream of thought, running along the banks a little way, but only seeing a little, knowing that the stream is hollowing out its own bed." Mr. Charles Peirce, on the contrary, expounded, in the highly technical form that he has since so much developed, that "Algebra of Logic" whereof he is still easily the first master among us in this country. Stronger and more interesting contrasts in thought and method could hardly have been presented to young graduates of philosophical ambitions. The courses, however, were regularly attended, I believe, by three students. Such was one beginning of a department of University instruction.

By this same year, however, the custom of offering some sort of "post-graduate" work, however little it might be in amount, was comparatively common throughout our country wherever there were ambitious teachers. Columbia College had taken definite action

looking to the establishment of "University courses" as early as 1857, four years after the time of the report above referred to. As the organization of the higher work in science by Agassiz at Cambridge suggests, scientific specialties were from the first generally well in advance of the literary branches. Where laboratories and museums existed, graduate instruction was often a matter not only of choice, but of necessity. On the other hand, the unformed state of graduate instruction in other departments as late as 1870, is well suggested by the lectureship course in metaphysics at Cambridge, as above described. Everywhere graduate instruction suffered from the fact that, except in immediate connection with museums and similar enterprises, where research was a necessary adjunct of administration, courses for graduates were still of necessity looked upon so far as merely supplementary tasks. Either lecturers from without must be summoned, or else the time of already very busy college instructors must be taken for tasks which they might indeed love very much, but which seemed in conflict with their duties as disciplinarians, who were to "perfect" by an established system of "culture" the minds of undergraduates.

Nevertheless, as a recent report of the President of Yale University (that for 1889) points out, there were already in those early days symptoms at New Haven, as there were elsewhere, of a strong drift toward something better. As early as 1871, the movement at New Haven "for the securing of what is called the Woolsey fund" was, according to this report, an expression of the appreciation of the "need of the central or University life in our institution, which was then beginning to show itself." Similar movements in various places in those years show the same tendency. The real need, however, was for a change of the general policy, such as should tend toward much more than the mere offering of supplementary "post-graduate courses." As the President of Yale says, in the report just cited, "We look backward to a time which is within the remembrance of the older officers of instruction and many graduates, and we see very little of this which we may call the central or common life"—*i.e.*, of organized University management as such. "The several departments," that is, the college and the various schools, "moved along their own way, and in a large measure independently of one another. They accomplished their work, each one of them by and for itself . . . But within the last quarter of a century the University life has come into being, and it has brought its peculiar demands with itself." And the University thus began at New Haven to ask for special funds for its own peculiar tasks, and to seek a higher organization. A similar growth of a general desire for the coming transformation of the College into the University dates in Cambridge from the early years of President Eliot's administration. "Post-graduate" instruction, regarded as a merely supplementary matter, was thus but a small part of the needed undertaking. It was not enough to offer opportunities. They must be united, brought into close relation to one another, knit together by organic ties. The professional schools, which had long flourished side by side with the colleges, must be drawn into closer co-operation with one another, and with the new ideals. The graduate department itself must find instructors, laboratories, and libraries, adapted to its needs. Funds at all sufficient for such tasks were in the early seventies not forthcoming, either at New Haven or at Cambridge; and the ideals of University life were still necessarily very vague everywhere in our country.

It was in those days, however, that the rapidly growing interest in higher learning among our academic youth found vent in a positively passionate enthusiasm for the methods and the opportunities of the German Universities. Still it is the case, and long will it remain so, that a longer or shorter course of work abroad will be an ideal for the American student. But in those days there was a generation that dreamed of nothing but the German University. England one passed by. It was understood not to be scholarly enough. France, too, was then neglected. German scholarship was our

master and our guide. In 1877, at the new Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, I heard Professor Sylvester say that when he dealt with young American scholars he found them feeling as if not England, but Germany, were their mother-country. The admirable hospitality of the German University toward the foreign student fostered this enthusiasm. A little travel and expense, a little necessary pains with the language—and then the American student found himself able to come into immediate contact, as it were, with the great minds of the German world of scholarship. Lotze, or Helmholtz, or Mommsen, was his master. He could hear and read his fill, in a world of academic industry, and amidst elsewhere unheard of treasures of books. The air was full of suggestion. To one who personally knew nothing of the rigid studious discipline of the German gymnasiast, through which the native German student had passed, there was little in the freedom of the German University to remind him of the old and narrow "disciplinary" ideals of his home. The quality of study seemed no longer "strained." The air of it seemed one of absolute blessing and power. One went to Germany still a doubter as to the possibility of the theoretic life; one returned an idealist, devoted for the time to pure learning for learning's sake, determined to contribute his *Scherflein* to the massive store of human knowledge, burning for a chance to help to build the American University.

Some sort of study abroad was indeed an ideal with our best students very long ago; and, as I have said, it still remains an ideal. But this enthusiasm for the German University reached its flood in the seventies. When, nowadays, I receive letters from our students abroad, I do not find their ardor so hot, their gratitude to Germany so enthusiastic, as it seems to me that our own used to be in the generation of young graduates to which I chanced to belong. One has opportunities on both sides of the water now; and one looks to other countries also, as well as to Germany. No doubt academic enthusiasm is all the while broadening. But the intensity of its one highest purpose of those days—to study in Germany—has somewhat diminished.

It was upon this well-prepared basis that the Johns Hopkins University began its epoch-marking work. The present writer enjoyed the kindly privilege of being one of its first company of twenty Fellows (graduate students receiving a stipend) in the years from 1876 to 1878. Here at last, so we felt, the American University had been founded. The academic life was now to exist for its own sake. The "conflict" between "classical" and "scientific" education was henceforth to be without significance for the graduate student. And the graduate student was to be, so we told ourselves, the real student. The undergraduate was not yet quite clear of the shell; but the graduate could imagine himself to have grown at least his pin-feathers. The beginning of the Johns Hopkins University was a dawn wherein "'twas bliss to be alive." Freedom and wise counsel one enjoyed together. The air was full of rumors of noteworthy work done by the older men of the place, and of hopes that one might find a way to get a little working-power one's self. There was no longer the dread upon one lest a certain exercise should not be well written, or a certain set examination not passed. No, the academic business was something much more noble and serious than such "discipline" had been in its time. The University wanted its children to be, if possible, not merely well-informed, but productive. She preached to them the gospel of learning for wisdom's sake, and of acquisition for the sake of fruitfulness. One longed to be a doer of the word, and not a hearer only, a creator of his own infinitesimal fraction of a product, bound in God's name to produce it when the time came. In all this, as one may be sure, a raw youth might indeed find temptations to hasty efforts at "original work," and some of us doubtless found them. And then again, the true academic freedom is a thing hard to acquire. With a great price one attains this liberty. Some of us did attain it only slowly. Graduate study, and halting efforts to produce this or that for one's self, involved one

easily in controversy; exposed one to sharp criticism; and it is hard to learn how to bear criticism, even of the sharp sort, without feeling personally wounded; to hear that one's work is so far a failure, without imagining the statement a reflection upon one's moral character. The ideal of the truly academic person is of one who can criticise and be criticised, as to scholarly work done, wholly without mercy as to the scholarship that is in question, wholly without malice toward the person of his opponent. Among the little company at the Johns Hopkins University there was in general the best of friendly feeling; but I remember some signs and experiences of sensitiveness that indicated how slowly the purely academic traditions formed in our minds—and how much they were needed by us all. And I mention the matter here because it suggests one of the most important offices that a University has to fulfil, that of teaching its scholars, and through them the general public, how to bear without malice and without rebellion, the plainest of parliamentary speech in matters that concern the truth. Only the academic life can teach a nation the true freedom of enlightened controversy.

There used to be a tale, doubtless mythical, current among us at Baltimore, concerning one of our number, a certain X, a decidedly young man, who, according to this tale, had expressed opinions, on a particular matter of scholarship, such as did not meet the approval of his academic senior, a very popular professor, N. Hereupon, as it chanced, N very pleasantly announced his intention of reading, before a University Society (composed of specialists) a paper refuting the expressed views of X. The latter, as very decidedly the junior, was at once elated and terrified by his novel situation. Just before the meeting where the paper was to be read, N, who was the soul of hospitality, and who invited us young men often to his table, approached X, and, in his accustomed informal fashion, asked the latter to dine with him on the following Sunday. "Sir," replied the proud and blushing young scholar, in a tone of great self-control and earnestness, "I shall be delighted to dine with you, in case, at the conclusion of the controversy to-day, I find that we are still upon terms of cordial friendship."

Yes, the University spirit was in more ways than one a hard thing to acquire! The life of learning that was to be more than mere "discipline;" of love for truth that was to be also a love for seeking new truth; the life of academic freedom that was to involve at once the most loyal mutual friendliness of scholars, and the sternest justice toward all lapses in scholarship—this was still a somewhat new thing, after all, in America. I do not imagine that Baltimore had in those days any monopoly in the pursuit of this spirit. I know that it had not. But I speak of the hopes that used to bloom in those first days in Baltimore, because, after all, they must have been fairly typical; and if I have ventured for the moment upon what seems mere gossip, it is because I have fancied that it has some suggestions about it of the nature of the genuine academic ideal.

III.

I suppose that there can be no doubt of the great influence of the Johns Hopkins University upon what has happened since. The growth of the University spirit was in any case a matter foreordained; but the popular prominence not unjustly given to the admirable Baltimore enterprise has affected the remotest corners of the land. The endowment and beginning of three highly noteworthy Universities within the last few years, all of them with programmes of an ambitious character, and with ideals of a nobly academic elevation, has shown how much the public interest has now been aroused. These three institutions, Clark University at Worcester, the new University to be begun at Chicago, the Stanford University in California, are all of them indeed only buckling on the armor which, as one may warmly hope, they will never be obliged to take off. But if good resolutions are not everything, we are none of us yet free from the necessity of making our good resolutions go a great way toward determining our academic standing.

The American University is still in its storm and stress period. The rapidity of its changes is often almost appalling. Yet one has every reason to believe that these changes are, for the most part, healthy.

If one asks for signs that the new movement is not a forced or an artificial one, the strongest sort of evidence is suggested by such experience as that of the last few years at Cambridge, in respect to our relations to the country at large. The philosophical department, in which I am a teacher, surely stands for something that one might call, in this "materialistic" age and country, an academic luxury, if any department deserved such a name at all. When I began to teach at Cambridge, nine years ago, philosophy still seemed to be generally regarded as such a mere luxury, at least outside of Cambridge. If ambitious students consulted one as to their chances of getting employment somewhere as teachers of philosophy, in case they should continue their academic studies with that intent, one had to tell them that the chances were poor. One had rather to discourage their ambition. Within these few years, how much the scene has changed! Now we hear with comparative frequency of new and still vacant places for which our advanced students have an opportunity to apply; and ambitious students of philosophy no longer timidly ask advice, but courageously demand an opportunity for advanced work, and often come from a great distance, from the Provinces, from the South, from California, to get it. Other departments have had similar experiences. The increase of the numbers, of the hopefulness, and of the academic ambitions of graduate students here at Cambridge is, however, in no wise an exceptional fact. The President of Yale makes mention of a similar increase in all his recent reports. In 1886–87, Yale University had fifty-six graduate students, in the following year sixty-nine; in 1888–89, eighty-one students, and at the beginning in 1890–91, one hundred and four, of whom "one-half of the whole body," as President Dwight tells us, are from other institutions of learning. Our own catalogue at Cambridge shows this year one hundred and ten resident students in the Graduate School, of whom a goodly proportion are from other institutions. Nearly all these persons aim to make teaching a part of their future career. Many of them hope with just confidence for high academic success.

The changes of organization and administration that in several of the old institutions have accompanied this increasing interest in higher graduate work, are too minute and complex in their details to admit of any fair discussion here. The most noteworthy transformation that has attracted public attention seems to be the reorganization at Columbia, attendant upon the new administration of President Low. Of this President Low's own Report, of October, 1890, gives us a full general account. The matter is one of representative interest. Up to the time of the change, as President Low tells us, the various "schools" at Columbia, including the Collegiate department proper, with its supplementary graduate courses, the "School of Political Science," and the Schools of Law and Mines, had each "its own faculty; and each school was administered without any reference to the others, almost without any consciousness of the others." In consequence, the true University spirit was of necessity lacking to the organization. Individual instructors might possess such a spirit or not. Yet "the attitude of the institution toward the student was one of multiplied opportunities, but opportunities held more or less out of relation to each other." The reorganization has been, then, first of all a unification under the influence of University ideals. One who has had any opportunity to learn of the progress of the discussion at Columbia which terminated in the reorganization, must observe with satisfaction how, despite considerable doubt and opposition, the University ideal finally triumphed, and that too at a moment almost precisely contemporaneous with an academic reorganization with us at Cambridge —a change much more limited in extent than the one at Columbia, but inspired by the same general ideals. What is common to our recent changes and to those at Columbia is, that they aim finally to free the Graduate department

from its old bondage to the ideals and the paramount influence of the collegiate course, and to make it all the sooner what in time it is sure to become—the most important department in the University.

I have thus spoken of two characteristic recent movements: that toward the direct enlargement of the Graduate departments of our Universities, and that toward such a reorganization of the University life as shall put these departments obviously and prominently where they ought to be—at the head. Cornell University, which has also been prominent in the foregoing movements, has just given us a striking illustration of another and *third* tendency, whereof we can all of us show some examples, although few indeed among these examples could rival this of Cornell's. This tendency is one of the most important of all.

The University, as we have now seen, grows toward oneness of life, which is its great glory. It grows, too, toward academic freedom, which means the subordination of so-called "disciplinary" ends to the true goal of scholarship (namely, the advance of human learning). It also grows toward what one might call cephalization (whereby I mean the setting of the highest work prominently at the head, and the making of graduate instruction not a supplementary, but a paramount thing). But now, while all this goes on, the organism that is thus unifying as a whole, is at the same time sharply differentiating in its parts. If any tendency besides the two heretofore illustrated is characteristic of recent years among us, it is the high development and the clear distinction of the various "departments" in the strict academic sense of the word—such departments, I mean, as that of history or of philosophy. The cultivation and encouragement of original work by advanced students, the growth of laboratory and of "seminary" methods of doing such work, or of getting ready to do it, the academic interest in "specialties," the needs of well-defined elective courses for higher degrees—all these things have tended to force the various departments into a relatively distinct and independently self-conscious life, such as the old days of the collegiate course never knew. In historical instruction—as was shown by the elaborate government report on "Instruction in History in American Universities," prepared not long since by Dr. Herbert Adams, of Baltimore—the organization of departmental work has been for a number of years very progressive and elaborate. In the natural sciences also, which in this, as in so many other matters of University life, took the initiative, laboratories and museums have long since been natural centres of departmental organization. But in the other departments organization has grown in a very unequal fashion. Nowadays, however, the constant tendency is toward equality of organization in all directions. The department of philosophy, owing to the varieties of opinion and method prevalent among its teachers, seems an especially hard one to organize on a large scale, and still with a due respect for the freedom of teaching. However, we ourselves have tried to solve the problem at Cambridge, with six instructors in the department, and a considerable variety of opinions represented. And now appear the announcement of the "Susan Linn Sage School of Philosophy" at Cornell University, with eight teachers, with a Journal of Philosophy, with courses covering both undergraduate and professional work up to a decidedly high grade, and with attention given to the History of Philosophy, to Philosophical Theory, to Ethics, to Psychology, and to Pedagogy. And thus the cheerful emulation in well-doing goes on. By this step, meanwhile, Cornell gives the most brilliant illustration, easily possible, of the whole departmental tendency of the time.

To these three noteworthy tendencies of recent academic life must be added as fourth a constant increase in the number of University publications—journals of special science, monographs, and minor contributions to advancing knowledge. To the importance of this function of the modern University a separate paper would be needed to do justice. And this function is still in its infancy.

Fifth and finally, as a significant but still problematic tendency, indicated by more than one recent discussion, one

may mention a disposition to re-examine the basis upon which the traditional degrees have been given. The proposed shortening of the course for the Bachelor's degree — the "Three-Years Course" (so-called) which the Harvard Faculty devised a year since, and which the Overseers have now set aside, was no entire anomaly among recent proposals, but only a suggestion of one fashion at least in which, in future, the development of the University in its wholeness is likely to react upon undergraduate life, namely, by altering for general and organic reasons the somewhat arbitrary lines of classification that tradition has adopted. The growth of the elective system at Cambridge is already an expression of this reaction of the developing University spirit upon the traditional college course. The permission of the substitutes for one ancient language in the admission requirements, is another instance of the same sort. The new plan was merely an effort to alter, mainly in the interests of the higher academic work, the conventional boundaries that separate the undergraduate from his more advanced brother. In its form as adopted by the Faculty, this plan now belongs to "ancient history." But similar alterations of classification are sure to be offered in the future, and, in one form or another, to succeed.

IV.

Such are some of the tendencies of the University life of to-day in this country. To sum it all up, desires that were often called by their enemies merely "materialistic" and "popular," mere cravings for the basely "practical;" and studies that were often rather unwisely praised by their admirers as being solely devoted to "things," and not at all, like literary studies, to "words:" these began to affect the American College of the second quarter of the century. The stimulus of these new interests broadened and intensified our national life, reacted advantageously upon literary study itself, sent our young men abroad for guidance, and at length prepared us to try in earnest for a higher University life of our own. This new life is just now in the midst of a most rapid growth, in which a large number of institutions share. Noteworthy is throughout the fact that the modern University does not tend to be either "materialistic," or merely "practical," but is daily growing more idealistic, more a cultivator of pure and noble theory, more devoted to truth for its own sake. No department is just now prospering with a more rapid progress in attracting students than is the department of philosophical study, notoriously the least "practical" of all. And yet, in all this, the modern University is not losing its hold upon the life of the nation. The old College was indeed a thing apart. The new University, with all its high devotion to theory, is yet, in a deeper sense, wisely near to the people, and is on the whole, as numerous generous endowments show, most cordially supported by them. Its labors, although in the highest degree theoretical, are losing more and more the false abstraction which has been too often characteristic of the learned. The modern University study of Political Science is educating the public for that serious time of grave social dangers which seems to be not far off. Academic work in Natural Science is constantly opening new fields to the industrial arts, and giving new insights into the business of life. Academic study of Philosophy is preparing the way for a needed spiritual guidance in the religious crisis which is rapidly becoming so serious. All these matters are of the office of the University. They were *not*, in former days, a prominent part of the work of the College.

If, in view of all this growth, one still asks, What is the Ideal of the modern University? then I venture to answer: The traditional college had as its chosen office the training of individual minds. The modern University has as its highest business, to which all else is subordinate, the organization and the advance of Learning. Not that the individual minds are now neglected. They are wisely regarded as the servants of the one great cause. But the real mind which the University has to train is the mind of the nation, that concrete

social mind whereof we are all ministers and instruments. The daily business of the University is therefore, first of all, the creation and the advance of learning, as the means whereby the national mind can be trained.

But perhaps some reader may still ask the question: What, in all this growth of higher University life, is to become of the undergraduate? Will he not be made too subordinate a being, in view of these lofty ideals of the University? As a matter of fact, the great numbers and the large significance of the undergraduates, in every university, insure and always will insure the closest attention to their needs and interests, however much the ideal of the University grows upon us, however lofty the more organic and national purposes of our academic work become. Of undergraduates and their specific wants, of the relative merits of "disciplinary" and "elective" courses, this paper has not to speak. Yet of the proper place of the undergraduate in the organism of a great University I have a pretty decided notion, which I should like to express as I close. It is this: In the true University the undergraduate ought to feel himself a novice in an order of learned servants of the ideal—a novice who, if in turn he be found willing and worthy, may be admitted, after his first degree, to the toils and privileges of this order as a graduate or, still later, as a teacher; but who, on the other hand, if, as will most frequently happen, he is not for this calling, will be sent back to the world, enriched by his undergraduate years of intercourse with his fellows, and with elder men, and progressive scholars. The ideal academic life then is *not* organized expressly for him. And yet he will gain by the very fact that it *is* organized for higher aims and upon more significant principles than his individual interests directly involve. It is a mistake to think *first* of "disciplining" the undergraduate mind, and *then* of higher academic purposes. First let us seek the highest, which is organized scholarship. Then let us give ample time, teachers, and oversight to the undergraduates, but let what we do for them be informed by the true University spirit; that is, let us treat them just *as* novices preparing to enter the higher scholarly life in some one of the multitudinous departments of modern research, and let us train them *as if they were* all known to be worthy of such a calling. Most of them will not be worthy, and will return ere long to the outer world, or else, in the more "practical" of the learned professions will keep nearer to the world of research, but will not dwell in it. To such we shall have given our best if we have regarded them for the time as possible future colleagues, as beginners in constructive wisdom, and have tried to give them our best ideals as to how one labors when one is a scholar. For what is scholarship but spiritual construction. And what better "discipline" can a mind get than the contagion of the enthusiasm for serious, toilsome, and spiritual constructiveness, as he may get it in three or four years hard work under wise masters in any of the liberal Arts and Sciences?

CAPTAIN JOE AND JAMIE.

A STORY OF THE TANTRAMAR TIDES.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

HOW the wind roared in from the sea over the Tantramar dyke!

It was about sunset, and a fierce orange-red gleam thrusting itself through a rift in the clouds that blackened the sky, cast a strange glow over the wide, desolate marshes. A mile back rose the dark line of the uplands, with small, white farm-houses already hidden in shadow.

Captain Joe Boultbee had just left his wagon standing in the dyke-road, with his four-year-old boy on the seat. He was on the point of crossing the dyke, to visit the little landing-place where he kept his boat, when above the rush and whistle of the gale he heard Jamie's voice. He hurried back a few paces before he could make out what the little fellow was saying.

"Pap," cried the child, "I want to get out of the wagon. 'Fraid Bill goin' to run away!"

"Oh, nonsense!" answered Captain Joe. "Bill won't run away. He doesn't know how. You stay there, and don't be frightened, and I'll be right back."

"But, pap, the wind blows me too hard," piped the small voice, pleadingly.

"Oh, all right," said the father, and returning to the wagon he lifted the child gently down and set him on his feet. "Now," he continued, "it's too windy for you out on the other side of the dyke. You run over and sit on that big stick, where the wind can't get at you, and wait for me. And be sure you don't let Bill run away."

As he spoke the Captain noticed that the horse, ordinarily one of the most stolid of creatures, seemed to-night peculiarly uneasy; with his head up in the air he was sniffing nervously, and glancing from side to side. As Jamie was trudging through the long grass to the seat which his father had shown him, the Captain said, "Why, Bill *does* seem scary, after all; who'd have thought this wind would scare *him?*"

"Bill don't like it," replied Jamie; "it blows him too hard." And, glad to be out of the gale, which took his breath away, the little fellow seated himself contentedly in the shelter of the dyke. Just then there was a clatter of wheels and a crash. Bill had whirled sharply about in the narrow road, upsetting and smashing the light wagon.

Now, utterly heedless of his master's angry shouts, he was galloping in mad haste back toward the uplands, with the fragments of the wagon at his heels. The Captain and Jamie watched him

flying before the wind, a red spectre in the lurid light. Then, turning away once more to see to his boat, the Captain remarked, "Well, laddie, I guess we'll have to foot it back when we get through here. But Bill's going to have a licking for this!"

Left to himself, Jamie crouched down behind the dyke, a strange, solitary little figure in the wide waste of the marshes. Though the full force of the gale could not reach him, his long fair curls were blown across his face, and he clung determinedly to his small, round hat. For a while he watched the beam of red light, till the jagged fringe of clouds closed over it, and it was gone. Then, in the dusk, he began to feel a little frightened; but he knew his father would soon be back, and he didn't like to call him again. He listened to the waves washing, surging, beating, roaring, on the shoals beyond the dyke. Presently he heard them, every now and then, thunder in against the very dyke itself; upon this he grew more frightened, and called to his father several times; but of course the small voice was drowned in the tumult of wind and wave, and the father, working eagerly on the other side of the dyke, heard no sound of it.

Close by the shelter in which Jamie was crouching there were several great tubs, made by sawing molasses hogsheads into halves. These tubs, in fishing season, were carried by the fishermen in their boats, to hold the shad as they were taken from the net. Now they stood empty and dry, but highly flavored with memories of their office. Into the nearest tub Jamie crawled, after having shouted in vain to his father.

To the child's loneliness and fear the tub looked "cosey," as he called it. He curled up in the bottom, and felt a little comforted.

Jamie was the only child of Captain Joe Boultbee. When Jamie was about two years old, the Captain had taken the child and his mother on a voyage to Brazil. While calling at Barbadoes the young mother had caught the yellow fever. There she had died, and was buried. After that voyage Captain Joe had given up his ship, and retired to his father's farm at Tantramar. There he devoted himself to Jamie and the farm, but to Jamie especially; and in the summer, partly for amusement, partly for profit, he was accustomed to spend a few weeks in drifting for shad on the wild tides of Chignecto Bay. Wherever he went, Jamie went. If the weather was too rough for Jamie, Captain Joe stayed at home. As for the child, petted without being spoiled, he was growing a tough and manly little soul, and daily more and more the delight of his father's heart.

Why should he leave him curled up in his tub on the edge of the marshes, on a night so wild? In truth, though the wind was tremendous, and now growing to a veritable hurricane, there was no apparent danger or great hardship on the marshes. It was not cold, and there was no rain.

Captain Joe, foreseeing a heavy gale, together with a tide higher than usual, had driven over to the dyke to make his little craft more secure.

He found the boat already in confusion; and the wind, when once he had crossed out of the dyke's shelter, was so much more violent than he had expected, that it took him some time to get things "snugged up." He felt that Jamie was all right, as long as he was out of the wind. He was only a stone's throw distant, though hidden by the great rampart of the dyke. But the Captain began to wish that he had left the little fellow at home, as he knew the long walk over the rough road, in the dark and the furious gale, would sorely tire the sturdy little legs. Every now and then, as vigorously and cheerfully he worked in the pitching smack, the Captain sent a shout of greeting over the dyke to keep the little lad from getting lonely. But the storm blew his voice far up into the clouds, and Jamie, in his tub, never heard it.

By the time Captain Joe had put everything shipshape, he noticed that his plunging boat was drifted close to the dyke. He had never before seen the tide reach such a height. The waves that were rocking the little craft so violently, were a mere back-wash from the great seas which, as he now observed with a pang, were thundering in a little further up the coast. Just at this spot

the dyke was protected from the full force of the storm by Snowdon's Point. "What if the dyke should break up yonder, and this fearful tide get in on the marshes?" thought the Captain, in a sudden anguish of apprehension. Leaving the boat to dash itself to pieces if it liked, he clambered in breathless haste out on to the top of the dyke, shouting to Jamie as he did so. There was no answer. Where he had left the little one but a half-hour back, the tide was seething three or four feet deep over the grasses.

Dark as the night had grown, it grew blacker before the father's eyes. For an instant his heart stood still with horror, then he sprang down into the flood. The water boiled up nearly to his armpits. With his feet he felt the great timber, fastened in the dyke, on which his boy had been sitting. He peered through the dark, with straining eyes grown preternaturally keen. He could see nothing on the wide, swirling surface save two or three dark objects, far out in the marsh. These he recognized at once as his fish-tubs gone afloat. Then he ran up the dyke toward the Point. "Surely," he groaned in his heart, "Jamie has climbed up the dyke when he saw the water coming, and I'll find him along the top here, somewhere, looking and crying for me!"

Then, running like a madman along the narrow summit, with a band of iron tightening about his heart, the Captain reached the Point, where the dyke took its beginning.

No sign of the little one; but he saw the marshes everywhere laid waste. Then he turned round and sped back, thinking perhaps Jamie had wandered in the other direction. Passing the now buried landing-place, he saw with a curious distinctness, as if in a picture, that the boat was turned bottom up, and, as it were, glued to the side of the dyke.

Suddenly he checked his speed with a violent effort, and threw himself upon his face, clutching the short grasses of the dyke. He had just saved himself from falling into the sea. Had he had time to think, he might not have tried to save himself, believing as he did that the child who was his very life had perished. But the instinct of self-preservation had asserted itself blindly, and just in time. Before his feet the dyke was washed away, and through the chasm the waves were breaking furiously.

Meanwhile, what had become of Jamie?

The wind had made him drowsy, and before he had been many minutes curled up in the tub, he was sound asleep.

When the dyke gave way, some distance from Jamie's queer retreat, there came suddenly a great rush of water among the tubs, and some were straightway floated off. Then others a little heavier followed, one by one; and, last of all, the heaviest, that containing Jamie and his fortunes. The water rose rapidly, but back here there came no waves, and the child slept as peacefully as if at home in his crib. Little the Captain thought, when his eyes wandered over the floating tubs, that the one nearest to him was freighted with his heart's treasure! And well it was that Jamie did not hear his shouts and wake! Had he done so, he would have at once sprung to his feet, and been tipped out into the flood.

By this time the great tide had reached its height. Soon it began to recede, but slowly, for the storm kept the waters gathered, as it were, into a heap at the head of the bay. All night the wind raged on, wrecking the smacks and schooners along the coast, breaking down the dykes in a hundred places, flooding all the marshes, and drowning many cattle in the salt pastures. All night the Captain, hopeless and mute in his agony of grief, lay clutching the grasses on the dyke-top, not noticing when at length the waves ceased to drench him with their spray. All night, too, slept Jamie in his tub.

Right across the marsh the strange craft drifted before the wind, never getting into the region where the waves were violent. Such motion as there was —and at times it was somewhat lively— seemed only to lull the child to a sounder slumber. Toward daybreak the tub grounded at the foot of the uplands, not far from the edge of the road. The waters gradually slunk away, as if ashamed of their wild vagaries. And still the child slept on.

As the light broke over the bay, coldly pink and desolately gleaming, Captain Joe got up and looked about him. His eyes were tearless, but his face was gray and hard, and deep lines had stamped themselves across it during the night.

Seeing that the marshes were again uncovered, save for great shallow pools left here and there, he set out to find the body of his boy. After wandering aimlessly for perhaps an hour, the Captain began to study the direction in which the wind had been blowing. This was almost exactly with the road which led to his home on the uplands. As he noticed this, a wave of pity crossed his heart, at thought of the terrible anxiety his father and mother had all that night been enduring. Then in an instant there seemed to unroll before him the long, slow years of the desolation of that home without Jamie.

All this time he was moving along the soaking road, scanning the marsh in every direction. When he had covered about half the distance, he was aware of his father, hastening with feeble eagerness to meet him.

The night of watching had made the old man haggard, but his face lit up at sight of his son. As he drew near, however, and saw no sign of Jamie, and marked the look upon the Captain's face, the gladness died out as quickly as it had come. When the two men met, the elder put out his hand in silence, and the younger clasped it. There was no room for words. Side by side the two walked slowly homeward. With restless eyes, ever dreading lest they should find that which they sought, the father and son looked everywhere—except in a certain old fish-tub which they passed. The tub stood a little to one side of the road. Just at this time a sparrow lit on the tub's edge, and uttered a loud and startled chirp at sight of the sleeping child. As the bird flew off precipitately, Jamie opened his eyes, and gazed up in astonishment at the blue sky over his head. He stretched out his hand and felt the rough sides of the tub. Then, in complete bewilderment, he clambered to his feet. Why, there was his father, walking away somewhere without him! And grandpapa, too! Jamie felt aggrieved.

"Pap!" he cried, in a loud but fearful voice, "where you goin' to?"

A great wave of light seemed to break across the landscape, as the two men turned and saw the little golden head shining, dishevelled, over the edge of the tub. The Captain caught his breath with a sort of sob, and rushed to snatch the little one in his arms; while the grandfather fell on his knees in the road, and his trembling lips moved silently.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

If the late M. Adolphe de Bacourt, who, nevertheless, is hardly a quarter of a century dead, could read the discussion now going on in France as to the "Mémoires" of Talleyrand, he would realize a puzzling change in the standard of history-writing. This most amiable and accomplished gentleman, to whose good faith and delicate sense of honor all who knew him bear most hearty testimony, was the survivor of the two literary executors, of whom the Duchesse de Talleyrand, the niece of the Prince by marriage, was the other, to whom the preparation of the "Mémoires" was entrusted, and it was to him that the completion of the work fell after the death of the Duchesse. His niece, Madame de Martel, known to lovers of modern French fiction as "Gyp," gives a most amusing account of the zeal and absorbing devotion with which the materials left by Talleyrand were worked up by her uncle. "It was," she says, "his unique preoccupation, his only idea. *Il en était comme hypnotisé.*" "He passed eight consecutive years *en tête à tête* with the papers, and knew them by heart." But now that the copy made by him has been printed, and, according to the Duc de Broglie, the editor, printed with absolute fidelity, it is found that the result is something very different from, and very much less than, what was expected. Naturally the first question that occurs to the mind of the modern student of history is: Where are the original manuscripts, with which the actual publication may be compared, the faith of the present editors be tested, and the nature and extent of the variations be determined? This question, raised with authority by M. F. A. Aulard, professor at the Sorbonne of the History of the Revolution, was at first politely and ingeniously evaded by the Duc de Broglie, who sought to hide it under an elaborate history of M. de Bacourt's copy. But it was pressed by M. Aulard, and after a while came this remarkable statement by the Duc de Broglie: "As to the notes, manuscripts, copies, and dictated matter on which M. de Bacourt declares that he worked, I have never pretended to have found them in the legacy made to us, the sole deposit, nevertheless, for which I was responsible to the public. The Talleyrand family, of whom I did not neglect to inquire, declare that they never possessed them." And so we have to-day in the "Mémoires" what is certainly a valuable work—there are chapters in it, such as those recounting his own youth, or describing the *ancien régime*, or the theatre at Erfurt, with its "pit full of kings," or the meeting of Napoleon with the Weimar demi-god of letters, that are unique—but still a work discredited in part, and in part obviously defective. It is not easy to see who is responsible for this unpleasant result if not M. de Bacourt, and if he was responsible he clearly felt that he was doing his whole duty. It is not that he was less scrupulous than the historian of to-day, but that the acknowledged obligation of the time was different. It was not to the truth, nor even to the text of the author, that an editor was bound to be faithful, but to the

fame of his hero, as he believed it would be brightest. Americans ought to feel this change as deeply as the French. The Reverend Mr. Sparks was not less mischievously devoted to his conception of Washington than de Bacourt to his ideal of Talleyrand. And it is but within the last two years that we have begun to learn, from the admirable work of Mr. Henry Adams, what manner of man was the real Jefferson. Franklin, as we know him through Mr. Bigelow's edition of his works, with the autobiography, is not at all the Franklin of tradition. There are "brilliant" historians of America who are scarcely less *arrièrés* in method and conception than poor M. de Bacourt. Heaven knows where this change will land us. I remember with a certain shudder when I held on my knee the little lad who is now editing with singular care and sound erudition one of the most important collections of the correspondence of the "Fathers," and he does not call himself a historian.

One of the most amusing features of the current activity in American fiction is surely the attempt to Frenchify it. That such an attempt is being made must, I think, be plain to everyone who follows the literary movement among us and notes its eccentricities as well as its main drift — quite as easy a thing to do, by the way. "Gallicising" would perhaps be the better word if I meant the effort for greater perfection of form and a correcter literary attitude than is traditional with us. This effort is clear also in much of the contemporary experimentation in this field. Reviewers are constantly holding up French models to our writers of stories; much of the talk in our half-critical, half-gossipy papers is about current French literature; probably more people, "literary" and other, have recently received a new and stimulating sensation from Maupassant's stories ("chosen and translated" of course) than a short time ago had heard of his name. But the sense in which Anglo-Saxons are wont to use the verb "to Frenchify" is more accurately descriptive of the current effort, illustrated by many and applauded by more of our *littérateurs*, to widen the range of subject-matter in American fiction and deal with those sides of life which Anglo-Saxon literature of the present day in general assumes to be unfit for literary treatment.

The discussion of the advisability of more frankness in our fiction is very familiar, and anyone would be temeritous in hoping to throw any new light on it, no doubt. The paleness of the said fiction has been acknowledged on all hands, defended by some and deplored by others in most thoroughgoing fashion. But I must say I think the practice of the revolutionists—and though they are not so numerous by any means as their apologists and sympathizers they are respectably numerous, when you consider the *velléités* of many a short story as well as the *bravura* of the emancipated novelettes and novels — is considerably more illuminating than any express contribution to the theoretical discussion hitherto. And in this way. The argument for greater frankness is summed up in the declaration that it is puerile to neglect in literature any important side of life. Yet the practice of our writers of fiction who have either frankly "thrown their caps over the mill," or shown a coy disposition to do so on further encouragement, has been to neglect life entirely.

This is so plainly the fact as to be really ludicrous. By all odds the least realistic of our romancers have been these revolutionists, posing as protomartyrs in a cause which, to be sure, requires especial courage, but which is not at all the cause that they fancied it—which is, on the contrary, much more nearly the cause that their Philistine opponents fancied it. The sort of thing to deal with which was, in their estimation, to warm the pallor of American fiction, does not, for literary purposes, exist in American life. That is to say, though sporadically it may be frequent it is not frequent enough to be typical; and literature that deals with exceptions instead of types is not literature at all. It is not only that American society is, as Mr. Henry James (who seems to be becoming an excellent authority) says, "probably the most innocent in the world." It is far more that it is insufficiently specialized for purposes like those of the romancers who resent its pallor and sigh for a more incarnadined general tone. To take—in their way—the pallor out of the American girl or woman, for example, requires an effort of the imagination. And their attempts in

this direction are invariably such efforts. Their work, in a word, is not realistic at all—which is its only excuse; it is purely imaginative—and, this being the case, no demonstration is needed to show that it is more than commonly inexcusable.

The induction, however, is not that American life is as pale as the conventional representation of it in literature—that our ordinary fiction, in other words, is an accurate mirror of our society. It is rather that our revolutionary romancers have had their imaginations so touched by a treatment which, thoroughly realistic in its own environment, is absolutely arid and artificial as applied to American society, that their works are as essentially conventional as those against which they are a protest; and that a treatment which should be really realistic might be as frank and free as it chose for all that can be inferred in the opposite direction from either the old native or the new exotic conventionality. The truth is, the "young girl" who is charged with such a hostile and credited with such a beneficent influence on literature is in great degree a myth, so far as her tyrannous censorship of literature is concerned. She exists, she is very articulate, she is in her way very influential, she must—perhaps—be counted with; but she can be circumvented. Hawthorne had no difficulty in doing so. She is the mainstay of societies devoted to the study of the authors of "Troilus and Cressida," of "Pippa Passes," and of "Anna Karénina." Possibly, indeed, she is destined to keep our literature pure in intention while permitting it to become realistic in fact; in which event she may be forgiven her inexorable and inexpugnable hostility to what is neither—to what, in brief, proceeds from a fundamental incapacity to deal with the only material American novelists have to deal with.

Is it not, when one comes to think about it, carrying the charitable appeal to rather a shrill pitch to ask an author to make a free contribution of himself to what are known as author's readings? In the author's reading what attracts is usually, not the composition or the elocution, but the author's personality. Some authors combine with authorship the avocation of lecturer or of platform reader or reciter; and the names of these may, indeed, allure to the author's reading by the promise of pleasure in the performance rather than in the spectacle. But such authors, while sometimes chosen, are not the most desirable for the author's reading, since they are before the public often, and curiosity has frequent opportunities to satisfy itself regarding them. The great "card" for the author's reading, the man who really makes the author's reading go, is the shy and sequestered author; the author who has brought his name into wide publicity but kept his person obscure. He, in nine instances out of ten, is a person with a piping voice, who doesn't know just where to look when he sits on a stage before a staring assemblage, and who, when he comes to read a passage from his writings, reads it as if it were a passage from some other man's and full of hard words. Nor do his writings always furnish a passage adapted to a reading-out. Yet the sight of him suffices; that alone is what the people came for. The sound of his voice adds, of course, a certain interest to the spectacle, giving assurance that the literary notability, besides being there in the flesh, is there also in life.

The author's reading, then, imposes upon the author the task of exhibiting, not his talents or achievements, but himself; of stepping before a company of curious spectators and showing them whether he is tall or short, fat or lean, fair or dark, well-clad or ill-clad, easy or awkward; whether he is the man they have fancied him as they followed him in his writings, or whether he is not. So far as the nature of the service is concerned, the case were no different were he called upon to stand behind a brass rail at the Eden Musée, like the World's Rulers done in wax, and be scrutinized from crown to corn.

If the author were a Chinese giant, or a play-house nymph, or a Boston classic posturer of Celtic extraction, looking mainly to his physique for his livelihood, he could submit to such a service as the author's reading exacts with a better grace. He would then be but continuing, for once as a gratuity, his wonted vocation—an honest vocation, if not a particularly high one. But for men outside this narrow circle, we all recognize that exhibition of oneself is not quite nice; and certainly sweet charity

asks much when she solicits the author to it. Presenting herself, though, as she no doubt often does, in the guise of a maiden of slender waist, fresh cheeks, and fine eyes, and clad in a ravishing tailor-made gown, how can the secluded author, rarely much endowed with worldly wisdom, resist her, especially when she prefers her request, not as a plain business proposal—so much money for so much service—but as a very particular favor? A man may decline to make money for himself (though few ever try it) and incur no ill-will. But to refuse, when it is asked as a mere favor, to let himself be looked at for an hour or two—a thing that can cost him nothing—that involves the hazard of being set down as sullen, or selfish, or priggish.

However, it may be that the authors themselves are not in the least conscious of the embarrassments which the author's reading entails upon them; for this little token of sympathy comes from one who has never been called upon personally to deal with these embarrassments, and who is so remote from authorship that he isn't even eligible to disappointment at his perfect immunity. Possibly, by reason of this remoteness, he over-rates the author's sensibility as much as he has fancied that the zealous daughters of charity over-rate the author's vanity. With this possibility in view, he will send up no petition to the legislature, he will not even organize a club to eat a good dinner at Delmonico's, in reformation of the abuse.

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

BEAR IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"It is interesting to watch them . . . . tearing open fallen trees."

—*Hunting American Big Game*, page 450.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. X. OCTOBER, 1891. No. 4.

THE CORSO OF ROME.

By W. W. Story.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETTORE TITO.

F all the historic streets the great cities of the world possess, none can surpass, if indeed any can vie with, the so-called Corso of Rome. Shorn as it is now of its ancient and mediæval glories, it is haunted by trains of memories which consecrate it to every student. In our own times, even in Rome, upstart rivals, of modern growth—and one in particular, the Via Nazionale—assume to compare with it. It exceeds it in length and in breadth; it has many modern arts and graces and conveniences that the narrow and dear old Corso lacks. Larger and newer buildings are ranged along its sides. Broader paths for foot-passengers have there been constructed. Gayer shops, with larger windows, flaunt their goods and invite the world of purchasers. Tramways have there been laid down, and the sound of the trumpet from the tramway omnibuses warns the carriages and foot-passengers to clear the road. All is new, modern, and the birth of to-day. But there are no memories there, no gleams and visions of old days and customs and persons such as cling about the narrow length of the old and world-famous street. There are no haunting spirits, no historic reminiscences, no legends of the old, no figures of the past. There is all the difference between these two streets that there is between the gay young girl just entering into life, full of thoughtless gayety and looking forward into the future, and the staid old matron, in her serene age, who lives more in the past than in the present, and who has delightful stories of the times gone by, and the glories and splendors of her youth. Could the Corso be incarnated, with what delight should we hang upon her lips and listen to her old-world tales, and live over with her the long vanished past!

Even within our own days, and the memories of many now living, a great change has come over the Corso. Not so much practically, though many changes and improvements have been made, as in respect to the customs and usages of a half-century ago, many of which have now vanished. The thump of the tamborello and the jingle of its little cymbals that used once to beat and ring everywhere, while gay girls in costume circled about the little piazze and in all the nooks and corners of the city, dancing the saltarello, are seen and heard no more. The very costumes they wore are gone. The pretty and characteristic songs and ballads, and "rispetti" and serenades which once echoed through the streets by day, as well as by night, are over. So are all the little ritornelli. We hear no more such little songs as this,

"Fior di ginestra.
La vostra mamma non vi marita apposta
Per non levar quel fior dalla finestra."

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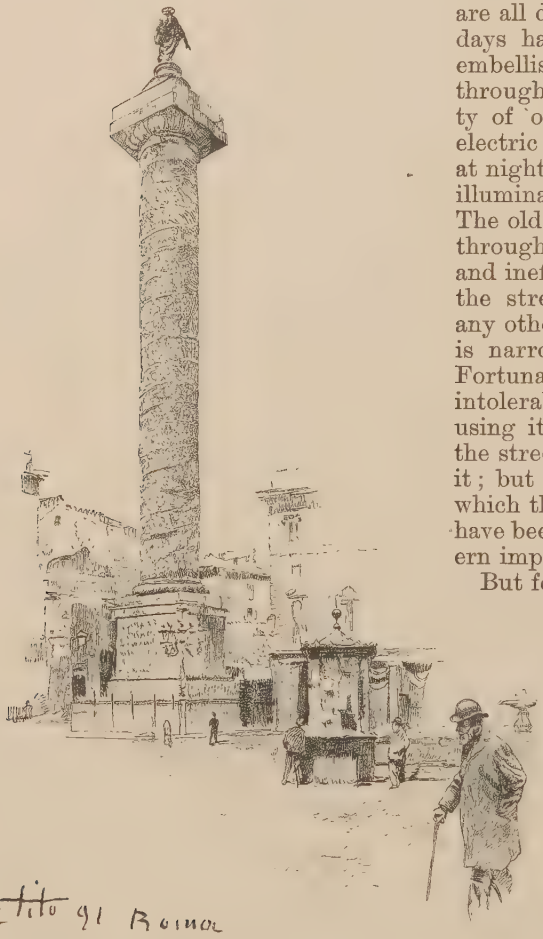
Ah no! This belongs to the "days that are no more." We have grown wise and dull of late, the glad abandonment to whim and unreasoning jollity has given way to sad, serious cares, and the world is less happy and more anxious, and duller.



Piazza Colonna, along the Corso.

The Corso, prosaically considered, is a very narrow street of about a mile in length, extending from the Porta del Popolo to the Palazzo de Venezia. Except for its palaces, monuments, various churches, the post-office, and a few other large buildings which have lately been erected, it is for the most part a low line of unimportant and irregular houses, crowded with balconies jutting upon the street, but of no special note, beauty, or interest, saving for the memories attached to some of them, as having been occupied by men and women of distinction in ancient and modern times. The lower stories of these houses are all devoted to shops—which of late days have been greatly enlarged and embellished—with plate-glass windows through which may be seen a vast variety of objects of all kinds. Gas and electric lights flare through them, and at night the whole street is brilliantly illuminated and thronged by crowds. The old candles and oil lamps, that once through dusky panes shed but a feeble and inefficient light, are of the past, and the street has become very much like any other in a great city, except that it is narrow and haunted by memories. Fortunately, the intolerable tramway—intolerable at least to all who are not using it—has not been laid down, for the street is not wide enough to permit it; but sidewalks for foot-passengers, of which there were none in the old days, have been made, and many another modern improvement has been introduced.

But few of the great palaces of Rome, and still fewer remains of antiquity, are found along the Corso. Among the palaces which abut upon it, however, are the Palazzo Ruspoli, in which is a great café and a Roman club, frequented by the Italian nobility, where much money is lost, won, and many a game of billiards is played; the Palazzo Sciarra, where many interesting pictures are to be seen by distinguished masters, among which may be mentioned, in passing, the "Vanity and Modesty" of Leonardo da Vinci; a splendid portrait by Titian; Raffaelle's "Violin-Player," and landscapes by Claude; the Palazzo Bonaparte, formerly the property of Madame Mère, the mother of Napoleon; the Palazzo Torlonia, where, in a cabinet by itself, stands Canova's famous group of Hercules throwing Lycas into the sea; the Palazzo Doria Pamphili, interesting to all English visitors; and the huge, battlemented and castellated Palazzo di Ven-

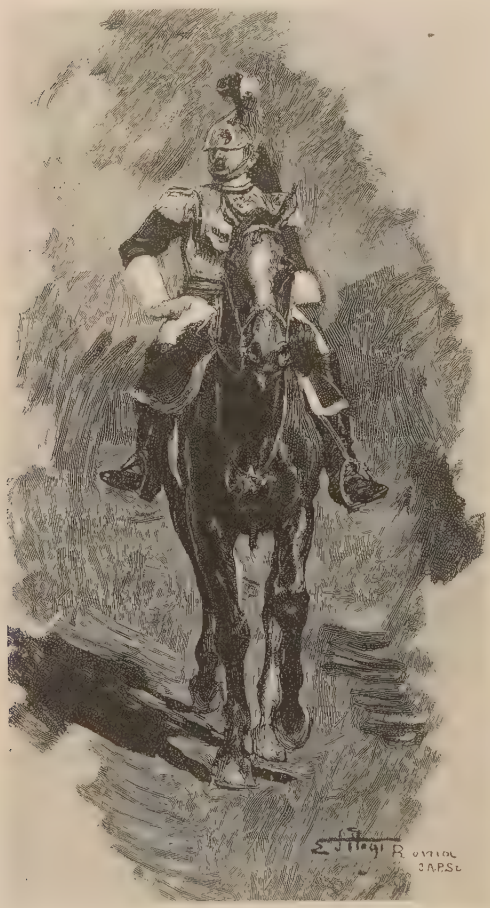
DRAWN BY E. TITO.

Piazza del Popolo, at the Entrance to the Corso.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

ezia, where the Austrian ambassador resides.

The Palazzo Ruspoli was built on the site of the old Ruccellai Gardens, and has passed through various hands. After the Ruccellai family it became the property of the Gaetani, and was, while in their possession, the scene of a tragedy in which a member of this house was killed at the main entrance by one



The King's Guardsman.

of the Orsini, since which event that door has been closed. It was lost at the gaming-table by the then owner, and won by the banker Ruspoli, in whose family it still remains.

Other palaces also adorn the Corso, as for instance the Palazzo Chigi, built by Giacomo della Porta, and completed by Carlo Maderno ; the Palazzo Bernini, with its strange statue of "Calumny" by Bernini, and its still more strange inscription by that artist, inveighing against the world, and speaking of his sufferings from its slanders ; the Palazzo Piombino, the Palazzo Ferraioli, the Palazzi Salviati, Fiano, Verospi, and Theodoli, which are of little consequence or interest to strangers, but which form a feature of the street.

In the good old times—and by the good old times we all of us mean the days that are passed and are no more ; the days of our youth, which we remember with a sad pleasure, and the joys of which we exaggerate perhaps, while the pains we forget—the Carnival in the Corso, which, alas ! is now almost a thing of the past, was a spectacle and an experience full of delight. On that week of saturnalia the old sights and sounds, the old hubbub and gayety and licence was renewed, every folly was indulged in, and a careless gladness animated the world. Every window and balcony was draped with carpets, tapestries, and flowers ; gay faces looked out everywhere, and glad laughter filled the air. There were masks and harlequins and punchinelli and masquerading and strange costumes and singing and mock gallantry and cries of joy on all sides. It was the duty of everyone to be gay. The god Momus reigned. All the world flocked in from the country, and the old dresses and costumes which in every town in the vicinity of Rome were then worn daily, were to be seen. Now those costumes have for the most part utterly disappeared, and are only to be seen now and then, or on the persons of the models who pose for the artists. They were very gay, very various, and it was a pleasure to see them. Now they have given way to the commonplace and shabby dresses of to-day. But in the old Carnival they were everywhere to be seen. Improvised balconies and stagings were erected all along the Corso, and these were filled with country girls in their costumes. Up and down the street, in double files, slowly, and at snail's pace, throngs of open carriages followed each other, filled

with flowers which the occupants scattered right and left, laughing the while they pursued their slow way through the dense crowds that filled the streets. Flowers and confetti showered upon them as they passed, and there was a general hubbub of jollity and confusion and madness, as if old Rome's descendants were still alive and shouting in triumph. In the midst of all this riot and gayety, as the shadows of nightfall drew near, a trumpet sounded. The mounted gendarmes, who all day had been stationed at the corners of the streets to preserve a certain decency of order in all this disorder, advanced, and all the carriages were turned out of the Corso.

State Carriage of the Queen of Italy

Then daily came the races, from which the Corso takes its name. The prize for the winner of these was formerly a rich piece of velvet, a mantle, a "Pallio," or Pallium. From this fact these races were commonly called the Pallio Races. As soon as the street was cleared of carriages these took place. Covered with spangles, and with dangling spurs that beat against their sides and drove them madly forward, came rushing on, unmounted, at full gallop, and cheered loudly as they passed by the crowd that lined the sides of the street, the wild horses called the *Barberi*. They ran from the Piazza del Popolo to the end of the Corso, where the street is narrowed by a wing of the Venetian Palace. There, at a street called the Ripresa dei Barberi, they were generally stopped by a large sheet spread across it, so that they might not dash themselves against the wall, but find only a yielding obstacle to bar their further progress, and thus they were caught and restrained.

The week of Carnival was ended by the so-called Moccoletti, when, as night came on, thousands of little wax tapers were lighted and danced about everywhere, like fire-flies, and everybody was shouting and striving to put out his neighbor's light. *Moccolo, moccolo, moccolo*, all cried, as they held up their tapers, and strove to keep them out of the reach of extinction; and equally everywhere was heard the cry of *Senza*

moccolo, senza moccolo, and shrieks of laughter as any lights were extinguished. It was all very foolish, if you please, but it was immensely diverting. The wise man knows the charm of jollity, and of all things nothing is so foolish as not to recognize the necessity of sometimes being foolish. A laugh is the best clearer of the brain and the best aid to digestion. Man was made to laugh, so *evviva* absurdity and gayety! and *evviva carnevale,* which swept away, at least for a time, the sad worries of daily life and the exasperating cares of what is called business. An attempt is now talked of to renew the old customs of the carnival, and large preparations are to be made to re-establish it in all its characteristic features. The races of the Barberi are not to be allowed, on account of the supposed danger attending them. They were prohibited, indeed, several years ago on account of a serious accident involving the life of several persons, the horses in their fright having deviated from the street and rushed into the crowd. In their stead, races are proposed to be made in cars, and the populace are to be defended by a railing along the street. Whether in the revival of this festival, it will be carried on with the old spirit, remains to be seen; *Speriamo!*

A Book-stall on the Corso.

At the Palazzo di Venezia the Corso, properly so called, ends, but formerly it probably was continued to the Capitol, and it fitly should thus be continued. The name of Corso is of comparatively late date, and was given to it on account of the races of unmounted horses, which take place during the Carnival. Formerly it was called the Via Flaminia or the Via Lata, and was a continuation of the great Flaminian way, built in 533–534 B.C. by the Consul Flaminius, who fell in the battle of Thrasymene, and extending far beyond the gates of Rome. Augustus, subsequently, had the grand idea—for the Romans at that time had grand ideas—of continuing it as far as Fano and beyond, on both sides of Rome, so as to make it practicable from one sea to the other, across the whole continent; thus marrying the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. In this

DRAWN BY E. TITO.

The Busiest Part of the Corso.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

he simply followed the scheme of the great Cæsar, who, to use his own words cited by Suetonius, designed "Viam munire a mare supero per Apennini dorsum ad Tiberim usque." It was not until the comparatively late day of Pope Paul II., who built the apostolic palace of St. Mark at the beginning of this street, that the Pallio Races, so called in the Corso, were instituted, and then it was that the name of Corso was first given to this street, in view of this enough, in this appellation it but anticipated the great street of New York), was in all probability given to it on account of its magnificent breadth and dimensions ; and over it went in ancient days the grand processions and triumphs of Rome, with all their splendor and pomp —entering the Flaminian gate, which, if it did not occupy the same exact position as the present Porta del Popolo, was very near to it, and proceeding through the full length of it to the Capitol.

Entrance of the Palazzo Sciarra.

fact. Up to this time it had, as has been said before, the name of Via Lata, and this name is still preserved in the Church of Sta. Maria in Via Lata. The name of Via Lata, which translated is simply the Broadway (for, singularly

A great change has come over the Corso since those old days. Ruin and desolation have for centuries effaced the great features of the city and of the Via Lata ; and now the old name of Via Lata, or Broadway, would be most inappropri-

ate to the narrow street which is its successor. But looking back with historic eyes into the past, one can easily summon up the splendid processions of triumph that once entered the city at this gate rattled along the pavement, and behind them, with shaven heads and fetters on their hands and feet, came the chiefs of the enemies whom the victor had conquered. These were followed by the

Morning on the Corso.

and passed along this great way—the Via Lata.

The victor to whom the honor of a triumph was accorded was obliged to stand at the gate until a deputation was sent to him to grant him permission to enter. There at the rising of the sun, clad in his purple embroidered robes, and crowned with laurel, he waited, and when the permission was granted, mounted on a magnificent car drawn by four white horses, and sometimes even by elephants, he made his triumphal progress, preceded by the senate, and accompanied by an immense crowd of citizens all dressed in white robes. The air was rent by the blowing of trumpets and horns and flutes and every kind of instrument then known. Flags and standards flouted the air. Cars laden with the spoils of war oxen and other beasts which were to be immolated in honor of the occasion; their gilded horns crowned with flowers, and conducted by their executioners, who were naked to the waist and bore on their shoulders the expiatory axes. The car on which the victor stood was of ivory, with rich chisellings and reliefs of gold, and behind it walked the slave or other person who, from time to time, uttered these warning words: "Remember that you are a man"—"Respiciens post te hominem memento te." Then came the phalanxes of soldiers in military dress, crowned with laurel and singing, and shouting "Io triumphe," and indulging in the broadest satires and jests; for all things were permitted to them on this occasion, as afterward in our days in the crowds at Carnival.

At the Capitol when the victor arrived two white bulls were sacrificed to Jove, and the victor took from his head his laurel wreath and placed it on the statue of the god.

The Carnival of later days in some respects is a singular travesty of this. There is the same licence accorded to the crowd, and until within late days the Carnival was also opened by a sacrifice. In the Piazza del Popolo, on the first day, if there were any person under sentence of death in Rome, he was then executed and decapitated, as a warning to all who were about to indulge in the festivities of the coming week to restrain their passions, and remember that the axe of justice and retribution was waiting to punish crime.

The Romans, under the popes, were not behind their imperial ancestors in their love of pomp and processions and festivals; and the solemn and splendid processions which were made in the mediæval times were nearly, if not quite, as splendid as the ancient triumphs. The Corso of those days was the scene of many of these triumphal celebrations, upon the entrance through the gate of some returning pope or some distinguished king or prince. When, for instance, Cardinal Chiaramonti was elected to the papal chair (to mention one of these instances), his reception at his entrance into the city was as magnificent almost as an ancient triumph. Rome had then suffered under many political afflictions, and the election of Pius VII. was hailed by the whole people with

Loungers on the Steps of the Church of Sta. Maria del Popolo.

exultation and unrepressed joy, and it was through the gate of the Piazza del Popolo and along the Corso that this pageant awaited him, on July 3, 1799. The scene that then took place, and the arrangements and decorations of the streets, are fully described by Cancellieri in his history, and were celebrated by the striking of a medal in honor of the event, with the effigy of the pope on one side and a triumphal arch on the other. The nobility, senate, and people were unanimous in their rejoicing, and by their order was erected, at the opening of the Corso from the Piazza del Popolo, a great triumphal arch spanning the street and joining together the two churches of the Madonna dei Miracoli and Sta. Maria di Monte Santo, which flank on either side the entrance of the Corso. Upon this were placed colossal statues, and it was decorated with inscriptions and emblems and elaborate ornaments. In the Piazza itself were erected two long lines of stagings and seats for the accommodation of the people, and also for four orchestras, and ranged along it were long lines of Neapolitan soldiers. The streets were all hung with rich draperies and tapestries, and nothing was spared to make the reception of the pope as splendid as possible. General Bourchard, with a *cortége* of officers and five hundred men, went out as far as the Ponte Molle to meet the incoming pope. There he assumed his grand papal robes and mounted into a magnificent gilt coach drawn by six horses. Such was the enthusiasm of the people that they begged to be allowed to draw the carriage themselves, but this the pope declined—and escorted by crowds of rejoicing Romans, and long lines of cavalry and foot-soldiers, the pope entered the city. All the bells of all the churches clanged their welcome for an hour and a half. From the Castle St. Angelo, where the pontifical standards were displayed, the peals of cannon were constant, and the bands never ceased playing; and thus Pius VII. first entered Rome as pope.

The Flower-sellers

Again, on his return from Paris, where he went to crown Napoleon in 1805, his reception was equally splendid, and accompanied by all the cardinals, prelates,

Nor did this suffice. For a third time, on May 29, 1814, a still more magnificent and imposing reception awaited him on his return to Rome after five

A Procession of Seminarists.

and priests in full dress, and by all the carriages of the nobility, and large bodies of infantry and cavalry, and the mounted Noble Guard, and crowds of the shouting and cheering populace, he again made his entrance into the city, passing over the same streets and going first to St. Peter's, where he was received by the Sacred College and all the Roman court and senators. There he recited the "Te Deum." Then mounting again into his carriage, the Cardinal York opening the door, he was borne on to the Quirinal, where he was again received by the palatine cardinals and the Roman princes and nobility. When the shadows of night came on there was a general illumination of the city, and the cupola of St. Peter's blazed with light, and the gorgeous girandoles sprang into the air, and showered like a fountain of stars over the Castle of St. Angelo.

years of exile. Again he entered the city through the Porta del Popolo and passed through the Corso. Arches of triumph were erected along the streets that he passed. All the houses were richly adorned with hangings and tapestries, and flowers and ornaments of every kind, and the streets themselves were strewn with laurel and myrtle. Every window was crowded by eager spectators, who threw flowers upon him as he passed. Arches were also erected all the way outside the city from Papa Giulio, so called, to the gate, decorated with statues of Rome and Religion, and adorned with the pontifical arms and flowers and wreaths and inscriptions of welcome and honor. A colonnade was also built leading from the Porta del Popolo to the Corso. In the Piazza de Venezia a most elaborate and costly arch of the Doric order was erect-

ed by the mercanti di Campagna, with groups of statues and emblems and inscriptions; and among those who lent their services to this was Thorwaldsen. And thus again, for the third time, the pope, accompanied by crowds of the people, the nobility, the papal court, the bands playing, the bells ringing, the cannon pealing from St. Angelo, and the crowd cheering, made his triumphal entrance into Rome.

It is useless to recount more of these great processions and triumphs of the Corso, though they might be continued almost indefinitely. Even within our own days whenever Pope Pius IX. passed, it was a little triumph. Seated in a gilt carriage drawn by four horses, with outriders in brilliant livery, and accompanied by the Noble Guard on horseback, in full dress, the beneficent face and figure of the kindly old man might often be seen in the Corso, smiling upon the crowd through which he passed, and holding out his hand with three fingers spread (on one of which was the great papal ring), in benediction of the people, who, as he went by, prostrated themselves before him. This is now, alas! a thing of the past. For many a year no papal carriage has passed through the Corso, or elsewhere in the city, and not even a gilded coach of any cardinal, such as used, in the times gone by, so often to be seen. The farce of prisoner in the Vatican is still going on, and yet—and yet, if the Pope were now to reappear in the Corso and along the streets of Rome as he was once wont, and as he is free as air to do, if he so wills, the people would again prostrate themselves before him and ask his benediction; for though times have changed, politics have changed, and royalty reigns, and the people are loyal to their king, and satisfied with his rule, they are still Catholics, and the papal power reigns, at least, in their religion; and even the king and queen and the whole court would, as he passed, bow down before him as the representative of a power above this world.

Now, instead of Pope and Cardinals, one often sees the King, in a simple equipage, driving or driven, and accompanied by some gentleman of the Court, bowing constantly and lifting his hat in response to the salutations of the world of Rome—or the Queen, with her outriders, smiling graciously, and looking, as she is, sweet, gentle, kind, and ex-

Tramontana—the Cold Wind of Rome.

tremely intelligent; and it may be added that she is, as she deserves to be, adored by her people.

The Little Flower-girl.

Other spectacles I have seen in this old street of the Corso, the reverse of triumph, within our own days; it was the custom, when a thief was taken and convicted, to lead him publicly through this street with an iron-spiked gorget on his neck to prevent him from bending down his head and hiding his face, so that the whole world might see him and know him. Two men with a drum and fife, which they constantly beat and played upon to attract attention, accompanied him. This custom has now gone out of

use ; but I am doubtful whether it was not as efficient, and perhaps even more so, in deterring persons from the crime of theft than a simple imprisonment for a few weeks ; for, after all, the sense of shame is in the human heart as strong in its effect, if not stronger, than punishment or imprisonment.

Still other scenes here occasionally meet the eyes. It may be, perhaps, a baptism, or a wedding, or a funeral procession. If it is a baptism, in the first carriage, triumphant, dressed in costume, with her long ear-rings in her ears, her gold chain on her neck, her filigree pin in her hair, sits the nurse, the commander of the occasion, with the infant in her arms swaddled in white. You may know if it be a girl or a boy by the color of the ribbon that is attached to its dress, which the nurse takes proud care shall be full in sight. If it is a boy, the ribbon is red—if a girl, it is blue, for that is the color which belongs specially to the Madonna. You are not left in the condition of the man who has to guess the sex. "You have had a child born to you this morning—what is it, a girl or a boy?" once said an Irishman, rather a foolish one, be it confessed, to his friend. "Guess," was the answer. "It is a boy." "No, guess again." "It is a girl." "Ah ! somebody tauld you," was the reply. This ribbon saves you the guessing and proclaims the truth to the world. At the side of the nurse, somewhat obliterated, and playing, as a rule, a most secondary part, sits the "commare," or godmother, and two of the nearest female relatives of the infant. After this carriage comes another, in which sit the male relations, who are, of course, relegated to the second plane, as of far less consequence on this grand occasion. The crowd in the street stops at the church door as this party descend and enter the sacred precincts, when the holy water is sprinkled on the child ; and if startled by this operation it cries out, it is a good sign, for it shows that the innate devil which is always born in us has been driven away by the sacramental blessing.

Sometimes, again, it is a marriage, more or less ceremonious according to the rank of the parties — the bride dressed in white, and the bridegroom more sadly in black, as if he were giving himself away. A long train of carriages follows, with all the friends and relations.

Sometimes, again, it is a funeral, and the pomp and ceremony of this depends also on the rank of those who are to be buried. Among the middle and poorer classes—indeed, generally, unless the rank is high—the coffin is borne on the shoulders of *facchini* hired for the occasion, who are clad in a long, black, shabby sort of gown, that comes nearly down to the feet ; but it is not so long as not to show the soiled trousers below it. Their heads and faces are covered with a black hood of the same material, so that they cannot be recognized. The parish priest precedes the procession in his official and sacred robes, holding on high a tall crucifix, and after the coffin—as well as before it, slowly marches a long line of priests, or Capuchins, or members of some religious community, each carrying a lighted torch or candle—for this is an essential part of the ceremony, and is not omitted even by the poorest classes. As they move along they chant, in a low, monotonous tone, the prayers and responses appropriate to the occasion, and with, it must be confessed, apparently little or no sense of their meaning. After bearing the body to the church they leave it there. Their function is fulfilled, and when night has cast its shadow over the world, it is borne away by the *facchini* to its final resting-place, and buried without pomp, prayer, or ceremony.

Sometimes long lines of some confraternity of monks may be seen marching along, in monkish dresses and cowls, or one of the begging community of Franciscans or Capuchins passes by, carrying a basket on his arm and holding in his hand a little tin box, with a crucifix on one side and a picture of the Madonna on the other. This he shakes in your face as he passes, and the copper coins in it jingle as he craves alms, either of money or of kind. If you prefer to give money, you drop a little copper into the slit in the tin box. But he not only begs of the passers on the street, but enters many a shop and shakes the tin box there, where he often

receives alms of kind—as fruit, or vegetables, or anything else—which is placed in his basket and thankfully accepted, whatever it is.

Occasionally, too, may be seen a figure in a white monastic dress and cowl, covering his entire person — head and face—so as to render him utterly unrecognizable, and with two small holes in front of his cowl through which you may, if near him, see two sharp black eyes peering forth. He also carries a similar tin box which he shakes as he passes for alms. Who he is you cannot divine, but you cannot be sure that he is not some Roman friend or nobleman, whom you last met at some gay reunion, or ball, or party, and who is now doing penance by carrying about publicly the beggar's tin box; for there are penitents, so called, who may belong to the highest of the nobility in Rome.

Then, again, you will, especially in the month of May, which is dedicated to the Madonna, meet long trains of little girls dressed in white, with garlands, and accompanied by some nun or conventual sister, who are celebrating some festival in the Madonna's honor; or, again, long lines of little school-boys, in black dress-coats and tall hats, under the guidance of their priestly tutor, and taking their walk solemnly and with little fun, except what they find in their childish chatter.

But let us, too, make our entrance, not triumphantly, indeed, but with the curiosity of strangers, through the gate of the Piazza del Popolo, and open our eyes to what is to be there seen. This is one of the principal gates of Rome, and is one of the most imposing. Until the railway was built, which now lands all travellers at the Piazza dei Termini, near the vast remains and ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, this was the chief entrance into the city for all who came from the north of Italy. Here passports were examined, for none could enter Rome without them, and here the luggage was overhauled, to make it sure that no contraband goods were concealed. The annoyance of all this was very great, and this, thank God and the new government, is now over, and one of the things of the past not to be regretted.

The gate itself is said to have been designed by Michel Angelo; but inasmuch as Michel Angelo is, by popular belief, supposed to have designed nearly everything, little credence can be given to this statement. But whether it was originally designed by him or not, nothing of his work now remains, for it was rebuilt by Barozzi da Vignola, in 1564, and since then has suffered many a change, all the interior façade having been made by Bernini.

This gate has also revolutionary memories, for it was fortified, barricaded, armed with cannon, and was attacked and defended during the French invasion of 1849, and it was through it that General Oudinot entered with the French troops—an entrance which, so far, at least, as the republican party and the Triumvirate of Rome were concerned, certainly did not correspond to the inscription which accompanied the various ornaments and devices placed over it by Alexander VII., in 1655, on the occasion of the grand entry of Queen Christina of Sweden—"Felici faustoque ornata ingressui."

Entering this gate you find yourself in the large and noble Piazza del Popolo, in the centre of which, surrounded by living fountains, stands the old obelisk of Egypt, that has looked down upon so many generations, and which was erected by Rhamses I., in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, and which may have thrown its shadow over Moses himself. The piazza itself is like the nave of a wheel, from which radiate, like spokes, the three streets of the Babbuino, the Ripetta, and the Corso, which is the central one, and which is flanked on either side by the twin churches of Sta. Maria in Monte Santo, and Sta. Maria dei Miracoli. Above it, on the left, rises the Pincio, and looks down upon it from its terraces. These charming walks were once the old Domitian Gardens, and here, in or close beside the Piazza del Popolo, the restless, cruel, cowardly, violent, and luxurious lover and murderer of Poppæa, and son of the imperious Agrippina, the half-madman, artist, and musician, Nero, cowardly even in his death, was finally laid to rest; for he was one of the Domitian family. The church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, close

by the gate, is said, according to the traditions of the Church, to have been the site of his tomb. Whether this is founded in fact is questionable, but it is certain that, if not exactly there, it was in its close vicinity. No fragment of it now remains, however, for Pasquale II., urged by the prayers of the Roman people, effaced even the last fragments of it, yielding to the then universal superstition that the tomb was haunted by evil spirits and demons, who assailed everyone who passed near it. These malignant spirits were supposed to dwell in the branches of a great nut-tree which grew out of the top of this tomb; and this, together with the tomb, Pope Pasquale II., in 1099, utterly destroyed after a fast and prayers of three days, leaving not a vestige of it, throwing the ashes of Nero into the Tiber, sanctifying the spot, and building thereon the church which still stands there. Alexander VI., the Borgian Pope, was affected by the same superstition, and, centuries after, he decorated the church, and, among other things, caused a representation in stucco to be made of the tomb of Nero and the nut-tree, and the evil spirits that dwelt therein, and there it still may be seen.

While at this end of the Corso there is this sad tradition, at the other end is another tradition, as dear to the Christian world as this is detestable. The Church of Sta. Maria in Via Lata, which stands by the side of the Doria Palace, is supposed to have been built on the site of the house where St. Paul lodged with the centurion, and in the subterranean church is a spring of water, miraculous in its origin, and which, is traditionally supposed to have suddenly burst forth to enable St. Paul to baptize his disciples.

Besides the obelisk of Rhamses I. there is another remnant of the ancient world in the Corso, which is still in admirable preservation. This is the column of Antonine, so called—which was formerly supposed to be that of Antoninus Pius—but now is known properly to be that of one of the purest and best of all the royal race whose lives history has recorded; of the emperor and philosopher Marcus Aurelius, whose "Meditations" are inspired by the noblest sentiments of honor, justice, and truth, and of an abnegation of self which is supposed to be only Christian. Here, too, among the bas-reliefs on its sides which figure the conquests of the Marcomannic wars, is one which represents what was supposed to be a miracle effected by the prayers of the Christian legion. Jupiter is here seen, with water falling from his outspread arms, in answer to the prayers for water which this legion were requested to make at a time when the army was greatly distressed for want of it. The tradition is founded upon a passage in Eusebius, and a letter of Justin Martyr, and though great suspicion attaches to the authenticity of the last, the Church has accepted it as true, and historians have constantly repeated it. Why the Christians should pray to Jupiter—and why Jupiter should answer—is not explained, but miracles are rarely explicable.

What we are in the habit of seeing daily soon ceases to make a deep or sharp impression on the mind, and to many of the Romans, even of the better class, who are ignorant of history and have no literary training, the very names of the relics and remains of antiquity, which so deeply impress the stranger, are often unknown. An odd instance of this occurred on the first visit of the Queen of Italy to Rome. As she passed for the first time through the Corso and caught a glimpse in passing of this column of Aurelius, she eagerly turned to the gentleman who accompanied her (who was one of the gentlemen of the court) and asked, "What is that column?" "Ah, that," hesitatingly replied the person addressed, "that—oh! that is the colonna of Piazza Colonna."

There is also another reminiscence of Marcus near the Via della Vita, and this is an inscription on the wall recording the fact that here once stood the triumphal arch of this great emperor, which was entirely destroyed by order of Pope Alexander VI.; and this inscription, strangely enough, recording his barbarous act, was placed there by the pope himself, as if it had been a glory not a shame.

The arch of Claudius was near the Piazza Sciarra, to the right of the church

of the Cara Vita, which belongs to the Jesuits. There is no vestige of it now remaining, nor of the other arches of Domitian, Claudius, and Gordian, which once spanned the Corso; but the church of the Cara Vita, which stands on or near the spot where once stood the arch of Claudius, is perhaps in some respects as characteristic of modern times and the Catholic Church, as were these triumphal arches of ancient days of the Roman Empire. The church is small, and of no special interest in itself, but during Lent an extraordinary penitence takes place there, which, however it may conflict with our notions of a kind and beneficent God of mercy and love, is at least singular and interesting. Here, when the shadows of night come on and darken entirely the whole church, so that nothing definite can be seen, an exhortation from the priest is heard coming out of the silence, imploring those who have been guilty of sins of commission and omission to repent and expiate them by self-flagellation. A bell is then rung, and these words in Italian are heard in the darkness: "Show your penance; show your sense of Christ's sacrifice; show it with the whip." After which, for some fifteen minutes, the penitents, stripped naked to the waist, scourge themselves with strings of knotted whipcord, crying out, "Blessed Virgin Mary, pray for us." The severer the scourging the greater the expiation, and the bleeding backs of the penitents attest their faith in this strange and melancholy mode of pacifying an angry God, or at least a God who is pleased by the sufferings self-inflicted of his creatures.

A Boy Flower-seller.

Among the other churches in the Corso may be mentioned that of the St. Giacomo degli Incurabili, of the Augustine church of Gesù e Maria, and St. Lorenzo in Lucina. This church is interesting as being the burial-place of Nicholas Poussin, and as containing a remarkable picture by Guido representing the Crucifixion, which is thus spoken of by Mr. Browning, in "The Ring and the Book," as the piece

> "Of Master Guido Reni, Christ on cross,
> Second to naught observable in Rome."

And again:

> "This San Lorenzo seems
> My own particular place. I always say
> I used to wonder, when I stood scarce high
> As the bed here, what the marble lion meant,
> Eating the figure of a prostrate man."

But here there is neither time nor space to linger much longer among those churches. Still there is one more, that of Sta. Maria del Popolo in the Piazza, into which a glance at least must be given at some of the interesting things it contains. Here, then, are noble pictures by Pinturicchio, and a chapel built by Giovanni delle Rovere, and decorated by the same artist, and an Assumption by Carlo Maratta, and a chapel designed by Raffaelle, in which he manifests himself in the triple char-

acter of architect, painter, and sculptor —for the design of the mosaic on the ceiling, as well as the architecture, is by him—and also a marble group below of Jonah sitting on a whale. Here, too, is a work by Sebastian del Piombo, who is buried in this church. And there are other things of interest which we must now pass by.

Close by this church is the Augustine Convent belonging to it, in which Luther made his home while he was in the Eternal City. Here he celebrated mass. Here he prostrated himself, and cried out, "Hail, sacred Rome, thrice sacred for the blood of the martyrs shed here." But before he left Rome his opinion changed, his Catholic faith was sapped, and from being a devoted ally he became, as all the world knows, the most determined opponent of the Church.

Here we must take leave of the Corso, with its obelisks and fountains and palaces and shops; its remains of antiquity and its modern sights; its ancient triumphs and its modern processions; of its living populace and its equally living ghosts that haunt it, and whisper to the memory and imagination. At all these visions of the dead and of the living we can but cast here a hurried glance, for, fully to record them, would far exceed the limits of a paper like this.

THE VOICES OF EARTH.

By Archibald Lampman.

We have not heard the music of the spheres,
The song of star to star; but there are sounds
More deep than human joy or human tears,
That nature uses in her common rounds;
The fall of streams, the cry of winds that strain
The oak, the roaring of the sea's surge, might
Of thunder breaking afar off, or rain
That falls by minutes in the summer night.
These are the voices of earth's secret soul,
Uttering the mystery from which she came
To him who hears them grief beyond control,
Or joy inscrutable without a name
Wakes in his heart thoughts buried there, impearled
Before the birth and making of the world.

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER VII.

IRONS IN THE FIRE.

Opes Strepitumque.

THE food of the body differs not so greatly for the fool or the sage, the elephant or the cock-sparrow; and similar chemical elements, variously disguised, support all mortals. A brief study of Pinkerton in his new setting convinced me of a kindred truth about that other and mental digestion, by which we extract what is called "fun for our money" out of life. In the same spirit as a schoolboy, deep in Mayne Reid, handles a dummy gun and crawls among imaginary forests, Pinkerton sped through Kearney Street upon his daily business, representing to himself a highly colored part in life's performance, and happy for hours if he should have chanced to brush against a millionaire. Reality was his romance; he gloried to be thus engaged; he wallowed in his business. Suppose a man to dig up a galleon on the Coromandel coast, his rakish schooner keeping the while an offing under easy sail, and he, by the blaze of a great fire of wreckwood, to measure ingots by the bucketful on the uproarious beach: such an one might realize a greater material spoil; he should have no more profit of romance than Pinkerton when he cast up his weekly balance-sheet in a bald office. Every dollar gained was like something brought ashore from a mysterious deep; every venture made was like a diver's plunge; and as he thrust his bold hand into the plexus of the money-market, he was delightedly aware of how he shook the pillars of existence, turned out men (as at a battle-cry) to labor in far countries, and set the gold twitching in the drawers of millionaires.

I could never fathom the full extent of his speculations; but there were five separate businesses which he avowed and carried like a banner. The *Thirteen Star Golden State Brandy, Warranted Entire* (a very flagrant distillation) filled a great part of his thoughts and was kept before the public in an eloquent but misleading treatise: *Why drink French Brandy? A Word to the Wise.* He kept an office for advertisers, counselling, designing, acting as middleman with printers and bill-stickers, for the inexperienced or the uninspired: the dull haberdasher came to him for ideas, the smart theatrical agent for his local knowledge; and one and all departed with a copy of his pamphlet: *How, When, and Where; or, the Advertiser's Vade-Mecum.* He had a tug chartered every Saturday afternoon and night, carried people outside the Heads, and provided them with lines and bait for six hours' fishing, at the rate of five dollars a person. I am told that some of them (doubtless adroit anglers) made a profit on the transaction. Occasionally he bought wrecks and condemned vessels; these latter (I cannot tell you how) found their way to sea again under aliases, and continued to stem the waves triumphantly enough under the colors of Bolivia or Nicaragua. Lastly, there was a certain agricultural engine, glorying in a great deal of vermilion and blue paint, and filling (it appeared) a

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"long-felt want," in which his interest was something like a tenth.

This for the face or front of his concerns. "On the outside," as he phrased it, he was variously and mysteriously engaged. No dollar slept in his possession; rather he kept all simultaneously flying like a conjurer with oranges. My own earnings, when I began to have a share, he would but show me for a moment, and disperse again, like those illusive money gifts which are flashed in the eyes of childhood only to be entombed in the missionary box. And he would come down radiant from a weekly balance-sheet, clap me on the shoulder, declare himself a winner by Gargantuan figures, and prove destitute of a quarter for a drink.

"What on earth have you done with it?" I would ask.

"Into the mill again; all re-invested!" he would cry, with infinite delight. Investment was ever his word. He could not bear what he called gambling. "Never touch stocks, Loudon," he would say; "nothing but legitimate business." And yet, Heaven knows, many an indurated gambler might have drawn back appalled at the first hint of some of Pinkerton's investments! One, which I succeeded in tracking home, and instance for a specimen, was a seventh share in the charter of a certain ill-starred schooner bound for Mexico, to smuggle weapons on the one trip, and cigars upon the other. The latter end of this enterprise, involving (as it did) shipwreck, confiscation, and a lawsuit with the underwriters, was too painful to be dwelt upon at length. "It's proved a disappointment," was as far as my friend would go with me in words; but I knew, from observation, that the fabric of his fortunes tottered. For the rest, it was only by accident I got wind of the transaction; for Pinkerton, after a time, was shy of introducing me to his arcana: the reason you are to hear presently.

The office which was (or should have been) the point of rest for so many evolving dollars stood in the heart of the city: a high and spacious room, with many plate-glass windows. A glazed cabinet of polished redwood offered to the eye a regiment of some two hundred bottles, conspicuously labelled. These were all charged with Pinkerton's Thirteen Star, although from across the room it would have required an expert to distinguish them from the same number of bottles of Courvoisier. I used to twit my friend with this resemblance, and propose a new edition of the pamphlet, with the title thus improved: *Why Drink French Brandy, when we give you the same labels?* The doors of the cabinet revolved all day upon their hinges; and if there entered any one who was a stranger to the merits of the brand, he departed laden with a bottle. When I used to protest at this extravagance, "My dear Loudon," Pinkerton would cry, "you don't seem to catch on to business principles! The prime cost of the spirit is literally nothing. I couldn't find a cheaper advertisement if I tried." Against the side post of the cabinet there leaned a gaudy umbrella, preserved there as a relic. It appears that when Pinkerton was about to place Thirteen Star upon the market, the rainy season was at hand. He lay dark, almost in penury, awaiting the first shower, at which, as upon a signal, the main thoroughfares became dotted with his agents, vendors of advertisements; and the whole world of San Francisco, from the business man fleeing for the ferry-boat, to the lady waiting at the corner for her car, sheltered itself under umbrellas with this strange device: *Are you Wet? Try Thirteen Star.* "It was a mammoth boom," said Pinkerton, with a sigh of delighted recollection. "There wasn't another umbrella to be seen. I stood at this window, Loudon, feasting my eyes; and I declare, I felt like Vanderbilt." And it was to this neat application of the local climate that he owed, not only much of the sale of Thirteen Star, but the whole business of his advertising agency.

The large desk (to resume our survey of the office) stood about the middle, knee-deep in stacks of handbills and posters, of *Why Drink French Brandy?* and *The Advertiser's Vade-Mecum.* It was flanked upon the one hand by two female type-writers, who rested not between the hours of nine and four, and upon the other by a model of the agricultural machine. The walls, where they

were not broken by telephone boxes and a couple of photographs—one representing the wreck of the *James L. Moody* on a bold and broken coast, the other the Saturday tug alive with amateur fishers—almost disappeared under oil-paintings gaudily framed. Many of these were relics of the Latin Quarter, and I must do Pinkerton the justice to say that none of them were bad, and some had remarkable merit. They went off slowly but for handsome figures; and their places were progressively supplied with the work of local artists. These last it was one of my first duties to review and criticise. Some of them were villainous, yet all were salable. I said so; and the next moment saw myself, the figure of a miserable renegade, bearing arms in the wrong camp. I was to look at pictures thenceforward, not with the eye of the artist, but the dealer; and I saw the stream widen that divided me from all I loved.

"Now, Loudon," Pinkerton had said, the morning after the lecture, "now, Loudon, we can go at it shoulder to shoulder. This is what I have longed for; I wanted two heads and four arms; and now I have 'em. You'll find it's just the same as art — all observation and imagination; only more movement. Just wait till you begin to feel the charm!"

I might have waited long. Perhaps I lack a sense; for our whole existence seemed to me one dreary bustle, and the place we bustled in fitly to be called the Place of Yawning. I slept in a little den behind the office; Pinkerton, in the office itself, stretched on a patent sofa which sometimes collapsed, his slumbers still further menaced by an imminent clock with an alarm. Roused by this diabolical contrivance, we rose early, went forth early to breakfast, and returned by nine to what Pinkerton called work, and I distraction. Masses of letters must be opened, read, and answered; some by me at a subsidiary desk which had been introduced on the morning of my arrival; others by my bright-eyed friend, pacing the room like a caged lion as he dictated to the tinkling typewriters. Masses of wet proof had to be overhauled and scrawled upon with a blue pencil—"rustic"—"six-inch caps"—"bold spacing here"—or sometimes terms more fervid, as for instance this, which I remember Pinkerton to have spirted on the margin of an advertisement of Soothing Syrup: "Throw this all down. Have you never printed an advertisement? I'll be round in half an hour." The ledger and sale-book, besides, we had always with us. Such was the backbone of our occupation, and tolerable enough; but the far greater proportion of our time was consumed by visitors, whole-souled, grand fellows no doubt, and as sharp as a needle, but to me unfortunately not diverting. Some were apparently half-witted, and must be talked over by the hour before they could reach the humblest decision, which they only left the office to return again (ten minutes later) and rescind. Others came with a vast show of hurry and despatch, but I observed it to be principally show. The agricultural model for instance, which was practicable, proved a kind of flypaper for these busybodies. I have seen them blankly turn the crank of it for five minutes at a time, simulating (to nobody's deception) business interest: "Good thing this, Pinkerton? Sell much of it? Ha! Couldn't use it, I suppose, as a medium of advertisement for my article?"—which was perhaps toilet soap. Others (a still worse variety) carried us to neighboring saloons to dice for cocktails and (after the cocktails were paid) for dollars on a corner of the counter. The attraction of dice for all these people was indeed extraordinary: at a certain club, were I once dined in the character of "my partner, Mr. Dodd," the dice-box came on the table with the wine, an artless substitute for after-dinner wit.

Of all our visitors, I believe I preferred Emperor Norton; the very mention of whose name reminds me I am doing scanty justice to the folks of San Francisco. In what other city would a harmless madman who supposed himself emperor of the two Americas have been so fostered and encouraged? Where else would even the people of the streets have respected the poor soul's illusion? Where else would bankers and merchants have received his visits, cashed his cheques, and sub-

mitted to his small assessments? Where else would he have been suffered to attend and address the exhibition days of schools and colleges? Where else, in God's green earth, have taken his pick of restaurants, ransacked the bill of fare, and departed scathless? They tell me he was even an exacting patron, threatening to withdraw his custom when dissatisfied; and I can believe it, for his face wore an expression distinctly gastronomical. Pinkerton had received from this monarch a cabinet appointment; I have seen the brevet, wondering mainly at the good nature of the printer who had executed the forms, and I think my friend was at the head either of foreign affairs or education: it mattered, indeed, nothing, the prestation being in all offices identical. It was at a comparatively early date that I saw Jim in the exercise of his public functions. His Majesty entered the office—a portly, rather flabby man, with the face of a gentleman, rendered unspeakably pathetic and absurd by the great sabre at his side and the peacock's feather in his hat.

"I have called to remind you, Mr. Pinkerton, that you are somewhat in arrear of taxes," he said, with old-fashioned, stately courtesy.

"Well, Your Majesty, what is the amount?" asked Jim; and when the figure was named (it was generally two or three dollars), paid upon the nail and offered a bonus in the shape of Thirteen Star.

"I am always delighted to patronize native industries," said Norton the First. "San Francisco is public-spirited in what concerns its Emperor; and indeed, sir, of all my domains, it is my favorite city."

"Come," said I, when he was gone, "I prefer that customer to the lot."

"It's really rather a distinction," Jim admitted. "I think it must have been the umbrella racket that attracted him."

We were distinguished under the rose by the notice of other and greater men. There were days when Jim wore an air of unusual capacity and resolve, spoke with more brevity like one pressed for time, and took often on his tongue such phrases as "Longhurst told me so this morning," or "I had it straight from Longhurst himself." It was no wonder, I used to think, that Pinkerton was called to council with such Titans; for the creature's quickness and resource were beyond praise. In the early days when he consulted me without reserve, pacing the room, projecting, ciphering, extending hypothetical interests, trebling imaginary capital, his "engine" (to renew an excellent old word) laboring full steam ahead, I could never decide whether my sense of respect or entertainment were the stronger. But these good hours were destined to curtailment.

"Yes, it's smart enough," I once observed. "But, Pinkerton, do you think it's honest?"

"You don't think it's honest!" he wailed. "O dear me, that ever I should have heard such an expression on your lips!"

At sight of his distress, I plagiarized unblushingly from Myner. "You seem to think honesty as simple as Blind Man's Buff," said I. "It's a more delicate affair than that: delicate as any art."

"O well! at that rate!" he exclaimed, with complete relief. "That's casuistry."

"I am perfectly certain of one thing: that what you propose is dishonest," I returned.

"Well, say no more about it. That's settled," he replied.

Thus, almost at a word, my point was carried. But the trouble was that such differences continued to recur, until we began to regard each other with alarm. If there were one thing Pinkerton valued himself upon, it was his honesty; if there were one thing he clung to, it was my good opinion; and when both were involved, as was the case in these commercial cruces, the man was on the rack. My own position, if you consider how much I owed him, how hateful is the trade of fault-finder, and that yet I lived and fattened on these questionable operations, was perhaps equally distressing. If I had been more sterling or more combative things might have gone extremely far. But, in truth, I was just base enough to profit by what was not forced on my attention, rather than seek scenes: Pinkerton quite cunning enough to avail himself of my weakness; and it

was a relief to both when he began to involve his proceedings in a decent mystery.

Our last dispute, which had a most unlooked-for consequence, turned on the refitting of condemned ships. He had bought a miserable hulk, and came, rubbing his hands, to inform me she was already on the slip, under a new name, to be repaired. When first I had heard of this industry I suppose I scarcely comprehended; but much discussion had sharpened my faculties, and now my brow became heavy.

"I can be no party to that, Pinkerton," said I.

He leaped like a man shot. "What next?" he cried. "What ails you, anyway? You seem to me to dislike everything that's profitable."

"This ship has been condemned by Lloyd's agent," said I.

"But I tell you it's a deal. The ship's in splendid condition; there's next to nothing wrong with her but the garboard streak and the sternpost. I tell you Lloyd's is a ring like everybody else; only it's an English ring, and that's what deceives you. If it was American, you would be crying it down all day. It's Anglomania, common Anglomania," he cried, with growing irritation.

"I will not make money by risking men's lives," was my ultimatum.

"Great Cæsar! isn't all speculation a risk? Isn't the fairest kind of shipowning to risk men's lives? And mining — how's that for risk? And look at the elevator business—there's danger, if you like! Didn't I take my risk when I bought her? She might have been too far gone; and where would I have been? Loudon," he cried, "I tell you the truth: you're too full of refinement for this world!"

"I condemn you out of your own lips," I replied. "'The fairest kind of shipowning,' says you. If you please, let us only do the fairest kind of business."

The shot told, the Irrepressible was silenced; and I profited by the chance, to pour in a broadside of another sort. He was all sunk in money getting, I pointed out; he never dreamed of any thing but dollars. Where were all his generous, progressive sentiments? Where was his culture? I asked. And where was the American Type?

"It's true, Loudon," he cried, striding up and down the room, and wildly scouring at his hair. "You're perfectly right. I'm becoming materialized. O, what a thing to have to say, what a confession to make! Materialized! Me! Loudon, this must go on no longer. You've been a loyal friend to me once more; give me your hand!—you've saved me again. I must do something to rouse the spiritual side: something desperate; study something, something dry and tough. What shall it be? Theology? Algebra? What's Algebra?"

"It's dry and tough enough," said I; "$a^2+2ab+b^2$."

"It's stimulating, though?" he inquired.

I told him I believed so, and that it was considered fortifying to Types.

"Then, that's the thing for me. I'll study Algebra," he concluded.

The next day, by application to one of his type-writing women, he got word of a young lady, one Miss Mamie McBride, who was willing and able to conduct him in these bloomless meadows; and, her circumstances being lean, and terms consequently moderate, he and Mamie were soon in agreement for two lessons in the week. He took fire with unexampled rapidity; he seemed unable to tear himself away from the symbolic art; an hour's lesson occupied the whole evening; and the original two was soon increased to four, and then to five. I bade him beware of female blandishments. "The first thing you know, you'll be falling in love with the algebraist," said I.

"Don't say it even in jest," he cried. "She's a lady I revere. I could no more lay a hand upon her than I could upon a spirit. Loudon, I don't believe God ever made a purer-minded woman."

Which appeared to me too fervent to be reassuring.

Meanwhile I had been long expostulating with my friend upon a different matter. "I'm the fifth wheel," I kept telling him. "For any use I am, I might as well be in Senegambia. The letters you give me to attend to might

be answered by a sucking child. And I tell you what it is, Pinkerton: either you've got to find me some employment, or I'll have to start in and find it for myself."

This I said with a corner of my eye in the usual quarter, toward the arts, little dreaming what destiny was to provide.

"I've got it, Loudon," Pinkerton at last replied. "Got the idea on the Potrero cars. Found I hadn't a pencil, borrowed one from the conductor, and figured on it roughly all the way in town. I saw it was the thing at last; gives you a real show. All your talents and accomplishments come in. Here's a sketch advertisement. Just run your eye over it. '*Sun, Ozone, and Music!* PINKERTON'S HEBDOMADARY PICNICS!' (That's a good, catching phrase, 'hebdomadary,' though it's hard to say. I made a note of it when I was looking in the dictionary how to spell *hectagonal*. 'Well, you're a boss word,' I said. 'Before you're very much older, I'll have you in type as long as yourself.' And here it is, you see.) '*Five dollars a head, and ladies free.* MONSTER OLIO OF ATTRACTIONS.' (How does that strike you?) '*Free luncheon under the greenwood tree. Dance on the elastic sward. Home again in the Bright Evening Hours. Manager and Honorary Steward, H. Loudon Dodd, Esq., the well-known connoisseur.*'"

Singular how a man runs from Scylla to Charybdis! I was so intent on securing the disappearance of a single epithet that I accepted the rest of the advertisement and all that it involved without discussion. So it befell that the words, "well-known connoisseur" were deleted; but that H. Loudon Dodd became manager and honorary steward of Pinkerton's Hebdomadary Picnics, soon shortened, by popular consent, to the Dromedary.

By eight o'clock, any Sunday morning, I was to be observed by an admiring public on the wharf. The garb and attributes of sacrifice consisted of a black frock coat, rosetted, its pockets bulging with sweetmeats and inferior cigars, trousers of light blue, a silk hat like a reflector, and a varnished wand. A goodly steamer guarded my one flank, panting and throbbing, flags fluttering fore and aft of her, illustrative of the Dromedary and patriotism. My other flank was covered by the ticket-office, strongly held by a trusty character of the Scots persuasion, rosetted like his superior and smoking a cigar to mark the occasion festive. At half-past, having assured myself that all was well with the free luncheons, I lit a cigar myself, and awaited the strains of the "Pioneer Band." I had never to wait long—they were German and punctual—and by a few minutes after the half-hour, I would hear them booming down street with a long military roll of drums, some score of gratuitous asses prancing at the head in bearskin hats and buckskin aprons, and conspicuous with resplendent axes. The band, of course, we paid for; but so strong is the San Franciscan passion for public masquerade, that the asses (as I say) were all gratuitous, pranced for the love of it, and cost us nothing but their luncheon.

The musicians formed up in the bows of my steamer, and struck into a skittish polka; the asses mounted guard upon the gangway and the ticket-office; and presently after, in family parties of father, mother, and children, in the form of duplicate lovers or in that of solitary youth, the public began to descend upon us by the carful at a time; four to six hundred, perhaps, with a strong German flavor, and all merry as children. When these had been shepherded on board, and the inevitable belated two or three had gained the deck amidst the cheering of the public, the hawser was cast off and we plunged into the bay.

And now behold the honorary steward in the hour of duty and glory: see me circulate amid the crowd, radiating affability and laughter, liberal with my sweetmeats and cigars. I say unblushing things to hobbledehoy girls, tell shy young persons this is the married peoples' boat, roguishly ask the abstracted if they are thinking of their sweethearts, offer Paterfamilias a cigar, am struck with the beauty and grow curious about the age of mamma's youngest, who (I assure her gayly) will be a man before his mother; or perhaps it may occur to me, from the sensible expression of her face, that she is a person of good counsel, and I ask her earn-

estly if she knows any particularly pleasant place on the Saucelito or San Rafael coast; for the scene of our picnic is always supposed to be uncertain. The next moment I am back at my giddy badinage with the young ladies, wakening laughter as I go, and leaving in my wake applausive comments of "Isn't Mr. Dodd a funny gentleman?" and "O, I think he's just too nice!"

An hour having passed in this airy manner, I start upon my rounds afresh, with a bag full of colored tickets, all with pins attached, and all with legible inscriptions: "Old Germany," "California," "True Love," "Old Fogies," "La Belle France," "Green Erin," "The Land of Cakes," "Washington," "Blue Jay," "Robin Red-Breast"—twenty of each denomination; for when it comes to the luncheon, we sit down by twenties. These are distributed with anxious tact—for indeed this is the most delicate part of my functions—but outwardly with reckless unconcern, amidst the gayest flutter and confusion; and are immediately after sported upon hats and bonnets, to the extreme diffusion of cordiality, total strangers hailing each other by "the number of their mess"—so we humorously name it—and the deck ringing with the cries of, "Here, all Blue Jays to the rescue!" or, "I say, am I alone in this blame' ship? Ain't there no more Californians?"

By this time we are drawing near to the appointed spot. I mount upon the bridge, the observed of all observers.

"Captain," I say, in clear, emphatic tones, heard far and wide, "the majority of the company appear to be in favor of the little cove beyond One Tree Point."

"All right, Mr. Dodd," responds the captain, heartily; "all one to me. I am not exactly sure of the place you mean; but just you stay here and pilot me."

I do, pointing with my wand. I do pilot him, to the inexpressible entertainment of the picnic; for I am (why should I deny it?) the popular man. We slow down off the mouth of a grassy valley, watered by a brook, and set in pines and redwoods. The anchor is let go; the boats are lowered, two of them already packed with the materials of an impromptu bar; and the Pioneer Band, accompanied by the resplendent asses, fill the other, and move shoreward to the inviting strains of *Buffalo Gals, won't you come out to-night?* It is a part of our programme that one of the asses shall, from sheer clumsiness, in the course of this embarkation, drop a dummy axe into the water: whereupon the mirth of the picnic can hardly be assuaged. Upon one occasion, the dummy axe floated, and the laugh turned rather the wrong way.

In from ten to twenty minutes the boats are alongside again, the messes are marshalled separately on the deck, and the picnic goes ashore, to find the band and the impromptu bar awaiting them. Then come the hampers, which are piled upon the beach, and surrounded by a stern guard of stalwart asses, axe on shoulder. It is here I take my place, note-book in hand, under a banner bearing the legend, "Come here for hampers." Each hamper contains a complete outfit for a separate twenty, cold provender, plates, glasses, knives, forks, and spoons; an agonized printed appeal from the fevered pen of Pinkerton, pasted on the inside of the lid, beseeches that care be taken of the glass and silver. Beer, wine, and lemonade are flowing already from the bar, and the various clans of twenty file away into the woods, with bottles under their arms, and the hampers strung upon a stick. Till one they feast there, in a very moderate seclusion, all being within earshot of the band, From one till four, dancing takes place upon the grass; the bar does a roaring business, and the honorary steward, who has already exhausted himself to bring life into the dullest of the messes, must now indefatigably dance with the plainest of the women. At four a bugle-call is sounded; and by half-past behold us on board again, pioneers, corrugated iron bar, empty bottles, and all; while the honorary steward, free at last, subsides into the captain's cabin over a brandy and soda and a book. Free at last, I say, yet there remains before him the frantic leave-takings at the pier, and a sober journey up to Pinkerton's office with two policemen and the day's takings in a bag.

What I have here sketched was the routine. But we appealed to the taste of San Francisco more distinctly in particular fêtes. "Ye Olde Time Pycke-Nycke," largely advertised in hand-bills beginning "Oyez, Oyez!" and largely frequented by knights, monks, and cavaliers, was drowned out by unseasonable rain, and returned to the city one of the saddest spectacles I ever remember to have witnessed. In pleasing contrast, and certainly our chief success, was "The Gathering of the Clans," or Scottish picnic. So many milk-white knees were never before simultaneously exhibited in public, and to judge by the prevalence of "Royal Stewart" and the number of eagle's feathers, we were a high-born company. I threw forward the Scottish flank of my own ancestry, and passed muster as a clansman with applause. There was, indeed, but one small cloud on this red-letter day. I had laid in a large supply of the national beverage, in the shape of *The "Rob Roy McGregor O" Blend, Warranted Old and Vatted;* and this must certainly have been a generous spirit, for I had some anxious work between four and half-past, conveying on board the inanimate forms of chieftains.

To one of our ordinary festivities, where he was the life and soul of his own mess, Pinkerton himself came incognito, bringing the algebraist on his arm. Miss Mamie proved to be a well-enough-looking mouse, with a large, limpid eye, very good manners, and a flow of the most correct expressions I have ever heard upon the human lip. As Pinkerton's incognito was strict, I had little opportunity to cultivate the lady's acquaintance; but I was informed afterwards that she considered me "the wittiest gentleman she had ever met." "The Lord mend your taste in wit!" thought I; but I cannot conceal that such was the general impression. One of my pleasantries even went the round of San Francisco, and I have heard it (myself all unknown) bandied in saloons. To be unknown began at last to be a rare experience: a bustle woke upon my passage; above all in humble neighborhoods. "Who's that?" one would ask, and the other would cry, "That! Why, Dromedary Dodd!" or with withering scorn, "Not know Mr. Dodd of the Picnics? Well!" and indeed I think it marked a rather barren destiny; for our picnics, if a trifle vulgar, were as gay and innocent as the age of gold; I am sure no people divert themselves so easily and so well: and even with the cares of my stewardship, I was often happy to be there.

Indeed, there were but two drawbacks in the least considerable. The first was my terror of the hobbledehoy girls, to whom (from the demands of my situation) I was obliged to lay myself so open. The other, if less momentous, was more mortifying. In early days, at my mother's knee, as a man may say, I had acquired the unenviable accomplishment (which I have never since been able to lose) of singing *Just before the Battle.* I have what the French call a fillet of voice, my best notes scarce audible about a dinner-table, and the upper register rather to be regarded as a higher power of silence: experts tell me besides that I sing flat; nor, if I were the best singer in the world, does *Just before the Battle* occur to my mature taste as the song that I would choose to sing. In spite of all which considerations, at one picnic, memorably dull, and after I had exhausted every other art of pleasing, I gave, in desperation, my one song. From that hour my doom was gone forth. Either we had a chronic passenger (though I could never detect him), or the very wood and iron of the steamer must have retained the tradition. At every successive picnic word went round that Mr. Dodd was a singer; that Mr. Dodd sang *Just before the Battle,* and finally that now was the time when Mr. Dodd sang *Just before the Battle;* so that the thing became a fixture like the dropping of the dummy axe, and you are to conceive me, Sunday after Sunday, piping up my lamentable ditty and covered, when it was done, with gratuitous applause. It is a beautiful trait in human nature that I was invariably offered an encore.

I was well paid, however, even to sing. Pinkerton and I, after an average Sunday, had five hundred dollars to divide. Nay, and the picnics were the means, although indirectly, of bringing

me a singular windfall. This was at the end of the season, after the "Grand Farewell Fancy Dress Gala." Many of the hampers had suffered severely; and it was judged wiser to save storage, dispose of them, and lay in a fresh stock when the campaign re-opened. Among my purchasers was a workingman of the name of Speedy, to whose house, after several unavailing letters, I must proceed in person, wondering to find myself once again on the wrong side, and playing creditor to some one else's debtor. Speedy was in the belligerent stage of fear. He could not pay. It appeared he had already resold the hampers, and he defied me to do my worst. I did not like to lose my own money; I hated to lose Pinkerton's; and the bearing of my creditor incensed me.

"Do you know, Mr. Speedy, that I can send you to the penitentiary?" said I, willing to read him a lesson.

The dire expression was overheard in the next room. A large, fresh, motherly Irishwoman ran forth upon the instant, and fell to besiege me with caresses and appeals. "Sure now, and ye couldn't have the heart to ut, Mr. Dodd, you, that's so well known to be a pleasant gentleman; and it's a pleasant face ye have, and the picture of me own brother that's dead and gone. It's a truth that he's been drinking. Ye can smell it off of him, more blame to him. But, indade, and there's nothing in the house beyont the furnicher, and Thim Stock. It's the stock that ye'll be taking, dear. A sore penny it has cost me, first and last, and by all tales, not worth an owld tobacco pipe." Thus adjured, and somewhat embarrassed by the stern attitude I had adopted, I suffered myself to be invested with a considerable quantity of what is called wild-cat stock, in which this excellent if illogical female had been squandering her hard-earned gold. It could scarce be said to better my position, but the step quieted the woman; and, on the other hand, I could not think I was taking much risk, for the shares in question (they were those of what I will call the Catamount Silver Mine) had fallen some time before to the bed-rock quotation, and now lay perfectly inert, or were only kicked (like other waste paper) about the kennel of the exchange by bankrupt speculators.

Yet the next morning, I perceived by the stock-list that Catamount had taken a bound; before afternoon, "thim stock" were worth a quite considerable pot of money; and I learned, upon inquiry, that a bonanza had been found in a condemned lead, and the mine was now expected to do wonders. Remarkable to philosophers how bonanzas are found in condemned leads, and how the stock is always at freezing-point immediately before! By some stroke of chance, the Speedys had held on to the right thing; they had escaped the syndicate; in twelve hours more, if I had not come to dun them, Mrs. Speedy would have been buying a silk dress. I could not bear, of course, to profit by the accident, and returned that very evening to offer restitution. The house was in a bustle; the neighbors (all stock-gamblers themselves) had crowded to condole; and Mrs. Speedy sat with streaming tears, the centre of a pathetic group. "For fifteen year, I've been at ut," she was lamenting, as I entered, "and grudging the babes the very milk, more shame to me! to pay their dhirty assessments. And now, my dears, I should be a lady, and driving in my coach if all had their rights; and a sorrow on that man, Dodd! As soon as I set eyes on him, I seen the divil was in the house."

It was upon these words that I made my entrance, which was therefore dramatic enough, though nothing to what followed. For when it appeared that I was come to restore the lost fortune, and when Mrs. Speedy (after copiously weeping on my bosom) had refused the restitution, and when Mr. Speedy (summoned to that end from a camp of the Grand Army of the Republic) had added his refusal, and when I had insisted, and they had insisted, and the neighbors had applauded and supported each of us in turn; and when at last it was agreed we were to hold the stock together, and share the proceeds in three parts—one for me, one for Mr. Speedy, and one for his spouse—I will leave you to conceive the enthusiasm that reigned in that small, bare apartment, with the

sewing-machine in the one corner, and the babes asleep in the other, and pictures of Garfield and the Battle of Gettysburg on the yellow walls. Port wine was had in by a sympathizer, and we drank it mingled with tears.

"And I dhrink to your health, my dear," sobbed Mrs. Speedy, especially affected by my gallantry in the matter of the third share; "and I'm sure we all dhrink to his health—Mr. Dodd of the picnics, no gentleman better known than him; and it's my prayer, dear, the good God may be long spared to see ye in health and happiness!"

In the end I was the chief gainer; for I sold my third while it was worth five thousand dollars, but the Speedys more adventurously held on until the syndicate reversed the process, when they were happy to escape with perhaps a quarter of that sum. It was just as well; for the bulk of the money was (in Pinkerton's phrase) reinvested; and when next I saw Mrs. Speedy, she was still gorgeously dressed from the proceeds of the late success, but was already moist with tears over the new catastrophe. "We're froze out, me darlin'! All the money we had, dear, and the sewing-machine, and Jim's uniform, was in the Golden West; and the vipers has put on a new assessment."

At the end of the season, therefore, this is how I stood. I had made

By Catamount Silver Mine . . .	$5000
By the picnics	3000
By the lectures	600
By profit and loss on capital in Pinkerton's business	1350
	$9950
to which must be added	
What remained of my grandfather's donation	8500
	$18,450
It appears, on the other hand, that I had spent	4000
Which thus left me to the good .	$14,450

A result on which I am not ashamed to say I looked with gratitude and pride. Some eight thousand (being late conquest) was liquid and actually tractile in the bank; the rest whirled beyond reach and even sight (save in the mirror of a balance-sheet) under the compelling spell of the wizard Pinkerton. Dollars of mine were tacking off the shores of Mexico, in peril of the deep and the coast guard; they rang on saloon counters in the city of Tombstone, Arizona; they shone in faro-tents among the mountain diggings: the imagination flagged in following them, so wide were they diffused, so briskly they span to the turning of the wizard's crank. But here, there, or everywhere I could still tell myself it was all mine, and what was more convincing, draw substantial dividends. My fortune, I called it; and it represented, when expressed in dollars or even British pounds, an honest pot of money; when extended into francs, a veritable fortune. Perhaps I have let the cat out of the bag; perhaps you see already where my hopes were pointing, and begin to blame my inconsistency. But I must first tell you my excuse, and the change that had befallen Pinkerton.

About a week after the picnic to which he escorted Mamie, Pinkerton avowed the state of his affections. From what I had observed on board the steamer, where methought Mamie waited on him with her limpid eyes, I encouraged the bashful lover to proceed; and the very next evening he was carrying me to call on his affianced.

"You must befriend her, Loudon, as you have always befriended me," he said, pathetically.

"By saying disagreeable things? I doubt if that be the way to a young lady's favor," I replied; "and since this picnicking I begin to be a man of some experience."

"Yes, you do nobly there; I can't describe how I admire you," he cried. "Not that she will ever need it; she has had every advantage. God knows what I have done to deserve her. O man, what a responsibility this is for a rough fellow and not always truthful!"

"Brace up, old man, brace up!" said I.

But when we reached Mamie's boarding-house, it was almost with tears that he presented me. "Here is Loudon, Mamie," were his words. "I want you to love him; he has a grand nature."

"You are certainly no stranger to me,

Mr. Dodd," was her gracious expression. "James is never weary of descanting on your goodness."

"My dear lady," said I, "when you know our friend a little better, you will make a large allowance for his warm heart. My goodness has consisted in allowing him to feed and clothe and toil for me when he could ill afford it. If I am now alive, it is to him I owe it; no man had a kinder friend. You must take good care of him," I added, laying my hand on his shoulder, "and keep him in good order, for he needs it."

Pinkerton was much affected by this speech, and so, I fear, was Mamie. I admit it was a tactless performance. "When you know our friend a little better," was not happily said, and even "keep him in good order for he needs it" might be construed into matter of offence; but I lay it before you in all confidence of your acquittal: was the general tone of it "patronizing"? Even if such was the verdict of the lady, I cannot but suppose the blame was neither wholly hers nor wholly mine; I cannot but suppose that Pinkerton had already sickened the poor woman of my very name, so that if I had come with the songs of Apollo, she must still have been disgusted.

Here, however, were two finger-posts to Paris. Jim was going to be married, and so had the less need of my society. I had not pleased his bride, and so was, perhaps, better absent. Late one evening I broached the idea to my friend. It had been a great day for me; I had just banked my five thousand catamountain dollars; and as Jim had refused to lay a finger on the stock, risk and profit were both wholly mine, and I was celebrating the event with stout and crackers. I began by telling him that if it caused him any pain or any anxiety about his affairs, he had but to say the word, and he should hear no more of my proposal. He was the truest and best friend I ever had or was ever like to have; and it would be a strange thing if I refused him any favor he was sure he wanted. At the same time I wished him to be sure; for my life was wasting in my hands. I was like one from home; all my true interests summoned me away. I must remind him, besides, that he was now about to marry and assume new interests, and that our extreme familiarity might be even painful to his wife. "O no, Loudon, I feel you are wrong there," he interjected warmly, "she *does* appreciate your nature."—"So much the better, then," I continued; and went on to point out that our separation need not be for long; that, in the way affairs were going, he might join me in two years with a fortune, small, indeed, for the States, but in France almost conspicuous; that we might unite our resources, and have one house in Paris for the winter and a second near Fontainebleau for summer, where we could be as happy as the day was long, and bring up little Pinkertons as practical, artistic workmen, far from the money-hunger of the West. "Let me go then," I concluded; "not as a deserter, but as the vanguard, to lead the march of the Pinkerton men."

So I argued and pleaded, not without emotion; my friend sitting opposite, resting his chin upon his hand and (but for that single interjection) silent. "I have been looking for this, Loudon," said he, when I had done. "It does pain me, and that's the fact—I'm so miserably selfish. And I believe it's a death blow to the picnics; for it's idle to deny that you were the heart and soul of them with your wand and your gallant bearing, and wit and humor and chivalry, and throwing that kind of society atmosphere about the thing. But for all that, you're right, and you ought to go. You may count on forty dollars a week; and if Depew City—one of nature's centres for this State—pan out the least as I expect, it may be double. But it's forty dollars anyway; and to think that two years ago you were almost reduced to beggary!"

"I *was* reduced to it," said I.

"Well, the brutes gave you nothing, and I'm glad of it now!" cried Jim. "It's the triumphant return I glory in! Think of the master, and that cold-blooded Myner too! Yes, just let the Depew City boom get on its legs, and you shall go; and two years later, day for day, I'll shake hands with you in Paris, with Mamie on my arm, God bless her!"

We talked in this vein far into the night. I was myself so exultant in my

new-found liberty, and Pinkerton so proud of my triumph, so happy in my happiness, in so warm a glow about the gallant little woman of his choice, and the very room so filled with castles in the air and cottages at Fontainebleau, that it was little wonder if sleep fled our eyelids, and three had followed two upon the office clock before Pinkerton unfolded the mechanism of his patent sofa.

CHAPTER VIII.

FACES ON THE CITY FRONT.

It is very much the custom to view life as if it were exactly ruled in two, like sleep and waking; the provinces of play and business standing separate. The business side of my career in San Francisco has been now disposed of; I approach the chapter of diversion; and it will be found they had about an equal share in building up the story of the Wrecker—a gentleman whose appearance may be presently expected.

With all my occupations, some six afternoons and two or three odd evenings remained at my disposal every week: a circumstance the more agreeable as I was a stranger in a city singularly picturesque. From what I had once called myself, *The Amateur Parisian*, I grew (or declined) into a waterside prowler, a lingerer on wharves, a frequenter of shy neighborhoods, a scraper of acquaintance with eccentric characters. I visited Chinese and Mexican gambling-hells, German secret societies, sailors' boarding-houses, and "dives" of every complexion of the disreputable and dangerous. I have seen greasy Mexican hands pinned to the table with a knife for cheating, seamen (when blood-money ran high) knocked down upon the public street and carried insensible on board short-handed ships, shots exchanged and the smoke (and the company) dispersing from the doors of the saloon. I have heard cold-minded Polacks debate upon the readiest method of burning San Francisco to the ground, hot-headed working men and women bawl and swear in the tribune at the Sandlot, and Kearney himself open his subscription for a gallows, name the manufacturers who were to grace it with their dangling bodies, and read aloud to the delighted multitude a telegram of adhesion from a member of the State legislature: all which preparations of proletarian war were (in a moment) breathed upon and abolished by the mere name and fame of Mr. Coleman. That lion of the Vigilantes had but to rouse himself and shake his ears, and the whole brawling mob was silenced. I could not but reflect what a strange manner of man this was, to be living unremarked there as a private merchant, and to be so feared by a whole city; and if I was disappointed, in my character of looker-on, to have the matter end ingloriously without the firing of a shot or the hanging of a single millionaire, philosophy tried to tell me that this sight was truly the more picturesque. In a thousand towns and different epochs I might have had occasion to behold the cowardice and carnage of street fighting; where else, but only there and then, could I have enjoyed a view of Coleman (the intermittent despot) walking meditatively up hill in a quiet part of town, with a very rolling gait, and slapping gently his great thigh?

Minora canamus. This historic figure stalks silently through a corner of the San Francisco of my memory: the rest is bric-à-brac; the reminiscences of a vagrant sketcher. My delight was much in slums. *Little Italy* was a haunt of mine; there I would look in at the windows of small eating-shops, transported bodily from Genoa or Naples, with their macaroni, and chianti flasks, and portraits of Garibaldi, and colored political caricatures; or (entering in) hold high debate with some ear-ringed fisher of the bay as to the designs of "Mr. Owstria" and "Mr. Rooshia." I was often to be observed (had there been any to observe me) in that dispeopled, hill-side solitude of *Little Mexico*, with its crazy wooden houses, endless crazy wooden stairs, and perilous mountain goat-paths in the sand. Chinatown by a thousand eccentricities drew and held me; I could never have enough of its ambiguous, interracial atmosphere, as of a vitalized museum; never wonder

enough at its outlandish, necromantic-looking vegetables set forth to sell in commonplace American shop-windows, its temple doors open and the scent of the joss-stick streaming forth on the American air, its kites of Oriental fashion hanging fouled in Western telegraph-wires, its flights of paper prayers which the trade-wind hunts and dissipates along Western gutters. I was a frequent wanderer on North Beach, gazing at the straits, and the huge Cape-Horners creeping out to sea, and imminent Tamalpais. Thence, on my homeward way, I might visit that strange and filthy shed, earth-paved and walled with the cages of wild animals and birds, where at a ramshackle counter, amid the yells of monkeys, and a poignant atmosphere of menagerie, forty-rod whiskey was administered by a proprietor as dirty as his beasts. Nor did I even neglect Nob Hill, which is itself a kind of slum, being the habitat of the mere millionaire. There they dwell upon the hill-top, high raised above man's clamor, and the trade-wind blows between their palaces about deserted streets.

But San Francisco is not herself only. She is not only the most interesting city in the Union, and the hugest smelting-pot of races and the precious metals. She keeps, besides, the doors of the Pacific, and is the port of entry to another world and an earlier epoch in man's history. Nowhere else shall you observe (in the ancient phrase) so many tall ships as here convene from round the Horn, from China, from Sydney, and the Indies; but scarce remarked amid that crowd of deep-sea giants, another class of craft, the Island schooner, circulates; low in the water, with lofty spars and dainty lines, rigged and fashioned like a yacht, manned with brown-skinned, soft-spoken, sweet-eyed native sailors, and equipped with their great double-ender boats that tell a tale of boisterous sea-beaches. These steal out and in again, unnoted by the world or even the newspaper press, save for the line in the clearing column, "Schooner So-and-so for Yap and South Sea Islands"—steal out with nondescript cargoes of tinned salmon, gin, bolts of gaudy cotton stuff, women's hats, and Waterbury watches, to return, after a year, piled as high as to the eaves of the house with copra, or wallowing deep with the shells of the tortoise or the pearl oyster. To me, in my character of the Amateur Parisian, this island traffic, and even the island world, were beyond the bounds of curiosity, and how much more of knowledge. I stood there on the extreme shore of the West and of to-day. Seventeen hundred years ago, and seven thousand miles to the east, a legionary stood, perhaps, upon the wall of Antoninus, and looked northward toward the mountains of the Picts. For all the interval of time and space, I, when I looked from the cliff-house on the broad Pacific, was that man's heir and analogue: each of us standing on the verge of the Roman Empire (or, as we now call it, Western civilization), each of us gazing onward into zones unromanized. But I was dull. I looked rather backward, keeping a kind eye on Paris; and it required a series of converging incidents to change my attitude of nonchalance for one of interest, and even longing, which I little dreamed that I should live to gratify.

The first of these incidents brought me in acquaintance with a certain San Francisco character, who had something of a name beyond the limits of the city, and was known to many lovers of good English. I had discovered a new slum, a place of precarious, sandy cliffs, deep, sandy cuttings, solitary, ancient houses, and the butt-ends of streets. It was already environed. The ranks of the street-lamps threaded it unbroken. The city, upon all sides of it, was tightly packed, and growled with traffic. To-day, I do not doubt the very landmarks are all swept away; but it offered then, within narrow limits, a delightful peace, and (in the morning, when I chiefly went there) a seclusion almost rural. On a steep sand-hill, in this neighborhood, toppled, on the most insecure foundation, a certain row of houses, each with a bit of garden, and all (I have to presume) inhabited. Thither I used to mount by a crumbling footpath, and in front of the last of the houses, would sit down to sketch. The very first day I saw I was observed, out of the ground-floor window, by a youngish, good-looking fellow, prematurely bald, and with

an expression both lively and engaging. The second, as we were still the only figures in the landscape, it was no more than natural that we should nod. The third, he came fairly out from his entrenchments, praised my sketch, and with the impromptu cordiality of artists carried me into his apartment; where I sat presently in the midst of a museum of strange objects,—paddles and battle-clubs and baskets, rough-hewn stone images, ornaments of threaded shell, cocoanut bowls, snowy cocoanut plumes —evidences and examples of another earth, another climate, another race, and another (if a ruder) culture. Nor did these objects lack a fitting commentary in the conversation of my new acquaintance. Doubtless you have read his book. You know already how he tramped and starved, and had so fine a profit of living, in his days among the islands; and, meeting him, as I did, one artist with another, after months of offices and picnics, you can imagine with what charm he would speak, and with what pleasure I would hear. It was in such talks, which we were both eager to repeat, that I first heard the names—first fell under the spell—of the islands; and it was from one of the first of them that I returned (a happy man) with *Omoo* under one arm, and my friend's own adventures under the other.

The second incident was more dramatic, and had, besides, a bearing on my future. I was standing, one day, near a boat-landing under Telegraph Hill. A large barque, perhaps of eighteen hundred tons, was coming more than usually close about the point to reach her moorings; and I was observing her with languid inattention, when I observed two men to stride across the bulwarks, drop into a shore boat, and, violently dispossessing the boatman of his oars, pull toward the landing where I stood. In a surprisingly short time they came tearing up the steps; and I could see that both were too well dressed to be foremast hands—the first even with research, and both, and specially the first, appeared under the empire of some strong emotion.

"Nearest police office!" cried the leader.

"This way," said I, immediately falling in with their precipitate pace. "What's wrong? What ship is that?"

"That's the *Gleaner*," he replied. "I am chief officer, this gentleman's third; and we've to get in our depositions before the crew. You see they might corral us with the captain; and that's no kind of berth for me. I've sailed with some hard cases in my time, and seen pins flying like sand on a squally day—but never a match to our old man. It never let up from the Hook to the Farallones; and the last man was dropped not sixteen hours ago. Packet rats our men were, and as tough a crowd as ever sand-bagged a man's head in; but they looked sick enough when the captain started in with his fancy shooting."

"O, he's done up," observed the other. "He won't go to sea no more."

"You make me tired," retorted his superior. "If he gets ashore in one piece and isn't lynched in the next ten minutes, he'll do yet. The owners have a longer memory than the public; they'll stand by him; they don't find as smart a captain every day in the year."

"O, he's a son of a gun of a fine captain, there ain't no doubt of that," concurred the other, heartily. "Why, I don't suppose there's been no wages paid aboard that *Gleaner* for three trips."

"No wages?" I exclaimed, for I was still a novice in maritime affairs.

"Not to sailor-men before the mast," agreed the mate. "Men cleared out; wasn't the soft job they maybe took it for. She isn't the first ship that never paid wages."

I could not but observe that our pace was progressively relaxing; and indeed I have often wondered since whether the hurry of the start were not intended for the gallery alone. Certain it is at least, that when we had reached the police office, and the mates had made their deposition, and told their horrid tale of five men murdered, some with savage passion, some with cold brutality, between Sandy Hook and San Francisco, the police were despatched in time to be too late. Before we arrived, the ruffian had slipped out upon the dock, had mingled with the crowd, and found a refuge in the house of an acquaintance; and the ship was only

tenanted by his late victims. Well for him that he had been thus speedy. For when word began to go abroad among the shore-side characters, when the last victim was carried by to the hospital, when those who had escaped (as by miracle) from that floating shambles, began to circulate and show their wounds in the crowd, it was strange to witness the agitation that seized and shook that portion of the city. Men shed tears in public; bosses of lodging-houses, long inured to brutality, and above all, brutality to sailors, shook their fists at heaven: if hands could have been laid on the captain of the *Gleaner*, his shrift would have been short. That night (so gossip reports) he was headed up in a barrel and smuggled across the bay: in two ships already he had braved the penitentiary and the gallows; and yet, by last accounts, he now commands another on the Western Ocean.

As I have said, I was never quite certain whether Mr. Nares (the mate) did not intend that his superior should escape. It would have been like his preference of loyalty to law; it would have been like his prejudice, which was all in favor of the after-guard. But it must remain a matter of conjecture only. Well as I came to know him in the sequel, he was never communicative on that point, nor indeed on any that concerned the voyage of the *Gleaner*. Doubtless he had some reason for his reticence. Even during our walk to the police office, he debated several times with Johnson, the third officer, whether he ought not to give up himself, as well as to denounce the captain. He had decided in the negative, arguing that "it would probably come to nothing, and even if there was a stink, he had plenty good friends in San Francisco." And to nothing it came; though it must have very nearly come to something, for Mr. Nares disappeared immediately from view and was scarce less closely hidden than his captain.

Johnson, on the other hand, I often met. I could never learn this man's country; and though he himself claimed to be American, neither his English nor his education warranted the claim. In all likelihood he was of Scandinavian birth and blood, long pickled in the forecastles of English and American ships. It is possible that, like so many of his race in similar positions, he had already lost his native tongue. In mind, at least, he was quite denationalized; thought only in English—to call it so; and though by nature one of the mildest, kindest, and most feebly playful of mankind, he had been so long accustomed to the cruelty of sea discipline, that his stories (told perhaps with a giggle) would sometimes turn me chill. In appearance, he was tall, light of weight, bold and high-bred of feature, dusky-haired, and with a face of a clean even brown: the ornament of outdoor men. Seated in a chair, you might have passed him off for a baronet or a military officer; but let him rise, and it was Fo'c's'le Jack that came rolling toward you, crab-like; let him but open his lips, and it was Fo'c's'le Jack that piped and drawled his ungrammatical gibberish. He had sailed (among other places) much among the islands; and after a Cape Horn passage with its snow-squalls and its frozen sheets, he announced his intention of "taking a turn among them Kanakas." I thought I should have lost him soon; but according to the unwritten usage of mariners, he had first to dissipate his wages. "Guess I'll have to paint this town red," was his hyperbolical expression; for sure no man ever embarked upon a milder course of dissipation, most of his days being passed in the little parlor behind Black Tom's public house, with a select corps of old particular acquaintances, all from the South Seas, and all patrons of a long yarn, a short pipe, and glasses round.

Black Tom's, to the front, presented the appearance of a fourth-rate saloon, devoted to Kanaka seamen, dirt, negro-head tobacco, bad cigars, worse gin, and guitars and banjos in a state of decline. The proprietor, a powerful colored man, was at once a publican, a ward politician, leader of some brigade of "lambs" or "smashers," at the wind of whose clubs the party bosses and the mayor were supposed to tremble, and (what hurt nothing) an active and reliable crimp. His front quarters, then, were noisy, disreputable, and not even

safe. I have seen worse frequented saloons where there were fewer scandals; for Tom was often drunk himself; and there is no doubt the Lambs must have been a useful body, or the place would have been closed. I remember one day, not long before an election, seeing a blind man, very well dressed, led up to the counter and remain a long while in consultation with the negro. The pair looked so ill-assorted, and the awe with which the drinkers fell back and left them in an impromptu privacy was so unusual in such a place, that I turned to my next neighbor with a question. He told me the blind man was a distinguished party boss, called by some the King of San Francisco, but perhaps better known by his picturesque Chinese nickname of the Blind White Devil. "The Lambs must be wanted pretty bad, I guess," my informant added. I have here a sketch of the Blind White Devil leaning on the counter; on the next page, and taken the same hour, a jotting of Black Tom threatening a whole crowd of customers with a long Smith & Wesson: to such heights and depths we rose and fell in the front parts of the saloon.

Meanwhile, away in the back quarters, sat the small informal South Sea club, talking of another world and surely of a different century. Old schooner captains they were, old South Sea traders, cooks, and mates: fine creatures, softened by residence among a softer race: full men besides, though not by reading, but by strange experience; and for days together I could hear their yarns with an unfading pleasure. All had indeed some touch of the poetic; for the beach-comber, when not a mere ruffian, is the poor relation of the artist. Even though Johnson's inarticulate speech, his "O yes, there ain't no harm in them Kanakas," or, "O yes, that's a son of a gun of a fine island, mountainious right down; I didn't never ought to have left that island," there pierced a certain gusto of appreciation: and some of the rest were master-talkers. From their long tales, their traits of character and unpremeditated landscape, there began to piece itself together in my head some image of the islands and the island life: precipitous shores, spired mountain tops, the deep shade of hanging forests, the unresting surf upon the reef, and the unending peace of the lagoon; sun, moon, and stars of an imperial brightness; man moving in these scenes scarce fallen, and woman lovelier than Eve; the primal curse abrogated, the bed made ready for the stranger, life set to perpetual music, and the guest welcomed, the boat urged, and the long night beguiled, with poetry and choral song. A man must have been an unsuccessful artist; he must have starved on the streets of Paris; he must have been yoked to a commercial force like Pinkerton, before he can conceive the longings that at times assailed me. The draughty, rowdy city of San Francisco, the bustling office where my friend Jim paced like a caged lion daily between ten and four, even (at times) the retrospect of Paris, faded in comparison. Many a man less tempted would have thrown up all to realize his visions; but I was by nature unadventurous and uninitiative: to divert me from all former paths and send me cruising through the isles of paradise, some force external to myself must be exerted; Destiny herself must use the fitting wedge; and little as I deemed it, that tool was already in her hand of brass.

I sat, one afternoon, in the corner of a great, glassy, silvered saloon, a free lunch at my one elbow, at the other a "conscientious nude" from the brush of local talent; when, with the tramp of feet and a sudden buzz of voices, the swing-doors were flung broadly open and the place carried as by storm. The crowd which thus entered (mostly seafaring men, and all prodigiously excited) contained a sort of kernel or general centre of interest, which the rest merely surrounded and advertised, as children in the Old World surround and escort the Punch-and-Judy man; and word went round the bar like wildfire, that these were Captain Trent and the survivors of the British brig *Flying Scud*, picked up by a British war-ship on Midway Island, arrived that morning in San Francisco Bay, and now fresh from making the necessary declarations. Presently I had a good sight of them: four brown, seamanlike fellows, standing by

the counter, glass in hand, the centre of a score of questioners. One was a Kanaka—the cook, I was informed; one carried a cage with a canary, which occasionally trilled into thin song; one had his left arm in a sling and looked gentlemanlike, and somewhat sickly, as though the injury had been severe and he was scarce recovered; and the captain himself—a red-faced, blue-eyed thick-set man of five-and-forty—wore a bandage on his right hand. The incident struck me; I was struck particularly to see captain, cook, and 'foremast hands walking the street and visiting saloons in company; and, as when anything impressed me, I got my sketch-book out and began to steal a sketch of the four castaways. The crowd, sympathising with my design, made a clear lane across the room; and I was thus enabled, all unobserved myself, to observe with a still-growing closeness the face and the demeanor of Captain Trent.

Warmed by whiskey and encouraged by the eagerness of the bystanders, that gentleman was now rehearsing the history of his misfortune. It was but scraps that reached me: how he "filled her on the starboard tack," and how "it came up sudden out of the nor'nor'-west," and "there she was, high and dry." Sometimes he would appeal to one of the men—"That was how it was, Jack?"—and the man, deeply expectorating, would reply, "That was how it were, Cap'n Trent." Lastly, he started a fresh tide of popular sympathy by enunciating the sentiment, "Damn all the Admiralty Charts, and that's what I say!" From the nodding of heads and the murmurs of assent that followed, I could see that Captain Trent had established himself in the public mind as a gentleman and a thorough navigator: about which period, my sketch of the four men and the canary-bird being finished, and all (especially the canary-bird) excellent likenesses, I buckled on my book, and slipped from the saloon.

Little did I suppose that I was leaving Act I, Scene I, of the drama of my life; and yet the scene, or rather the captain's face, lingered for some time in my memory. I was no prophet, as I say; but I was something else: I was an observer; and one thing I knew, I knew when a man was terrified. Captain Trent, of the British brig *Flying Scud* had been glib; he had been ready; he had been loud; but in his blue eyes I could detect the chill, and in the lines of his countenance spy the agitation of perpetual terror. Was he trembling for his certificate? In my judgment, it was some livelier kind of fear that thrilled in the man's marrow as he turned to drink. Was it the result of recent shock, and had he not yet recovered the disaster to his brig? I remembered how a friend of mine had been in a railway accident, and shook and started for a month; and although Captain Trent of the *Flying Scud* had none of the appearance of a nervous man, I told myself, with incomplete conviction, that his must be a similar case.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WRECK OF THE "FLYING SCUD."

The next morning I found Pinkerton, who had risen before me, seated at our usual table, and deep in the perusal of what I will call the *Daily Occidental*. This was a paper (I know not if it be so still) that stood out alone among its brethren in the West; the others, down to their smallest item, were defaced with capitals, head lines, alliterations, swaggering misquotations, and the shoddy picturesque and unpathetic pathos of the Harry Millers: the *Occidental* alone appeared to be written by a dull, sane, Christian gentleman, singly desirous of communicating knowledge. It had not only this merit, which endeared it to me, but was admittedly the best informed on business matters, which attracted Pinkerton.

"Loudon," said he, looking up from the journal, "you sometimes think I have too many irons in the fire. My notion, on the other hand, is, when you see a dollar lying, pick it up! Well, here I've tumbled over a whole pile of 'em on a reef in the middle of the Pacific."

"Why, Jim, you miserable fellow!" I exclaimed; "haven't we Depew City, one of God's green centres for this State? haven't we——"

"Just listen to this," interrupted Jim. "It's miserable copy; these *Occidental* reporter fellows have no fire; but the facts are right enough, I guess." And he began to read:

"WRECK OF THE BRITISH BRIG, 'FLYING SCUD.'

"H. B. M. S. *Tempest*, which arrived yesterday at this port, brings Captain Trent and four men of the British brig *Flying Scud*, cast away February 12th on Midway Island, and most providentially rescued the next day. The *Flying Scud* was of 200 tons burthen, owned in London, and has been out nearly two years tramping. Captain Trent left Hong Kong December 8th, bound for this port in rice and a small mixed cargo of silks, teas, and china notions, the whole valued at $10,000, fully covered by insurance. The log shows plenty of fine weather, with light airs, calms, and squalls. In lat. 35 N., long. 178 E., his water going rotten, and misled by Hoyt's *North Pacific Directory*, which informed him there was a coaling station on the island, Captain Trent put in to Midway Island. He found it a literal sandbank, surrounded by a coral reef mostly submerged. Birds were very plenty, there was good fish in the lagoon, but no firewood; and the water, which could be obtained by digging, brackish. He found good holding-ground off the north end of the larger bank in fifteen fathoms water; bottom sandy, with coral patches. Here he was detained seven days by a calm, the crew suffering severely from the water, which was gone quite bad; and it was only on the evening of the 12th, that a little wind sprang up, coming puffy out of N.N.E. Late as it was, Captain Trent immediately weighed anchor and attempted to get out. While the vessel was beating up to the passage, the wind took a sudden lull and then veered squally into N. and even N.N.W., driving the brig ashore on the sand at about twenty minutes before six o'clock. John Wallen, a native of Finland, and Charles Holdorsen, a native of Sweden, were drowned alongside, in attempting to lower a boat, neither being able to swim, the squall very dark, and the noise of the breakers drowning everything. At the same time John Hardy, another of the crew, had his arm broken by the falls. Captain Trent further informed the OCCIDENTAL reporter, that the brig struck heavily at first bows on, he supposes upon coral; that she then drove over the obstacle, and now lies in sand, much down by the head and with a list to starboard. In the first collision she must have sustained some damage, as she was making water forward. The rice will probably be all destroyed; but the more valuable part of the cargo is fortunately in the afterhold. Captain Trent was preparing his longboat for sea, when the providential arrival of the *Tempest*, pursuant to Admiralty orders to call at islands in her course for castaways, saved the gallant captain from all further danger. It is scarcely necessary to add that both the officers and men of the unfortunate vessel speak in high terms of the kindness they received on board the man-of-war. We print a list of the survivors: Jacob Trent, master, of Hull, England; Elias Goddedael, mate, native of Christiansand, Sweden; Ah Wing, cook, native of Sana, China; John Brown, native of Glasgow, Scotland; John Hardy, native of London, England. The *Flying Scud* is ten years old, and this morning will be sold as she stands, by order of Lloyd's agent, at public auction for the benefit of the underwriters. The auction will take place in the Merchants' Exchange at ten o'clock.

"*Farther Particulars.*—Later in the afternoon the OCCIDENTAL reporter found Lieutenant Sebright, first officer of H. B. M. S. *Tempest*, at the Palace Hotel. The gallant officer was somewhat pressed for time, but confirmed the account given by Captain Trent in all particulars. He added that the *Flying Scud* is in an excellent berth, and except in the highly improbable event of a heavy N.W. gale, might last until next winter."

"You will never know anything of literature," said I, when Jim had finished. "That is a good, honest, plain piece of work, and tells the story clearly. I see only one mistake: the cook is

not a Chinaman ; he is a Kanaka, and I think a Hawaiian."

"Why, how do you know that?" asked Jim.

"I saw the whole gang yesterday in a saloon," said I. "I even heard the tale, or might have heard it, from Captain Trent himself, who struck me as thirsty and nervous."

"Well, that's neither here nor there," cried Pinkerton. "The point is, how about these dollars lying on a reef?"

"Will it pay?" I asked.

"Pay like a sugar trust!" exclaimed Pinkerton. "Don't you see what this British officer says about the safety? Don't you see the cargo's valued at ten thousand? Schooners are begging just now ; I can get my pick of them at two hundred and fifty a month ; and how does that foot up? It looks like three hundred per cent to me."

"You forget," I objected, "the captain himself declares the rice is damaged."

"That's a point, I know," admitted Jim. "But the rice is the sluggish article, anyway ; it's little more account than ballast ; it's the tea and silks that I look to : all we have to find is the proportion, and one look at the manifest will settle that. I've rung up Lloyd's on purpose ; the captain is to meet me there in an hour, and then I'll be as posted on that brig as if I built her. Besides, you've no idea what pickings there are about a wreck—copper, lead, rigging, anchors, chains, even the crockery, Loudon!"

"You seem to me to forget one trifle," said I. "Before you pick that wreck, you've got to buy her, and how much will she cost?"

"One hundred dollars," replied Jim, with the promptitude of an automaton.

"How on earth do you guess that?" I cried.

"I don't guess ; I know it," answered the Commercial Force. "My dear boy, I may be a galoot about literature, but you'll always be an outsider in business. How do you suppose I bought the *James L. Moody* for two hundred and fifty, her boats alone worth four times the money? Because my name stood first in the list. Well, it stands there again ; I have the naming of the figure, and I name a small one because of the distance : but it wouldn't matter what I named ; that would be the price."

"It sounds mysterious enough," said I. "Is this public auction conducted in a subterranean vault? Could a plain citizen—myself, for instance—come and see?"

"Oh, everything's open and above board!" he cried indignantly. "Anybody can come, only nobody bids against us ; and if he did he would get frozen out. It's been tried before now, and once was enough. We hold the plant ; we've got the connection ; we can afford to go higher than any outsider ; there's two million dollars in the ring ; and we stick at nothing. Or suppose anybody did buy over our head—I tell you, Loudon, he would think this town gone crazy ; he could no more get business through on the city front than I can dance ; schooners, divers, men—all he wanted—the prices would fly right up and strike him."

"But how did you get in?" I asked. "You were once an outsider like your neighbors, I suppose?"

"I took hold of that thing, Loudon, and just studied it up," he replied. "It took my fancy ; it was so romantic, and then I saw there was boodle in the thing ; and I figured on the business till no man alive could give me points. Nobody knew I had an eye on wrecks till one fine morning I dropped in upon Douglas B. Longhurst in his den, gave him all the facts and figures, and put it to him straight : 'Do you want me in this ring? or shall I start another?' He took half an hour, and when I came back, 'Pink,' says he, 'I've put your name on.' The first time I came to the top, it was that *Moody* racket ; now it's the *Flying Scud*."

Whereupon Pinkerton, looking at his watch, uttered an exclamation, made a hasty appointment with myself for the doors of the Merchants' Exchange, and fled to examine manifests and interview the skipper. I finished my cigarette with the deliberation of a man at the end of many picnics ; reflecting to myself that of all forms of the dollar hunt, this wrecking had by far the most address to my imagination. Even as I went down town, in the brisk bustle

and chill of the familiar San Francisco thoroughfares, I was haunted by a vision of the wreck, baking so far away in the strong sun, under a cloud of sea-birds; and even then, and for no better reason, my heart inclined toward the adventure. If not myself, something that was mine, some one at least in my employment should voyage to that ocean-bounded pin-point and descend to that deserted cabin.

Pinkerton met me at the appointed moment, pinched of lip and more than usually erect of bearing, like one conscious of great resolves.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "it might be better, and it might be worse. This Captain Trent is a remarkably honest fellow—one out of a thousand. As soon as he knew I was in the market, he owned up about the rice in so many words. By his calculation, if there's thirty mats of it saved, it's an outside figure. However, the manifest was cheerier. There's about five thousand dollars of the whole value in silks and teas and nut-oils and that, all in the lazarette, and as safe as if it was in Kearney Street. The brig was new coppered a year ago. There's upward of a hundred and fifty fathom away-up chain. It's not a bonanza, but there's boodle in it; and we'll try it on."

It was by that time hard on ten o'clock, and we turned at once into the place of sale. The *Flying Scud*, although so important to ourselves, appeared to attract a very humble share of popular attention. The auctioneer was surrounded by perhaps a score of lookers-on, big fellows, for the most part, of the true Western build, long in the leg, broad in the shoulder, and adorned (to a plain man's taste) with needless finery. A jaunty, ostentatious comradeship prevailed. Bets were flying, and nicknames. "The boys" (as they would have called themselves) were very boyish; and it was plain they were here in mirth, and not on business. Behind, and certainly in strong contrast to these gentlemen, I could detect the figure of my friend Captain Trent, come (as I could very well imagine that a captain would) to hear the last of his old vessel. Since yesterday, he had rigged himself anew in ready-made black clothes, not very aptly fitted; the upper left-hand pocket showing a corner of silk handkerchief, the lower, on the other side, bulging with papers. Pinkerton had just given this man a high character. Certainly he seemed to have been very frank, and I looked at him again to trace (if possible) that virtue in his face. It was red and broad and flustered and (I thought) false. The whole man looked sick with some unknown anxiety; and as he stood there, unconscious of my observation, he tore at his nails, scowled on the floor, or glanced suddenly, sharply, and fearfully at passers-by. I was still gazing at the man in a kind of fascination, when the sale began.

Some preliminaries were rattled through, to the irreverent, uninterrupted gambolling of the boys; and then, amid a trifle more attention, the auctioneer sounded for some two or three minutes the pipe of the charmer. Fine brig—new copper—valuable fittings—three fine boats—remarkably choice cargo—what the auctioneer would call a perfectly safe investment; nay, gentlemen, he would go further, he would put a figure on it: he had no hesitation (had that bold auctioneer) in putting it in figures; and in his view, what with this and that, and one thing and another, the purchaser might expect to clear a sum equal to the entire estimated value of the cargo; or, gentlemen, in other words, a sum of ten thousand dollars. At this modest computation the roof immediately above the speaker's head (I suppose, through the intervention of a spectator of ventriloquial tastes) uttered a clear "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"—whereat all laughed, the auctioneer himself obligingly joining.

"Now, gentlemen, what shall we say," resumed that gentleman, plainly ogling Pinkerton,—"what shall we say for this remarkable opportunity?"

"One hundred dollars," said Pinkerton.

"One hundred dollars from Mr. Pinkerton," went the auctioneer, "one hundred dollars. No other gentleman inclined to make any advance? One hundred dollars, only one hundred dollars . . ."

The auctioneer was droning on to some such tune as this, and I, on my part, was watching with something between sympathy and amazement the undisguised emotion of Captain Trent, when we were all startled by the interjection of a bid.

"And fifty," said a sharp voice.

Pinkerton, the auctioneer, and the boys, who were all equally in the open secret of the ring, were now all equally and simultaneously taken aback.

"I beg your pardon," said the auctioneer. "Anybody bid?"

"And fifty," reiterated the voice, which I was now able to trace to its origin, on the lips of a small, unseemly rag of human-kind. The speaker's skin was gray and blotched; he spoke in a kind of broken song, with much variety of key; his gestures seemed (as in the disease called Saint Vitus's dance) to be imperfectly under control; he was badly dressed; he carried himself with an air of shrinking assumption, as though he were proud to be where he was and to do what he was doing, and yet half expected to be called in question and kicked out. I think I never saw a man more of a piece; and the type was new to me; I had never before set eyes upon his parallel, and I thought instinctively of Balzac and the lower regions of the *Comédie Humaine*.

Pinkerton stared a moment on the intruder with no friendly eye, tore a leaf from his note-book, and scribbled a line in pencil, turned, beckoned a messenger boy, and whispered "To Longhurst." Next moment, the boy had sped upon his errand, and Pinkerton was again facing the auctioneer.

"Two hundred dollars," said Jim.

"And fifty," said the enemy.

"This looks lively," whispered I to Pinkerton.

"Yes; the little beast means cold drawn biz," returned my friend. "Well, he'll have to have a lesson. Wait till I see Longhurst. Three hundred," he added aloud.

"And fifty," came the echo.

It was about this moment when my eye fell again on Captain Trent. A deeper shade had mounted to his crimson face: the new coat was unbuttoned and all flying open; the new silk handkerchief in busy requisition; and the man's eye, of a clear sailor blue, shone glassy with excitement. He was anxious still, but now (if I could read a face) there was hope in his anxiety.

"Jim," I whispered, "look at Trent. Bet you what you please, he was expecting this."

"Yes," was the reply, "there's some blame' thing going on here." And he renewed his bid.

The figure had run up into the neighbourhood of a thousand when I was aware of a sensation in the faces opposite, and looking over my shoulder, saw a very large, bland, handsome man come strolling forth and make a little signal to the auctioneer.

"One word, Mr. Borden," said he; and then to Jim, "Well, Pink, where are we up to now?"

Pinkerton gave him the figure. "I ran up to that on my own responsibility, Mr. Longhurst," he added, with a flush. "I thought it the square thing."

"And so it was," said Mr. Longhurst, patting him kindly on the shoulder, like a gratified uncle. "Well, you can drop out now; we take hold ourselves. You can run it up to five thousand; and if he likes to go beyond that, he's welcome to the bargain."

"By the by, who is he!" asked Pinkerton. "He looks away down."

"I've sent Billy to find out." And at the very moment Mr. Longhurst received from the hands of one of the expensive young gentlemen a folded paper. It was passed round from one to another till it came to me, and I read: Harry D. Bellairs, Attorney-at-Law; defended Clara Varden; twice nearly disbarred."

"Well, that gets me!" observed Mr. Longhurst. "Who can have put up a shyster* like that? Nobody with money, that's a sure thing. Suppose you tried a big bluff? I think I would, Pink. Well, ta-ta! Your partner, Mr. Dodd? Happy to have the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir." And the great man withdrew.

"Well, what do you think of Douglas B.?" whispered Pinkerton, looking reverently after him as he departed. "Six foot of perfect gentleman and culture to his boots."

*A low lawyer.

During this interview the auction had stood transparently arrested, the auctioneer, the spectators, and even Bellairs, all well aware that Mr. Longhurst was the principal, and Jim but a speaking-trumpet. But now that the Olympian Jupiter was gone, Mr. Borden thought proper to affect severity.

"Come, come, Mr. Pinkerton. Any advance?" he snapped.

And Pinkerton, resolved on the big bluff, replied, "Two thousand dollars."

Bellairs preserved his composure. "And fifty," said he. But there was a stir among the onlookers, and what was of more importance, Captain Trent had turned pale and visibly gulped.

"Pitch it in again, Jim," said I. "Trent is weakening."

"Three thousand," said Jim.

"And fifty, said Bellairs.

And then the bidding returned to its original movement by hundreds and fifties; but I had been able in the meanwhile to draw two conclusions. In the first place, Bellairs had made his last advance with a smile of gratified vanity; and I could see the creature was glorying in the *kudos* of an unusual position and secure of ultimate success. In the second, Trent had once more changed color at the thousand leap, and his relief, when he heard the answering fifty, was manifest and unaffected. Here then was a problem; both were presumably in the same interest, yet the one was not in the confidence of the other. Nor was this all. A few bids later it chanced that my eye encountered that of Captain Trent, and his, which glittered with excitement, was instantly, and I thought guiltily, withdrawn. He wished, then, to conceal his interest? As Jim had said, there was some blamed thing going on. And for certain, here were these two men, so strangely united, so strangely divided, both sharp-set to keep the wreck from us, and that at an exorbitant figure.

Was the wreck worth more than we supposed? A sudden heat was kindled in my brain; the bids were nearing Longhurst's limit of five thousand; another minute and all would be too late. Tearing a leaf from my sketch-book, and inspired (I suppose) by vanity in my own powers of inference and observation, I took the one mad decision of my life. "*If you care to go ahead,*" I wrote, "*I'm in for all I'm worth.*"

Jim read, and looked round at me like one bewildered; then his eyes lightened, and turning again to the auctioneer, he bid, "Five thousand one hundred dollars."

"And fifty," said monotonous Bellairs.

Presently Pinkerton scribbled, "*What can it be?*" and I answered, still on paper: "*I can't imagine; but there's something. Watch Bellairs; he'll go up to the ten thousand; see if he don't.*"

And he did, and we followed. Long before this, word had gone abroad that there was battle royal: we were surrounded by a crowd that looked on wondering; and when Pinkerton had offered ten thousand dollars (the outside value of the cargo, even were it safe in San Francisco Bay), and Bellairs, smirking from ear to ear to be the centre of so much attention, had jerked out his answering, "And fifty," wonder deepened to excitement.

"Ten thousand one hundred," said Jim; and even as he spoke he made a sudden gesture with his hand, his face changed, and I could see that he had guessed, or thought that he had guessed, the mystery. As he scrawled another memorandum in his note-book, his hand shook like a telegraph-operator's.

"*Chinese ship,*" ran the legend; and then, in big, tremulous half-text, and with a flourish that overran the margin, "*Opium!*"

To be sure! thought I: this must be the secret. I knew that scarce a ship came in from any Chinese port, but she carried somewhere, behind a bulkhead, or in some cunning hollow of the beams, a nest of the valuable poison. Doubtless there was some such treasure on the *Flying Scud*. How much was it worth? We knew not, we were gambling in the dark; but Trent knew, and Bellairs; and we could only watch and judge.

By this time neither Pinkerton nor I were of sound mind. Pinkerton was beside himself, his eyes like lamps. I shook in every member. To any stranger entering (say) in the course of the fifteenth thousand, we should probably have cut a poorer figure than Bellairs himself.

But we did not pause; and the crowd watched us, now in silence, now with a buzz of whispers.

Seventeen thousand had been reached, when Douglas B. Longhurst, forcing his way into the opposite row of faces, conspicuously and repeatedly shook his head at Jim. Jim's answer was a note of two words: "*My racket!*" which, when the great man had perused, he shook his finger warningly, and departed, I thought, with a sorrowful countenance.

Although Mr. Longhurst knew nothing of Bellairs, the shady lawyer knew all about the Wrecker Boss. He had seen him enter the ring with manifest expectation; he saw him depart, and the bids continue, with manifest surprise and disappointment. "Hullo!" he plainly thought, "this is not the ring I'm fighting, then?" And he determined to put on a spurt.

"Eighteen thousand," said he.

"And fifty," said Jim, taking a leaf out of his adversary's book.

"Twenty thousand," from Bellairs.

"And fifty," from Jim, with a little nervous titter.

And with one consent they returned to the old pace, only now it was Bellairs who took the hundreds, and Jim who did the fifty business. But by this time our idea had gone abroad. I could hear the word "opium" pass from mouth to mouth; and by the looks directed at us, I could see we were supposed to have some private information. And here an incident occurred highly typical of San Francisco. Close at my back there had stood for some time a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with pleasant eyes, hair pleasantly grizzled, and a ruddy, pleasing face. All of a sudden, he appeared as a third competitor, skied the *Flying Scud* with four fat bids of a thousand dollars each, and then as suddenly fled the field, remaining thenceforth (as before) a silent, interested spectator.

Ever since Mr. Longhurst's useless intervention, Bellairs had seemed uneasy; and at this new attack, he began (in his turn) to scribble a note between the bids. I imagined naturally enough that it would go to Captain Trent; but when it was done, and the writer turned and looked behind him in the crowd, to my unspeakable amazement, he did not seem to remark the captain's presence.

"Messenger boy, messenger boy!" I heard him say. "Somebody call me a messenger boy."

At last somebody did, but it was not the captain.

"*He's sending for instructions,*" I wrote to Pinkerton.

"*For money,*" he wrote back. "*Shall I strike out? I think this is the time.*"

I nodded.

"Thirty thousand," said Pinkerton, making a leap of close upon three thousand dollars.

I could see doubt in Bellairs's eye; then, sudden resolution. "Thirty-five thousand," said he.

"Forty thousand," said Pinkerton.

There was a long pause, during which Bellairs's countenance was a book; and then, not much too soon for the impending hammer, "Forty Thousand and five dollars," said he.

Pinkerton and I exchanged eloquent glances. We were of one mind. Bellairs had tried a bluff; now he perceived his mistake, and was bidding against time; he was trying to spin out the sale until the messenger boy returned.

"Forty-five thousand dollars," said Pinkerton: his voice was like a ghost's and tottered with emotion.

"Forty-five thousand and five dollars," said Bellairs.

"Fifty thousand," said Pinkerton.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Pinkerton. Did I hear you make an advance, sir?" asked the auctioneer.

"I—I have a difficulty in speaking," gasped Jim. "It's fifty thousand, Mr. Borden."

Bellairs was on his feet in a moment. "Auctioneer," he said, "I have to beg the favor of three moments at the telephone. In this matter, I am acting on behalf of a certain party to whom I have just written——"

"I have nothing to do with any of this," said the auctioneer, brutally. "I am here to sell this wreck. Do you make any advance on fifty thousand?"

"I have the honor to explain to you, sir," returned Bellairs, with a miserable assumption of dignity. "Fifty thousand was the figure named by my princi-

"Going at fifty thousand, the wreck of the brig Flying Scud!"

pal; but if you will give me the small favor of two moments at the telephone——"

"O, nonsense!" said the auctioneer. "If you make no advance, I'll knock it down to Mr. Pinkerton."

"I warn you," cried the attorney, with sudden shrillness. "Have a care what you're about. You are here to sell for the underwriters, let me tell you—not to act for Mr. Douglas Longhurst. This sale has been already disgracefully interrupted to allow that person to hold a consultation with his minions. It has been much commented on."

"There was no complaint at the time," said the auctioneer, manifestly discountenanced. "You should have complained at the time."

"I am not here to conduct this sale," replied Bellairs; "I am not paid for that."

"Well, I am, you see," retorted the auctioneer, his impudence quite restored; and he resumed his sing-song. "Any advance on fifty thousand dollars? No advance on fifty thousand? No advance, gentlemen? Going at fifty thousand, the wreck of the brig *Flying Scud* —going—going—gone!"

"My God, Jim, can we pay the money?" I cried, as the stroke of the hammer seemed to recall me from a dream.

"It's got to be raised," said he, white as a sheet. "It'll be a hell of a strain, Loudon. The credit's good for it, I think; but I shall have to get around. Write me a cheque for your stuff. Meet you at the Occidental in an hour."

I wrote my cheque at a desk, and I declare I could never have recognized my signature. Jim was gone in a moment; Trent had vanished even earlier; only Bellairs remained exchanging insults with the auctioneer; and behold! as I pushed my way out of the exchange, who should run full tilt into my arms, but the messenger boy?

It was by so near a margin that we became the owners of the *Flying Scud.*

(To be continued.)

AUTUMN HAZE.

By R. K. Munkittrick.

Across the pearly distance
It lies on hill and stream,
In banks of airy turquoise
As softly as a dream—

A slumbrous smoke that rises
Serenely in the cold,
From autumn woodlands blazing
In flames of rosy gold.

"These two had a commanding position."—Page 445.

HUNTING AMERICAN BIG GAME.

By Archibald Rogers.

SOME eight or ten years ago it was by no means difficult for one who knew where to go and how to hunt, to get excellent shooting in northwestern Wyoming. Large game was there moderately abundant, with the exception of buffalo. The latter had just been exterminated, but, bleaching in the sun, the ghastly evidences of man's sordid and selfish policy lay exposed at every step.

Indian troubles of a very formidable character did a great deal toward keeping the game intact in this portion of the country by keeping the white man out, and while other parts of Wyoming grew, and towns sprang up with rapid growth to become in an incredibly short time cities, involving in destruction, as the past sad history shows, the wild animals in their vicinity, this Northwestern portion remained unsettled and acted as an asylum to receive within its rocky, mountain ranges and vast sheltering forests, the scattering bands of elk and deer fleeing from annihilation and the encroaching haunts of men. As soon as it was safe then, and in some instances unquestionably before, cattlemen, not inaptly styled pioneers of civ-

ilization, began to drift down along the valley of the Big Horn, and, like the patriarchs of old, "brought their flocks with them," settling here and there wherever they could find advantageous sites for their ranches.

And now, as I propose to give some hunting experiences of those days, if you will accompany me to Billings, on the Northern Pacific Railway, the nearest town to my ranch and the Mecca to which the devout cattle-man drives his wagon for supplies, I will introduce you to the foot-hills and mountains, and some of the adventures therein.

After four days on a sleeping car it is a delightful release to tumble out on a frosty September morning, and being guided to where the ranch wagon and crew are bivouacked just outside the limits of the rapidly growing town, to get one's breakfast on terra-firma. No time is now to be wasted; the mules are hitched up; the little band of horses are rounded together, and when we have jumped into our saddles, the cook, who always handles the reins, gives a crack of his whip, and we take our departure from civilization. A couple of miles takes us to a primitive wire-rope ferry, where we cross the Yellowstone River, which at this season of the year is low and clear; in a few minutes we are over, and ascending the bluffs on the other side take our last look at the beautiful valley we are leaving behind.

By night we reach Pryor's Creek, and picking out as good a camping place as possible, the mules are soon unhitched and with the horses turned loose to graze. While the cook is preparing the evening meal I bag a few prairie chickens to give variety to the fare. Breakfasting at daylight the next morning, we are soon under way again, with Pryors Mountains in the distance as our goal for this day's journey. Toward evening the white tepees of an Indian camp are visible clustered in a picturesque group close to Pryors Mountains. Passing them, not without paying a slight tribute in the way of tobacco and such other gifts as our copper-colored friends generally demand, we fairly enter Pryors Gap, and there, in a delightful amphitheatre, we again make camp. This evening we must have trout for supper, so all hands go to work and we are soon rewarded with a fine mess of trout from the head waters of Pryors Creek.

The next day, as we reach the summit of the Gap, one of the most beautiful views in the country opens out. The great main range of the Rocky Mountains stretches before us, its rugged, snow-capped peaks glistening in the morning sun, and we long to be there, but many a long mile still intervenes, and forty-four miles of desert has to be crossed to-day. This is always an arduous undertaking. It is monotonous in the extreme, and men and animals are sure to suffer for want of good water, for after leaving Sage Creek on the other side of the Gap, there is no water to be had until Stinking Water River * is reached. But all things must have an end, and at last, late in the evening, we find ourselves encamped on the banks of that stream, beautiful despite its unfortunate name.

Fording the river the next morning, not a very terrifying operation in its present low stage, we climb the steep bank and soon begin our long ascent of the divide that separates us from our ranch and Greybull River. Accompanied by an immense amount of expletives, and very bad language, the mules are finally induced to gain the summit. Here even the most casual observer could not fail to be impressed with the magnificent and apparently indefinite expanse of mountain scenery, that, turn which way he will, meets his view. However, we have no time to linger, and picking our way among the countless buffalo wallows which indent the level surface of the summit, the wagon, with its wheels double locked, is soon groaning and creaking down the descent, which leads to the merrily rushing Meeteetse, following down which to its junction with Greybull, we are soon inside our own fence, and are joyously welcomed by the dogs. Here, too, I find my trusty friend and companion of all my hunting trips, Tazwell Woody, a grizzled veteran of the mountains, who

* Bancroft in his account of the early explorations of Wyoming refers to this river as follows: "It is a slander to use this non-descriptive name for an inoffensive stream. The early trappers took it from the Indians, who, in their peculiar fashion, called it 'the river that ran by the stinking water,' referring to bad-smelling hot springs on its banks."

once long ago claimed Missouri as his home. From the ranch to the mountains is a comparatively short trip, for one day's travel to the westward would place you well up on their slopes.

Let me say of this portion of the range that it is the most rugged, broken, and precipitous of its whole extent, and the charm of overcoming its apparent inaccessibility can only be appreciated by one who has toiled and sweated in surmounting the difficulties of mountain travel from a pure love of nature in its wildest and grandest form.

Experience having taught me long ago that it was well-nigh impossible to get good specimens of all the different varieties of big game on any one trip, I made up my mind to devote a certain amount of time each year to one variety. By this means their habits could be studied more closely, and the main point never lost sight of. In a short paper like this I may best take up the chief of these varieties one by one, and without regard to the time of their occurrence tell something of my experiences with each. And first, as to perhaps the shyest, the Rocky Mountain sheep.

In the pursuit of Rocky Mountain sheep, the hunter, to be successful, must have a fondness for the mountains, a sure foot, good wind, and a head which no height will turn. These requisites, with patience and perseverance, will, sooner or later, as the hunter gains experience, reward him with ample returns. Sometimes, however, the unexpected will happen, and the following tale will serve as an example. We were camping well up in the mountains, and almost any hour of the day sheep could be seen with the glasses. I was after sheep; it was my intent, business, and purpose to get some if possible, and all my energies were concentrated in that direction.

There were two fine rams in particular that we could see about a mile and a half from camp occupying the slope of a rocky point or promontory that jutted out from a spur of the range. These two had a commanding position, for while it seemed impossible to get to them from above, they could see every movement from below or on each side of them. However, after studying the country for two days, I found that by ascending the mountain behind them, and coming down again I could still keep above them, though there was a very narrow ledge of rocks, rather a hazardous place, that had to be crossed to get to the point they were on. This narrow ledge they had to come back on to get to the main part of the mountain; so, stationing my companion there, and taking off my shoes, and putting on an extra pair of heavy stockings, I proceeded to crawl toward the sheep.

With due care, and not making a sound, I made a most successful stalk. Peering over the ledge I just raised my head enough to be sure my game was still there. They were there, sure enough, within seventy-five yards of me, totally unconscious of danger, when all of a sudden they sprang to their feet and dashed away from below me as though possessed of a devil. I fired hastily, but of course missed, and turning, tried to run back to head them off, wondering what had started them, as I knew I had made no noise. But running over broken rock in one's stocking feet is a very different thing from the slow, deliberate movements that brought me there, and besides, in a few seconds I had the mortification of seeing my would-be victims bounding across the narrow ledge that separated them from the mountain. However, I thought with satisfaction that at least one would meet its death from my companion in hiding, but, alas! although the rams almost knocked him down, his cartridge missed fire.

Regaining my shoes, which was a great relief, I soon joined my companion and then discovered the curious adventure I had been made the subject of. It seems that when I had reached a point well down on the promontory I must have disturbed a cougar which was evidently there for the same purpose I was, and which had stealthily followed me as I proceeded toward the sheep. Old Woody described it as highly amusing—I sneaking down after the rams, and the panther sneaking down upon me. As soon as the beast got an opportunity it

turned off, and, making the descent, alarmed the rams and thus spoiled my hunt.

For several days I watched this point, but those rams never came back to it again. However, not long after this I was amply rewarded and secured a fine specimen. From one of the high ledges I was looking down into a sort of amphitheatre shut in by massive rocky heights. In this secluded retreat a little band of ewes, with one grand old patriarch as their master, could be seen every day disporting themselves with many a curious gambol. After many unsuccessful attempts I was enabled to get a shot, and great was my delight to deprive this little band of their supercilious protector. Upon another occasion I was camping away back up in the mountains where there were about eighteen inches of snow on the ground. The weather had been villainous; there was no meat in the camp, and I determined to see if I could not get a deer. The prospect was not very cheering, for shortly after starting a heavy fog shut down, hiding all objects from view. I had not proceeded far, however, when I struck the fresh track of a ram, and following it cautiously for about a mile through the open, it led into a dense patch of pine on the side of the mountain. Proceeding very carefully now, I soon made out the outline of a fine old ram that had wandered off here in the timber to be by himself. Giving him no time to run, for I was close upon him, certainly not farther than twenty-five yards, I planted a shot just back of the shoulder, but he did not seem to mind it. I gave him another when he started to walk slowly off. One more shot in the same place and down he came. Even then he died hard. Such is the vitality of an old ram; for upon examining him I found

"I sneaking down after the rams, and the panther sneaking down after me."

his heart all torn to pieces. This was a good head of nearly sixteen inches circumference of horns, and the girth of chest was forty-six inches. In returning to camp for horses to pack him on, I jumped five more sheep, but having done well enough, they were allowed to disappear in safety.

Sheep have a wonderfully keen vision, and it is absolutely useless to try to get to them if they once see you, unless you happen to be above them and on their favorite runway; then they huddle together and try to break back past you. The only safe rule is to travel high and keep working up above their feeding grounds. In the spring of the year they are much easier to kill than in the fall, for then the heavy winter snows have driven them out of the mountains, and they come low down after the fresh green grass. The rams are then in bands, having laid aside the hostility that later in the year seems to possess each and every one of them.

I was much interested once in watching a band of eight rams, all of them old fellows. They would feed early in the morning and then betake themselves to a large rock which stood on a grassy slope, where they would play for hours. One of them would jump on the rock and challenge the others to butt him off. Two or three would then jump up, and their horns would come together with a clash that I could hear from my position, which was fully a quarter of a mile away. On one occasion I saw them suddenly stop their play and each ram became fixed; there the little band stood as though carved out of stone. They remained that way for quite half an hour without a movement. I could not detect with the glasses the slightest motion, when, presently, three strange rams made their appearance. Here was the explanation that I was looking for. They had seen them long before I had. The three visitors were not very well received, but were compelled to beat an ignominious and hasty retreat.

As summer draws near, and the winter snow begins to disappear, bands of elk may be seen migrating toward their favorite ranges. The bulls are now together in bands of greater or less extent. Their horns are well grown out, but are soft and in the velvet. The cows and calves stick closely to the thick timber. As the season advances and the flies become troublesome, the bulls will get up as high as they can climb and seem to delight in standing on the brink of some mountain precipice. I have often wondered, in seeing them standing thus, whether they were insensible of the magnificent scenery that surrounded them.

Reader, what would you have given to have seen, as I have, a band of two hundred and fifty bull-elk all collected together on a beautiful piece of green grassy turf at an elevation of nine thousand feet? Here was a sight to make a man's nerves tingle. This was the largest band of bulls, by actual count, that I have ever seen, though my cousin and partner once saw in the fall of the year, including bulls, cows, and calves, fifteen hundred. This was on the memorable occasion when the only elk ever killed by any of my men gave up his life, and we have all concluded that this particular elk was frightened to death, for though three men shot at him and each was confident he hit him, they always asserted afterward that no bullet mark could be found on him.

Generally, in August, in each band of bulls there will be found one or two barren cows; about the end of August, after the bulls have rubbed the velvet off their antlers, they will come back to the vicinity of the bands of cows. I have seen bulls as late as September 4th peaceably feeding or resting among the bands of cows. Usually, in a band of fifty cows, there would be three or four males, including, possibly, one or two spike-bulls.* I have seen these spike-bulls in the velvet as late as September 4th, though by that time the older bulls had mostly rubbed the velvet off. A little later, about September 7th, the bulls begin to challenge each other, in hunting parlance, whistling. This, on a clear frosty night, is sometimes extremely melodious, and it is one of the most impossible sounds to imitate. Hunting elk, if I may be pardoned for

* A spike-bull is a young elk carrying his first or dag antlers. These are single tined, though in rare instances they are bifurcated.

saying it, I do not consider very exciting sport to a man thoroughly versed in the woods. They are far too noble an animal to kill unnecessarily, and if one hunts them in September when they are whistling, it is a very easy matter, guided by the sound, to stalk them successfully.

Elk, like the rest of the deer family, are excessively fond of saline matter. Their trails may be seen leading from every direction to the great alkaline licks that abound in certain parts of their mountain ranges. Among other favorite resorts are springs, which make on steep wooded slopes a delightful, boggy wallowing place. The bulls revel in these from August to the middle of September. It is not an uncommon thing to kill them just as they emerge from their viscous bath coated with mud. The elk has a great deal of natural curiosity, and I have seen instances of it to an extraordinary degree where they have been but little hunted or alarmed. My friend Phillips, of Washington, who was with me, will vouch for the veracity of this story, which I give as an example. We were wandering along the top of the mountain, some nine thousand feet up, trying to stalk some elk, not to shoot them, but to photograph them. We jumped a small band of bulls numbering about sixteen. They trotted slowly off, stopping to look back frequently, until all but two large bulls had disappeared. These walked slowly back to within fifty yards of where we were standing, and stopped, facing us.

It was truly one of the most charming sights one could have wished for, to have those graceful, sleek creatures almost close enough to caress. Presently, with a defiant snort, and with a succession of short barks, they would move away and come back again, repeating these manœuvres over and over again, until we got tired of trying to look like a brace of marble posts and sat down. We thought this would frighten them, but it did not, and once I thought they were going to proceed from curiosity to more offensive operations, so close did they come to us. Even my caterwauling, as my friend unfeelingly characterized my attempt to imitate their challenges, did not seem to alarm them, and not until a full half hour had elapsed did this pair of worthies jog off.

Elk are vigorous fighters, and while it seems but seldom that their combats terminate fatally, the broken points of their antlers, and their scarred and bruised bodies bear testimony to the severity of their encounters. A full-grown elk stands about sixteen hands high, is about eight feet two inches long from nose to tip of tail, and with a girth around the chest of about six feet.

It was on the head of Wind River that I secured my largest head. The regularity of the points was somewhat marred, as the bull had evidently been fighting only a short time before I killed him. These horns were not very massive, but the length, measured along the outside curve, is sixty-three and seven-eighth inches. The circumference between bay and tray is from seven and one-half to eight inches, and the greatest spread between antlers is forty-nine inches.

Probably more horrible lies have been told by bear hunters than any other class of men, except, perhaps, fishermen, who are renowned for their yarns. However, I trust that in the case of the few instances I have to give of my experience I can keep fairly within the bounds of truth.

Bear hunting, as a general rule, I do not think would appeal to most sportsmen. It is rather slow work, and one is often very inadequately rewarded for the amount of time and trouble spent in hunting up bruin. There is hardly a portion of the mountains where there are not evidences of bear, but I do not believe that in any locality they are especially abundant. They have been hunted and trapped so long that those who survive are extremely cautious. In my experience there is no animal gifted with a greater amount of intelligence, and, in this region, the hunter's chief virtue, patience to wait and stay in one spot, is sure to be rewarded sooner or later with a good shot.

Let me say now that the danger and ferocity of the bear is, I think, very much over-stated, yet there is just

"Trying to stalk some elk, not to shoot them, but to photograph them"

enough element of danger to make the pursuit of this animal exciting. Naturalists do not now apparently recognize more than two varieties of bear in the Rocky Mountains. That is, they class the cinnamon, silver-tip, and grizzly, as grizzly bear. The other variety, of course, is the black bear. I am by no means sure that the grizzly bear will not be further subdivided after careful comparisons of collections of skulls.

Much has been said and written about the size and weight of the grizzly bear, and in most instances this has been mere guess-work. Lewis and Clark made frequent mention of this animal, and yet their estimate of the weight falls far below that of other writers. Only a few instances have come to my knowledge where the weight has been ascertained absolutely. A good-sized grizzly killed in Yellowstone Park last summer by Wilson, the

Government scout, weighed six hundred pounds. Colonel Pickett, who has a neighboring ranch to mine, and who has killed more bear than any man I know of, weighed his largest, which, if I remember rightly, weighed eight hundred pounds. One will, of course, occasionally see a very large skin, and from its size it would seem impossible that the animal that once filled it out, if in good condition, could have weighed less than twelve hundred pounds. But I think it may be safely set down that the average weight of most specimens that one will get in the mountains will be under, rather than over, five hundred pounds.

To me, bear hunting possesses a great fascination, and for years I have hunted nothing else. Personally I prefer to go after them in the spring. Their skins are then in their prime, the hair long and soft, and their claws (if valued as they should be) are long and sharp from disuse. Bear seek their winter quarters in Bad Lands and in the mountains. Those that adopt the former come out much earlier; consequently if the hunter is on the ground soon enough, he may, by beginning in the lower lands first and working toward the mountains, be reasonably sure of securing good skins as late as June. In the spring, too, bear are much more in the open, and travel incessantly in search of food.

It is highly interesting to watch them, when one has the chance, turning over stones, tearing open fallen trees, or rooting like a pig in some favorite spot. Acres upon acres even of hard, stony ground they will turn up, and in other places it would be difficult to find a stone or rock they had not displaced. They will undermine and dig out great stumps. Ant hills you will find levelled, and the thrifty squirrels, who have labored all the previous fall to make a cache of pine nuts, are robbed on sight.

One spring, the work on the ranch being done, Woody and I took our pack-horses and proceeded to the mountains after bear. I had no sooner picked out a good camping ground than it began to snow, and for four days we could not stir from camp. However, it finally cleared off, the sun came out bright and warm, and the little stream that we were on began boiling, tearing, and rushing along, full to the banks, causing us to move our camp back to higher ground. After breakfast, as we proposed to take a long day's trip, we took our horses with us. Riding up to the head of the stream we were on, looking for bear, no signs were to be seen, though plenty of sheep were in sight all the time. Riding on away above the cañon some six or eight miles, we could see some elk. We closely scanned the neighboring heights, but still no sign of bear. Finally, we turned off and worked our way clear up on top of the mountain, determined to see the country anyway. Slowly we climbed upward, skyward, dragging our weary horses after us, until at noon we were nearly up and concluded to lunch at the little rill of melted snow that came from a big drift on the mountain side.

To get to it though, made necessary crossing the drift, and Woody led the way with his favorite horse, old Rock, in tow; and here was where my laugh came in, to see those two floundering through that drift. At times, all I could see of Rock was the tips of his ears. The crust was just strong enough to hold Woody up if he went "easy," but he could not go easy with the horse plunging on top of him, and they would both break through. However, they had to go ahead in spite of themselves, and they were finally landed half-drowned and smothered on dry ground. Of course, profiting by this experience, I circumnavigated this drift, and we sat down to our dry bread and bacon, washed down by a long pull from the handy snow-water. Ten minutes and a pipe was all that we allowed ourselves before resuming our toil (for that is really the way to designate the ascent of these mountains).

We saw six fine rams (of course, now that we did not want any); they did not seem to regard us with any uneasiness, permitting us to get within murderous distance, and I looked at their leader with some longing. He had such a noble head of curling, graceful, well-rounded horns. He must have been a powerful adversary when it came to butting.

Stifling the intent I passed by without disturbing them, and at last reached the valleys, and sees the richness and vividness of the green growing grasses which

"I had a very nasty time in getting down the mountain."—Page 454.

top of the divide, and was repaid by a glorious view.

At that time nature was not in her most smiling garb. It had been steadily growing colder, ominous clouds were gathering in the west, and an ugly rolling of thunder warned us that no genial spring day with shirt-sleeve accompaniment was to gladden and cheer us. Still we must look for bear; so buttoning up our coats and turning up our collars, we surveyed the country. At the same time it was impossible to forego a study of the grandeur of the view displayed before us.

Those who have seen the mountains and foot-hills only in the fall of the year, when every blade of grass is parched and brown and dry, can form no adequate idea of the change that presents itself in the spring. Especially is one surprised, when, standing on the top of some mountain height surrounded by everlasting snow, he looks down over the seem to roll up almost to his feet. As we stood there we had a glorious panorama. The vast gathering storm was at our backs, and the sun, though not shining for us, was lighting up the broad valley below. Greybull River stretched away until it joined the Big Horn beyond. The whole range of the Big Horn Mountains was visible, their snow tops glistening like a bank of silver clouds, and the main range we were standing on was brought out in all its dazzling grandeur. Snow-drift upon snow-drift, with gracefully curling crests, stretched away as far as the eye can reach, for miles and miles. Still we saw no bear, and while we were enjoying all this wonderful scenery we neglected the storm, and were soon enveloped in a raging tempest of wind and snow with a demoniacal accompaniment of lightning and crashing thunder.

We hunched up our backs and stumbled along the ridge before the blast and

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST. ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

"Two rascals across the gulch on an enormous snow-drift."

were soon brought up by a drift. However, here is luck for once. We saw the print of two fresh bear tracks crossing the drift. All thoughts of the storm were lost in our delight at the vicinity of bear, for the sign was very fresh. Alas, though, we lost them after crossing the drift, and it was impossible to find them again upon the rugged soil of these ridges where the wind had blown the snow off. We circled round and round, studying every patch of snow, and my companion, Woody, looked and spoke doubtfully. At last I caught the trail again. Only a half dozen tracks, but enough to show the right direction, and as we ascended the ridge the tracks were on, I saw the two rascals across the gulch on an enormous snow-drift, tearing and chewing at something, I couldn't make out what.

It was still snowing hard, but it was only a squall and nearly over. The wind was wrong; it unfortunately blew toward the bear and the only direction in which we could stalk them. Still an attempt had to be made. We took the bridles from our horses and let down our hacamores, to let them feed comfortably and out of sight, while we crawled up the ridge to where it joined the one the bear were on. We had to creep up a beastly snow-drift, which was soft and no telling how deep.

It was deep enough, for we went through sometimes to our arm-pits. But what mattered it when we were at concert pitch, and bear for the tune. We were now on the same ridge as the bear. Cautiously, with the wind just a little aslant, we crawled down toward our prey, crossing another miserable snow-drift into which we went up to our necks, where we brought up, our feet having touched bottom. We floundered out behind a small rock, and then looked up over at the bear. Too far to shoot with any certainty, and I said to Woody, "I must get closer." And so back we crawled.

Making a little detour we bobbed up again, not serenely, for the wind was blowing on the backs of our necks straight as an arrow to where the bear were. But we were a little higher up on the ridge than they and our taint must have gone over them, for when I looked up again one of the bear was chewing a savory morsel, and the other was on his hind legs blinking at the sun, which was just breaking through the clouds. Wiping the snow and drops of water and slush from our rifles and sights, and with a whispered advice from Woody not to be in a hurry if they came toward us, but to reserve fire in order to make sure work—for no sheltering tree awaited us as a safe retreat, nothing but snowy ridges for miles—I opened the ball with the young lady who was sitting down.

She dropped her bone, clapped one of her paws to her ribs, and to my happiness waltzed down the snow-bank. As she now seemed to be out of the dance I turned to her brother, for such I judged him to be afterward, who, with great affection, had gone down with her until she stuck her head in the snow. Not understanding this, he smelled around his fallen relative, when a hollow three hundred and thirty grain chunk of lead nearly severed one hip and smashed the other. He did not stop to reason, but promptly jumped on his relative, and then there occurred a lively bit of a scrimmage. Over and over they rolled, slapping, biting, and making the best fight of it they could, considering the plight they were in. Each probably accused the other of the mishap.

The snow was dyed a crimson hue. It was like the scene of a bloody battle-ground. At last the first aggrieved lady gave up and plunged her head back into the snow, while her brother, not having any one to fight with, went off a short distance and lay down. We cautiously approached, bearing in mind that a snow drift is a hard thing for pedestrians in a hurry to travel on, and when we got about ten feet from the first bear, I told my companion to snowball her and see what effect that would have, for she looked too innocent to be dead and finished for.

But instead of doing so, he discarded his rifle and reached for her tail. Ah, I thought so! for, as he gave a yank, up came her head, her jaws flew open like clock work, and a snort came forth. But right between the eyes went the deadly messenger, smashing her skull

and ending any prolonged suffering for any of us. Her end accomplished, we turned to the other partner. He had been taking it all in and was ready for a fight. He seemed pretty fit, too. Fortunately, he could not come up to us; the snow-drift was too steep, and he had only two serviceable legs to travel with. Still he had true grit, and faced us, but it was an unequal battle.

Again the bullet reached its victim, and brother ba'r lay quietly on his back with his legs in the air. No need to trifle with this bear's tail, as any fool could see that he was dead. However, we pelted him with a lot of snowballs and then Woody went around to his stump of a tail and pulled it while I stood guard at his head. We took off our coats and soon had the skins off the pair of them. These skins proved to be in the finest condition, though the bear themselves were poor. I should judge one was a three-year old and the other a two-year old. Still they were good-sized grizzlies.

Those skins seemed to grow in size and weight as each of us lugged one up the side of the mountain over shelving rock, snow, and loose gravel to where we left our horses. Of course they were not there, and we had to go on carrying the skins, which were growing heavier and heavier every minute, until we tracked our horses to where they were feeding, and, in Western vernacular, "we had a circus" packing those skins on my horse. It was done at last, though, and to stay, by means of blindfolding him with a coat, and after a little while he settled down to work as though he had carried bear all his many years of service. I had a very nasty time in geting down the mountain after my horse slipped and fell down a gap in the crown rock. We could not get the other down, so I took charge of my horse and skins and made the rest of the descent in safety, though it looked squally for a bit when the old rascal's feet slid out from under him, knocking me down in the snow, and he on top, and I could feel that even with the fleecy covering the rocks were still very hard.

However, it was deep enough for me to crawl out more scared than hurt, and soon we had sage-brush and grass under our feet, with an easy trail to camp, where a square meal inside of a stomach that sorely needed it soon made amends for all hardships. Wondering what those bear had been at work at, I went back the next day and found that they had been tearing up a sheep that had died of scab, a disease that wild sheep are subject to.

To a thorough sportsman, killing bear after a successful stalk is by long odds the best and most exciting method, but the country must be such as permits of this, as, for instance, when there are long stretches of high mountains, plateaus or ridges above or devoid of timber where the bear resort to root, and where the hunter can from some elevated post look over a large area with the aid of glasses. The general procedure, though, is to put out bait, that is, to have the carcass of some animal to attract the bear, and many a noble elk or timorous deer has been thus sacrificed. To avoid this needless destruction the writer has invariably taken along on his hunting trips aged and worn-out horses, which answer admirably when it comes to drawing bear to a carcass. Of course, this is not always a sure way, for the bear if alarmed or disturbed will only visit the carcass at night, and then, if the hunter is persistent and determined to get a shot, he may expect many weary hours of watching from a friendly pine.

I think I hear the reader say, What's the fun in shooting a bear from a tree? there is no risk in that. True there is not, but it is when you come down from your perch that you may not feel quite so safe, as with limbs benumbed from cold and lack of circulation you climb down, knowing perhaps that several watchful pairs of eyes or cunning nostrils are studying your movements. Involuntarily your thoughts travel in the vein of your gloomy surroundings as you go stumbling on your way to camp; what if the bear should prefer live goose flesh to dead horse?

One spring morning I was knocking around under the base of the mountains and found myself, about dinner time, so close to Colonel Pickett's cosey log cabin that I determined to pay him a long postponed visit. After an ample repast, including some delicious home-made

butter, which I had not tasted for a month, Woody and I, with our little pack train, regretfully filed off, and fording the river took up our wanderings, not expecting to see our cheery host again for a year.

We had not proceeded far, though, when we met an excited "cow puncher," who evidently had news to tell. He had been up on the side of the mountain, which was here a long grassy slope as smooth as any of our well-tended lawns, extending upward to where it joined the dense pine forest which covered the upper portion of the mountain. Our friend was the horse wrangler for a neighboring ranch, and was out looking for horses. Did any one ever see a horse wrangler who was not looking for missing stock?

When skirting the timber he surprised or was surprised by a good-sized grizzly, which promptly chased him downward and homeward, and evidently for a short distance was well up in the race. Gathering from his description that the bear had been at work on the carcass of a steer that had died from eating poison weed, I determined to go back and camp and see if another skin could not be added to the score. It did not take long to pick out an ideal camping spot, well sheltered, with plenty of dry wood, and trout from the little stream almost jumping into the frying-pan.

Our horses had been having pretty rough times lately, and they lost no time in storing away as much of the rich grass as they could hold. They had plenty of society, too, for the slope was dotted here and there with bunches of range cattle and bands of horses, not to mention the recent additions to the families of each in the shape of frolicsome calves and frisky foals, all busily at work. Bruin seemed rather out of place in such a pastoral scene, and yet, as one looked higher beyond the sombre heights of the forest toward the frowning crown rock that resembled some mighty fortress forbidding further progress, or the everlasting snow-peaks above, one could well fancy that wild animals must be up there somewhere, either in the dense woods, or in the still higher and safer retreats.

We at once examined the ground, and found the carcasses of two steers, one of which was untouched, but the other was very nearly devoured. All the signs pointed to more than one bear, and the ground was fairly padded down round the carcass they were using. Unfortunately, though, there seemed to be no place to watch from, not a bush or rock to screen one while awaiting a shot. To cut a long story short, I watched that bait every afternoon and evening for a week, and though it was visited every night I never got a sight of the prowlers. Bear will very often, when going to a carcass, take the same trail, but when leaving wander off in almost any direction. Taking advantage of this, and being satisfied that they were up in the timber through the day, we hunted for their trail and found it on an old wood road that led through the timber. To make sure we placed the hind quarters of one of the steers just on the edge of the forest and awaited developments. That night the bear found it and, dragging it off, carefully cached it; so we determined to watch here.

I was much disappointed, however, as the daylight faded, to confess that if I was to get a shot it would have to be in the dark; so as soon as I found I could not see to shoot with any degree of safety, I got up in a pine-tree that commanded the road and was just over the bait. It was weary work watching, and to make it still more uncomfortable a heavy thunder-storm swept by, first pelting one with hail, then a deluge of rain and snow.

It was pitch dark, except when the black recesses of the forest seemed to be rent asunder during the vivid lightning. The whole effect was weird and uncanny, and I wished myself back under my soft, warm blankets. I could not well repress thinking of the early admonition of, "never go under a tree during a thunder-storm." But what's that? One swift surge of blood to the heart, an involuntary tightening of the muscles that strongly gripped the rifle. I seemed to feel, rather than see, the presence of three strange objects that appeared to have sprung from the ground under me.

I had not heard a sound; not a twig had snapped, and yet, as I strained my

eyes to penetrate the gloom, there, right at my feet, almost touching them, in fact, I made out the indistinct forms of three bear all standing on their hind legs. Oh, what a chance it was if it had not been so dark! I could not even see the end of my rifle, but I knew I could hit them, they were so close. But to hit fatally? Well, there is no use thinking about it now the bear are here. Trust to luck and shoot!

Hardly daring to breathe, I fired; the scuffling on the ground and the short, sharp snorting told me I had not missed; but I could see nothing and could only hear the bear rolling over and over and growling angrily. Presently there was quiet, and then with angry furious champing of jaws the wounded animal charged back directly under me; but I could not see to shoot again, worse luck. From sundry sounds, I gathered the bear was not far off, but had lain down in a thicket which was about one hundred yards from my tree. I could hear an occasional growl and the snap of dead branches, broken as she turned uneasily. I did not know exactly what to do. To descend was awkward, and to stay where I was, wet and chilled to the bone, seemed impossible. It was most unlikely the other bear would come back; however, thinking it would be prudent to stay aloft a little while longer, I made up my mind to stick it out another half hour. During this wait I fancied I could see shadowy forms moving about, and I could surely hear a cub squalling.

The light was now a little better, and though still very dark was not so intense. Just as I had screwed up courage to descend another bear came up under the tree and reared up. This time I made no mistake, and almost simultaneously with the rifle's report a hoarse bawl proved to me that I had conquered. Glad at almost any cost to get out of my cramped position I sung out to Woody to lend a hand, as I proposed descending, and as he came up I came down, and then we discussed the situation. The proximity of the wounded bear was not pleasant, but then the dead one must be opened in order to save the skin. But what if the latter were not dead? Hang this night work, why can't the bear stick to daylight! But to work; there was the motionless form to be operated on. Inch by inch we crept up with our rifles at full cock stuck out ahead of us until they gently touched the inanimate mass. It was all right, for the bear was stone dead. Hastily feeling in the dark, as neatly as possible the necessary operations were nearly concluded when simultaneously we both dropped our knives and made for the open. . . . It makes me perspire even now when I think of that midnight stampede from an enraged and wounded grizzly.

C. H. R.

(Lost off Hai-mun in the China Sea.)

By Julia C. R. Dorr.

In what wide Wonderland, or near, or far,
Press on to-day thy swift, adventurous feet—
Thou who wert wont the Orient skies to greet
With song and laughter, and to climb the bar
Of mountain ranges where the Cloud-gods are,
With brave, glad steps, as eager and as fleet
As a young lover's, who, on errand sweet,
Seeks the one face that is his guiding star?
The far blue seas engulfed thee, oh! my brother,
But could not quench thy spirit's lofty fire,
Nor daunt the soul that knew not how to quail.
Earth-quest thou didst but barter for another,
Where Alps on Alps before thee still aspire,
And where, in God's name, thou shalt yet prevail!

THE ACTIONS OF WOUNDED ANIMALS.

By J. N. Hall, M.D.

Y noting the behavior of a wounded animal a very good idea of the seat and nature of the injury may be generally obtained. Although the sportsman should endeavor to cause death as painlessly as possible, he cannot always do so. To attain this end he should, in hunting with the rifle, always strike the brain, but this, whether with rifle or shot-gun, is obviously out of the question.

A bullet striking the bones of the head, or solid parts connecting therewith, as the horns in the deer family, ordinarily produces one of two results. It may, firstly, stun the animal, causing what surgeons term "concussion of the brain;" or, secondly, cause death, either from the severity of the shock or from direct injury to the brain-substance. The writer has known a large deer to fall dead from the impact of a heavy bullet against the base of one horn, a result analogous to death produced by the sand-bag applied to the human skull. Had the ball struck near the tip of the horn, the deer would have merely been stunned, probably recovering quickly enough to escape in safety. Undoubtedly many animals are reached and slain with the knife, that otherwise, with a little longer interval, might escape.

A missile passing through a portion of the brain-substance, almost invariably causes instant death. There are, however, many examples of recovery after such an injury scattered through medical literature. Even in these cases the patient is necessarily rendered unconscious for many hours, so that the hunter who inflicts such an injury upon an animal attains his end.

In hunting dangerous game at close quarters, then, the brain should ordinarily be the objective point, unless the bullet be very heavy in proportion to the size of the animal. It is generally accessible, and, if struck, invariably renders the game harmless. A grizzly bear with a rifle bullet through the heart may yet live long enough to kill his destroyer, if at close quarters. Several such instances have occurred. With his back broken, the bear may yet strike viciously with his paw, but a shot in the brain ends the battle.

When, then, a mammal drops instantly on being struck, and all visible movement ceases, it is fair to assume that the brain or the cervical portion of the spinal cord has been injured. Among birds and reptiles, however, this rule does not hold. In these orders, the spinal cord assumes much more extensive functions, as compared with the

brain, than in the mammalia. Doubtless everyone has seen bodily movements continue long after the destruction or total separation of the head of the snake, for instance ; while the movements of the chicken under similar circumstances are familiar to all.

Again, in certain game, the immediate effect of injuries to the brain or cord may not be to produce complete paralysis. Birds on the wing, struck in the head by a small shot, often rise almost perpendicularly into the air for an instant before falling dead. Small animals may pass through a series of convulsive movements after a wound of the cranium. In the rabbit, under these circumstances, the powerful contractions of the muscles of the hind legs often throw the body several feet into the air, but the animal is unconscious, of course. In the larger mammals, and, it is stated by those familiar with war, in man, a single jump often results from a bullet-wound in the head. This is evidently the analogue of the convulsions seen in the lower animals, the muscular contractions originating from the irritation of the motor centres of the brain by the ball.

Movements in a circle, or, in aquatic birds, rotation as if upon an axis upon the surface of the water, are often noted. These are associated with injury to the brain or cord, so that one-half of the muscles of the body are cut off from communication with the central nervous system. The muscles of the opposite side carry the body around in this manner.

The shock imparted to the brain by the impact of the bullet upon the cranial bones may, as stated previously, cause a fatal result. Near Deep Creek Cañon, in the Big Horn Mountains, the writer once shot at a running grizzly bear, in such a manner that the ball cut a furrow along the top of the skull, barely grazing the brain surface. The bear dropped dead instantly. When we reflect, however, that the bullet, although weighing but two hundred and sixty grains, is thrown from such a weapon with sufficient force to fracture in all directions a plate of cast-iron three-fourths of an inch in thickness, we realize the sledge-like force of its blow.

If the bones of the head, remote from the brain, are struck, the animal may be merely dazed, without being fully stunned. In North Park, Colorado, a friend of the writer's approached within one hundred feet of a grizzly and took careful aim at his brain. At the instant of firing, the bear, probably smelling him, raised his head. The ball passed through the snout several inches below the brain cavity. The bear rushed about as if crazy, apparently seeing nothing, running into trees and rocks, and at one time nearly knocking down the hunter. A second bullet was necessary to finish him.

Should the cervical portion of the spinal cord be severed, the effect would virtually be the same as if the brain were injured, the communication between the nervous centres and the muscles of the body being interrupted. Should the wound be too high to involve the vertebral column, the animal may be merely creased, or temporarily paralyzed by the shock given to the cord by the passage of the ball in such close proximity to it. This is the method employed by the hero of the dime novel in capturing the wild mustang, the fallen horse being secured with ropes before his recovery. The practical application of such a method must evidently be very limited.

If the large veins or arteries of the neck are severed, death from hemorrhage shortly results. So many important parts, in fact, pass through the neck, that a bullet can scarcely touch it without causing death. Thus, with some excellent marksmen, it becomes a favorite target.

The shoulder-line is, however, the favorite mark of the hunter. This would be indicated by a line dropping from the withers to the fore-feet. The reason for the selection of this mark becomes apparent upon reflection. In the use of the rifle, the difficulty lies, not in attaining the direction, but the necessary elevation, varying with the distance. The action of gravitation upon the projectile being constant, whatever motion we may impart to it, its trajectory is a curved line, a parabola modified by the resistance which the air offers to the moving body. We must thus elevate

the rifle sufficiently to overcome the downward tendency of the bullet from the influence of gravitation. In the Springfield rifle, used by the regular army, the projectile falls eight inches in the first two hundred yards. As the ratio of fall increases directly as the square of the distance, the necessity of accurate estimation of the interval becomes greater as the target is further removed. In hunting in the mountains, the game is often above or below the hunter. If we shoot downward, gravity hastens the course of the ball, while it retards it if shooting upward. The obvious deduction is, that we must aim higher than usual if the game be above us, lower than otherwise if below.

The reason, then, that the hunter selects the shoulder-line, is that, should he overestimate the distance, the ball, passing too high to strike the shoulder, may yet strike the spine and prove effective. A more common error, particularly in mountainous regions, is to underestimate the interval, the game appearing nearer than it really is. If this be the case, the missile, passing low, may yet break one or both forelegs, if there be no lateral deviation in the aim. This injury is much more effective than a similar one to the hinder parts.

Should the aim be accurate and the projectile of sufficient weight, one or both shoulders will be broken. If either shoulder-blade or either arm-bone be fractured, the shot is quite effective, while if both sides are similarly crippled, escape is impossible. Under any circumstances, other important parts are almost certain to suffer injury, and thus add to the effectiveness of the shot; for the heart, the aorta, the base of the lungs, the large venous trunks, and several important nerves lie in close proximity, and are not likely to escape harm. An animal thus wounded struggles for some time, but, even if disposed to fight, is generally harmless.

When a running animal is shot through the shoulders, the propulsive action of the hind legs is continued for an instant longer than that of the front ones. As a result, he often turns a complete somersault, or a series of them. In the jack-rabbit of the West, this result is produced nearly every time if one aims well ahead as the animal runs; the leaping action of the hind legs in this game often causes the body to roll for some yards in this manner.

In shooting flying birds, one of the most common injuries is the broken wing—the analogue of the broken shoulder in the mammalia. The long bones in birds are hollow, the marrow cavity being filled with air, in order to render them as light as is consistent with strength, and thus make flight more easy; on this account they are very easily broken by even a single pellet of shot, especially when subjected to the tension produced by muscular action in flying; it is important to consider this latter factor, for muscular action alone may cause a fracture of a healthy bone. In a base-ball game a few years ago, a League pitcher broke his humerus in this manner.

When any of the bones of the anterior extremity are broken the bird falls to the ground, the descent being often irregular from the continued action of the other wing. So accurately is the wing surface adjusted to the weight of the bird, that the loss of five or six of the quill feathers upon the tip of the wing suffices to bring down a duck or a goose. The writer once fired at a single flying duck with a charge of small buckshot; the bird fell, and, after a long chase, was captured. Every quill-feather had been cut off about two inches from its origin, the duck being otherwise uninjured. Upon extending the wing, the line of the cut feathers was found perfectly straight.

If the integrity of the spine is destroyed, so that the spinal cord becomes no longer capable of transmitting impulses from the brain, the parts posterior to the injury become helpless; although the animal thus wounded may use the anterior extremities for a time, escape is practically impossible, for the dragging hinder parts impede locomotion seriously, while they leave a trail very easy to follow. An animal may be creased by a wound near the spinal portion of the cord in the same manner as mentioned above in connection with the cervical region. In this case, the game, dropping as if dead, may recover

and escape. The writer once shot an antelope so as to carry away the projecting upper part of one of the lumbar vertebræ, the bullet merely grazing the body of the bone. He dropped instantly, his struggles being similar to those of an animal with a broken back. Feeling perfectly sure of his game, the writer waited for his horse to be brought up, the antelope being quite a distance away; meanwhile the game was slowly dragging himself off. Before we were fairly aware of it, he was running quite steadily. A quarter of a mile away, a fortunate shot through the entire length of the body, as he ran, gave opportunity to learn what injury the first bullet had caused. The analogy between concussion of the brain, as described above, and this creasing, is readily seen. In each case the function of the nervous centre involved is temporarily placed in abeyance as a result of the severe jar received.

A bullet-wound in the heart must, as a rule, be immediately fatal. In surgical literature are given a few instances, however, in which recovery has followed such an injury, the diagnosis being confirmed by autopsy when the patient finally died, perhaps from some totally different cause; but a relatively small lesion in the cardiac walls by no means causes the instantaneous death depicted by the novelist as the result of such a wound. A grizzly bear has been known to travel one hundred feet and kill his pursuer after a ball from a rifle of heavy calibre had passed through his ventricles. The writer once shot a Canada goose, flying some eighty yards high before a strong wind. It showed no signs of injury for several seconds, but then began to drop slowly from the flock. Suddenly its wings contracted, and it fell dead at four hundred yards distance. It had been struck with one "BB" shot, which had penetrated the left ventricle, and was found within; yet the goose had flown, with a favoring wind, nearly a quarter of a mile. After such a cardiac wound, blood escapes from the orifice with each contraction of the heart, and death ensues from what the surgeon designates "internal hemorrhage," for owing to the obliquity of the wound through the tissues, but little blood escapes externally as a rule.

A serious wound of the lung in a game animal is fatal. In the human race this is not by any means the case, provided proper subsequent care is obtainable. A noted Major-General upon the Union side during the late war recovered after such a wound from a musket bullet, and the same result occurred in the case of an officer of General Stonewall Jackson's staff. The shock from such a wound is severe. The animal falls, or, standing a moment with difficulty, goes off with unsteady gait, but the bleeding into the bronchial tubes and air-cells soon compels him to stop. The aërating function of the lung being thus abolished, carbonic acid rapidly accumulates in the blood, the visible mucous membranes, as of the lips and tongue, assume the bluish color seen in death from suffocation; if the animal does not immediately die from this cause, he expires shortly from hemorrhage.

After a wound involving the digestive organs, the shock is more severe than in the case of the lungs. The nerves supplying these organs originate from the great semilunar ganglia, the largest in the body. When irritated these parts of the sympathetic nervous system, in a reflex manner, check, or even entirely stop the action of the heart. The pugilist is forbidden to strike below the belt because the effect of the blow upon this plexus of nerves may cause suspension of the action of the heart, which, if permanent, of course means death. The pallor and faintness caused by even a light blow in this region, are familiar to all.

The animal wounded in this region may not always fall, but he shows marked debility after a short interval. If standing still when struck, he may show an apparently complete inability to move for a moment. In the ruminants, however, when the great receiving stomach is full, a ball may pass through it without causing any immediate symptoms of note; in fact, it scarcely strikes more than the walls of the abdomen and the stomach on either side, the other parts being pushed out of the way by the distended organ.

An animal thus wounded may run with others for miles without showing any particular symptoms of injury.

In hunting the gregarious ruminants, as the buffalo, it is said that the hunters often wound the first one intentionally through the bowels while the herd is standing still. He remains quiet, or moves about slowly and uneasily, while his companions, their curiosity aroused by his actions and the smell of the blood, furnish a good mark for the rifle. Each time that one starts off to lead the band away he is shot, and thus a large number may be slain. It is to these methods of the skin-hunters that we owe the destruction of the buffalo.

The writer once saw a large bull elk struck in the abdomen by an explosive bullet weighing but two hundred and sixty grains. This is a very small missile for a fully grown elk. For a moment he seemed to have lost the power of locomotion, though his companions fled at once. The ball burst and caused extensive destruction just behind the diaphragm, but the wounded animal made about three-fourths of a mile before giving up to a bullet in the shoulder.

If a bird or animal shows but little sign of injury at the time of shooting, but gradually falls behind his companions, it is often because a considerable blood-vessel has been severed, either in the extremities or the internal organs. At the time of the injury the shock is insufficient to cause the game to drop, but increasing weakness from loss of blood renders him unable to continue with the others. This is especially the case with wounds of the soft parenchymatous organs, as the liver or spleen, or even the lungs, when a small vessel is opened. The writer once knew of a sportsman, who, while hunting ducks in New Brunswick, shot at a cow moose, distant about fifty yards, with a charge of duck-shot. As it was in boggy ground the trail was distinct, and he followed on for several miles, in hopes of getting another shot with heavier ammunition. He found the moose dead, several of the pellets having passed through into the lung. Death had resulted from internal hemorrhage.

To the uninitiated, a serious wound of the posterior extremities would seem a very effective shot. The hunter does not so consider it. The writer once, while hunting with a companion in Wyoming, shot, with him, at a running buck antelope. After a long chase, the game was secured by a shot through the shoulders. It was then learned that at the first fire one bullet had shattered the pelvic bones, while the other had broken one hind leg so that it hung helpless; yet the animal, for the first mile, had easily distanced two strong men. It may be stated as a general rule that an animal with a broken leg, from its increased wariness, will be more difficult to secure than one uninjured.

A wound lengthwise or diagonally through the body so as to involve many organs, is, if the bullet be of fair size in comparison with that of the animal, almost as quickly fatal as if through the brain. The shock is exceedingly great, and the game ordinarily falls at once. The bleeding from the lacerated organs commonly causes death before recovery from the shock. The writer, while hunting in Colorado, once shot a mule deer, distant about sixty yards, in the throat, the ball passing through the body lengthwise. Death occurred, not a struggle ensuing. A large rifle ball will thus drop a grizzly, it is stated, although a shot at the brain would, of course, be better if available.

Naturally a wound involving one of the larger bones causes much greater shock than one involving the soft parts only. The more the track of the ball is lacerated, the greater the damage. The modern rifle bullet is thus a much more formidable missile than the pea-shaped ball of the squirrel rifle. It is much heavier and revolves more rapidly; hence, it tears a larger wound. In using very soft bullets, the metal of which they are composed flies to pieces on striking a bone, and does great damage. The explosive bullet—virtually a miniature shell—acts in similar manner. In hunting small game, almost any wound with a large ball may be fatal. With opposite conditions, however, one must depend upon skill in marksmanship. The spherical bullet of the squirrel rifle, weighing about one hundred and fifty grains, was

used with a small charge of powder. All will remember the warning of the old hunter in "The Last of the Mohicans," against using so much powder as to cause any recoil, but as conical bullets were introduced the weight was increased. In the .56 calibre Spencer musket, the powder used weighed fifty grains, the lead about five hundred and fifty—a ratio of one to eleven, approximately. In the past twenty years, the tendency has been to increase the weight of the powder and diminish that of the ball. The Springfield rifle, used in the United States army, carries a bullet of four hundred and five grains, with seventy grains of powder—a ratio of one to six, approximately, between powder and lead. In the latest sporting rifles it is but little over one to three. Although, owing to the lessened curve in the trajectory, the latter arms are more accurate, they have the disadvantage of lessened power of penetration, notwithstanding the fact that the ball attains a greater velocity; for the bullet in many of them weighs less than three hundred grains. The obvious deduction is, then, that in selecting a rifle for hunting the larger game-animals, we should see that it takes a cartridge having a heavy ball, as well as a sufficient charge of powder.

In the application of the facts stated in this article it is to be borne in mind that different species of animals vary greatly as regards the ease with which they succumb to a bullet-wound. One which in the deer might prove quickly fatal, might, in the grizzly, or cinnamon bear, only serve, temporarily, to render him more ferocious, although serious enough to produce death after a little longer interval.

IN ONE'S AGE TO ONE'S YOUTH.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Listen, thou child I used to be!
I know what thou didst fret to know—
Knowledge thou couldst not lure to thee,
Whatever bribe thou wouldst bestow.
That knowledge but a waymark plants
Along the road of ignorance.

Listen, thou child I used to be!
I am enlarged where thou wert bound,
Though vaunting still that thou wast free,
And lord of thine own pleasure crowned.
True freedom heeds a hidden stress,
Whereby desire to range grows less.

Listen, thou child I used to be!
Unmoved I meet thy fear of old,
Where thou, but masked with bravery,
Didst ever charge thyself, *Be bold!*
True courage owns a dread extreme—
Led blind through the blind battle's scheme!

Listen, thou child I used to be!
I love, I serve with proffered veins,
Where thou demandest praise thy fee,
And grateful solace for thy pains.

True love and service do but win
That I may more exceed therein.

Listen, thou child I used to be!
  My soul to wrath 'gainst wrong is used,
Where thy rash combat utterly
  The doer and the deed confused.
Right wrath the deed stabs soon or late,
The doer spares, his deed to hate.

Listen, thou child I used to be!
  Unproud I move, and yet unbowed,
Where thou wast fed with vanity,
  Thy chiefest pride—thou wast not proud!
True lowliness forgets its state,
And equal trains with small or great.

Listen, thou child I used to be!
  I am what thy dream-wandering sense
Did shape, and thy fresh will decree—
  Yet all with subtle difference:
Where heaven's arc did seem to end,
Still on and on fair fields extend.

Yet listen, child I used to be!
  Nothing of thine I dare despise,
Nor passion, deed, nor fantasy;
  For lo! the soul's far years shall rise
And with unripeness charge this hour
Would boast o'er thine its riper power.

THE NEW LAKE IN THE DESERT.

By J. W. Powell.

WITHIN the Colorado desert lies a valley of which the world has recently become aware through reports of an anomalous flood. It is a peculiar valley, first, in that it is a closed basin sloping from its margin toward a central plain; second, in that its bottom lies lower than the level of the sea; third, in that it is dry. To explain each of these peculiarities is to set forth its physical history.

Many basins are made by ice. Of all those which diversify the surface of our land the greater number are thus formed. A river of ice, like those in the Alps, dragging stones and sand over its bed, scours, grinds, and deepens it, and this in an uneven way, so that here and there basins are scooped out. If in another age the ice is melted away, all the earth and fragments of rock contained within it fall to the ground, where they lie in uneven heaps and ridges, and these ridges sometimes partition the valleys of the land into a multitude of basins in which the water gathers in lakes. Of such origin are the great lakes of our northeastern border and the multitude of smaller

lakes by which they are surrounded. These smaller lakes were at one time very abundant, especially in Minnesota, Arizona, and northern Illinois, for a vast sheet of ice of enormous thickness spread over the country and in a general way moved southward. The basins which it left when the ice was melted were filled with water, and a vast system of lakes was thus produced. Some of these lakes were speedily drained, others were filled in part with the wash of the rain, in part with the shells and shards of animals living in the waters, and in still larger part with the vegetation which grew in and about them. These filled lakes are the peat bogs or sloughs of the region which are now being drained, and thus are becoming the most valuable agricultural lands.

Many basins are made by the uplifting of the land. Within the crust of the earth forces are at work of which we know little, except that they result in the raising of continents and the uplifting of mountain ridges. By them the surface is thrown into huge wrinkles or is rifted and dislocated on a gigantic scale. On such wrinkles and disjointed blocks the storms beat and torrents pour, and they are sculptured into new forms. Crests, pinnacles, and spurs are carved out, and the material thus excavated is gathered in smooth alluvial slopes about the margins of the ridges and out in the valleys below. If the storms are infrequent, and the rains moderate, the débris of the sculpture serves to join one ridge with another, so that in a plexus of ridges many basins are entrapped, and the face of the country resembles an ocean whose crested waves have been changed to stone.

If the rainfall is abundant the basins thus formed cannot persist, for the waters gather in lakes which discharge one to another, and the rivers of outflow traversing the rims of the basins channel them to the bottom, so that the basins are destroyed. Thus in mountain lands a war is waged between Pluto, commander of the subterranean forces, and the aerial hosts of Jupiter Pluvius. Where the fire god is the more active, the troughs of the earth waves are drainless basins; where the rain god triumphs rivers traverse all the land from the mountain to the sea. In the Cordilleras of our western land there is a great district where rain is rare and scarce, but this is bordered on the east by the great system of the Rocky Mountains, whose lofty crests gather each winter immense stores of snow, which, slowly melting, nourish a score of small rivers. Some of these flow to the east and join the Mississippi; one goes southward to the Gulf of Mexico; the others are gathered in two great streams which flow westward among the Cordilleran ranges to the Pacific. One, far to the north, traverses the lava plains of Idaho and breaks through the Cascades and Coast ranges; the other, turning toward the southwest, traverses a plateau region in deep cañons, and then threading its way among the ranges of Arizona and California, reaches the Gulf of California. Between these two the land is destitute of great streams, and the sway of the basin builder is undisputed.

Most of the lake basins of the world are created by the two methods above described; a third method is found in volcanic agency. Sometimes a stream of lava will burst out on the side of the valley and roll across it in great coulées. On cooling a rock dam is formed, and the waters in the valley above accumulate in a lake. Some of the most beautiful lakes in the world are formed in this manner, but their number is not very great.

A fourth class of lakes is found in the craters of extinct volcanoes; and thus there are basins of water in bowls of volcanic rock. In the Cascade Mountains of Oregon a great sheet of water, many miles in circumference, is found by climbing a mountain which is a dead volcano—a monstrous crater filled with deep sapphire waters. Other crater lakes of smaller size are found in northern Arizona.

A fifth class of basins, which often become lakes, is due to great land slides. These bodies of water are small, but as they are often embosomed in the mountains they are very beautiful. Thousand Lake Mountain of Utah received its name from the fact that a great number of lakelets having this origin are found on its flanks.

In yet a sixth way basins are made, but more rarely. A turbid stream, entering a valley trough (of whatever origin) and having its current slackened, deposits some of its earthy load and thus builds up a low cone of débris which partitions one part of the valley from the rest, creating a basin, and such basins may become lakes. There are a number of these lakes in the western portion of the United States. The lagoons of flood plains are of this class.

It was in this way that the Coahuila Basin was formed. We may think of our Cordilleran system as a great plateau, of unequal height in different parts, and everywhere bearing upon its surface a system of mountain ridges small or large. Toward the southwest it slopes downward beneath the Pacific Ocean, and one of the great ranges on its back stands partly upon the land and partly upon a shoal of the ocean, constituting the peninsula of California. The trough left between it and the next ridge to the east, lies partly upon the land and partly beneath the water, and this submerged part, to the southward, is marked by the Gulf of California. The Colorado River enters the great trough on its east side, two or three hundred miles from its head, and has built, from the mud and sand that it drives along, a conical plain or delta that stretches quite across the trough, dividing it into two portions. The southerly portion, still filled with salt-water, is the modern gulf; the northern portion thus partitioned off by the river delta is the Coahuila Basin.

The material of the delta comes from far away. In the mountains of Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah, far to the northeast, the frost of winter, burrowing in the crevices of the rocks, loosens them so that they fall asunder. By the storms of summer the fragments are tumbled into the torrents, and by them are dragged along and worn as they go into pebbles, sand, and mud. Hundreds of mountain torrents unite to form a score of rivers which course through the cañons of the great mesa region and finally unite to form the Colorado itself, which travels for hundreds of miles through the grandest cañon of all, before escaping to full daylight. Through these channels the débris from the mountains is transported to be added to the delta at the river's mouth. But the river has a long history, and it has not merely transported the débris from the sculpture of mountains; it has itself carved the mighty gorges through which it runs, and its branches have carved their gorges, and from the surface of the mesa there have been degraded thousands of feet of rock; and all of this material, sufficient for the building of hundreds of mountain ranges, has been carried away by the river and thrown into the sea. The visible mound at the river's mouth represents but a trivial fraction of the whole work of the river, and the wonder is not that it has built so much, but whither it has carried the product of its earliest work.

In the building of the delta the river does not flow continuously in one course. As its current is slackened on approaching the sea, it is no longer able to move forward the detritus with which it is loaded and a portion is dropped to the bottom. Another portion is carried forward to the edge of the delta and falls to the bottom in still water, extending the delta front. As the delta front is built out the bottom of the river channel is built up, and there comes a time when the river channel is higher than portions of the delta on each side. When the course it follows to the sea is not so short as a course which might be chosen to one side, then at the time of some great flood the river bursts its banks and chooses a new and shorter channel along a lower line. This line of channel is in turn built up until the river's course is no longer stable, and it is shifted to a new site. Thus in turn the river visits all parts of the delta, building them up in succession. Quite commonly, too, its current is divided, and the partial channels sometimes interlock so as to form a plexus over the area of the delta. The bayous of the Mississippi are such a plexus, and every crevasse that bursts a levee is an effort of the river to escape from the high-lying channel to which man would confine it and find its way to the ocean by a shorter course along a lower line. The Hoang Ho, whose history is known for 2,500 years, has in that period shifted on its delta scores of times, and the extreme positions oc-

cupied by its mouth are 460 miles apart. As the delta at the mouth of the Colorado bridges the great trough from side to side, and as the river in the building of the delta has shifted its course from place to place, it cannot be that it has always, as now, flowed southward to the Gulf. Part of the time it must have turned westward to the Coahuila Basin. Whenever it has turned in that direction it has filled the basin, making a lake twenty-five miles broad and nearly one hundred miles in length, with a depth of 250 feet. Whenever it has turned to the southward the lake, having no other perennial tributary, has dried away, leaving the basin as we know it now.

The fact that such a lake has existed was discovered before its relation to the Colorado River was known, for on the floor of the desert were found the dried shells of innumerable mollusks, such as live in the waters of fresh lakes. About the margins of the basin was observed a peculiar crust of calcareous tufa, coating the surface up to a certain line at a uniform height in all directions. That this calcareous crust was deposited in water was shown by the inclusions of molluscan shells, but the circumstances of its formation were not understood until the river's history was developed. About the sources of the Colorado and in the region of its cañons are great beds of limestone, and these are continually dissolved in small amount so as to charge the water with their substance, carbonate of lime. In addition to the mud, to whose color the river owes its name and from whose color the Gulf once received the title Vermilion Sea, the river carries an invisible tribute of carbonate of lime, which also is deposited in the ocean. When the river has flowed into the Coahuila Basin it has not only filled the basin, but the supply of water has been sufficient to cause an overflow following the western margin of the delta and escaping to the Gulf. From what we know of the present volume of the river, of the rate of evaporation in the region, and of the area of the lake, it is estimated that about one-half of the water of the river escaped from the surface of the lake by evaporation, so that a half only was discharged to the Gulf. The water being saturated with carbonate of lime, was forced to precipitate the major part of it in consequence of loss by evaporation; and it is that precipitation which constitutes the crust on the sides of the old lake basin, in places several feet in thickness.

Where water does not run the delta of the river is a desert, so inhospitable that it has been but imperfectly explored. The channel along its margin, formed by the water outflowing from the Coahuila lake, has been discovered, and is known as Hardy's Colorado. A number of abandoned channels of the delta, called by the frontiersmen "sloughs," although destitute of water, have been discovered and partially traced, and one of these leading toward the Coahuila Valley is called New River. Through this a temporary discharge takes place whenever the river at the flood stage reaches an exceptional height, and the resulting shallow lake in the bottom of the valley this year is but a repetition of similar occurrences known by tradition.

The fine earth which floors the flat bottom of the valley is saline, a fact not difficult to understand, for whatever salt may be contained in the partial floods that come from the Colorado is thus entrapped. It cannot escape to the air with the evaporating water, but remains as a crust where the last of the water dries away.

We have seen how the basin was formed, and how it lies below the level of the sea because it is, in fact, a portion of the sea-bed partitioned off. Let us now inquire why it is that it is normally dry. The explanation lies in the general law of rainfall, in the distribution of the air-currents of the globe, and in the Pacific Ocean. In the northwestern part of the Pacific Ocean a current sets northward analogous to the Gulf Stream. Where it strikes the coast of Alaska it is divided, and a portion, turning southward, follows our coast to the tropics. Where the great current comes to the Alaskan coast it brings heat from the tropics and contributes it to the air, so that the winds of that coast are somewhat warmer than they would otherwise be. By reciprocation the winds cool the current, so

that when it travels southward along the coast of California, it finally reaches a point where it is cooler than the adjacent land. In all this region the general tendency of air-currents is from west to east, so that the air first traverses a district of ocean, and afterward a district of land. While over the ocean the air acquires the temperature of the water; in traversing the land it acquires the temperature of the land; and as these are different it is either cooled or heated by the transfer. At the north the water is warmer than the land, so that the incoming air is cooled by the land; at the south the water is cooler than the land, so that the incoming air is heated by the land. Now, it is a general principle that the higher the temperature of air, the greater the quantity of moisture it can contain; and it results from this that on our northwestern coast the air by cooling loses capacity for moisture, and a part of its aqueous contents is precipitated, producing the abundant rainfall of southern Alaska and the northwestern coast. At the south, however, though the air is saturated with moisture as it approaches the coast, the warming it receives from the land still further increases its capacity, so that it absorbs moisture instead of precipitating it. There can be no more striking illustration of the relation of precipitation to the land and sea temperatures than is afforded by the peninsula of California. Surrounded by water on three sides and crested by mountains of no mean magnitude, it yet fails to produce precipitation, because the surface of the earth is warmer than the ocean, and a desert is the result. At its northwestern extremity the Coahuila Valley is overlooked by two great mountain ranges. The San Jacinto looks down on it from a height of more than seven thousand feet, and Grisly Peak, of the San Bernardino range, towers above it more than eleven thousand feet; but from these ranges no great steams descend to the parched desert. The brooks that issue from their gorges are absorbed by the sands and gravels of the upper slopes.

In humid lands lakes and forests abound; in arid lands plains and deserts are seen. These facts are abundantly illustrated in all portions of the habitable globe, but by some curious psychological condition a strange fallacy gains popular ground, and the humidity and rainfall is attributed to the lakes and the forests, and the aridity is attributed to the plains and deserts; while in fact, the humidity of the atmosphere is the cause of the lakes, rivers, and forests; the aridity, the cause of plains and deserts. Although this fact is so simple, there is always a class of publicists who skirmish upon the borders of science and who are forever presenting schemes for the amelioration of hard climatic conditions, not appreciating that climate is involved with great cosmic and world-wide conditions. So they would plant forests to change the surface of the earth and thereby change the climate; or they would bombard the heavens to make them yield rain to the deserts, though the moisture does not exist therein; or, failing in these methods, they would bore into the earth on the theory that there are subterranean floods that can be brought to the surface and modify the climate.

The theory that the creation of bodies of water will ameliorate the desert conditions is the one now in hand. On this theory it has been proposed to revolutionize the desert of Sahara by taking water from the sea by a canal into a low basin of the desert, and, though physical geographers have again and again affirmed that this would not affect the climate in any appreciable manner, yet the scheme comes to the surface of popular agitation from time to time. So it has been proposed to change the Colorado desert by filling the Coahuila basin with water. But land is not assured against aridity by the presence of bodies of water. It has already been seen that the peninsula of California is almost surrounded by a body of water, and to the west is the great Pacific Ocean, and yet its aridity is excelled in but few places on the globe. On the Polynesian Islands there are atolls—that is, little bodies of land surrounded by vast ocean spaces—that are almost as arid as the desert of Colorado.

The future of the basin, if regulated by nature alone, will be as its past. From time to time a strand of the river

will enter it and its bottom will be covered by a brackish lake; from time to time the whole current will pay tribute, it will be filled to the brim, and "Hardy's Colorado" will become "the Colorado;" from time to time the swaying river will avoid it altogether, the sun will drink its water, and a new film of salt will be added to its desert plain.

But the problem no longer belongs to nature alone, for civilized man is upon the scene. In the near or distant future he will control the river, and by its aid regulate the condition of the valley. To-day he talks of obstructing the western sloughs by dams so that the Colorado shall be permanently contained within its present channel, and the settlements and railroads of the basin shall not be compelled to choose new sites above the threatening tide. If this course is adopted and continued, the task of restraining the river will at first be comparatively easy, but the time will come when the tract of delta it now traverses will be built so high that massive and costly walls will be needed to restrain the struggling stream.

A few years ago it was proposed to throw the water of the river into its westward channel and restore the ancient lake, it being supposed by the projectors that the creation of such a body of water in the valley would so charge the air with moisture that rains would thereafter be abundant and general fertility would result. Great as would be the cost of controlling the river in this manner, the work might perhaps profitably be undertaken if only the desired result would follow, but this there is no sound reason to expect. An immense body of moisture would indeed be drunk by the air, probably not less than two cubic miles in every year, but this would be distributed through a body of air so much vaster, and would be wafted eastward over a tract of country so much more extensive, that its influence upon the climate would be absolutely inappreciable. At best it could but increase the annual rainfall of a district in Arizona by the fractional part of an inch.

In a third way, man may control the river. By adequate headworks he may permanently divert a regulated portion of the water to the Coahuila slope of the delta, and carry it by canals about the circumference of the basin, to be used for the watering of crops on the upper slopes. The central floor of the basin can never be reclaimed for agriculture, because it already contains an accumulation of salt which there is no means to wash away, but on the slopes round about agriculture is entirely feasible, and if rendered possible by the application of water it would enjoy those superlative advantages which are conferred by glaring sunlight and thirsty air. The cost of such an enterprise would be great. Possibly some point might be found above the delta where the river, flowing between firm banks, could be permanently controlled by headworks of masonry, from which a long canal could lead the water to the agricultural land. Otherwise the work must be performed on the sands of the delta, where foundations are insecure, and where any checking of the river's current leads to local deposition of silt, and stimulates the erosion of the banks and the opening of new channels. Moreover, the water is not of the best. In the great area drained by the river are many districts where the rocks contain salt and gypsum, and these are slowly yielded to the rains. In the long course of the river through arid lands, much of its water is absorbed by the air, and as the volume of the stream diminishes the ratio of its impurities increases. At the river's mouth their quantity is probably so great that for successful irrigation special processes would be necessary, involving extra care and labor. This matter would need careful investigation in advance. But if all difficulties, physical and chemical, can be overcome the reward is great, for in that climate every farm is a garden. It is the land of the date-palm—the Egypt of America.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE OYSTER.

By Edward L. Wilson.

"LET 'er go, Joe!"

That is what Captain Robert C. Lore, commander of the fast sailing, light-burthen oyster sloop Mail said to his first mate one fine April morning, a couple of hours before sunrise. It was down in southern New Jersey, at a place where the Maurice River widens considerably, about four miles from its mouth. The newly christened town located there is Bivalve. Port Norris is about a mile further up the stream. Bivalve is the safe port of entry for the majority of the vessels employed in the New Jersey oyster traffic. Until about a year ago "the river" was all the name Bivalve had; but now "Uncle Jimmy" is enabled to bring down a cancelling stamp upon a letter with as much preciseness and energy as that with which he formerly applied the "culling-iron" to the shell of the oyster. He says "you can despatch a letter direct from Bivalve, by rail or by sea, to any part of the world!"

Alarming reports had come up from the new post-office that the oyster supply was dying out. It was predicted by some who ought to know, that in a few years oysters would be as scarce and as expensive in the Metropolitan markets as they are now at Colorado Springs. This sounded a little like a Delaware peach-orchard canard; yet, as I thought about it, I began to see a great glass case looming up in our American Museum of Natural History containing a pyramid made up of select and antique oyster-shells; a dredge-fork: an oyster knife; a model of the Mail and the weather-beaten costume of a New Jersey oysterman, etc., relics of an industry passed away, there preserved for the instruction of posterity. It was clearly the duty of some one to gather the facts and write the biography of the oyster ere it became too late. Thus convinced I assumed the rôle of biographer, and with my camera as helper started out to "become an oysterman," that I might the more correctly fulfil the duties of my new undertaking. I was on board the Mail on the Monday morning alluded to. The Mail is a trim little boat and a good sailer. She is well fitted for her special work, but for pleasure-sailing her quarters are rather constrained. From the middle step of the companion-way it is but one step more to the dining-table. When seated at "grub" the captain can reach the coffee-pot from the stove and fill the cup of the guest at the head of the table with equal facility. In the hold there is more room for bilge-water than there is for berths, and the centre-board cuts a much wider swath than the hatchway does. The berths are at each side of the cabin and in the stern. It was like edging into a bookshelf to occupy one of them. They are about as high as an "unabridged dictionary," but, luckily, they are two-deep. The person who sleeps behind is nearer the water and is in more danger of being drowned or suffocated than is his bed-fellow, but he is likewise less liable to fall out on the cabin floor as he would surely do if he tried to turn over in his sleep. Yet a deal of comfort may be had in that contracted little cabin of the Mail, especially when it is wet outside or the air is chilly.

The captain spoke softly that Monday morning, for the air was soft and balmy and Joe was always gentle. Besides there was not much occasion for elocution, because all Joe had to do was to allow a single hawser to slip through his hands and unwind itself from the uneasy pile wavering in the mud and sand near Stites's Wharf, and then jump aboard the Mail before she had floated out of her dock. Then Joe coiled the wet rope on deck near the anchor and ran aft to help ease up the sheets, for the wind was free down the river. That pleased us. We were headed for Maurice River Cove, to

study the oyster and the oysterman. During the planting-time as well as in the catching-season here it is the oysterman's custom to slip out from Bivalve very early on Monday morning and remain at work in the Cove until Friday or Saturday, when he returns to "ship the catch" or to "tie up over Sunday."

An oyster sloop or schooner is manned by four or more men, one of whom serves as cook. A good supply of food is always taken aboard, but should the appetites of his crew overreach the Captain's calculations, there are always to be had good oysters without going very far away from the front door. When the Mail made her start she was not without company. The wide river was alive with vessels whose unfurled sails prevented us from seeing the opposite shore. One after the other or in groups they sailed, a long procession. It was a beautiful and a busy scene. The day was invigorating and lovely. The sea-mist made it a trifle chilly at first but as there were neither hill-sides nor cliffs there for it to climb, after it had fumbled about blindly over the stream for awhile the forces of nature sent it swathing across the tangled marshes on either side until the sun came up and then the vagrant disappeared. Then, as if by magic, hundreds of other vessels appeared, airily scudding about, some in long-lined tandem, some in fleets. These had started during night, but the fog was too dense for them to proceed far, so they had entered the adjoining creeks and anchored to harbor there until the way cleared. These creeks wind so eccentrically and the tangled growth of hedge, cat-tails, elder and salt-grass, to say nothing of the sharp "three square" grass is so high that the sails and masts of the vessels seemed to be coming up from the land. Seen indistinctly through the mist the enshrouded spars recall memories of the columns of temples as at Paestum as they appear rising from the fever-stricken low-lands when one approaches them at early dawn; and there is a pang of disappointment when the veil lifts and the purple, snow-capped hills of Greece do not supplement the dream. As the sun gained the mastery the scene grew more enlivening, for the wind rose with the light, and the bellying sails strained to their utmost. Flocks of disturbed birds arose at our approach. Some of the most daring of these flew back upon the cat-tails and the elders, and balancing in the air appeared to question our right of way. Millions of frogs hoarsely croaking at our approach ceased their protestations when we neared them, and leaped splashing into their muddy hiding-places. Passing these no other disturbances met us except the screaming of the gulls over-head. After them a quiet serenity prevailed until the lashing of the sea was heard and the white-caps were seen athwart the meadows and beyond the broad lagoons.

Soon the wind came back, and in the twinkling of an eye all was changed again. Captain Lore gave the tiller of the Mail a "yank," which awakened her as from a reverie and sent her plunging around the last curve of the Maurice River with such impetuous force that she dipped water on her lee side; we were rolling about over the rougher waters of the river's mouth before our little craft could catch her breath and more quickly than we could realize what had happened. What a transformation it was! A wondrous activity prevailed now. The water was heaving with a perceptible swell and the waves chafed with the beach. The lantern reflectors of the spectral light-house caught the blush of the rising sun and sent down the glimmering rays in long wide cones across the water. The coloring of all was beautiful. The crisp air was compatible with the needs of the hardy men whose many vessels, now within stone's throw of us, began to reveal some of the mysteries of their healthful life of labor. The Mail took her place among them, for to this favor had we come. The pleasure-sailing was ended for the time, and the earnest business of our expedition began.

At what may be regarded as the southwestern corner of New Jersey the action of the water has carved out an arch-shaped or semi-circular place, known as Maurice River Cove. The Maurice River empties into the cove and gives it its name. Wamatquenack was the Indian name. The present one

grew from the ship, the Prince Maurice, burned and sunk by the Indians near a reach in the river called "no man's friend." A straight line from Egg Island Point at the left base of the arch to Cape May Point on the right base would separate the Cove from Delaware Bay and enclose the great oyster-producing section of southern New Jersey. Originally all the oysters were planted and all the grounds staked up in what was really a cove of Delaware Bay. Egg Island light-house stands on one outer point of this cove and East Point light-house is across on the extremity. Originally all the grounds were staked up inside of a straight line drawn from Egg Island to East Point. The increasing business demanded more territory than was to be had within these limits, and oysters ceased to grow fat there. So the oystermen went further out into the bay proper for more space, but continued to call it "the Cove," even to the extended points which have been named as the bases of our arch. Twenty miles in length and ten miles in width are thus included, and from four hundred and fifty to five hundred boats are busied there. These vessels hail not only from Bivalve, but from Newport, Cedarville, Dividing Creek, and Fairton, and they give employment to about 2,500 men. Every one of the captains and vessel-owners is a member of the "Delaware Bay and Maurice River Cove Oyster Association," and they all work under its protection and its laws. At their annual meeting, in March, officers are elected, and the Executive Committee appoints a special officer to watch and protect the oyster grounds. Extra watch-boats are employed if necessary. Each captain is required to obtain a license from the Collector of the association, every year, and pays for the said license one dollar per ton for the burthen of his vessel. This entitles him to the protection and use of his private grounds in the Cove and free access to the planting grounds in Delaware Bay during the planting season, which is from April 1st to June 15th inclusive. No one is allowed to use a dredge for catching oysters with a longer tooth-bar than forty-two inches, and no oysters must be caught before sunrise or after sunset. In the middle of their mainsail and in the middle of their jib, all boats must have their license-number painted in black figures at least eighteen inches long. This number must also be fixed upon some of their stakes or buoys on all private grounds. This makes it easy for the special officer or watcher to discover infringers. The Association sets apart certain natural beds for the use of the planters where the seed is obtained, and specifies that the bed known as "Andrew's" bed or "High-ditch" bed shall be for the use of citizens. This bed falls bare at low water, so that one may walk about on the hard shells and gather oysters. No citizen is allowed to take more than three bushels in one day.

The duties of the oysterman are not confined to the gathering of the bivalve for market any more than are the duties of the gardener confined to the collection of his garden product. Indeed, their work is similar in detail, and the terms used by the oysterman so nearly resemble those of the other that the oyster cultivator may well be called the "gardener of the sea." His "ground" is where his oysters grow, and he "stakes" it around to enable him to distinguish his territory from that of his neighbor. His "beds" are where the oysters grow, naturally, and where he "plants" his "seed;" while "transplanting" is resorted to for the improvement of the natural oyster.

The Mail cast anchor that first morning a little outside of the fleet of which she was a part, so that the movements of her companions could be more readily watched. With sails unfurled these all moved busily to and fro, each one giving attention to but a small territory. The captains were "staking up" their "grounds." On the deck of every vessel there was a pile of stakes — young scrub-oaks some twenty feet in length, denuded of all their branches except those at their upper end. At each corner of his "ground," ranging in extent from twenty to twenty-five acres, every individual captain directed these stakes to be forced down as far as possible. Such were called "corner-stakes." Between them, on all sides, others stakes, termed "line-stakes" were placed at intervals. His garden was thus inclosed by a fence

which protected him from intrusion as effectually as though it were enclosed by a wall of stone. Before staking out his ground the oysterman settles its location by his "range." A "range" is some particular object on shore, such as a light-house, a sand mound, the mouth of a stream or sometimes a house, or an old weather-fagged tree. The "staking out" may be done at any time. Wind and storms make repairs necessary very often. The time for "seed planting," or "throwing off," as it is called is between April 1st and June 15th. In the upper part of Delaware Bay the oysters are indigenous, and there what are called the "beds" are located. To these the oysterman goes, loads his vessel with "seed," and returning to his "grounds" he "throws off" his cargo. Young oysters so treated are termed "lay-overs." There is more pleasure-sailing involved in "planting" than there is in "catching," but the first procedure is not so interesting as the last.

In the afternoon of our first day life in the cove was suddenly interrupted by a brilliant spectacle. The excitement it caused ran high and affected the whole fleet. The weather, which had since sunrise been fair, suddenly assumed a wild and threatening aspect and gave emphatic warning that one of those characteristic squalls which not infrequently disturb the serenity of the oyster industry was impending. We were anchored watching the fleet. The wind brought the first "indication" over its own private wires. Though it had come in a hurry, its breath was cold and that caused Joe to reach for his coat to put it on. Then he looked over to the west, then to the Captain. Without a word between them the anchor was hauled in, the mainsail was unfurled and the Mail was sent driving across lots toward the mouth of East Point Inlet, before the rest of us discovered that a dark cloud had already covered the sun and was hurrying over toward us, growing larger and darker as it came. Before we reached the inlet fifty other vessels had entered it and were following its eccentric and sudden windings seemingly stuck in the marsh-grass; while the rest of the fleet came scudding in after us. What a rattling of tackle, and clashing of chains there was as all sails were furled and all anchors were cast—what dissonance between the excited voices of the men and the hoarse warnings of the wind—what a hurrying and a scurrying to get into safe harbor before the sea began to boil and the cloud-burst made it dangerous to remain in the Cove. Now our fleet was subdivided into many smaller ones. Some of them anchored a mile away from the beach. The gale increased. We could see the spray leaping high in the air. This gave evidence that the Cove was being lashed into a tremendous convulsion. The restive sound of the waves and the inexorable voice of the broken surges were bewildering. Now and then flashes of lightning rent the black cloud into fragments, illumined the torn edges with the quivering flash, and then, disappearing rendered the succeeding darkness even more terrible than at first. Then the booming thunder followed; the waves took up the sound and carried it on and on far away out to sea. Our little vessels were not harmed but when the storm abated, their rigging looked as slick as if it had been paraffined. One after the other struck sail and ventured out again; while the rain-fall continued. A warm after-glow still hung in the west when we sailed back to the inlet to anchor for the night.

After the "planting" comes the gathering in of the harvest. Before engaging in the actual work of the oysterman I will try to describe how the deck of an oyster-boat must be trimmed for its work. There are no guns needed for a Maurice River craft. I believe they are sometimes necessary on the Chesapeake, but the Cove oysterman dispenses with iron in that shape. Standing on every deck is a tall machine composed of two iron uprights with a strong reel mounted between them, at each end of which is a large iron crank and a system of cogs and ratchets. This is the "winder." Coiled around it is an iron chain to the end of which a still more curious piece of apparatus is attached. Stretch out your arm and turn your hand over with the inside toward the floor; now draw all the fingers toward the palm of the hand until they point at the floor, when you will have formed a

An Oyster Boat—The Skipper and his Family.

miniature "dredge." The real oyster-dredge is made of a heavy frame-work of round rod-iron and a bag-shaped web formed of iron rings, interwoven somewhat like a coat of mail, runs from near the ends of the fingers up to the knuckles: a row of teeth fastened to a tooth-bar is near the lower end, which, to keep up the simile may be represented by the ends of the fingers. The width of this tooth-bar is limited by law. At the sides of the vessel there are long iron-rollers, "dredge-catches" and "dredge-chocks." Such is the "tackle" or machinery used for the "planting," of the young oyster, for the "transplanting" and for the "catching for market," as gathering the fully developed oysters is called.

We must now learn more about the "seed" and its development. By "seed" is meant the "milk" or spat or spawn which is deposited during the breeding season (in summer), and adheres to some object or other in the water of the "beds." As soon as the "milk" finds a resting-place, helped by the action of the sea-water, it begins to harden and to take form. Just as the white liquid china-clay of the *pâte-sur-pâte* china decorator in its elevations and depressions hardens upon the side of a cup or vase and by the different thickness of its hardened layers forms the lovely figures we see in art collections, so the "milk" of the oyster grows into the shape intended for it by nature. Though the oyster-shell is so uncouth and rough in outline, yet what wondrous alchemy is this! Nevertheless, in the oyster world, as in ours, no privilege or advantage is accorded without some attendant drawback. Hence, when the shell begins to form the baby oyster must cease his fantastic wriggling about in the water and give careful attention to his own support. The cares of life come upon him early, but as his burdens increase he grows in strength and ability to carry them. All he asks is a good start. He is not particular as to whose hand he holds during his incipiency, provided it is clean. To him an old boot, or a dead star-fish or the shell of a crab is as good as anything to cling to until he has sufficient courage to let go and paddle his own canoe. If they are right in his way at the moment he wants them, an old bottle, a lost anchor, an escaped dredge or a pair of oyster-tongs will serve. In about two weeks after the spat is deposited, as one may see with

the naked eye, these become barnacled all over with the enterprising young oysters. But at the present time when the demand for bivalves is so great, there are not enough accidental chances such as these, so something must be done to provide more. It was necessary to take advantage of an April morning excursion to the "beds" for the particulars.

Long before daylight then the captains of our fleet from all quarters called—"Turn out boys and heave short," which means hoist the anchor on board—not alongside as when dredging. Then the sails were set free and the white wings shaped themselves for their best speed. The morning meal was partaken on the go, for when the sun was up then the work of the day began. Scarcely had the first rays struck our topmast when Joe "dumped the dredge" down into the "bed." Joe was careful always to remove the cranks from the "winder" before he let the chain go, for they might fly off after a revolution or two and brain some of us. Then the captain brought the Mail to port, when the dredge was hauled-in, and there was a feeling of disappointment at the one-sided appearance of the "catch." "Only empty shells!" Just listen to the voice of inexperience! A more careful scrutiny of a single shell was a revelation. Instead of the ash-colored surface with which all are familiar it appeared all flecked over with tiny brown things which seemed to be incorporated with the shell: but not so in fact, however. These were baby oysters. Every time they were counted there were found to be more: and when the shell was turned over there were—more—at least a hundred. Another shell was brought out from the middle of the uninviting heap. The young oysters that were found attached to it will make a respectable dredge-haul when they are three years of age. They were all thrown back into the water when the examination was ended. In a year after planting they will be as large the narrow way, as a nickel: in two years a half-dollar won't cover them: while in three years it is probable that a "trade" dollar will be required to purchase a hundred of them in New York and every one of them will exceed the dollar in size. All this when the oyster has a fair chance to grow. He is truly a tiny morsel when he begins his career, and although full of energy, seems to know how frail he is. This makes him clannish, sociable, or sometimes grasping, as you may please to understand it.

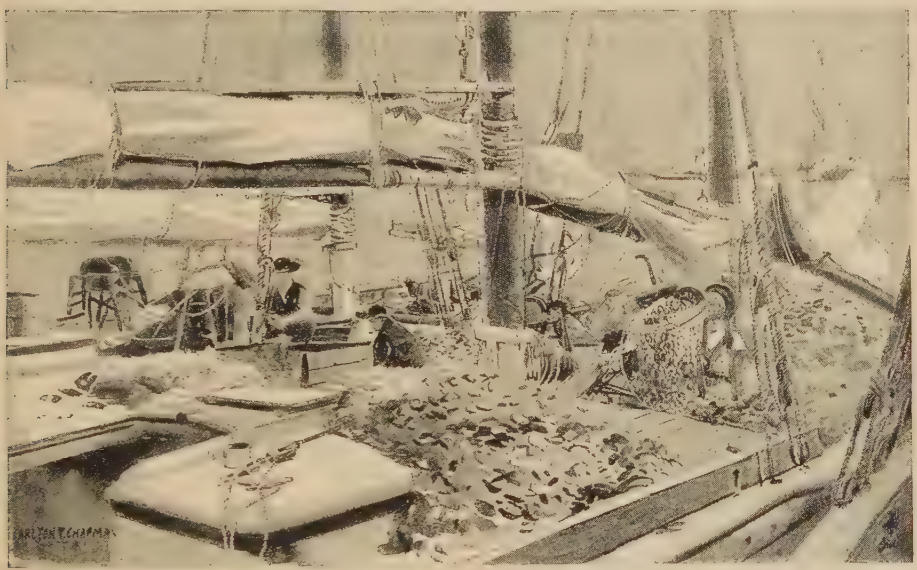
Joe hauling in "Plants."

I have a "plant" specimen showing fifty junior oysters varying in size from the eye of a darning needle to the eye of a camel, all clinging to an antiquated half oyster-shell with tenacity which seems bred of the fear of falling to the bottom of the sea. Indeed an oyster-shell always looks to me as if it had passed through a frightful experience.

As these youngsters grow their congeries assume all sorts of forms. I have one group shaped like a tulip. Six or more well-formed young oysters have so wriggled their hinges round into contact as to present quite a respectably proportioned rosette. How ingenious! They could not have opened their mouths without prejudice to one another had they turned the other way.

A great many of the oystermen raise their own "seed," besides

securing what they can from the "natural beds" in the spring or "regular planting season." This they are at liberty to do at all times of the year. It is done by purchasing the oyster-shells which have been opened at the restaurants or canning-houses in the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, and bringing them in boats to the private grounds in the cove where they are thrown off. This is usually attended to between July 1st and August 10th. The spawn, adhering to these shells, soon forms into young oysters. As a rule they are very thrifty and form a better growth than the seed taken off the "natural beds" up the Bay. They are often "run into market' after two or three year's growth from the spawn.



"Culling off."

The "natural beds," so called, are known as "Egg Island," "New beds," "Minch beds," "Benny's beds," "Shell Rock," "Cohansey beds," "Middle-Grounds," "Stony Point beds," and so on. Shells and all are caught off these beds, and the loaded boats are taken down to the Cove and emptied of their curious freight. As the oyster-laws stop the planting June 15th, the oystermen have ample time to repair their boats and paint them before the autumn and winter work begins. A long time before autumn, however, their boats are "ready" for pleasure sailing. "The Races" at the watering places along the coast usually tempt them from their homes during the summer. On the last day of August they begin their more earnest business.

The process of "transplanting" is altogether a different operation from "planting." When "inshore" oysters are taken out on a sandy bottom or into deep water it is called "transplanting" them. After they remain about a month in their new home they are "taken up" again and sent to market. The regular "taking up for market" or "catching' or "dredging"—the oystermen call it "drudging"—goes on usually from September to April. As when the planting season commences, so the whole fleet joins to gather the harvest. With as much hope as when the seed-planting begins, but with greater expectancy and no little anxiety the oysterman proceeds to his grounds now. Examination and trial are first made when some find that their oysters have taken an extra growth while others' oysters have scarcely begun to grow at all. Sometimes a strong westerly wind so covers his oysters with sand and mud that his dredges cannot reach them. When the plants "do well"

they are ready for market in one year, while others require two, three, and even five years before they are sufficiently grown. The rough hardship which attends the life of the salt-water fishermen is well known, and to a degree it is shared by the oystermen. The latter has the advantage of variety, however, and his vocation is more active and more exciting. It holds an interest too which comes to the husbandman, to the gardener, and to the fruit-raiser: likewise to the photographer and to any one who sees the results of his efforts growing under his hands and developing into the well formed and perfect product.

During the days employed at different seasons of the year in gathering points for our biography, opportunity was had not only to experience the mutations of the oysterman's life, but also to become acquainted with some of his individualities. One visit was made during the first week in November. The morning we sailed the air was as blue as that which hangs over the Bay of Naples. The lagoons on either side of the river were rustling with the tall dense growth of the summer and autumn. Every breeze started the waves of light and shade into new combinations; softer gradations. And so it was all the way down to the verge of the sea.

What a spectacle greeted us when we passed from the narrow highway of the river into the broad amphitheatre of the Cove again. There were at least three hundred vessels, all sails up, some scudding about with no apparent aim except to find their reckoning; others sailing smoothly along. At first sight of their sails, every one hung in gray shadow, but very soon the sun arose with a bound, and flooded the swelling water with rose tint and gold. Each canvas then intercepted his rays and shared his glory. Just this touch was wanted to impart that Virgilian charm which transforms daily sights and sounds into romance and adds poetic mystery to common things. Active preparation for something was evidently going on. The rattling of machinery increased more and more and the vessels which had not cast anchor now fidgeted about, tacking and turning, furling and unfurling; then anchoring and hauling in with a wild activity which nearly turned our heads. A naval contest of some kind was impending surely. The Mail took her place in the midst of the fleet and at once caught the infection. Her deck had been cleared of all superfluous articles and her anchor was quickly cast. All sails were then furled; for a moment, it seemed like Sunday.

"Heave out, Joe," was the next command, and a thundering rattle followed. Joe had "let go the drudge," and it was tearing away the chain from the "winder" for all it was worth. A cable at the left followed the antics of the chain as exactly as it could and leaped overboard, gracefully undulating like an excited serpent. It was attached to the dredge as a safe-guard to prevent its loss in case the chain broke. The cable is kept in bounds by a "chock" at one side. Joe had a way all his own of telling when the dredge touched bottom, and then by the pressure of his boot upon the "dredge-catch" he arrested the wild career of the chain and the rope, when the "winder" voluntarily halted. No one can tell what the dredge will bring back when it is hauled on deck again. But it must have a fair chance to acquit itself honorably, so the next thing in form is to ship the anchor, hoist sail, and scud over the "ground" with the dredge dragging behind. One can quite imagine the consternation the dredge causes in the little families of the deep when it rakes

Oysters, and "Culling Iron."

DRAWN BY C. BROUGHTON AND C. T. CHAPMAN. ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

A "Scow Gang."

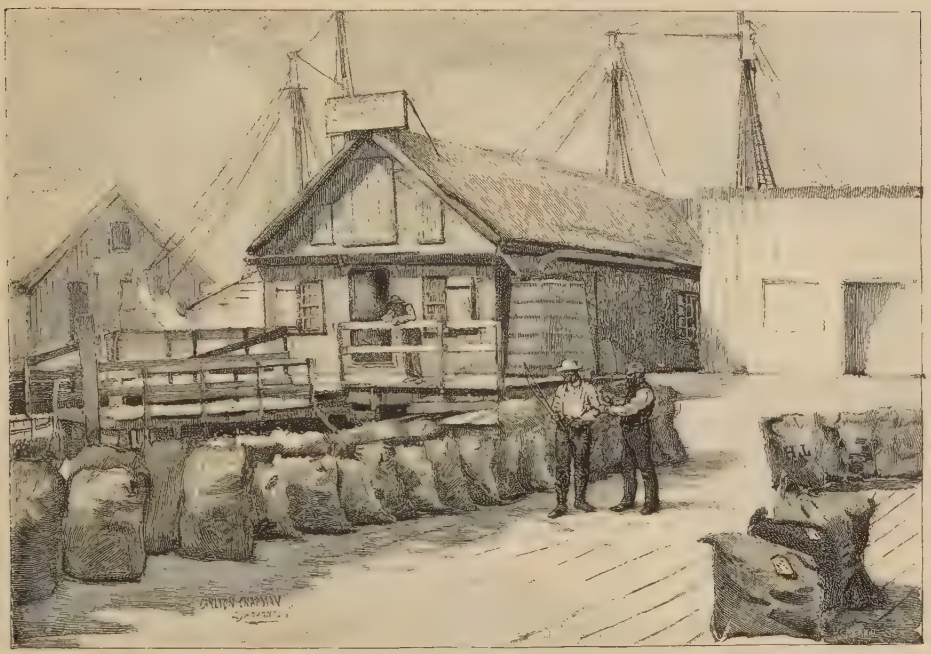
the "beds" below. It is always interesting to see it hauled in and more interesting to examine its "find." After the Mail is brought-to on such occasions, Joe and his helpers are given the command to "wind." They seize the cranks and turn vigorously; when the rattling of the chain ceases all hands gather at the side of the vessel to see the result of the "catch."

"Dump the drudge, Joe." Then the great iron maw is hauled aboard over the roller and its gathering is spread out upon the deck. Crabs, like district messenger-boys, start off purposelessly for some unknown quarter; crawfish lift up their arms in helpless distress; flounders disentangle themselves from the seaweed and try to leap overboard, and baffled young sharks lie here and there ready to take their chances. Sometimes heap and the dredge is "dumped" again as the captain puts the vessel about and brings her to his ground. Thus the day's work goes on from morning until night.

Between catches the "culling" takes place. This is not the final assorting previous to the shipment of the oysters to market, but is the process by which the good and proper shaped oysters are separated from the plants and from what are undergrown, and from what is termed "trash." After the seed is planted the growth of the oyster is governed by the kind of ground it has to live on. Oysters, like human beings, assume more or less obesity according to their "feed." So, it is liable to happen to an oyster from the time he lets go of the old shell where he first drew the breath of life until he undertakes

An Oyster "Float."

other fish are brought up, but usually all these are thrown back into the sea. If any star-fish "borers" or "conks" are caught they are crushed to death, for they destroy the oyster in the "beds" and are so abundant at times as to cause great loss. "Shovelling back" then follows; *i.e.*, what remains of the catch is thrown back upon the deck in a to exist alone, that he is hauled up in a dredge a dozen times, and is given an equal number of glimpses at the monsters who hold his fate in their hands. After such experiences he devotes his entire time to hardening and thickening his shell with as much assiduity and evidence of faith in immortality as the ancient Egyptian had when construct-



Ready for Market.

ing his tomb. Yet it is only a question of time when the oyster must come under the blow of the "culling iron" and the oyster-knife, and pass on toward transmigration.

The changing scenes of life all have their effect upon the oyster. Like any other child of nature he, too, is influenced by soil, temperature, weather, and food as well as by companionship. Being subject to the various changes alluded to, he may reach his full growth without the slightest resemblance to his parents. Give them abundant space and good ground, and they will, if not disturbed by the dredge too often, mature in good shape and of excellent weight and flavor.

A clam is considered as the emblem of stupidity and callousness. But you will make as great a mistake if you put the oyster in the same category as when you class a Chinaman and a Japanese together. The oyster is so strong of muscle, as we all know, that no human fingers are able alone to open the doors of his domicile if he chooses to keep them closed; liver and stomach and digestive organs he has, all as sensitive as ours; respiratory organs as complicated as the human lungs; machinery for obtaining his water-supply and for preventing an overflow, and wondrously contrived mechanism for the trapping of his food. Finally he has a heart whose pulsations may be seen after his house has been torn from him. With this very limited understanding of the anatomy of the oyster it is not difficult to comprehend how cultivation and care may not only improve its outward appearance and augment its lines of beauty, but how they also cause the quality of its meat to surpass that of the "natural" or uncultivated oyster, as much as grain-fed poultry surpasses the product of the barn-yard. When your host places before you oysters that are plump and round and thick and deep and light-colored, and mantled narrowly by a fringe quite thick to the very edge, then you may be sure that they have not only lived with few disturbances but under a high state of cultivation.

Before the "dredge" and the "winder" were invented, a wide rake with curved teeth and a long handle was let down into the beds, and by hand the bivalves were hauled up to the deck. This was called "tonguing." There is as wide a difference between the

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

Saturday Afternoon at Bivalve

ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

"tonguing-iron" and the "dredge" as there is between the scythe of "Old Father Time" and the McCormick reaper. The effect of the introduction of the modern invention has been much the same in the case of the oysterman as it has in that of the farmer. The production has increased and improved, as have also the means of bringing the product quickly to the door of the consumer.

One does not easily tire when watching such interesting work as that of the oysterman, and yet the night was always welcome; for, after all, the work was not easy though accompanied by so much novelty and picturesqueness. The coming up of the dredge, like the appearance of the photographic image under the developer, was always especially attractive, for its gatherings were always new — they were never twice alike. Then there were so many vessels to visit, each one of which afforded some novelty, either in the crew or in the methods of working. Good humor abounded and good stories were as plenteous as flounders. Besides there were good pictures bristling on every side. If a choice was made something more choice would grow up presently.

The first November night after dredging was also a sleepless one. "Joe" snored; "Al" talked in his sleep: the captain muttered uneasily. I thought I must suffocate and retreated up the companion way to the deck. Before that time, the stillness was almost oppressive. But immediately I stood upon the lonely deck everything seemed to be in a tremor. The rippling water rolled up against the sides of the boat with faint explosive force and moved it to and fro in gentle undulations; the night was cloudless, and low down in the West a bright moon sent its mellow light athwart the land and the water with double lustre; a host of glittering stars were dancing in the heavens. I climbed aloft for a better view. Then I saw the winding water and the tongues of land like broad bands of satin ribbon rolled out in alternation upon the broad expanse beyond. The breeze seemed fresher and busier up there in the rigging. Now and then the "lazy-jacks" trembling and beating against the larger ropes played a quivering reveille. Two light-houses were in sight. Like Polyphemus, with their one great eye they glared, and sent a wide cone of light a-sea. The loose sheets fluttering in the breeze seen through the long vistas of the masts caused recollections to rise of the stories of the men of old times whose worship was symbolised by dances at night, banquets, libations, and mirth-making; yet all was as silent as a shadow except the vibration of the ropes. When one vessel rocked and sent the shadow of its mast and yard-arms across the deck of a companion, the black forms looked like uncanny beings. There were hundreds of other shadows there flitting about and posturing on the many decks — black and heavy ones cast by the feeble lights of the vessels—others light and airy in their movements, made blacker by the light of the departing moon.

Toward morning it became more calm and the water was as smooth as a wood-embowered lake on a summer night. The shadows lengthened as the moon declined and the repose increased. Then with a new intensity the long lines of signal lights hanging at the bows of the innumerable vessels which were anchored in our neighborhood, and the lights aloft, gave an air of still-life to the waters which was very oppressive. It was like the lights of a city—a long line of twinkling law-keepers, guarding and guiding alike.

In an hour or two after how changed it all was! First an early-rising captain came on deck, and gave a yawn. Soon after his men turned out and the chuckle of the pulleys told that his boat was under sail. One by one, or in small fleets, its companions took flight till the inlet was filled with sail scudding out toward the Cove into the day's toil. The Mail was not behind, for the early light was best for our work. A fine breeze bore us on to our grounds and did not abandon us all day. It was a glorious morning for dredging.

The sun had scarcely risen above the horizon before the action began. The rattling of anchor chains; the clatter of the dredge cables; the rumbling of the rollers and the squeaking of the winders, to say nothing of the noise of the

boat's tackle and the shouts of the captains and the men all contributed to the semblance of an active naval engagement. It was all day interesting to see the changing aspect of the various decks we visited, as the "catch" went on. While the men at the dredges and winders kept hauling up the oysters to the decks and others shoveled them in great heaps to the sterns and to the bows, as well as to the sides of the boats, others, seated, gave their attention to the "culling" or assorting. For this purpose a "culling-iron" is used. It is a long-handled, slender hammer, somewhat resembling a saddler's tool. It has a round face at one end and a flat face at the other. With the latter the "culler" hauls the bivalves toward him and seizes them with the other hand. Then with either face of the hammer the clusters of oysters are knocked apart and assorted into piles called "cullings," "primes" and "extras." There is a fourth grade which must be taken care of. This is "trash" and includes all "plants," empty shells, and other objects that are not good oysters. These are thrown back into the water, as they help keep the ground above the mud. As the culling goes on and the deck becomes crowded the "load for market" is thrown into the hold. Thus, all day long, on hundreds of decks, this breaking up of families, this separating of boon companions, this selection of the fattest and the fittest, this greedy grappling goes on. It is a wonderful sight. To stand upon the deck of the Mail and look across the decks of a block or two of her neighbors through their entangled tackle, or along their avenues of spars and between the two great piles of oysters is more bewildering than a glance down a New York street after a snow-blizzard.

If toward the end of the day's work—when the light becomes too low and the shadows too long for good photographic effects—the mind grows weary of so much excitement, the beauties of the surroundings are always abundant enough to supply diversion. The boats are never long at anchor—only while the dredge is hauled in, and not necessarily then. Toward sunset the scene is always fine. There is the foreground of sails of dappled light and shadow across which the rigging flits to and fro like lizards on a wall; the sunbeams strike upon the russet surface of the spars and burnish them with a golden covering. Between them is the sky, a medley of rose and saffron and blue and gray; there is no middle distance but the free air is filled with fluttering birds who now intercept the color and set their soft breasts and outspread wings afire—now turn against the light and are as black as silhouettes.

As law-abiding oystermen we quit work when the sun went down and sailed into Cohansey or Nantuckset Creek to our moorings for the night. For a half hour before the anchor was dropped, usually Al's stove sent up significant despatches from the kitchen which reminded us that "some of them three year old primes" had been set aside during the day. Appetites had to be held in check until the cry came up the companion-way, "Grub, gentlemen!" The captain was always obliged to "step on his modesty" and take his seat first on such occasions, much against his will. Had he not done so it would have been necessary for him to climb over the rest of us. After he was seated the others slipped down the stairway to the front seat and then sidled around to the larboard and to the starboard to their accustomed places. After the "feast of reason" then followed the "flow of soul." Many times the neighbors came in and helped. It got about that "the Mail had visitors," and that fact brought her a number of callers. Among them were some of the veteran captains who had "follered oysterin" for quite half a century. There were two brothers who could surpass any "fresh" in the fleet telling stories. Some of their experiences were marvellous—of course. One of the brothers was not only a great oysterman but "a very religious man." His account of camp-meetings and revivals almost singed one's hair. Splendid types for the camera were found in our fleet and their history would weave into an attractive romance could one but contrive to catch the warp and woof. Every day brought a new bit of color and every night new yarns were spun.

Toward the end of this eventful week

the companions of our fleet began to disappear. As their load was completed, one by one they hauled in their anchors and set sail for Bivalve. The busy spectacle at the Cove usually closed by Friday afternoon, and that broad amphitheatre was then as empty of sails as a mountain lake.

Arrived at Bivalve the oystermen attend to such "culling" as could not be done between dredges and then turn over their "catch" to the shippers. These latter have what are called "floats" lying on the water near their shipping wharves. A "float" is made of two heavy spars connected by having narrow strips running across from one spar to the other, with a proper depth secured by vertical strips of suitable length at ends and sides. The strips are separated so that the water may enter freely and yet not sink the craft. The oysters are thrown into these floats and allowed to remain there, under water, from one to three tides, to clear themselves of the bitter sea-water, to freshen and to "fatten." They drink in the partially fresh water, which clears them of mud and sand and increases their size. Whether they really grow "fatter" in so short a time, or only become bloated, is quite uncertain. They at least become whiter, and fuller in appearance. No amount of "laying out," as this process is termed, will make a poor oyster "fat;" and the "fat" ones are the most improved by the "laying out."

The oyster next falls into the hands of the "scow-gang," men whose specialty it is to remove them from the floats and convey the marketable bivalves to the wharves of the shippers, using scows altogether as the means of conveyance. Although the hundreds of now naked masts pointing to the sky convey the feeling of rest and quiet, the scene along the docks and wharves is an active one; including the "scow-gang" and the shippers, hundreds of men are now busied. When the scowmen reach the wharves they count out the oysters into baskets holding 200 "cullings" and 100 "primes" respectively; from the baskets they are "dumped" into sacks and barrels. A sack will usually hold 600 or 700 "primes" or about double that number of "cullings." The barrels hold from 100 to 200 more. These are received and marked by the shipper, then loaded upon the cars which await them alongside the warehouses. The New Jersey Central R. R. Co. and the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. divide the freight and carry it as far west as Chicago and as far east as the docks of the European steamers at New York.

In the fall of the year, when the business is at its height, from thirty to forty car loads leave here daily, each one carrying away 100 sacks or barrels of oysters averaging 1,000 oysters. Thus from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 oysters are shipped from these points daily. No disputing the count of this immense traffic ever comes back. The men engaged are of the strictest integrity. I have often admired, too, the beautiful kindliness which rules among them of every grade. If an oysterman is required suddenly to "run down to the Cove and try and ketch a few thousand of them 'extras' for a banquet in New York," he will pull his roll of money out of his pocket unhesitatingly, and place it in the hands of his merchant or shipper for safe-keeping without counting it, knowing full well that it won't even be unrolled, while he is gone. It is true that oystermen are human beings, but I never saw any class of men work more pleasantly and harmoniously together. The only danger of a disturbance is when a visionary captain or some one else of lesser rank leans up against the rail in front of the warehouses and becomes a little excited over his "big ketches." The point is not always on the quantity—any one can haul in "*lots*" of oysters—but on the size and quality of the "extras" grown this or that year, whenever it may be. If the story seems embroidered or hyperbolical the listeners cry "Oh, oh!" That is the danger-signal. The narrator reaches down and takes an oyster in each hand; then bracing himself more firmly against the fence he throws one foot back and rests the heel upon the lower rail. Now oppose him if you have the courage. He bites his cigar until it drops from his mouth; then the stretches of fancy roll off his lips like the chain from the winder. "He is using too many teeth to his drudge" they cry, and refuse to

listen longer ; then the excited fabulist is forced to retreat and is fortunate if a scow-load of "trash" is not sent flying after him. Such affairs are always bloodless, however, and are at once submerged in the good humor and the good will which hangs over the whole community.

Many interesting types are to be found among these Maurice River oystermen. To a man, I believe they are not only American born, but their sires fought in the Revolution or in 1812, and many, fathers and sons, were engaged in the Civil War. In old revolutionary days this neighborhood was infested by refugees, and an actual battle took place in August, 1781, between some of them and the militia, on this very Maurice River, near Port Norris. The militia were in a shallop which the refugees tried to board. Eight of the latter were killed and seven were taken prisoners. The life of one of the militia, John Paterson (whose descendants abound here), was saved by the brave action of his son, who shot and killed a refugee while the rebel's broadsword was raised to cleave the skull of the patriot.

If the "ketch" has been good, when these clever people "call" aboard your boat they make the long evenings very enjoyable by their story-telling. They are full of Revolution stories ; they know well the history of their neighborhood—how in the early days the churches were organized ; who went to Congress : how rattlesnakes were trapped in the winter ; what the schools cost ; which "houses had spooks in 'em ;" how cancers were cured and how "faith" and "powpowing" drove away disease ; how Mary Coombs had "raptures" every night at 6 o'clock, though she had no clock ; and hundreds of other things which now seem quaint and queer. The majority of them are well-to-do, and have pleasant homes at Port Norris. During the busy season, however, temporary homes are occupied at Bivalve and Long Beach. Some of these are very humble in appearance but they are comfortable inside, and "the latch-string is always out." Warm hearts beat there for the loved ones who are striving out in "the Cove." The hour when these sea-gardeners will return depends so much upon "the luck had in drudging" that it is uncertain. So, when Friday afternoon arrives, if it is pleasant, the baby is brought out to a good place on the landing in front of the house and the wife sits anxiously by her door or outside "watching for the captain to come home." The first incoming vessel is greeted with exclamations of joy, for it is known that "where one is seen more will show up." And now they come in numbers. They can be signalled while yet far away among the marshes, scudding homeward. Their furled topsails beat and bound against the mast-heads and turn to and fro, now into the light, now into the shade, with the windings of the river, as the head of the alarmed mother goose turns when she endeavors to decoy the sportsman from the hiding-place of her young. Not a vessel's hulk is in sight. All are hidden by the trembling reeds and rushes. But at length the first comer reaches the widening of the river and sails proudly into port, laden with the stores of the water-garden of the Cove.

By Saturday afternoon the scene in port is an important one. The boats lie side by side as thickly as can be ; every anchor is cast ; all topsails are furled aloft, the other sails are made fast to bowsprit or spar : the "winders" and the "dredges" are covered over with tarpauling : the decks are cleaned and everything is "tied up for Sunday." The wide semicircle is completely lined with vessels, and all would be calm and quiet were it not that the breezes aloft swell the topsails into balloons and make the little vessels below rock so uneasily that the quickest snap-shutter and the most sensitive photographic plates are needed to obtain distinctness in the view.

Thirty years ago the oyster business was conducted differently. The work of the oysterman was harder then. After the dredging was done, the sails were set and the boats were run up to Philadelphia, where their cargo was disposed of to both dealer and consumer, as the case might be. When the winters were too severe for this the oysters were loaded upon wagons and carted to market over the snow. Two days were re-

quired for the journey. The first night a stop was made at Millville. A volume of experiences can be gathered from the old grandmothers hereabouts. They tell how the wife had to rise early and get the breakfast for the men (and "rout 'em out o' bed too, sometimes, to feed the horses:") how she could hear "the ringing and the ringing and the ringing of the wheels on the snow long after they left" and so on.

But those days will never return. From Bivalve now one by one the long lines of cars go rumbling away from the docks and carry their toothsome freight to those who probably never think how such delicacies are cultivated and procured. The real fact of the matter is, the oyster is the oldest thing known. The Arab of the desert likes to tell you that the camel is the oldest of God's creations and the camel acts as if he believed it. But that awkwardly formed beast is an interloper and a fraud. Go to the shores of ancient oceans, even where now only sand is seen; to the seas which line the deserts even; or go to the rocks which hold in check the rampage of the cataract in all parts of the world, and you will find fossil shells of the ancestors of oysters, which must have developed and died there millions of years ago. We are told, too, that the Bedouin of the desert has held in all the generations which have come since the time of Abraham, the customs and the manners of his ancient kindred, without change. But the oyster has been still more conservative. What it was in form and appearance (we cannot assert as to its flavor) in those remote geological epochs is very like what it is now. If it had been allowed to exercise its full power it would have flooded the world ages ago and there would be no land in sight; for a single maternal oyster can produce sixty million eggs per annum. Any one can calculate what that would mean if nature did not correct such overproduction by means of gourmands on the earth, and foes in the water under the earth.

CLYTIE.

By Ernst Schottky.

I.

A SULTRY day was over, and the full moon shone down, clear and cool. Rome drew breath again; its streets and squares grew alive with the stir of manifold movement, echoing once more with increasing confusion of voices, and with jest and laughter and song. But the charm of solitude and quiet, too, grew deeper as the sun went down, and whoever sought for them soon found them, upon the shady roads by the river, and among the spacious gardens of the hill-slopes and the suburbs.

It was there that Camillus sauntered, without aim or purpose or thought, abandoning himself to the enjoyment of the evening. For some time he had been following a road with which he was unacquainted, but he paid no heed to that; it led him along beneath massive trees in the chequered moonlight, by the bank of a wide canal upon whose surface its shimmering column rested tranquilly; and so on into ever deeper seclusion; and he was well content.

It was only after a long while that he grew aware of a disturbance, and some minutes still elapsed before he discovered what it was. A high gray wall had joined him, companionably; it ran by his side, half hidden by the trees and a couple of feet away, and it seemed in the twilight to be endlessly long. Above it were thick rows of stately tree-tops, distinct against the evening sky, and through a gap in the wall, which had indeed been built up again, but only breast-high, Camillus peered into impenetrable foliage. It was very likely a park. Farther on—for he had meantime been mounting a hill and was now upon the summit—there was a sharp turn in road and wall, and just at that spot he found his path barricaded by a pile of vast blocks of granite. In the stone rampart opposite, he perceived an opening, arched over by wide-spreading boughs, and giving entrance to a bit of wagon road, in desperately bad repair. It attracted Camillus more through its appeal to his mood and his imagination, than through any curiosity. He kept straight on, and was inside before he knew it. Nothing was stirring there. He easily forced his way through the trees and under-brush, and with half a dozen strides reached open ground. He was standing upon a knoll, from which his eye ranged unobstructed. With gentle undulations, the park

*** This story was printed in Germany a few years ago for limited circulation, but an English version is now published for the first time.

sank into a valley, then rose again in the same fashion, and was lost in distances that perhaps seemed greater than they were. Along the enclosing wall, as far as the eye could reach to right and left, and extending some distance into the park, was a heavy growth of under-wood, and trees ranged close together, like a massive frame. After a little this grew less dense, so that glades began to appear, and doubtful traces of paths; still farther out, the trees stood in isolated groups, lifted like islands from the level turf. Between them broader roads were visible; here and there, too, was the gleam of water; and everything led down to the central point of all, the bottom of the valley, which seemed an open flower-garden in the dim distance, gracefully laid out around a circular lake, from whose bosom a white-basined fountain lifted its huge bouquet of spray, blossoming in the moonlight into a thousand stars.

Beyond the lake the woodland closed in again, and stretched away interminably. But half-way up the slope it fell back for a little, and there, upon an open terrace of which only the edge could be seen above the towering tree-tops, stood a building. It was of medium height, consisting of a single story above the foundation, surmounted by a low roof; its length was greater than its depth, and the profile strikingly varied, so that, as Camillus gazed upon it from an oblique angle, heavy shadows were relieved by bright surfaces. In the more distant wing there was a gleam of light. But everything was lonely and silent, all around.

Camillus had no fear of interception, and plunged cautiously into the under-brush. It was almost a thicket, but it seemed planted purposely in order to hide the wall from within, just as the wall hid it from the outside world; and when he had pressed on a little farther and the moonlight found its way again down through the trees, he soon recognized that the park had been planned throughout with the same careful calculation which had impressed him in his comprehensive survey from the summit of the knoll. All the more slowly, therefore, he strode over the soft, smoothly-cut turf, keeping himself—though more from pleasure in the wonderful effects of light and shade than from any prudence—in the shadow of the thickest clumps of trees. Now and then he halted to listen to some rustle that might betray him; but it was only a deer that he had startled, a bird fluttering from its sleep, a brook gurgling in front of him. The odor of flowers turned him from his path, either to follow after the most delicious, or to avoid some strange, strong-scented blossom. Sometimes he lingered by the white marble figures that rose to meet him by dark thicket or open glade, and he nodded to one and another as if greeting an acquaintance. The entire freedom from interruption made him so forgetful of himself, that even when at last the clear stars were above him, instead of the canopy of leaves, he did not pause. He walked on to the fountain, which had hitherto been his unconscious goal, and gazed upon the sleeping swans, upon the bronze figures bowing themselves beneath the massive basin, and upon the voluptuous marble bodies resting like bathers on its brink, clothed with a transparent woof of falling spray.

Then his eye roamed again over the rising ground in front of him, and rested upon the noble architecture of the building, which he now saw distinctly. It was of pure marble. In the central portion, a broad flight of stairs rose to a Corinthian portico of moderate depth, behind which the wall-surface was broken only by a door and windows, and above was a low roof, whose artistically carved parapet supported a row of statues. The wings projected prominently, with plain walls to which the deep furrowing of the overhanging cornice alone gave the requisite balance and character; and above each wing there was a low gable, whose panels were filled with groups of sculpture that to Camillus seemed perhaps too crowded with figures and in too high relief for perfect beauty. In like manner, below the architrave, the front walls were of severe proportions, but were so ornately decorated by mouldings, pilasters, and half-columns, that it was for the advantage of the whole that a part of this pro-

fusion was concealed by the lawless vines, climbing upward from the steps of the foundation. The middle of each wall was occupied by a great window-space, at once the centre and the point of departure for the decorative lines of the façade.

Such were the impressions Camillus received as he stood close to the front of the building. For, since it was the crown of the whole landscape and well worth a more careful inspection, he had ventured still nearer, first, protected by the darkness of the surrounding underwood as far as the lower terrace, and then noiselessly over the stone steps, up to where rows of thick laurel bushes again enveloped him in their shadows. He walked along the front as closely as possible, doubly watchful now, because the ray of light in the remoter wing had grown clearer, reminding him, in reality for the first time, of his intrusiveness and the danger involved in it. There was nothing moving, there was no sound. But no terror and no force could have bound him there with a stronger spell than did the quiet picture which was at last before him.

Two hanging lamps, close to the window-frame and concealed by it, barely lighted the background of the chamber into which Camillus gazed, but a clear radiance streamed from them upon the fluted half-columns at the window's sides, upon the thick vine-leaves that lay below the columns like a wreath, clambered upward on them, and fell back in waving tendrils—and upon the head and bust of a woman, for whom all this seemed but the frame. What an image! In such wise would Art fashion, were she able not merely to give her creations form, but to breathe into them the breath of life! The figure was of more than common proportions, yet the law of its beauty was neither slenderness nor maiden delicacy, but a free, harmonious, noble fulness, still farther removed from any approach to voluptuousness; the magic of that vision was just this: that one thought neither of the bud nor of the ripened flower, but gave himself up to the charm of the bursting bloom. Her arms hung idly, the right one slightly farther to the front, as though her hands were folded in her lap; the shoulders, arching almost broadly, gave an appearance of strength to the whole figure; the white garment, of finest texture, fastened upon the right shoulder by buttons of mother-of-pearl, flowed in transparent waves, not so much veiling as supported by it, over the right breast and glided away under the left into the dark vine-leaves. With a gentle inclination forward and to the right, the slender neck and oval head rose in a magnificent curve. How softly rounded were the chin and cheeks, how full and yet delicate the quiescent lips! The nose, not small, but delicately formed and straight in line, was based broadly in the brow. Large lids and long lashes covered the motionless, downcast eyes. The eyebrows, curving slightly rather toward the temples than the middle, were finely marked, but not too prominent. Above them rose the broad forehead, vertically at first, then arching over to the crown in almost too high a curve; this would in fact have been more noticeable, had it not been for the thick, dark hair, which, sweeping low down in waves half natural and half designed, was parted in the middle, drawn backward above the beautifully moulded ears, and then allowed to fall in graceful tresses along the neck, thus leaving free only a low three-sided expanse of brow—like the pediment of a temple. For that face was not only beautiful because of its harmony, nor only winsome in the gentleness of its contour, but it was also masterful by virtue of the intellect in that open forehead, by virtue of the freedom and force expressed in all its firmness. Strange! how clear and deep those eyes must be; the mouth, how firmly outlined, capable of the most varied expression! But now it was lightly closed, the breath of a smile played around it, and gave to every feature—was it kindness, or was it a secret joy?—an inexpressible charm.

She stood thus motionless for a long time. Then she turned suddenly and raised her left hand to a ring which hung in the middle, baring her whole arm as she did so, and catching with her right hand the falling garment. "It is late; you must go to bed, Emilia!" She drew the heavy, dark curtain, and it closed behind her.

II.

The home of Camillus was in Greece. His father, Symmachus, had been the only remaining scion of one of the foremost Roman families, with rich natural endowments, excellently reared, and early distinguished at the imperial court by the friendship of Tiberius himself, as well as by the most honorable commissions in the service of the state. The return he made for these was neither quite upright nor wholly unselfish, and it was his own ambition and thirst for action, far more than any recollection of ancient Roman virtue, that led him to join the party of the opposition. At first he served it secretly; later on, when he was equipped with full military power for the purpose of quieting an imperilled province, he fulfilled his task most brilliantly; but, after an absence of some years from Rome, he thought the time had arrived for risking something in his own cause, and he refused to obey the orders that recalled him to Rome and to new honors. He had reckoned wrongly, for his friends were unprepared, and his own followers were fewer than he had expected; but Tiberius contented himself with banishing for life his impotent antagonist, and did not even confiscate his estates. Symmachus was still young, but for the time being he made no effort to bring upon himself a severer punishment. He travelled, at first; then, as he grew weary of the surveillance of the emperor's secret police, he settled down in Athens, buried himself deeply, after a fashion new to him, in Greek science and art, and finally he did not hesitate to sell his Roman possessions, and instead to become one of the greatest landholders in Attica. His choice was decided by his love for a highly cultivated Athenian woman, who, herself a gifted artist, had been really the first to introduce him to the study of the ancients. Their married life remained throughout a noble one. When a son was born to them, it was true that Rome rose potently again before the father's spirit, from out a vanished and forgotten past, and that old desires and endeavors, which could now affect his posterity only, stirred once more within him. But these had to be deferred to a distant future that never came; after a few years Symmachus died, and from the first instant of the boy's life his mother reared him, for his own aims and for hers, for Greece and art; for that art which she considered almost the sole one, certainly the highest and the most distinctly Greek, namely, that of sculpture.

The mother had been guided by a happy instinct, and the boy's inclinations, directed by so light a hand that he felt perfect freedom of movement, were soon justified by his youthful achievements. But even without the wise foresight exercised by his mother, his own intelligence was too broadly receptive to allow him to confine himself overhastily and exclusively to the art which he had chosen; and when he seemed sufficiently mature, his mother silenced her own heart and permitted him, by a course as welcome to him as it was painful to herself, to show the stuff he was made of. He passed a long year in foreign countries, travelling, observing, learning, but without especial reference to his own profession. Such had been his vow, and he kept it, until he thought that he had been absent long enough, and an awakening sense of pressure, making him feel that any more time spent in enjoyment would be wasted, forced him homeward. He had opportunity to prove to his proud mother that his skill of hand had not suffered, and that his talent had gained by the temperate discipline of his year of travel; then with a peaceful heart she left him to himself, and followed her husband to the grave.

Camillus had brought back with him two things which, sooner than he would have thought possible, helped him over this period of heavy trial, and changed his thoughts of the beloved dead to gentle memories: first, the figures of his imagination, which ever attended him, unbidden and not to be rebuffed, and at which he gazed until they became tangible subjects, demanding from him an artistic form; while the second was something that dawned on him at the end of his travels, when, in obedience to his mother's wishes, he had paid a flying visit to Rome.

There the youthful spirit of his father came over him, and instantaneously he formed the firm resolve to devote all his energies to the task of winning back the lightly-lost right of citizenship in the one city he revered, and of making Rome the gainer by this gift of himself to her. He spent the next few years in arduous labor and strict seclusion; Athens heard of her much-discussed citizen only through her masters and connoisseurs, whose criticism Camillus asked for when he thought he had done well, and listened to more eagerly than to their praise. Then he selected a few of the choicest of his own productions, as well as the most valuable of all the treasures of antique art his father had collected, and betook himself to Rome.

He withheld his name, as at the time of his first visit to the city, more from pride than prudence; for he hoped to make one for himself before any tidings from Athens revealed his identity. Nevertheless, he made a confidant of an old friend of his father named Marius, who, after some good-natured scepticism, gave him sympathy, zeal in his cause, and before long a home. Or rather, Marius made over to him, under the pretext of a sale, a large, convenient, and splendidly furnished house near the Forum, and there Camillus established himself, his studio, and his treasures. Though Camillus knew nothing of it, his friend's tongue was so cleverly busy in his behalf that it soon procured him the patronage that he desired, and indeed a celebrity such as he had not desired at all; at the time of our story Camillus had already become more or less the fashion, in spite of his few weeks of residence, and the cultivated circles of Rome began to bestow upon him a boundless admiration. There were some among the critics—of whom there were but few at best—who, while acknowledging most deferentially the artist's talent, nevertheless found this fault with him: that he was too young for the highest achievement; that though he had a clear insight into the nature of his art, it must be admitted that the repose and simplicity of his creations were themselves, thus far, merely an art-product gained by severe discipline and self-criticism, but endangered by his predisposition for energetic representation, for dramatic effect. Camillus took the censure in good part, but old Marius was annoyed, and did not rest until he had managed, by means of a visit of the imperial court to Camillus's studio, coupled with the more gracious than discerning praise of the emperor Claudius himself, to make the sculptor secure against any further attacks. The emperor, moreover, had been pleased to take this opportunity to inquire about the ancestry of the young artist, a question which Marius had not foreseen. Camillus preferred to give his name, but his story made no unfavorable impression—perhaps no impression whatever—upon Claudius, and the sun of favor was cloudless as before. For Camillus this was a pleasant experience, but Marius grew tranquil only after finding that the emperor had really not thought of the young man again—yet this again was not exactly what he had wished.

It was the evening after this interview that Camillus met with his solitary adventure. How he made his exit from the park and reached home cannot be told; Camillus himself did not know. But it was clear, bright daylight, and Varro, the faithful old butler, looked with astonishment and solicitude upon the singularly agitated face of his master, informing him that already at that early hour several visitors had called to present their compliments. Camillus only nodded, and went to his sleeping apartments; and then the old man, approaching from time to time, heard him striding restlessly up and down. Toward evening Camillus came out, seated himself absent-mindedly at the table which Varro almost shoved in his way, let himself be served without either eating or drinking, and remained dumb when Varro announced in a melancholy voice what great personages he had been obliged to send away that day on account of his master's illness; then at sunset he started swiftly from the house, as on the day before. From this excursion, also, he did not return until morning, with gloomy disappointment upon his face, and exhausted with his vain search. When he had fallen fast asleep, Varro

ran to his old master, who had called more than once the previous day with no better success than other visitors, and told his story. Marius hit at once upon the most probable explanation, made it perfectly clear to Varro, commanded him to be discreet, and then as soon as possible made a visit to his young friend. Camillus shook his head. "It is not that," he said, and sighed. Marius was confident, but since his urgency led to nothing except further shaking of the head, he good-naturedly gave over at last with a fatherly warning. Camillus thanked him, excused himself, and disappeared as before.

He acted in the same way upon the morrow and the next succeeding days. All at once, after that, he kept closely to the house again, but was no more companionable than before. He went out only to avoid visitors; ordinarily he locked himself in, communicated in monosyllables and as seldom as possible with the servants—honest Varro not excepted—had the greatest difficulty in keeping his temper over the conjectures of Marius, and stood idle and absent-minded before his half-finished statues. It was only after a long time that a sort of balance was restored; he grew gentler and sunnier, but no more communicative, and he lived in closer retirement than ever, protecting his privacy with bolt and bar. The report went abroad over Rome, meanwhile, that the emperor's visit had turned the artist's brain; and the position of Marius was difficult. Finally, the eccentricity of his protégé became too much for even him, and there was a quarrel.

The occasion was as follows: One morning Marius appeared with an important expression upon his face at the house of Camillus, whom he startled again out of idle brooding.

"But now, my youngster!" he cried, "what will you give for my news?" And he went on to say that he was commissioned to announce a visit from the princess Julia that afternoon; it was her wish to inspect by herself the artist's studio. "Of course you have heard enough about her?"

"Not the least thing, said Camillus.

"No? Then I congratulate you. You are about to make an extraordinary acquaintance."

"Hardly; I shall not be at home."

"Man, are you really out of your senses?" cried Marius. "In the first place, that will not do! and besides—there is no use wasting any ordinary common-sense upon one of you fellows, but we can appeal to universal human instincts, eh?—I tell you, Camillus, a more beautiful woman than this Julia you have never seen in all your life!"

Camillus gave a melancholy smile.

"I know what I am saying—with all deference to the taste you are developing by your nightly study of models. My dear fellow, I am more than half minded to let you come to grief, for the very mischief of it; you have deserved it; but the stakes are too high. What is more, this Julia has not only a marvellous beauty, but she is clever, eccentric, and she has a genuine taste for your art. Listen to me. She is a niece of the emperor; not indeed of the nearest kin, but he idolizes her and has utterly spoiled her, does her pleasure in everything, and lets her wind him around her little finger. With all that, she makes scarcely a pretence of concealing how little she cares for him and for society in general. At first she lived at court, and there grew to be twenty-three or four years old, without giving anybody the slightest opportunity of hinting anything against her except the most unheard-of pride—you know what that means—or perhaps you do not—that the women of the imperial court—well—are no exception to our general rule. But this Julia—hands off! At last she got it into her head that court life was insipid, beneath her dignity; and even the emperor could not hold her! She now lives entirely alone, so that Claudius himself is almost afraid to disturb her, and that must be an extraordinary occasion upon which she lets anyone get a glimpse of her. There have been plenty of benevolent interpretations; but I am convinced there is nothing worse behind it than her own caprice; and even that has changed, for all this happened a year ago. Now you can understand the honor paid you; to-morrow Rome will be full of it, and you will be reinstated in everybody's envy."

"I am in no position to make use of this favorable opportunity, and I beg you, Marius, to excuse me."

"But how, my dearest fellow?"

"Pardon me, old friend. Though I cannot give you a detailed explanation, it is just now impossible for me to see people; least of all such a woman as you have described. Tell her whatever you think best, and do not spare me."

"Good; she shall hear that you have certainly gone mad," replied Marius, with the dry tone of suppressed passion; and then he broke out, and poured over Camillus such a flood of rage, that the latter parted from him without saying a word.

III.

Nor did he return; and Marius was alone with old Varro at the door when, rather late in the afternoon, the great lady and her attendant descended from the litter. Julia recognized Marius, for whom she had always felt a liking, and gave him a friendly greeting.

"And where is the master of the house? He is a friend of yours, is he not?"

Marius stammered an excuse, as well as he could: the unlucky artist had not been at home; was not even in the city, when Marius had endeavored to give him the message. How deeply he would regret the favor he had missed! Would the artist be granted permission to sue for pardon himself? He, Marius, had sent someone out in search of him, and had waited until it had grown too late to inform the princess of his disappearance.

"It is well that we do not come on his account," said Julia, smiling. "Of course you can serve as guide yourself?"

Marius opened the door that divided the entrance hall from the ground-floor. The latter, built in a great square around the courtyard, which was open to the sky and decorated artistically with growing plants and fountains, consisted mainly of an arcade with apartments, separate and in suites, opening into it. Space and light were most happily utilized to give the exhibited works of art their fullest possible effect; each one was approachable from every side, separated from those next to it by a considerable interval, either by one of the central columns or by a drapery that supplied a background of the requisite color. Camillus had disposed of his own productions in the side rooms, the doors of which had been replaced by curtains.

Julia was delighted with this arrangement, and listened carefully to the historical elucidations which Marius gave learnedly and glibly as they stood before the antiques. She gave herself up with keen and intelligent enjoyment to the beauty of these things, and then she spoke with true appreciation of Camillus himself. It happened before long that, in drawing aside another curtain, she found, instead of a statue, a door she could not open.

"Master Camillus must keep his loveliest statue hidden here," she said, and passed on. Marius shook the fastened door, called Varro, and asked him to open it.

"I believe, sir, certainly, that Camillus has been working here, but upon something that ought not yet to be seen."

"He will allow us to see it," replied Marius.

"And each time," continued Varro, "he carefully locks and unlocks the door himself. Even I have never glanced in there."

"But you have another key?"

"To be sure," said the butler, "but it has not been used for a long time, and whether I can find it——"

"See that you do find it, without further objection," answered Marius, authoritatively.

Back came the old man, therefore, before many minutes, and shoved aside the inner bolt. Marius announced to the princess, who had been meanwhile admiring an antique faun near by, that the room was open. Out of good-nature, and not to disappoint her zealous guide, she went back with him, and entered. Yet scarcely had she taken two steps forward, when she cried "Emilia!" as if in great alarm, and caught at the half-open door. Her attendant hastened toward her, and still more quickly and not less dumfounded, came Marius. But Julia, covered with deep blushes, thrust him violently back, pulled Emilia over the threshold, and

closed and bolted the door. "Look there!" she cried, trembling with an almost uncontrollable excitement.

The room was in fact Camillus's studio, though it had not long been used for that purpose, since only a few tools lay scattered about, and there was but a single statue—a wondrous one—of marble. It stood in the middle of the room, upon such a high base that one had to look up to it a little. The circular pedestal supported an elliptical shell with gently upward curving sides, or better, a calyx, formed of broad overhanging leaves arranged in a simple wreath; and upon this rested the life-size bust of a woman, just as Camillus had seen her on that night, and unceasingly ever since, in all the scarcely veiled beauty of the original. The work was almost completed, and a marvellous resemblance it bore to the woman who stood before it.

She had grown pale again; with misgiving and confusion she looked almost appealingly at Emilia, who also remained silent, but at last said, softly: "How was that possible!"

"Really, how is that possible?" repeated Emilia. "When has he seen you like that?"

"When like that? When has he seen me at all?" cried Julia, crimsoning again at the inconsiderate question. "But I know!"

"You know, Julia?"

"Hush! And he shall atone for his insolence!"

Both were silent once more, while Julia stared angrily at the floor. Emilia, however, gazed steadily at the statue, except that now and then she compared it quietly with the princess. "How beautiful!" she said, at last. Julia threw one rebuking glance upon the impertinent maid; then allowed another and a more searching one to glide over to the marble and remain fixed there; fixed so long that her eye lost its angry fire, her compressed lips relaxed, and she unconsciously repeated Emilia's words, "It is beautiful."

Emilia took this as the signal for enthusiastic praise. Julia let her talk, half listened to her, and meanwhile continued her inspection, pausing here and there to give heed to an indefinable feeling, which rose and vanished again. The charm of the unexpected homage gradually became so fascinating and so delicious, that it was not until a long time after Emilia had ceased chattering that the princess said, hesitatingly: "We must go." Once more she lost herself in a current of thought that gave her eye a mysterious expression; and then she glanced keenly at her attendant, and nodded: "Enough for the present. Now think quick and invent a story for old Marius. For, listen," she said, stopping, with a threatening ring in her voice, "no one must know what has happened."

They found the two men outside, waiting at a respectful distance. Emilia closed the door carefully, and explained to Marius, in a low voice, that in entering the smaller room, the princess had stumbled, and that it had taken all this time for her to recover herself and to rearrange her somewhat disordered attire. Marius looked over at her, acknowledged with a dutiful bow this draft upon his credulity, and approaching Julia, expressed with the utmost politeness his regret for the accident. She had at once renewed her scrutiny of the sculptures, and now made no answer whatever. Apparently her mood had entirely changed: to the old masters she gave only a distracted attention, but more narrowly than before she searched for a certain something in the productions of Camillus himself. But she found nothing, and could no longer force herself to follow Marius farther. Under the plea of weariness, she requested him to call her servants, and quickly took her departure. Upon the threshold she turned once more to Marius.

"I do not know what Emilia may have told you; undoubtedly, it was some equivocation that could not have deceived you. I have seen something in that room which has much—surprised me. I desire that no other person whatever shall look in there; this I beg of you and pledge you by your honor. Be indifferent to my reasons, and to the whole affair. By the bye, Camillus should have no suspicion; I do not wish to wound him. You will answer for your servant?"

Under the assurances of Marius, she entered the litter, followed by Emilia, and each one of the four sank into silent thought.

After a while Julia said: "Do you know how I came to recognize the attire in which Camillus has represented me? Some weeks ago—there was a full moon at the time—I stood at the window in the park, both lamps burning in front of me. It was bed-time, and I was taking a final glance at the mirror. I looked like that. I was pleased with the picture myself, and grew absorbed in gazing at it. He must have stood directly opposite. But how had he gained an entrance?"

When Camillus returned, Marius addressed him laconically. "The princess Julia has been here. I have tried to repair your folly, have made excuses for you, and have asked permission for you to tender further excuses yourself—— But there will be no need of that," he went on, as Camillus frowned; "there was nothing said about you, and only a little about your work; and the princess had enough of it when she was half through."

"It was well, then, that I was not present," said Camillus, coolly.

"I only hope," concluded Marius, in a similar tone, "that the matter will not result unpleasantly for you."

"Have patience a few days more, Marius; for I am going back to Greece."

IV.

Upon the following day, Camillus was summoned to wait upon the princess, and as it was impossible to decline such an invitation, he obeyed. Julia soon knew her own mind, or thought she did, at least. She must make the acquaintance of this Camillus. If she was disappointed in him, she would inform him of her discovery, and command him either to destroy the bust, or to give her possession of it. However, if he was what she fancied him to be——

And she gave a free rein to this fancy, until it mastered her and led her far afield. She had never met a man who could satisfy her fastidious taste, but nevertheless she longed to find one, and she had meditated often and deeply enough upon the manner of man he must be: different, very different from Camillus, as for a day past she had fancied the latter; but with astonishing swiftness she had come to prefer this new conception, and it now seemed to her that her lover must be like that, shy and yet bold, manly and withal a child; in a word endowed with a genuine artist nature. Her clear mind, practical even in its pleasures, busied itself at once with the necessary means to her end, and for that very reason deceived her about this preconceived passion. She would have been amazed, had she been able to observe herself as impartially and critically as she was wont to observe others. Emilia noticed how changed she seemed in the course of a few hours; how impetuous, wilful, lovable, girlish—albeit scarcely bashful—she had grown!

There were a few preliminary questions to be settled. Emilia was taken into confidence and made use of as far as seemed necessary; as for the rest—she might draw whatever inferences she pleased. Would it be well to introduce Camillus at once to the nocturnal witchery of the park? No, that would have spoiled the surprise, for Emilia had had time and opportunity for secret inquiries, and the sagacity of the two women was not at fault in concluding that Camillus's first visit had been his last. How could Julia best meet him, without losing too much, since so much had already been offered him? At last she resolved to assume the self-contained, calm dignity which befitted her as a princess, and which, as she well knew, would still allow her womanhood to assert its right. What was most essential, namely, a pretext for all this, she had found soon enough: she would entrust the sculptor with some commissions, and together they could determine upon the subjects. There was but one embarrassment: Julia had altogether too prominent a rôle in her little comedy to allow her the full enjoyment of the spectacle. Here she envied Emilia. The latter proposed that Camillus should be received in the great hall of mirrors, but Julia rejected the idea; it would only

disturb the freedom of her own movements; the more she saw of herself, the less would she see of Camillus; and more than all, it was in horribly poor taste.

At any rate, she did not fail to subject him to a critical inspection while he was waiting for her. When she found that thus far he had not disappointed her fancy, she made her appearance, not without a certain shame at the advantage she had taken of his unwariness. The surprise was perfectly successful, and the discomfiture of Camillus was pitiful to see. He too had been studying a rôle, or had at least exercised some control over himself in suffering this unwelcome interruption of his indolent melancholy, and in attempting a somewhat more courtly bearing; and now a single instant made short work of his new composure, of his old depression, and of the man himself! He stared at the princess with wide eyes and open mouth, as if he had lost his senses; when she addressed him, "Camillus, the son of Symmachus?" he said absolutely nothing; and when she added—awkwardly enough, for this previous preparation was quite contrary to her own manner—"The young master, whose genius and fame have ranked him with the ancients," he replied, "Yes."

Thereupon ensued a rather insipid conversation, in which Julia asked rather disconnected questions, and Camillus made more or less ridiculous answers. She regretted not finding him at home on her recent visit; he cried out that he had been a fool! She expressed a wish that he might execute some commissions for her; and for very rapture he could make no answer at all. She mentioned her park, in which these statues were to be placed, and he interrupted: "I am acquainted with it!" It was fortunate that he was in no position to heed what he was saying, and that he had in Julia such a well-informed auditor. Emilia was listening near by, with somewhat malicious pleasure; to any other person the situation would have seemed scarcely explicable, yet certainly absurd. Julia herself, as soon as her curiosity and her delight in punishing him had been fully satisfied, found it uncomfortable and a trifle tedious. She offered to show Camillus the art-treasures with which she was surrounded—for the most part Greek sculptures dating from the choicest periods—and she herself led the way. At last, therefore, Camillus had opportunity to gain possession of himself, or at least to reach ground where he was accustomed, unconsciously and necessarily, to move freely. He soon found his tongue again, and at first expressing his opinion in response to her inquiry, then led on by her gentle contradiction, he finally took and kept the lead in conversation. His words came faster and faster, in an ever more impetuous flow; the presence of the woman he loved, which till now had caught his breath away as with a storm, became an enkindling breeze beneath whose force his enthusiasm rose like a flame, fed by the beautiful works of art before him; and both women hung upon his flashing eye, his glowing cheeks, and eloquent lips with an interest in which, as in his own ardor for his theme, there was a marked personal element. Julia, cold as she was, turned with sparkling eyes and pressed Emilia's hand. Camillus paused when he grew aware of their silence, and apologized. But the daring consciousness of power, which had carried him beyond himself, sank only enough to leave him in a new happiness and perfect self-confidence, and he talked on without embarrassment. Julia found this unexpected alteration of manner almost more attractive than the powerful flight of his imagination. She joined in eagerly, and the conversation, hitherto so one-sided, became a swift—almost a confidential—interchange of opinions. Then Julia reverted to her wish, which she now expressed as a sincere entreaty. She desired him to execute two works: the first—destined for a particularly favorable position in her park—to represent a conflict between a man and wild animal, such as she had lately seen in the arena; and in the second place, there was in this very park a building, and within the building a room, for which she had long been seeking a worthy content. It ought to be a work of art of the most noble style, and at the same time of definite character; she herself had conceived and

grown attached to the idea of a dying Lucretia, only there had been no artist to whose genius she might safely entrust the task. Would Camillus be the one? He must come out the next day and bring his answer.

Camillus asked why he could not give his promise at once, but she insisted upon what she termed a time for reflection, and he gladly assented.

V.

This second visit lasted longer than the one of the day before. Outside the villa, as well as within it, there were many noteworthy things to be seen. They walked through the park, taking many a roundabout way—it seemed to Camillus not of such infinite extent as before, but so much more lovely—and at last Julia led back her guest to the room of the dying Lucretia. It was a small, solitary apartment, of circular shape, the walls decorated with severe simplicity, and overhead a cupola through which the daylight poured in a full stream. At a word from Julia, curtains were drawn, toning down the sunshine to a solemn twilight. Then she brought some tablets, upon which she had attempted to sketch her idea of the subject. Camillus looked carefully at the skilfully executed drawings, and shook his head.

"I should call this the work of a dilettante," he said, "with undoubted independence of conception, but working within that limit beyond which alone lie all the greater efforts of our art; some one inspired with serious purpose to give a worthy expression to his imaginations, and gifted with a happy faculty for drawing. You will pardon my frankness, princess?"

"I had supposed," replied Julia, with some sensitiveness, "that these efforts—this one at least—and this—did not deserve such severe criticism."

"It was honestly meant, and so was my praise. It may be that I am wrong; but ever since you first proposed this subject yesterday, a conception of it has come to me, so definite and exclusive from the very outset, that it has only grown clearer and firmer, and that now—as is always the way with us—I should be blind and deaf even toward a better one."

"These drawings could not be that, of course," said Julia, and handed them to Emilia as if she were getting rid of something unpleasant. "No, no, I am not angry. You shall follow your own idea; that is exactly what I wish, and I promise not to disturb you by any impatience. I shall find opportunity enough in some other way," she added, smilingly, "to take revenge for your rudeness. You must grant me one thing—for I have forgotten to say that this work must not be done at your house, but here; I am as jealous for your plan as for my own; it is after all my production, of which I am proud and which shall exist for me alone; and I will not have it profaned by the presence of those who might come unasked. Permit me and no one else, if you will, now and then to watch the progress of the work—not often; and I promise you once more, that you will not be troubled by a single word. How could I be so obstinate!"

It was hard for Camillus to reply, and Julia ended merrily: "Let us try. You shall be master here in every sense."

Some wonderful weeks followed. As fast as tongue could carry it, the report of the liaison between princess and artist was spread abroad through Rome; it was the inexhaustible theme of conversation in the higher as well as the lower circles of society; and one could scarcely have comprehended why such an uproar should be made over an occurrence so commonplace as to be considered harmless, had it not been that especial emphasis was everywhere laid upon the moral of the story, namely, that the most rigid virtue — or to use a word then more intelligible to Romans—the loftiest pride—would at last find its master.

The imperious spirit of Julia was content to let people talk, loud or low, as they liked; but she wished to guard Camillus from contagion, and some precautions must be taken. When Claudius himself made inquiries of his niece, she simply asked him for the honor of a visit to her villa. He made his appearance there, admired what was not yet

sufficiently finished to be worthy of admiration, and through this sanction silenced the scandal, or at least subdued it to an undertone, and that was enough. His coming again a few times was unavoidable, and so was Camillus's attendance at court; but this was accomplished with simply a slight loss of time. Every remaining instant Camillus devoted to his work and to his love.

These grew apace, and resembled each other even in this: that a deep silence reigned over both. But how was Camillus able at present to create such an image of peace after the storm? he, whose soul was a glowing flood, melting with its silent pressure the shell of her timid reverence? Could he doubt that Julia, calm as she appeared —and she was calm in her way, because she felt certain of her own inclination and of his, and of every favor of circumstance—could he doubt that something stronger than caprice, something more intimate than mere friendship, drew her toward him? But he asked no questions, either of her or of himself, not because the question would be frightened from his lips by the brilliancy of her princely rank, but because his own feeling was so young, and with all its power so naïve as yet, that the mere presentiment of her affection was enough for him. Whether she knew of his love? and what would come of it all?—these were questions of which he thought still less; he bore in his heart a sun which was as yet but in the early sky of a day that it would fill with light.

They saw each other daily. As early as possible, Camillus entered the villa, where he disturbed no one. Toward mid-day came a gentle knock at the door of his working-room, the signal that Julia was going to dinner. She had asked him if he would not give her his company; and after that they found themselves together at the table. Emilia was the only other person present except an occasional guest, by whose presence, when it was unavoidable, Julia did not let herself be annoyed, although Marius, whom she requested Camillus to bring whenever he wished, was the only guest she was glad to see. The meals were enjoyed leisurely, and then the little company scattered again, and Camillus went on with his work. Late in the afternoon Julia was wont to visit him. She watched him quietly, heard him explain the technical side of his employment and what was literally "art" in it, but refrained carefully, as she had promised, from any expression of opinion about the work itself. But what she loved best was in some evening walk through the garden, to hear him speak of the nature of this creative skill, or of those old golden days of his native Greece. This did not happen often, because Julia ceased to invite him to it, and Camillus did not seek for an occasion. It was his highest theme—except that one which he was not yet minded to attempt—but to summon it at any instant was beyond his power, even beyond his wish; and out of the stores of his rich culture and manifold experience in other things he was able to bring forth more than Julia was accustomed to find in her own countrymen, while it all bore the stamp of his own personality.

The model of Lucretia, for whose attitude and drapery Emilia had consented to pose, was near completion. Camillus allowed only a few subordinate deficiencies to remain; everything essential and significant was as delicately expressed in the clay as it would be in the marble that was to make it immortal; for before Camillus touched the latter, he wished to exhibit the whole work to Julia, and to ask whether she was satisfied. She anticipated him.

For some days she had seemed more quiet and thoughtful than before; then, one afternoon, she came into his room earlier than usual and alone. In his eagerness to finish, he worked on, and she watched him a while in silence. But her eye followed his movements mechanically. At last she said, slowly:

"I have kept, my promise, have I not, Camillus? I kept it in spite of myself, for I might have interrupted you before. You have finished now; your marble will be exactly like the clay—and it shall be, do you hear? I wish it! But tell me, is this the dying Lucretia, the high-spirited woman who made an end to her shame with a dagger-thrust in her own breast, and thus gave the signal for a revolution, for the liberation of a whole

people? Here lies a figure so noble, yet so tranquil, that we ought in looking at it to grow forgetful of all the world; and the grief you have placed upon her brow is like the cloud beneath which the ocean has risen in wild fury, but which now is vanishing, low down on the horizon, leaving behind it a sea that is motionless as far as the eye can reach, and that reflects the sunset like a mirror."

Camillus had listened with astonishment. At last he nodded as if gratified. "That sounded as though something worse were to follow than this—praise. You do not recognize a Lucretia? You are right, princess; I have not created one, have not wished to do so; perhaps, if I may speak so proudly, have not been able to do so. I must say," he continued, after a pause, "that Lucretia, as she is represented in the old legend, and thenceforth on the lips and in the naïve admiration of the people—and why not also in the prejudices of partisan history?— that this Lucretia is something for which I feel a strong antipathy. It is my impression only, though it is a very strong one, that a true woman—that is, not Lucretia—would have killed herself before suffering the basest outrage from a man whom she must have hated and despised; and if not herself, then him. Would that have given a less effective signal for the revolt of Rome?"

"Are you so severe? But life has no ideal principles like philosophy, nor intuitions like art; and the deepest insight will often explain and acquit what a more modest experience would condone, and what immaturity alone would accuse. You will yet learn."

"This immaturity is mine, for the time being," said Camillus, sharply, and with a frown; "and I remember with what care it was impressed upon me in my mother's teaching. Moreover, what have I accused? At most only tradition, which I believe paints, whether purposely or not, in false colors. But it seems to me I should never have begun my work, had I been obliged either to represent the historical figure, or to strip off from that whatever I did not fancy, and construct a new one out of the little that remained. This might have been in any case a faithful portrait of an honorable matron—that is to say, a nonentity for art; that other plan would have resulted in such a representation as—well—as that which you have just shown me. I may say that," he cried, impetuously, "for who could understand this defect better than yourself, princess? Exactly as you just now described this woman's form, I have from the first instant intended it to be. No dying Lucretia—be it so! Instead of that, a woman through whose soul has passed an utter humiliation, and who has found in death, even if she has not sought it there, redemption and expiation. Who can say that this is the figure of Lucretia, that this light trace around the eyes and mouth betokens grief over the deepest shame, that this hand covers the wound through which the oppressed spirit forced its own way to freedom? This is a memorial which might be erected over the destiny of many a great soul, which does not remind us of one fate, but of all. And therefore, why could not anyone who cherishes so high an ideal of Lucretia, find a Lucretia in this statue? Call it whatever you please; name it the dying Lucretia, and it is that!

"And do you really think I ought to have indicated through some device, some accessory—granted it was successful—that by Lucretia's death the people were incited to throw off the yoke of their kings? So that the statue might appropriately be set up on the open market-place, to remind Rome of its liberty? Not you, princess, for you have said yourself that in gazing upon such repose we could grow forgetful of all the world. Let art make man, and not a nation, free!"

Julia looked fixedly at him. In any other mood she might have jokingly reproached him with his republican tendencies, as she had done before this, or else besought him seriously not to speak so frankly except to her. She did not think of that now. But Camillus paused, and then continued, quietly:

"I am content in one respect, at least: from the moment when you entrusted me with this task, I have had this conception of it, and no other. It occurs to me just now for the first time whether I still deserve the censure of those who

found my productions too dramatic, too scenic, and thought that for the highest artistic achievement I lacked as yet the deepest experience of life. And do you taunt me with this same lack, and then demand from my art the exact opposite? Or do you not?"

Julia made no immediate answer, and Camillus turned to his work again. But every now and then he stole a glance at her, as she stood there with bowed head, closed eyelids, and somewhat pallid face; and he asked himself what mystery it was which veiled and troubled that clear, resolute nature.

Then she began to speak, and the weight of that same veil was upon her voice. "I have had to repeat to myself our whole conversation, in order to understand your last words. But they were not the right ones, and you have only wished to wound me. Never mind; I am not angry," she said, gently, and for a moment let her eyes, brimming with a strange bright melancholy, rest full upon his face. "On the contrary—" and she resumed her tone of quiet meditation— "what you said has made me feel for the first time what it was that I really wished. I accept your defence most gladly, and still it leaves something to be desired. We must certainly imagine Lucretia to have been very beautiful, a woman whom men—a woman of great physical charm. I do not see why this characteristic is incompatible with your peculiar conception; why both might not have been expressed together. This form"—she pointed to the statue—"is beautiful, but with such a severe beauty that one can think of nothing but a sacrificial death. Why have you not given the woman in Lucretia that which was her due? And—yes, I will say it: why have you not unveiled more of her beauty?"

Camillus stepped back and looked critically upon his work. "Impossible!" he then exclaimed, with a shake of his head. "And it is not so. If I could have foreseen such a criticism, I might have taken pains to avoid it. Perhaps not; for without thinking of it, I have represented Lucretia as you would have her, as a woman of matured beauty. That one does not perceive that first may be true, and shall be! But there she is! To unveil more would have been superfluous, and might have drawn the attention too soon from that which is of most importance to that which is secondary. The severity of the work is there in another way than you imagine; it lies in its unity, and that ought not to be disturbed by anything."

"Very well, Camillus. It may be difficult to determine the exact proportion for the mingling of such elements. And where the mingling is so intimate as it is here, and so carefully considered, a quarrel over such a slight difference is foolish, either between artist and spectator, or between master and pupil. But I have—there was—when I made you that visit and found only your statues, I was struck with something, and I am reminded of it now: I saw gods, heroes, and beautiful youths there, but in all that number there was no woman's form—not one, Camillus."

Camillus was confused. After a while he said, in a low, unsteady tone: That was only because you did not see her. I might have shown you one, and it would have convinced you."

"Ah! your own work?"

"Yes——"

"And why was it not to be seen? Did you keep it hidden? Out of jealousy? Was it too beautiful?"

"Too beautiful, indeed."

"So that you made it all for yourself! But then, of course, after the life? And this is the reason why you will not show that which you hold so dear?"

Camillus shook his head, parrying the question.

"Well, then, may I see it, Camillus?"

"Impossible." He spoke with an effort.

"This is not fair, Camillus. Have you so little confidence in my sympathy? Do you not care more for me than for anyone of the crowd who disgust you with their vapid admiration? Indeed you do not! And you talk of its being your own work; it cannot be anything that has to hide itself in darkness."

"Oh, that I could gather a thousand suns to shine upon it!" he cried, fervently. "But to let you see it—never! The work is unfinished; and that alone

is the reason for my refusal. I once came accidentally upon a woman sitting by the public way, scantily clad, of extraordinary beauty of feature and form. She seemed to be waiting for someone, and I had time and opportunity to study her minutely, for I stood concealed near by, and she did not move. From the first moment she struck me as an excellent subject, and the longer I watched her, the more certain I grew. At last she went away, escaping me instantly. Once at home, I endeavored to give her image a form. And I have a right to be contented with my effort. Yet the original is lovelier. More than all, in order to complete it, I must see the original again just as I saw her first. But I have sought her in vain, and my imperfect work shall remain in its darkness."

"Yes?" said Julia; and they both were silent. But she had grown more animated, and before long she began again, with her characteristic decisiveness: "This has led us aside, and since you wish, let us say no more about it. I had not finished either, and the real defect of your work had just dawned upon me. You think you have beaten me, and be it so! But Lucretia was not merely a Roman, and not simply a woman; she was a wife. And this, Camillus, is after all the highest thing in a woman's destiny. Where have you told anything of that? I see nothing. If you talk again about a conscious omission, I shall not believe you. For this defect, also, is no accident, since your Lucretia must lack that which you lack yourself; she, the highest expression, you, the highest experience—tell me, Camillus, have you ever loved?"

He turned away, to hide his flaming blushes.

"Camillus!"

"I—no—how can I——" he stammered.

"And you have never been loved? Oh, liar!"

A peal of joy, a magician's touch, with which his panting soul broke through its barriers! A flood of ecstasy seemed to submerge him; whirled helplessly away by it he turned to Julia, and fell, as in a swoon, into the arms she held open toward him.

VI.

What an intoxication was his, that whole long evening through! What a revelry of memory filled the night, spent in solitary wandering! And when he awoke, late the next day, it had been a blessed vision that had led him on through fields of rapture and through hours of separation, to the time of meeting her again. But he was stupefied still with the joy, which seemed too great; he asked himself whether all were not a dream, and hesitatingly and almost timorously he entered, at a late hour, the park and Julia's house.

No one greeted him; he saw no one. But he did not dare to search, and followed doubtfully his accustomed way. Yet here at least it had been reality!

This was the temple in which the divinity had revealed herself, had bowed and come down to him. Was not the sweet fragrance of her presence still floating in this room? Was it not the same twilight hour, which yesterday had shed its light upon the opening flower of his happiness, and to-day wove its purple rays more quietly and deeply still around the close-worded secret? And there, the sole witness of their bond, was the silent Lucretia, at whose side, before they parted, Julia had smilingly atoned for all her doubts about his art, and had silenced each one of his extenuating words with kisses!—Look, on its bosom lay a rose!

And as he stooped to pick it up, Julia appeared upon the threshold, and there stood still. Alas for him! for he saw her again in the garment in which she had first appeared to him; closely caught together upon the shoulders, which alone supported it, leaving her arms bare down to the golden bracelets, it clung in free and yet obedient folds around her noble figure, veiling it closely, but letting its beauty, though unseen, be easily divined. There was a glow upon her face almost as deep as the flower in her dark hair. She came toward him as if she were not certain of the way; then, as though seeking support, she stretched out her hands to him, and said softly:

"My friend."

He could not speak; he did not dare look up; but he bent, and pressed his lips passionately upon her hand.

"You have been waiting long?"

"Not long, no."

Silence again.

"And your work?" she then asked, with some constraint.

Obediently, and as if avoiding an answer, he reached for his scraping iron, and began. But he knew not what he did, he felt that Julia stood near him and was not looking at him, and he threw the tool upon the floor.

"I cannot bear this!" he cried, leaping up, and his hands clasped Julia's arm. "Julia, by all the immortals, speak! What does this mean?"

"It means, Camillus," she whispered, leaning against him, "that I—have seen her whom you keep concealed—and that you may finish your work—as soon as you wish."

"Oh, Julia, have you then come to me as a bride? To give yourself wholly to me? Has heart's-wisdom taught you thus, which holds to be real only what it finds to be true, which lifts like up to like high over all the differences of the world? What could the world offer you, for which you could not find something more glorious in our love? Leave this pomp which hides you from the light and the light from you; my abundance is enough for you! Leave this Rome, so vast and empty, and follow me to my fairer home! There will we celebrate our nuptials, there shall you become a revered, an adored wife! And to draw down the favor of all beneficent gods, I will consecrate in the sanctuary of our love, that image of yourself!"

Julia had grown deathly pale, and lay as if paralyzed in his arms.

"Speak, Julia!"

Then she flamed up, crimson-red; with a powerful movement she tore herself from him and thrust him back; a wild cloud rested on her brow, lightnings flashed from her eyes, and in a voice trembling with anger she cried: "You shall hear from me!" One more glance, as if she would pierce him through; then she turned contemptuously away, and left him.

VII.

The next morning, Emilia appeared at Camillus's house. She brought a letter, in which he found these words:

"Julia, the emperor's niece, informs Camillus, the son of Symmachus, that she has no further need of his services."

She had written it herself.

Emilia was sharp and cool. She declared curtly to the artist that what had happened must remain a secret, and demanded, as security against any improper use, that the portrait-bust of the princess should be delivered to her, Emilia; it was not to be taken to Julia, but simply put out of the way.

Camillus had been shut up in his studio when Emilia came. He had stepped out, and had read and listened without saying a word or moving a muscle of his face. Now he threw open the door, and drew her in. A heavy hammer lay in one corner. He grasped it, and while his left hand crushed and tore Julia's message, with his right he struck a powerful blow, beneath which the marble figure fell shattered to the floor.

VIII.

Two years had passed since then. Camillus had left Rome soon afterward, and as the high tide of first curiosity ebbed, he was swept away with it out of public notice. Later he emerged once more, in the report that he was living near Athens; thereupon the old scandal, grown lukewarm now, was dished up again, then thrown away altogether. Longer and more eagerly, however, were the glances of the court directed at Julia; in some eyes a secret satisfaction, in others a respectful sympathy. Why the majority of women looked at her in one way, and the majority of men in another, neither men nor women could say; in fact, no one knew what had happened, only there was a great deal of guessing and lying. And even that ceased at last.

Julia kept herself entirely secluded for two or three months together, seeing no one, and invisible herself. All at once she appeared again in the city

and at court; and now she gave herself over to these things as completely as if her previous avoidance of that life had been nothing but a time of ascetical probation, happily withstood. She was changed, certainly. She was as lovely as before, but her admirers affirmed that she was lovelier—more delicate—more piquant. Perhaps there was a heightened pungency, rather than delicacy, to be noticed in the way she now drew her brows together so that the shadow of a furrow rested upon her forehead, in her more restless eye, the play of her nostrils, the drawn lines around her mouth. And yet all this was indicated so very slightly; it gave her Olympian face more animation and expression; and what expression would not have been beautiful upon that face! And how she carried herself! For the first time—so the men thought—she understood how to robe that form as it deserved; and the women added, "Naturally! after an artist like Camillus had taught her!"

Her nature, too, was different. How free she was in conversation, sparkling with wit and spirit! How captivating in this gayer charm! But there was also, in place of her former hauteur, a domineering mood which took delight in provocation and injury; instead of the former meditative repose, there was an eager longing for distraction, which was satisfied with nothing, though she found enjoyment in the excitement of intrigue, and a passion in the terrible spectacles of the circus; and instead of the reserve of earlier years, there ever spread more manifold and more definite rumors of adventures and pleasures, wild as were to be found in all imperial Rome.

Julia had not reached that depth, but she was nearing it; and swiftly did she approach the goal of this new path she was treading, a profound indifference to everything human and divine. And yet the idea frightened her, and one day, after sitting a long time in gloomy silence, she said to Emilia:

"I must search for this man."

"Which one?"

"Camillus." Since those first months she had never mentioned his name. While Emilia was speechless with astonishment, she continued: "I need him; for variety, if nothing better. I shall perish in this desert. And it was my fault, before; I knew him, too, and should have spared him; instead of that, I surprised him in his most childish hour, and then gave him no time to come to his senses. He must have done that afterward—do you not think so?—and repented of his simplicity. What will he say when I come to him! Emilia, we are going to Athens."

"And what will Rome say?"

"Yes, what will Rome say! Let it be your care that it does not track us, or at least that it follows a false clue. Then it may call its roll, and when it finds the ranks of its gilded youth unbroken, it will say that Julia has grown surfeited with its nobler game, and has gone a-hunting for a nameless prey. We shall start day after to-morrow—to-morrow!"

They came to Athens. The journey had been taken under assumed names, and without so many conveniences as would otherwise have been possible. Julia was sure it would furnish many a droll memory, and that Camillus now would certainly appreciate her sacrifice. They were accompanied by one servant, acting as courier, who had at the last moment been taken into confidence as far as was necessary, and who neither asked nor answered any questions. At last they were there. They found it difficult not to excite some curiosity; but soon discovered that Camillus led a most retired life, wholly unconcerned with city gossip; that he had lately begun to mix in society again, but only with the choicest spirits of Athens, who gathered occasionally at his house for informal conversation upon science, philosophy, and art, and thus formed a sort of academy, membership in which was accounted a peculiar honor, though there was no intention of establishing in any sense a school; that Camillus himself acted as host, but that in other respects he was simply one with the rest. Of his Roman experiences no one had any definite information, nor was there any about his art, except that since his return he had exhibited nothing, and had indeed begun nothing.

After they had found temporary quar-

ters—for Julia planned a sort of voluntary abduction, and counted upon making a speedy end of the matter—Emilia was sent out to reconnoitre. She soon laid her lines of communication. After her second visit to the neighborhood of Camillus's estate, she reported that she had gained over, by a bribe, one of his confidential servants; from the third she returned with a look of peculiar satisfaction, and cried, "Won!"

"Do you mean," said Julia, "that you have seen him?"

"No, but something better than that. Guess!"

"Well?"

"How I should like to keep you in suspense! I shall at least claim a special reward for my message. Your image, in marble, like that first one which he dashed to pieces, only even more beautiful than that."

"You are mistaken, Emilia."

"I tell you I have seen it, have looked it over at my leisure; for Laches took me into the inner sanctuary of his master, who was wandering about, heaven knows where. The bust is far more lovely than the first. And what must especially interest you—Laches told me, and I saw without that—he is still working eagerly upon it—day after day."

"If this were true, Emilia?"

"It is true, upon my life! And you may take your lion to Rome with you, tame as a lap-dog, whenever you please. Or will the game be played somewhere else?"

"I am serious about him, Emilia. Where? That makes no difference. Only let me have him again without delay. Your Laches shall lead me to him. Does Camillus return to-morrow?"

"To-day, even."

"Very well, then, to-morrow! Find Laches to-day; you may pay him heavily, and promise him more."

Camillus was at work. A gentle rustle startled him; it drew nearer, and he scarcely had time to throw a cloth over the bust, when Julia's hand touched him, and Julia's voice cried: "Camillus!"

He turned as if struck by lightning.

"Julia!" he stammered, and gazed upon her wildly, helplessly, as at that other meeting. She remembered it, and was forced to smile, to smile at her new and easy victory.

"You were a fool, Camillus," she said, and put out her hand to him.

Mechanically he raised his right hand and lowered it to Julia's. But ere he had yet touched her, he drew himself up, and said, knitting his brow: "I had almost forgotten myself again."

"But I have forgiven you, Camillus."

"I ought to be grateful to you for that." His tone was harsh and dry.

She blushed. "Camillus," she said, half provoked and half entreatingly, "why do you dissemble? Are you hurt? It would be sweet to ask your pardon. See, I wanted to be reconciled, and therefore I have come to you."

She spoke as she felt, sincerely and seductively. And he was shaken. But in a moment he raised his eyes again, gazed at her with a straight, calm, searching look, and said nothing.

Growing embarrassment, anger, and love strove within her for the mastery, as she began again. "Do you make no answer? Are you angry? Are you waiting till I ask forgiveness? Be it so. To gain my heart's desire, I should at least be able to offer a sacrifice; you are making it hard—yet it will be easy for me. Give me your hand, Camillus, and smile, or else——"

"Or else," he said, with the same composure.

"Or else," she said, passionately, "I shall convict you of the lie!" And she snatched at the cloth that covered the marble.

Camillus caught her arm in his strong grasp. "You deceive yourself!"

"Let go!" she cried, struggling to free herself. "I will end the matter. I know what this covering conceals; if I lift it, you must sue for pardon."

He held her fast for a moment longer. "Well," he said releasing her, "then look here;" and he drew away the cloth himself.

Upon a high base, so that one had to raise his eyes to it a little, stood a wondrous marble figure. The circular pedestal supported an elliptical shell with gently upward curving sides, or better, a calyx, formed of broad overhanging leaves arranged in a simple wreath; and

upon this rested the bust of a beautiful woman more than life-size, and nearly nude. What an image! In such wise would Nature fashion, were she able not merely to give her creations form and the breath of life, but to infuse them with pure spirit! Not only the height, but the figure, was of more than common proportions; yet the law of its beauty was neither slenderness nor maiden delicacy, but a free, harmonious, noble fulness, still farther removed from any approach to voluptuousness; and one thought neither of the bud nor of the ripened flower but gave himself up to the charm of the bursting bloom. Her arms hung idly, as though her hands were folded in her lap; the shoulders, arching almost broadly, gave an appearance of strength to the whole figure; a garment of finest texture was fastened upon the right shoulder, and in transparent waves, not so much veiling as supported by it, it flowed over the right breast and glided away under the left into the leaves. With a gentle inclination forward and to the right, the slender neck and oval head rose in a magnificent curve. How softly rounded were the chin and cheeks, how full and yet delicate the quiescent lips! The nose, not small but delicately formed and straight in line, was based broadly in the brow. Wide open were the eyes, with no trace of pupils, thus revealing that expression peculiar to statues of the gods, who with just that look gaze on, not into the void, but into the infinite. The eyebrows, curving slightly rather toward the temples than the middle, were finely marked, but not too prominent. Above them rose the broad forehead, vertically at first, then arching over to the crown in almost too high a curve; this would in fact have been more noticeable had it not been for the thick hair, which, sweeping low upon the brow in waves half natural and half designed, was parted in the middle, drawn backward above the beautifully moulded ears, and then allowed to fall in graceful tresses along the neck, thus leaving free only a low three-sided expanse of brow, like the pediment of a temple. For that face was not only beautiful because of its harmony, not only winsome in the gentleness of its contour, but it was also masterful by virtue of the intellect in that open forehead, by virtue of the freedom and force expressed in all its firmness. And yet the enchantment of the whole lay in this: that the deep musing of the eyes softened as to a minor key all the commanding thoughts of the brow; that, resting upon the cheeks and playing around the mouth, there was something like a child's unconscious soul; that the head was bent in such a dreamy listening; and that through all these veils and from every feature the spirit of a pure heart came breaking through like sunshine.

Julia had cast one glance of triumph at Camillus. He stood firm under it, and with a slight movement of his head directed her eyes back upon the bust. She turned to it again, and soon, finding that some of its features seemed different from the earlier figure, and that the whole seemed strange, she became confused. Camillus left her to herself. He had compared her but briefly with the sculpture, and now he also turned to that, examining it long and critically. Then he nodded, as if he had found what he sought, and was content with it.

Not until she took her eyes from the marble and directed them unsteadily at him, did he begin to speak.

"Two years ago, when you left me, after that enchantment, that dream, I found the waking hard to bear. Did you say I was a fool? Insane I nearly was, from the passion you knew so well how to kindle, and from shame—not shame at your rejection of me, but because the priceless moment which you offered me found me so awkward, so paltry. Even now it is a mystery why I did not put an end to this despised and despicable life. That lasted—well, a long time. Then I grew calmer, but it lasted still longer before I came to my senses, and then to my time of probation. Having come so far, I became master of myself, and again found freedom and clearness. Do you wish to hear what grew clear to me?"

He had thus far spoken as composedly, and Julia had listened with as much terror as if she stood, giddy and with no retreat, upon a cliff above some fathomless lake, lying motionless in the calm

that precedes a storm. And now the waves began to rise.

"It grew clear that the Julia whom I loved, not merely with the artist's passion, but with the man's desire, and almost with the veneration of a boy, could never have done that which was done to me; that I had lived in delirium and illusion, and that disillusion in its turn had come, and none too soon; and that the freedom it brought, like the release from a sore illness, was paid for in full with bitterness, yet had left me not quite bankrupt. It is true enough, such an illness revolutionizes us: I am no longer what I have been; it almost seems to me that I shall never be that again; I have no longer what I once enjoyed, and I believe it gone forever. But a kind divinity has come to me, and in place of what I have lost, has given me more than the pitiful boon of resignation; has granted me to find in my art what I was truly a fool to look for in life. And I have found it not in turning away from this dear image, but in absorbing myself so deeply in it that I have fathomed the secret. Here is the portrait of the Julia whom I loved—do you recognize it? Such beauty is yours! But do you recognize it? For this is truth, this is simplicity, this is purity—other than you! I have not yet finished it; but after you are gone I shall give it the last touches with all the love and all the calm with which I began—and you—shall be forgotten."

A PRAYER.

By Anne Reeve Aldrich.

A morrow must come on
  When I shall wake to weep,
But just for some short hours,
  God, give me sleep!

I ask not hope's return.
  As I have sowed I reap,
Grief must awake with dawn,
  Yet oh, to sleep!

No dreams, dear God, no dreams,
  Mere slumber, dull and deep,
Such as Thou givest brutes.
  —Sleep, only sleep!

CARLYLE'S POLITICS.

By Edwin C. Martin.

IT is a misfortune that persons touched with the generous desire of making some acquaintance with Carlyle, should be so apt, when left to find their own way, to begin with one or another of five or six pieces that are sure to perplex them and may drive them forever from their design. Of these five or six the most important, no doubt, is "Sartor Resartus;" but that has been so widely advertised as a difficult book that its significance as a pitfall cannot now be great. The most harmful in this sort are "Chartism," "Past and Present," and "Latter-day Pamphlets." These, with an early essay, "Signs of the Times," and a late essay, "Shooting Niagara, and After" (which is but another "Latter-day Pamphlet," somewhat belated), and the essay entitled "The Nigger Question" (which is properly the first of the "Latter-day Pamphlets," though printed in the collected works, not as one of them, but as a "precursor" of them), make up what one may call, for distinction's sake at least, Carlyle's political writings. They are especially enticing to the unguided explorer because, besides being short, they seem in their titles and such chapter-headings as "New Poor-law," "Rights and Mights," "Model Prisons," "Stump Orator," and "Parliaments," to give promise of a plain discussion, if not of a quick solution, of problems that are still of immediate interest.

A completer disappointment than awaits whoever opens them in the expectation solely of such a discussion, or of such a solution, could not be. For Carlyle was no compounder of specifics. "Brothers," said he, "I am sorry I have got no Morrison's pill for curing the maladies of society. It were infinitely handier if we had a Morrison's pill, act of Parliament, or other remedial measure, which men could swallow, one good time, and then go on in their old courses, cleared from all miseries and mischiefs. Unluckily we have none such; unluckily the heavens themselves, in their rich pharmacopœia, contain none such." There must be, he held, "a radical, universal alteration" of the "regimen" and "way of life." What he sought to accomplish, therefore, was simply a quickening of the moral sense; and the reward that the reader has for overcoming any difficulties that he encounters and bringing himself into sympathetic attention to Carlyle, is not some complete plan or policy, but ennobled aspirations and a sturdier moral valor.

Nowhere is Carlyle more whimsical, more tempestuous than in these political pieces. Any one who takes them up altogether unversed in Carlyle's modes of thought and expression will be able to see in them, as John Stuart Mill says that for a long time he was able to see even in Carlyle's early reviews, nothing but "insane rhapsody." That the early reviews should ever have looked thus blank to Mill was not their fault so much as his; for they present no special difficulties and are, indeed, just the pieces that one would commend to the beginner in Carlyle, as insuring an easy and entertaining start. But Mill, it must be remembered, was the son of his father, and, what for the time being was perhaps more to his restriction on the imaginative side, the pupil of his father, who saw nothing but insane rhapsody in Carlyle to the end. It is the unfading glory of Mill that he extended the bounds of the rigid school in which he had been reared, and ennobled his philosophy under the teaching of opponents whom his father and other early Benthamites accounted only cloud-builders and dreamers. And one of

the influences to which he acknowledged indebtedness herein was these same early reviews of Carlyle's. But there was a radical difference in mental constitution between them that made the appreciation of Carlyle necessarily and always a somewhat plodding business with Mill. This Mill was perfectly conscious of, and he has himself confessed it in a passage that is so suggestive to those who would go about to understand Carlyle that I may be pardoned for stopping by the way to quote it. "I did not, however," Mill says, "deem myself a competent judge of Carlyle. I felt that he was a man of intuition, which I was not; and that as such he not only saw many things long before me which I could only, when they were pointed out to me, hobble after and prove, but that it was highly probable he could see many things which were not visible to me even after they were pointed out."

The foremost difficulty in the political pieces is the scant courtesy they seem to pay to all of our preconceptions. This was rather too much for the patience of Carlyle's contemporaries and fellow-countrymen, but it is especially trying to readers of our day and nation. Our faith in democracy, very naturally —I had almost said, very properly— amounts to a superstition. The writer who finds democracy ill-adapted to any governmental service whatever must define his position nicely, or he will incur our suspicion of being an aristocrat. And once the stigma of aristocracy is on him, the utmost conciliation will scarcely win us into any but unfriendly submission to his instructions. In Carlyle democracy is apt to seem, to the zealous democrat, to have found its most uncompromising foe; for against infatuation with it he at times fairly rages. The eight numbers of the "Latter-day Pamphlets," or ten, if we count in "The Nigger Question" and "Shooting Niagara," are so many tornadoes blown from so many different directions against overweening confidence in government by count of noses. Little wonder, therefore, that good Americans not a few have turned from him in anger and disgust; for even good Englishmen have been known to do so.

In this day any reader of sufficient seriousness of mind to care to know Carlyle, will have prepossessions in political economy. As an exact and completed science political economy finds perhaps a more tentative acceptance now than it found in England fifty years ago, when "Chartism" and "Past and Present" were writing. But its leading principles are a part of the popular knowledge now as they were not then. A week's reading in the newspapers acquaints one with the phrases, "supply and demand" and *laissez faire*, and with the desirability of "buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market." Add to the instructions of the newspapers those of a flood of pamphlets and handbooks and of all the higher schools, and scarcely any thoughtful person is left without some settled notions in the science. But any one with settled notions in it is in danger of taking quick offence at Carlyle; for he has at first view the air of pronouncing the whole of it utter moonshine.

When the reader tarries a little, however, and presents an open rather than a factious mind, he gets reassurance. He finds, on looking closely, that his preconceptions are not in quite the danger that he fancied them to be. For Carlyle had no hope of getting trade and industry conducted on other general rules than those of supply and demand, and purchase in the cheapest and sale in the dearest market; and he had no desire to employ the hand of government in all the small affairs of individual life. This, indeed, he nowhere gave himself the pains of explicitly saying. It has to be gathered as one runs, by implication, since Carlyle's literary habit always was to rush on, fierce, flaming, wilful, jestful, to his one grand mark, dropping only hints where the reader, with his thoughts all fixed in the temporary, the local, had been expecting, perhaps, full and ordered chapters. How much truth there might be in political economy was not his particular concern. His particular concern was rather to enforce the fact that political economy does not contain the whole code of social life; and that the relations of man and man are not to be settled finally by unrestricted trade and a scale of money wages.

Besides a natural indisposition to the reasoning style, there were special urgencies in the time that may have made Carlyle less thoughtful to concede expressly such value as he did not really deny to economic principles. He found this value already more than sufficiently attended to. Under the influence of Adam Smith, and on the foundations laid by him, Ricardo, Malthus, McCulloch, and other English economists had reared a science wellnigh as absolute as mathematics. Writing about 1836, the French economist Blanqui, though himself trained under the guidance of J. B. Say in all the strictness of the English school, and still remaining in considerable sympathy with it, was moved to this criticism on it: "But the English school has seen in the production of national wealth only an element of national power, and the economists of that school are too much accustomed to consider workmen as simply instruments of production. Scarcely a cry of pity escapes them at the sight of the crowded hospitals and prisons, filled with all the victims of our social inequalities. They close their ears to the complaints and let themselves be dazzled by the prestige of civilization, without asking themselves if this splendid edifice is not cemented with tears, and if its foundation is so solid that there is nothing to dread from shocks."

It is probable that Carlyle never read Blanqui's *Histoire de L'Economie Politique en Europe*, wherein this passage occurs, and which was published in 1837, two years before "Chartism." But his own attitude toward the English economists could not have more exactly reproduced Blanqui's by considered imitation.

Under the same impulse the practical economists committed the same error as the speculative. Beginning with Pitt, the nobler-minded and more progressive of English statesmen took the "Wealth of Nations" for their guide and shaped their course by principle with a constancy unexampled. Thus the legislation accomplished by Parliament from 1815 to 1850 exhibits such a wide and varied application of economic doctrine to actual affairs that economic students have found it ever since their most profitable field of study. But almost a necessary result of such constancy to principle was undue rigidity; and thus we find such unselfish public servants as Richard Cobden and John Bright refusing on principle—that is economic principle—to support a bill to limit the labor of children to ten hours a day. Without the vote of either, three years later, that is in 1847, the Ten Hour Bill managed to become a law, and in the years succeeding the workman's comfort has been the legislator's care no less than has the master's liberty. "We have to-day," says Mr. John Morley, "a complete, minute, and voluminous code for the protection of labor; buildings must be kept pure of effluvia; dangerous machinery must be fenced; children and young persons must not clean it while in motion; their hours are not only limited but fixed; continuous employment must not exceed a given number of hours, varying with the trade, but prescribed by the law in given cases; a statutable number of holidays is imposed; the children must go to school, and the employer must every week have a certificate to that effect; if an accident happens, notice must be sent to the proper authorities; special provisions are made for bakehouses, for lace-making, for collieries, and for a whole schedule of other special callings; for the due enforcement and vigilant supervision of this immense host of minute prescriptions there is an immense host of inspectors, certifying surgeons, and other authorities, whose business it is 'to speed and post o'er land and ocean' in restless guardianship of every kind of labor, from that of the woman who plaits straw at her cottage door, to the miner who descends into the bowels of the earth, and the seaman who conveys the fruits and materials of universal industry to and fro between the remotest parts of the globe."

But none of all this had been accomplished when Carlyle began to warn men that they could not live by *laissez faire* alone, and the most strenuous opponents of making a beginning in legislation of this nature were liberal statesmen, planted, as they professed, on the everlasting rock of political economy. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that

Carlyle felt under no necessity to say precisely how much trust, in his opinion, one might reasonably put in political economy.

It should be noted, however, that the *laissez faire*, the let-alone, from which Carlyle urged departure was not strictly the dogma of the economists. What he strove to shake out of credit was not so much some notion respecting the province of legislation, as a general belief that in human society one can remain free to mind only one's own pleasure and business, and give no thought, sympathy, or guidance to one's fellows; that human society will go happily on with one's duty restricted to the sole province of comfortably looking out for one's self. To induce a rather wider interposition of government than he found practised in England, was distinctly one of the purposes of the political discourses, but it was a subordinate purpose, and neither in this nor in any other respect is there between the discourses and a reasonable political economy any substantial conflict. Such phrases as "noscience," the "dismal science," and "the gospel according to McCroudy," which abound in Carlyle, are to be understood as employed more in jest than in earnest.

Mr. Ruskin has undertaken a systematic assault on the whole science of political economy, declaring, in effect, that every last shred of it shall be tossed out of window; and Mr. Ruskin called Carlyle "Master," and sat rapturously at his feet. But this futile, though nobly inspired, enterprise of Mr. Ruskin's is no necessary, though perhaps a natural enough, consequence of Carlyle's teaching. Nor, indeed, is there the conflict between even Mr. Ruskin and the economists that Mr. Ruskin has flattered himself; for, when one pokes a little into the rubbish-heap under his window, one finds that what has been tossed out is not political economy at all, but something which Mr. Ruskin fancied to be that.

Our politico-economic preconceptions, then, we find not so entirely disregarded by Carlyle, when we look well into him, as at first view they seem to be. With our democratic preconceptions, however, the occasion for apprehension does not so wholly disappear as we go on. It is not to be denied that in democracy Carlyle had slender faith; that in his old age it became almost hateful to him. The inevitableness of democracy he saw clearly enough, and when he wrote "Chartism" and "Past and Present," that is, up to his forty-eighth year, he seemed not unreconciled to it. The earlier measures of parliamentary reform he even in a mild way approves. But from the first, in considering the subject, his thoughts fastened too exclusively on the probable subserviency of the popular assembly to the wishes of the constituency in Buncombe, our American word in which he took great delight. That Buncombe could attain to a very considerable wisdom in its wishes, and that the very fact of getting its wishes respected would of itself increase the disposition and ability to frame such as merited respect, he discloses no hope; and the virtue that lies in the very nature of democracy of itself eliciting sufficient popular reasonableness and moderation to insure, in the main, its fit execution, was not revealed to him. Or, say rather, was but half revealed to him; for he does allow that "in all countries where men have attained any civilization, it is good that there be a parliament;" and that "votes of men are worth collecting," since men's "instincts, where these can be deciphered, are wise and human," and "well deserve attending to."

All that the democratic reader can do with this deficiency is to avoid taking it too much to heart. If he will do this, he can have no difficulty in seeing that any lack of confidence Carlyle may have had in popular government arose from no lack of popular sympathies.

As Carlyle never wearies of telling us that mankind cannot do without the guidance of its kings, its kingly men, its noblemen, the mistake has been made of supposing that the hope of social regeneration which he refused to "reformed" parliaments, he accorded to kings and aristocracies as he found these actually existing. Even so careful a reader as Matthew Arnold has fallen into this error and asserts that "the power most representing the right

reason of the nation [meaning the British nation], and most worthy, therefore, of ruling . . . is for Mr. Carlyle the aristocracy," meaning the existing English aristocracy. In point of fact, the very best that Carlyle ever said of the actual English aristocracy was that, though it were swept quite out of political power by the tide of democracy, it still could, if it but would, with its large leisure and revenues and its good manners, exercise a wide influence for sobriety and true manliness. Hope that it would, however, he had none ; for, even with political power, he found it capable only of its own pleasure and the preservation of its game. And the kings and noblemen without whose guidance society must, in his opinion, sooner or later plunge into anarchy, are those who shall come to their thrones and estates, not through some chance of birth, but by the divine right of superior wisdom and capability. Even on such kings and noblemen he would impose government, not for their own reward or honor, but as a rigid duty, and that the humbler classes might have their sufferings relieved and their lot made easier. The welfare of the humbler classes was the one end of it all. For them, in their struggles and sorrows, Carlyle's very heart was torn. He was himself of them, and he never lost his sense of brotherhood with them.

There was in Carlyle a certain arrogance of intellect that grew with years, and often asserted itself in fashions that he himself felt to be grievous. This has been mistaken for arrogance of heart. But arrogance of heart he never had. In sympathies and manner of life he remained to the end much of the simple peasant. Seldom a year passed, of the eighty-five that he lived, that he did not spend a month or two among the Scotch heaths and peat-bogs, in or near his humble boyhood home. There, nearer than anywhere else, his restless soul came to the attainment of that peace and composure which it was quite capable of nowhere. To the end, his own poor, toiling, uneducated kinsmen continued the dearest people on earth to him, and rarely came a payment from editor or publisher that, whatever his own necessities, he did not share it with some of them. Had they been stupid, I am not sure that he would not at times have shown them scant mercy ; but their humbleness only bound them the closer. His own mode of life, for London, was hardly less frugal than theirs. He fared mainly on oatmeal and hams, which he would have only out of native Annandale, the London article, in his judgment, partaking of the specious, quack character of its environment. His clothes, too, he would have only from an honest Dumfries tailor, who made them up in lots to last several years, and in forms that put them beyond the mutability of fashion.

To intensify the promptings of nature, there were peculiar conditions in Carlyle's time. In all departments of trade and production it was a period of unprecedented growth. Yet, all the while, the poor-houses were crowded to bursting ; the poor were feeding on nettles, or dying of starvation. Such want had never been known before, nor such plenty. Few were the years when there was not some riotous uprising to smash the hateful new machinery ; to fire ricks and barns, to lock up or burn down mills ; to bear charters, great or small, with their five or fewer points, to the door of Parliament ; or to shield some fatuous popular leader, like Sir Francis Burdett, or some knavish one, like Henry Hunt, from merited, perhaps, but ill-timed arrest. It was, in short, a time of complete distress and dread. The poorer classes lived in open hatred of the richer, and the richer in open fear of the poorer.

Dwelling right amidst all this tangle and turmoil, Carlyle's earnest and bodeful nature could not but be deeply impressed by it. At seasons it laid such hold on him that his wonted tasks fell from his hand, and in a sort of frenzy, and for his private relief, rather than for the instruction or persuasion of others, he flung off some expression of his reflections and emotions. Every one of the political pieces was composed in this mood and fashion. They were a compliance with no editorial commission, a completion of no design to make a book on some chosen subject ; but a setting free of opinions that had taken

such complete possession of Carlyle's mind that he could do nothing else until he had given them utterance.

This accounts, in part, for their manner, which is more perplexing than their matter. It is kept within fair bounds in the earlier pieces, and "Chartism" and "Past and Present," in point of style, are among the best things Carlyle ever did. But in "Latter-day Pamphlets" the bounds are overleaped, and all of Carlyle's faults are at their worst. The enigmatical quality, the habit of disdaining to explain, becomes here especially troublesome, and the tone is that of a man thrown by the sins and follies of his brethren, not into sorrow and sympathy, but into stormy passion. There appears, too, a straining, a writhing, to get the thought expressed, as of one half tongue-tied by anger. I know of no more interesting study in literary mechanism than the contrast presented by "Latter-day Pamphlets" and the book in which Matthew Arnold, some twenty years later, presented to English society a scheme for its regeneration that, well analyzed, proves to be substantially the same as Carlyle's. In "Culture and Anarchy" all is suave, genial, gracious. Even the roasting of a fanatical Dissenter is accomplished without sputter, in cheerful firelight. Even the taking-off of a barbarous game-preserver is achieved with a perfect absence of "scene," as becomes the high station of the subject, and without the "dull sickening thud" that attends all vulgar executions. Exactly the reverse of this marks "Latter-day Pamphlets." There is, however, a nerving, bestirring moral fervor, a sublime earnestness, that amply compensates for any want of gentleness, or of grace.

In the political pieces, though, as everywhere else in Carlyle, the reader must fare ill who cannot see that the extravagances of speech are not to be taken too seriously. With Carlyle, as with all persons of his temperament, the disposition to lay the words on strong is half sportful, and under the gravest over-statement lies a humorous intent. He has no thought of being taken literally. He means much always, but he often means much less than he says, and he trusts to the reader's sense of humor to make the due deduction. If the reader chances not to have a sense of humor, sad misunderstandings arise; but if he have it, he comes to greatly relish the tasks that Carlyle demands of it.

Whims of manner have done Carlyle an injustice really grave in the passages that refer to negro emancipation. His jeers at Exeter Hall and its humane achievement of freeing the slaves in the British West Indies, raise a constant suspicion against him of accounting the freeing of slaves a very small business, if not one much better left undone. The suspicion is altogether mistaken. His impatience with Exeter Hall was due to no tenderness for slavery, but altogether to the fact that, while Exeter Hall found the ear of the nation open to its appeal and Government standing ready to pour out treasure like water, for the relief of a few blacks in a distant colony, thousands of white men, of noble capacity, sat under the nation's very eye naked, and hungry, and besotted, slaves in all but the name, and no philanthropists organized, no government lavished its money for their emancipation. Noting in his private journal the publication of a reply by Mill to the essay called "The Nigger Question," Carlyle adds that Mill has told him therein, nothing that he did not very well know before. One easily believes this when one has got at the real meaning of his deliverances on this head; but a patience beyond the command of many readers is required to get there. This note of Carlyle's on Mill's reply suggests, however, a caution that one does well to carry with one always in dealing with Carlyle, and that is, not to be too quick to conclude that he has overlooked something important.

The full import of Carlyle's political writings is not to be had without some attention to his relations to Benthamism. Mill, writing in 1838, asserted that "there was hardly to be found in England an individual of any importance in the world of mind, who (whatever opinions he may have afterward adopted) did not first learn to think" from either Bentham or Coleridge. Any debt of inspiration that Carlyle owed to either of these masters was owed to Bentham.

But it was the inspiration of radical antagonism. Between a mind naturally sombre, and brooding, and apt to dwell on "the wonders everywhere lying close on us," and a mind assured, and cheery, and regarding man as a little lower in structure than the steam-engine, and susceptible of almost as precise regulation in society as the blocks on a checker-board, there could be no accord. To Bentham the web of human motives, so multiplex and mysterious in the common regard, was the simplest of textures: through it all there ran, really, but one, desire of pleasure or dislike of pain. "Good motives," and "bad motives," were empty phrases; there was but the one, and it had no moral character whatever. As for pleasures and pains; the attainment of pleasure of any sort, the exemption from any sort of pain, was, taken by itself, wholly good. It became bad only as the pleasure attained or the pain avoided defeated a greater pleasure or provoked a greater pain. All you had to do, therefore, in running a society was to keep the pleasures as large and the pains as small as possible. And the surest way of achieving this was to set every individual free in the pursuit of his own pleasure, having care only that in this pursuit he did not jostle or obstruct his neighbor. This, Bentham conceived, would be "to rear the fabric of felicity by the hands of reason and of law." The later Benthamites, particularly Mill, by bringing intellectual and unselfish pleasures into especial prominence, gave the scheme a nobility that makes it worthy always of respectful study, but as it first came from Bentham's hand it was bald and repellent to a degree that this, or any other, outline of it is not likely to outdo.

To Carlyle, on the other hand, "after all our science, and sciences," the world was "still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, magical;" "not an injustice but a justice." All men born into it were made by God, and had immortal souls. They were not, however, born equal, but very unequal, in respect both of opportunities and capacities. Hence, "of all 'rights of man,' the right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be . . . held in the true course by him," was "the indisputablest." Nature herself had ordained it from the first. When, therefore, the men of larger opportunities and capacities did nothing but shoot partridges, or but stand futilely jargoning in parliaments and courts, or but pile up money for vain spending, or but sit in secluded deaneries debating of "prevenient grace," they had "parted company with the eternal inner fact of this universe," and disaster impended for them and their nation. But for all men, whatever their capacities and according thereto, the first duty, perhaps the sole duty, was honest work. "He that will not work according to his faculty, let him," said Carlyle, "perish according to his necessity."

Carlyle's attention fixed on Benthamism very early, and he never uttered himself on what he was wont to call "the condition-of-England question," that he did not have Benthamism distinctly in mind. He mentions it but casually and nowhere sets it up avowedly as his mark; but everyone of his political pieces is consciously aimed at it. Hence Mr. John Morley is impelled to charge that Carlyle is the writer "above all others who has made Benthamism a term of reproach on the lips of men less wise than himself."

The theory of life that brought Carlyle thus into conflict with Benthamism is not likely to come soon into much practice as the basis of a system of politics. But he proved its practicability, at least as a basis of individual conduct, by conforming his own sturdily to it, and his life has thereby become, despite the tittle-tattle it has set afloat, even a more potent inspiration than his works.

CAPTAIN BLACK.

By Charles E. Carryl.

MR. GEORGE FARNHAM, counsellor-at-law, having devoted ten years of his life to the remunerative toil of entangling certain persons in, and extricating certain others from, the meshes of the law, found himself, at the age of thirty-five, with a respectable balance in bank and a pronounced craving for rest and recreation. Summer was coming on, the courts would soon be closed, and a torpor was settling down upon the field of litigation, and the idea of a vacation abroad presented itself to his mind with alluring force. He was weary of briefs and bills of exceptions; his office was taking on, to his jaded eyes, an aspect of dreary dinginess that promised to become unendurable in the near future, and the long rows of buff-clad digests and revised statutes seemed to glare down upon him from their shelves, like wolves in sheep's clothing, with grim suggestions of long nights of toil. Under these impelling influences he turned his back upon the law, packed a portmanteau, and found himself upon a bright morning in June on the steamer Servia, fairly committed to a three months' sojourn in foreign parts.

As the hour of sailing drew near he stood on the hurricane deck, leaning against the rail and watching with lively interest the animated scene on the pier below. A double line of passengers and their friends was thronging up and down the gangway giving access to the lower deck, a crowd of spectators, idlers, and itinerant vendors of steamer-chairs and other comforts of the sea was swarming below him on the pier, and a number of agile cabin-stewards in blue jackets were rushing up and down a supplemental gangway, bringing aboard an endless variety of steamer-trunks, hand-bags, and bundled rugs. Carriages drove up, discharged their living freight and made their way back through the surging crowd amid volleys of imprecations; while the decks of the steamer swarmed with people chattering, scolding, and weeping farewells with the feverish vehemence peculiar to such occasions. Farnham, enjoying the spectacle with all the relish of a school-boy abandoning his books for a time, turned to a fellow-passenger who stood beside him at the rail, and remarked, "A busy scene, sir."

"I should call it a bedlam," said the other, without looking up. "I never could understand the insane curiosity that impels people remaining at home, to subject themselves to the most unpleasant feature of going abroad."

"Meaning the crowd?" inquired Farnham.

"Yes," replied the other, shortly, "the rabble, the deafening racket, the infernal discomfort of the whole business;" with which he turned abruptly and walked away as if not in the mood for further conversation.

Farnham, at complacent peace with himself and with the world, looked after him with good-humored surprise. He was a tallish man of powerful build, with a full brown beard and hair slightly marked with gray, exceedingly well dressed, and having the unmistakable bearing of a man of the world. By a momentary glimpse of his face as he turned away, Farnham saw that he had regular features, a dark complexion, and a certain self-contained expression that was not altogether prepossessing. As he disappeared in the crowd Farnham turned again and resumed his watch of the scene below.

At this moment the bell for "all ashore" was rung and the crowd on the gangway began to resolve itself into a stream bound shoreward, occasionally broken by a belated passenger hurriedly making his way upward through the living tide. Then the stream dwindled to a few stragglers, and finally to the inevitable last man, scrambling downward while the gangway was swaying in the slings; the long plank was lowered and cast off, a mighty pulse began to throb

beneath Farnham's feet, and the great ship backed majestically out of the slip amid a tempest of shouts of farewell.

It was at this instant that Farnham's attention was attracted to a cab that came rattling along the pier, scattering the crowd in every direction. As it drew up at the gangway opening, a man sprang out and crying frantically, "Stop! stop!" rushed to the edge of the pier and began running back and forth upon the stringpiece as if meditating a desperate attempt to leap out and clutch at the side of the receding ship. A roar of derisive laughter burst from the bystanders as this preposterous intention became evident, and two of the wharf hands seized the distracted man and roughly dragged him back, struggling and protesting, until he was lost to view in the crowd that surged about him. Farnham fancied, from a sudden expression on his face as he was dragged away, that he had recognized someone on the upper deck, and glancing around involuntarily, discovered the bearded passenger standing beside him at the rail, gazing down upon the scene with an angry scowl. At this moment they came abreast of the end of the pier, where a scene of waving handkerchiefs and tossing sun-umbrellas of every hue and shade burst upon them like a mighty kaleidoscope, and at the same instant the belated traveller appeared in the surging mass of people, hatless and dishevelled and clutching wildly at the air, as if he would stay the departing ship. "Intolerable ass!" muttered the bearded man in a savage whisper, and striking the rail furiously with his clenched fist, he strode angrily away.

The sail through the river and down the bay was enough of a novelty to keep Farnham busily observant, and it was not until the Hook had been passed and the pilot taken off that he bethought himself of going below to don his steamer-cap and shoes, and otherwise prepare himself for a week of seafaring leisure. He had secured a berth in an outside room in the double row just aft the saloon companionway, and as he entered the passage leading to it he met his bearded acquaintance just coming out of the room. "Mr. Farnham?" said the dark man, interrogatively. "That is my name," replied Farnham. "I am Captain Black," said the other, bowing stiffly; "I believe we are booked as roommates," and pushing by him, walked away without pausing for a reply.

"I hope you'll pan out better than you promise, my good fellow," said Farnham to himself, philosophically; and entering his room, he was soon busily occupied in making a convenient disposal of his modest belongings.

The door stood open, and Farnham presently became aware of the presence, in the room directly opposite, of a fellow-passenger similarly occupied. He seemed to be of about the height and build of Farnham's room-mate, but his face, of which Farnham caught an occasional glimpse as he moved about, was as unlike that gentleman's as could well be imagined. He was clean shaven, of a pallor that was almost unearthly, and had a hideous scar extending from one corner of his mouth down across his chin. To all this was added a certain wildness of eye that was so distinctly repellent, that Farnham inwardly congratulated himself that Captain Black had fallen to his lot instead of this unprepossessing stranger; and completing his arrangements, loaded himself with cigars and went on deck.

Events proved that if Captain Black was not companionable, he was at least unobtrusive. Except for the mere knowledge to the contrary, Farnham had the room virtually to himself. His companion rose, had his tub, dressed, and went on deck long before the overworked counsellor-at-law had finished his supplemental morning doze, and retired at night so late and so quietly that Farnham never so much as knew when he came into the room. As for the rest, the man was singularly preoccupied in manner, acknowledging with the merest nod and with an absent air Farnham's salutation when they chanced to meet, and keeping aloof from him and, with one exception, from the other passengers as well, with a persistence that was too marked to permit any attempt at a closer acquaintance.

The exception, to Farnham's surprise, was the uninviting-looking occupant of the opposite room. What made this remarkable selection still more surpris-

ing was the fact that the acquaintance between the two had evidently been made aboard ship, as Farnham had seen them passing and repassing each other without the slightest sign of recognition during the afternoon of the day of sailing; yet before twenty-four hours had elapsed an intimacy had been formed and matured between these strangely contrasted men, so close that they seemed to be inseparable. Morning, noon, and far into the night they sat and smoked together in secluded corners, the man with the scar constantly talking in a smothered undertone, with a certain fierce vehemence and violence of gesture, and the captain listening with a brooding look upon his dark features and an observant eye upon the other's face. Farnham was puzzled and, for a while, found a singular fascination in furtively watching the two men and mentally speculating as to what strange community of interest had brought them together. The few passengers with whom he chanced to fall into conversation knew as little about the scar-faced man as he himself knew about Captain Black, and beyond the fact that his name was Leath, learned incidentally from the cabin-steward, no information of any kind was obtainable. Farnham's interest in the matter, being rather antipathetic than otherwise, was short-lived, and in the course of a day or two subsided into a mere glance at the two men when he chanced to come upon them.

The weather was fair and promised to hold; but shortly after passing the Banks the ship ran into a rough sea rolling heavily from the southward, evidently the tail of a storm that had passed up from the tropics. As the day wore on the sea continued rising, and by nightfall the ship was rolling heavily, and Farnham, who had thus far fared well, began to experience certain premonitions that impelled him, after a proud struggle against fate, to forego his after-dinner cigar and turn in at an unseemly hour, in the hope that a night's rest would set him right. He lay in his berth, occasionally falling into a doze and then being roused by an unusually violent plunge as the ship labored in the heavy sea, getting up from time to time to secure and make fast the various toilet articles that had drifted from their moorings, and then tumbling into his berth again with a qualmish apprehension that the supreme moment he was fighting against was upon him.

It was just after one of these excursions that the door opened and Captain Black came into the room. The curtain of the berth was drawn so that he was concealed from view, but Farnham, half dozing, was vaguely aware, above the creaking of the ship, of his movements about the room; and an occasional rattle of keys and the snapping of a lock indicated the opening of some article of luggage. These trifling noises not being disturbing in themselves, Farnham finally dropped asleep and was presently involved in a contested will case of extraordinary magnitude, with his most important witness a fugitive in the wilds of Madagascar. The details progressed with astonishing velocity, accompanied by distracting complications heretefore unheard of in law practice, and matters were assuming a portentous aspect with tremendous pecuniary penalties impending, when he awoke and started up with a sudden consciousness that the curtain had been drawn aside and that he had been looked upon as he lay sleeping in his berth. He pushed it back and looked out, and as he did so the door of the room was softly closed and he heard the heavy footsteps of Captain Black going out through the passageway. The incident was sufficiently annoying in itself, but Farnham found it doubly so from the manifest impossibility of resenting it at the moment, and after fuming over it to no purpose he lay down again, resolving to give his room-mate a bit of his mind in the morning; and bracing himself with his knees against the rolling of the ship, tried to compose himself to sleep. But sleep would not come. The sudden awakening and the resulting irritation had excited him, and he rolled and tossed about, dropping off into fitful naps and waking with every violent plunge of the ship, and occasionally muttering unseemly imprecations against the evil chance that had broken in upon his night's rest.

It was just after one of these wakings that he heard the sound of a hurried step descending the companionway, and

someone came aft through the open cabin and turned into the passageway almost on a run; the door of the opposite room was opened, closed again and locked, apparently with feverish haste, and all was still again. Farnham, listening with alert attention, heard two bells strike a moment after, and concluding, from the hour, that Captain Black would soon follow his friend, prepared to speak his mind then and there; nursing which amiable intention he presently fell sound asleep.

. . . .

"Beg pardon, sir," said a voice, and Farnham started up. It was morning, and the bath-steward was standing in the doorway. "Beg pardon, sir," said the man again, with a startled look upon his face; "but Captain Black isn't here, sir, and his berth hasn't been used."

"Well, I'm not responsible for his not coming to bed," said Farnham, testily. "What time is it?"

"Just gone seven bells, sir," said the steward.

"Very good, I'll get up," said Farnham, after a moment's deliberation. "See if you can get me a bath," and the man withdrew.

Farnham, reflecting upon the steward's rather startling announcement, found his irritation giving way to a vague foreboding of evil, with which came a disturbing recollection of Leath's hurried return to his room the night before. Could the man tell anything? He looked out into the passageway, but the door of the opposite room was closed and Farnham could not bring himself to knock and learn—he knew not what; and he dressed with feverish haste, and went on deck with an increasing sense of an agitation which he could not shake off. He made a complete tour of the ship, examined every part of the decks, looked into the smoking-room, and finally went into the dining-saloon, where a vacant chair marked Captain Black's place at the breakfast-table; and then, coming across his cabin-steward, questioned him, and learned that the man had been off watch the night before and could tell him nothing. The matter began to assume an ugly look, and Farnham went direct to the purser, and in ten minutes the ship was being thoroughly searched from stem to stern. Not a trace of the missing man could be found; Captain Black had vanished as absolutely as if he had been absorbed into the atmosphere.

When Farnham related the events of the preceding night it was determined to question Leath at once; and on the steward's report that the man was ill and was still in his berth, Farnham and the purser went to his room and knocked for admittance. Leath unlocked the door without parley and was back again in his berth as they entered the room, leaning on one elbow and glaring angrily at them as he demanded their business. The man was evidently ill and looked horrible. His face, apparently tanned by the sea-air, had taken on a swarthy hue that made his extraordinary pallor even more ghastly than before, and the scar on his chin blazed with an angry flush as though he had been freshly branded on the face.

He listened to the purser's statement, manifesting extreme agitation as the story proceeded, and at its conclusion fell back upon his pillow and covered his face with his hands. "I can tell you nothing," he said after a brief silence, speaking in a smothered voice that was singularly discordant. "I left him, smoking and leaning on the rail near the turtle-back, and came below at eleven o'clock. You must have heard me," he added, appealing to Farnham, who nodded assent. "What followed is as dark to me as it is to you. I had been drinking and my recollection is confused; I only remember that the sea was horrible to look at!" and with a shudder he turned his face to the wall, and Farnham and the purser, exchanging a significant glance, left him.

"We must go to the old man with this," said the purser, with an ominous shake of the head, and requesting Farnham to follow him, led the way to the captain's room. The news had already spread about the ship, and as they passed along the deck, little groups of passengers were discussing the tragedy with repressed voices, and Farnham observed, with great annoyance, that they glanced curiously at him as he went by, and felt that he was being con-

nected with the affair in a thoroughly unpleasant manner.

The captain heard the grim story through and reflected for a few moments with a disturbed countenance. "There's nothing to be done," he said at length; "when we get in I shall ask this gentleman and the other to remain aboard until we can communicate with the authorities. If Leath refuses," he continued, fixing on the unfortunate man with the same suspicion that possessed both Farnham and the purser, "I shall take the responsibility of detaining him. Meanwhile, take charge of the missing man's effects and tell the men not to talk."

And now that the dark premonition had grown into a gruesome fact, Farnham began to experience a depression of spirits that promised to put an end to his enjoyment of the remainder of the voyage. As the day wore on, the gloom fastened upon him like a pall, until he was impelled, just before nightfall, to go to the purser and ask to be given another room where he could be free from the disquieting associations of his late quarters, and away from the immediate proximity of Leath, for whom he had conceived an unconquerable aversion. The purser fell in with his humor without demur, and Farnham found himself transferred to a stuffy inside cabin on the main deck with a positive sense of benefaction. His former apartment was abandoned to the goods and chattels of Captain Black, and Leath, locked in his room, was left alone with his secret, if he had one.

It was with a sense of infinite relief that Farnham, coming on deck one morning, saw the Skelligs rising like mammoth teeth from the sea, and soon afterward the green cliffs of the Irish mainland. His spirits rose as the steamer ran along the coast, passed inside the Fastnet Rock, and finally turned into the mouth of Queenstown Harbor; and he watched with lively interest the arrival alongside of the rakish little tender and the transfer of an interminable number of mail-bags to her ample deck. The procession of bag-bearing stewards having finished their labors, he crossed to the opposite side of the ship, and was engaged in serene contemplation of the whitewashed glories of the Roche's Point light, when he was touched on the shoulder, and turning, saw the purser at his side with two strangers.

"We are beginning to get a little light on our affair, Mr. Farnham," said the purser. "These gentlemen are officers from Scotland Yard with a requisition and a warrant for the arrest of Captain Black on a charge of forgery. Mr. Lethbridge and Mr. Darke—Mr. Farnham," and the two detectives touched their hats and regarded Farnham with a professional air, as if longing to take him into custody in the absence of their legitimate prey.

"No statement to make, I suppose," said Mr. Lethbridge, a sharp-featured, fresh-faced man with light hair.

"None," said Farnham. "Mr. Neal knows all I can tell you."

"Very good, sir," said Lethbridge, affably. "Now then, Mr. Neal," he added, turning to the purser, "if you'll be good enough to show us below, we'll take a look at the effects;" and touching their hats again, the two officers followed the purser, leaving Farnham to resume his interrupted observation of the lighthouse. Meanwhile, with a prodigious ringing of bells, the tender cast off and paddled up the harbor, the great pulse began to throb again, and the steamer, turning her prow seaward, went on her way up the Channel.

Farnham, slowly pacing the deck, presently saw the purser and Lethbridge emerge from the companionway and come toward him. "Mr. Farnham," said the former, "I'm afraid you and I, without saying much about the matter, have been doing that poor devil Leath a great injustice. Read this," and he handed Farnham an unsealed envelope. It was addressed "To whom it may concern," and opening it, Farnham found enclosed the following letter:

In the almost absolute certainty of being apprehended upon my arrival, I have chosen the only means open to me of avoiding the disgrace and punishment that would inevitably follow. I had hoped to escape, with the firm intention of never resting until I had made restitution for the only crime that has ever stained my life; but it was not to be. The appearance, at the moment of departure, of a man upon whose blind confidence and dull apprehension I had relied, for such a tardy dis-

covery of my betrayal of trust as would give me ample time for escape, has told me that the cable would assuredly carry the intelligence abroad long before I could reach English soil.

I had at first no intention of leaving New York. I expected, with incredible fatuity, to delay exposure until some lucky chance should permit me to cover, for all time, the traces of my wrong-doing; but the mental strain consequent upon continued and complicated falsifying of accounts, became unendurable, and in an evil moment I appropriated certain funds from a quarter where immediate examination and discovery were improbable, and ventured all upon that mirage of defaulters—faro. I lost. There was no time for resort to the expedients of disguise and concealed identity which might have saved me. I attempted to deceive my associate by the desperate subterfuge of a forged cable message calling me abroad on family affairs; made up my luggage and boarded the steamer almost at the hour of sailing, only to find myself unmasked at the last moment.

I feel no longing for the life I am about to end, nor do I leave a single soul who will mourn my death. I regret, alone, that restitution is beyond my power. The sea is merciful to me in all else.

LANSING BLACK.

"Poor fellow!" said Farnham. "How bad a matter was it?"

"Extensive forgeries and about sixteen thousand pounds in hard cash, supposed to be with him," replied Lethbridge. "That's all we know. Particulars by mail."

"I am glad Leath is out of it, at all events," said Farnham, heartily enough.

"So am I, sir," echoed the purser; "but I'm blessed if it didn't look ugly for a while." With which reminiscence he and Mr. Lethbridge went below again to resume their examination of Captain Black's effects.

Leath kept his room with extraordinary persistence until the last moment. Farnham, with a vague idea of making amends for his recent suspicions by some sort of friendly advances, looked for him on the tender the next morning, but failed to find him in the crowd of passengers; nor did he get a sight of him until the very last of the number were disembarking, when Leath, wearing a mackintosh reaching to his heels and with a muffler or scarf swathed about the lower part of his face, suddenly appeared at the head of the gangway leading to the landing-stage, and paused irresolutely as if loath to come ashore. Farnham, who was awaiting his luggage on the landing-stage and chatting meanwhile with the two detectives, was about to attract his attention by a sign of recognition, when Leath, as if suddenly mastering his indecision, strode rapidly down the gangway, and began roughly pushing his way through the throng of waiting passengers. At this moment Lethbridge touched Farnham on the arm and pointed significantly to a woman who was standing at the foot of the gangway with her eyes intently fixed upon Leath. She was a sad-faced woman, plainly clad, and Farnham noticed that she was holding her hand tremulously to her mouth, as if endeavoring to control excessive agitation. As Leath passed her without a glance of recognition, her eyes dilated as with a sudden sickening terror, and then, apparently moved by an uncontrollable impulse, she flung herself before him with her hands against his breast, crying, "Roger! Don't you know me?" Leath's face, for an instant, looked as if it had been turned to stone, then, catching sight of Farnham's astonished gaze, he instantly passed his arm about the imploring figure before him and said hurriedly, "I did not see you. Come away," and pushed on with the woman, sobbing convulsively, on his arm.

"Rather a rum meeting, that," observed Mr. Lethbridge, dryly, and Farnham, who had witnessed the scene with an immediate revival of his former antipathy, shrugged his shoulders in infinite disgust, and washing his hands of Mr. Leath and his affairs, went off to look after his own effects.

No further incidents of importance marked Farnham's sojourn abroad. He traversed the beaten road of insular and continental sightseeing for his allotted time, and returned to his legal grindstone with such agreeable recollections of his vacation, that the following June found him again in London with the pleasant prospect of further rambles before him during the summer months. He had heard the particulars of the forgery while at home, but it was simply the old story of securities raised from their face value, followed by the coarser crime of actual theft, and ending with a ruined firm and a beggared

partner; and the affair had almost passed from his memory, when it was suddenly recalled by an incident of the most startling character.

Farnham, waiting for a friend, was standing at the window of that depressing apartment, the smoking-room of Her Majesty's Hotel, gazing aimlessly into the side street and observing the grimy wall of a noble lord's grounds on the opposite side of the way, when his attention was attracted to two men who came from the direction of the neighboring thoroughfare, and stopped, conversing leisurely, at the entrance to the hotel. With the man who faced him Farnham had no concern; but he was instantly and strangely interested in the other, who stood with his back toward him. The subtle individuality which occasionally asserts itself in the human back told him that he knew this man, and the consciousness sent an unaccountable thrill through his veins. A moment after, the other of the two walked away and the owner of the expressive back turned to enter the hotel. As Farnham caught sight of his face his first impression was that he had been mistaken; then there arose in his memory like a flash of light, a vision of the deck of the Servia a year ago and the two consorting men who had so unpleasantly impressed him, and he recoiled as though he had been shot. The full brown beard had disappeared, and a carefully waxed gray mustache and pointed goatee had replaced it; but if Captain Black ever walked upon the earth he stood in the flesh before Farnham at that moment. As this astounding fact divulged itself the man disappeared through the doorway, and Farnham sank breathless into a chair.

The apparition, for it seemed little more to Farnham's excited fancy, came directly into the smoking-room, glanced casually at him as he sat quaking in his chair, and went out without a sign of recognition. Farnham breathed again. He had grown stouter and wore a beard, and it afforded him unspeakable relief to feel that these changes in his outward man had effectually concealed his identity. He sat still, watching through the open doorway the man who had apparently risen from the sea, and saw him stop for a moment at the office window and then pass through the hall and up the stairs. He was evidently staying at the hotel, and Farnham, presently recovering his composure, sauntered out of the room with as much unconcern as he could assume and inquired of the hall-porter who the gentleman was who had just come in.

"His name is Pelham, sir," said the man; "Mr. Francis Pelham, I think. He's not stopped here before, sir."

"Thank you," said Farnham. "Be good enough not to mention that I inquired; he might consider it an impertinence;" and impressing this injunction upon the porter by a judicious bestowal of a shilling, he went out and, oblivious of his appointment, hailed a hansom and was driven to Scotland Yard as fast as an indifferent horse could take him.

Lethbridge was absent, but upon Farnham's assurance that his business was urgent, he was sent for and presently came in, and Farnham was again reassured by finding that even the detective's keen eye failed to recognize him in his altered personality. A reference to the events of the preceding summer, however, immediately recalled him to Lethbridge's memory, and he told, as concisely as possible, the extraordinary discovery which he believed he had made. Lethbridge heard him through and then shook his head incredulously. "I've come across strange things in my line, Mr. Farnham," he said, "but this is the toughest yarn I've ever heard yet. It can't be, sir, it can't be. Darke and I prodded every corner of the ship, and I tell you the man wasn't there."

"And I tell you that the man is in London at this moment," said Farnham, vehemently. "Apply any test that you please, and you'll find I'm right."

Lethbridge pondered dubiously for a moment, and then asked Farnham to repeat to him, in their consecutive order, all the details of Captain Black's disappearance from the steamer. This Farnham did with scrupulous exactness, Lethbridge listening attentively and checking off the narrative from time to time with affirmative nods of his head.

"Now," said Lethbridge, "go over the business on the landing-stage in the

same way, so I may be sure I've got the thing straight in my head."

Farnham complied as before and was carefully reciting the sequence of events, when he became suddenly aware of a change in the detective's manner. Lethbridge was leaning forward in his chair in an attitude of the most alert attention, and with a strange gleam in his eyes that betokened extraordinary emotion; and as the story ended, he brought his hand down upon his knee with a resounding slap and exclaimed exultingly, "By George, I have it!"

"Now look here, sir," he continued, before Farnham could speak; "you can help us if you will. If this is the right man he is an extraordinary cool hand, and we mustn't touch him until we are ready for him. That won't be until day after to-morrow, as I must send a man out of town to bring up another party that we shall need."

"But suppose—" said Farnham, who would have preferred immediate action; "suppose, meanwhile, our man takes it into his head to leave."

"Then I'll stop him at a venture," said Lethbridge, with a grim smile, "but I don't want to move a minute too soon if I can help it. Now, I want you to take a table near him in the coffee-room—say to-morrow at breakfast."

"But I'm not staying there," objected Farnham.

"Take a room there over-night," said Lethbridge, promptly, "and give 'em a wrong name."

"I don't fancy doing that," said Farnham, after a moment's reflection.

"There isn't a bit of 'arm in it," said Lethbridge, "and it will help us a lot."

"And what then?" said Farnham.

"Why, then," continued Lethbridge, with a reassuring smile, "when you're ready to go in to breakfast, just step out of the 'otel door for a moment so I can see you, and then leave word if anyone asks for you, to have him shown in direct to your table. That'll give me a chance for complete observation of your party without attracting any attention whatsoever, and without anybody being any the wiser but me. After that you can go off and leave the business in my hands until everything's ready. I suppose you'd like to see the end of it, sir?" concluded the detective, with a confident interrogation.

"Well—yes; after having gone so far—I would," said Farnham.

"Very good, sir, I'll look you up," said Mr. Lethbridge, cheerfully. "Mind you sit with your back to him."

Farnham went away with a disquieting sense of having been cleverly impressed into the English detective service; but an irrepressible desire to follow up the unravelling of the mystery that lay before him enabled him to stifle certain stirrings of conscience by the self-assurance that he was merely furthering the ends of justice. He wandered aimlessly about, avoiding the vicinity of the hotel until bedtime, when he sneaked in, carrying a satchel, and with a humiliating consciousness of imposture lying heavily on his mind, and was allotted a gloomy back room at the top of the house. Here he passed a horrible night, largely occupied in running down preposterous criminals of all grades, and awoke with a pardonable feeling of repugnance for his self-invited breakfast company.

Pelham was already seated in the coffee-room when he went down-stairs, and having bespoken the adjoining table, he went to the entrance door of the hotel as agreed and looked up and down the street. Not a sign of Lethbridge could be seen, and Farnham, with a cheering hope that the appointment had miscarried, went in to breakfast and seated himself with his back to his unsuspecting neighbor. He had ordered his customary eggs and bacon and breakfast tea, and was looking through the morning paper, when a dark-complexioned man with a profusion of black hair, and wearing spectacles, was shown in to his table, and before Farnham could utter a protest, seated himself, and taking from his pocket a bundle of documents, began, "I have looked into the matter of the mining prospectus, and I have all the figures here as you requested." With this there came a warning pressure of his foot beneath the table, and Farnham knew that Lethbridge sat before him.

Farnham was already sufficiently out of humor to be excessively annoyed by what he considered a useless and ridicu-

lous masquerade, and ate his breakfast in sullen silence, while Lethbridge rattled on with amazing volubility, giving the most astounding statistics about the mining property, and keeping meanwhile a stealthy watch upon the suspected man at the adjoining table, until having presumably familiarized himself to the proper standard, he gathered up his papers and took his departure, to Farnham's infinite relief. That thoroughly disgusted gentleman dawdled over his breakfast until he heard Pelham leave the room, and seeing him presently pass the coffee-room window, took his own departure, satchel in hand, mentally vowing never to be caught again in a similar mess.

The next morning, just as he had finished breakfasting at his own lodgings, Lethbridge, fresh-faced and fair-haired again, made his appearance in such confident humor that Farnham's spirits revived somewhat under the buoyancy of the detective's manner, and he inquired what was the next step to be taken.

"I'm going to bait a hook," said Lethbridge, with an expression of infinite relish, "and if your man doesn't rise to it you can call me a Dutchman. It may be a long fish, but if we catch anything it will be as good a day's work as ever I did in my life."

The baiting of the hook, which Farnham awaited with considerable curiosity, proved to be a simple matter enough. Lethbridge merely wrote the words "Captain Lansing Black" in a large bold hand on a sheet of note-paper, enclosed it in an envelope addressed "Francis Pelham, Esq.," and with an air of extreme confidence invited Farnham to accompany him to the hotel and witness the landing of the fish.

They strolled back and forth upon the Piccadilly pavement in a line of observance of the hotel entrance, until Mr. Pelham, gloved and well apparelled, was seen to go out. Then Farnham, acting under Lethbridge's instructions, walked into the hallway, and explaining that he was awaiting a friend, seated himself at one side of the entrance door and became absorbed in perusal of a morning paper. Presently Lethbridge strolled in and, after a brief interview with the manager in that gentleman's private office, placed the envelope in Pelham's letter-box in the hall, and seating himself on the opposite side of the entrance door, became a silent rival of Farnham in the matter of looking up the day's news. The hall-porter, a pompous fellow with a double chin and wearing a black skull-cap, seated himself in his leather-covered bath-chair, all unconscious of the drama that was developing under his very nose, and dropped off into a nap—and the watch began.

It was a long one, as Lethbridge had surmised, and the hours wore slowly on. Farnham having digested the exhaustive details of events in Her Britannic Majesty's realm, and the scant references to other portions of the globe peculiar to the British press, was endeavoring to concentrate his attention upon the advertisements and occasionally relapsing into a doze, when Lethbridge coughed, and at the same moment Pelham opened the door and walked into the hall. Farnham, with his heart thumping like a trip-hammer against his ribs, glanced at his companion, but that imperturbable individual was so absorbed in the news that Farnham, for a moment, feared that he had not noticed that their man had arrived. The next instant, however, Lethbridge's eyes appeared, gleaming like coals of fire over the top of his newspaper, and Farnham, following their gaze, saw that the supreme moment had come. Pelham was at the letter-box.

A lump suddenly rose into Farnham's throat, and he was conscious that he was trembling violently from head to foot as Pelham took the envelope from the box, glanced carelessly at the address upon it, and then opened it. As his eyes met the name on the enclosed sheet he recoiled, glanced like lightning about the hall, and then, crumpling up paper and envelope, he thrust them into his pocket and was in the street again almost before Farnham could realize what had happened. Lethbridge, alert and as agile as a cat, was after him and at his side before he had taken a dozen steps, and Farnham, looking through the window, saw that there was a brief colloquy, followed by a shrug of Pelham's shoulders, and then the two men entered a cab and were driven away. "Now for

it!" said Farnham to himself, and calling a cab in his turn, he followed at all speed, in a curious whirl of speculations as to how the matter would end.

He was evidently expected at Scotland Yard, and on giving his name was shown without inquiry into a well-lighted room, where Lethbridge and a military-looking official, who proved to be the inspector, were conversing in a low tone in a corner. Pelham, who had apparently quite recovered his composure, was looking out of the window with his back toward them, standing with his legs well apart, and swinging his walking-stick with an air of supreme unconcern. He glanced indifferently at Farnham as he entered the room, and then, apparently relegating him to the obscurity of the official staff, resumed his former attitude at the window and gazed steadily into the court-yard until the inspector said, "Now then, Mr. Pelham, if you please," when he turned, showing a face deadly pale, but with features evidently under full command.

"Mr. Pelham," continued the inspector, with extreme urbanity, "it is probably unnecessary to inform you that we have no power to compel you to give us any information. In fact, it is quite within your discretion to preserve absolute silence if you choose, until you have taken legal counsel. At the same time, as it is quite possible that this is a case of mistaken identity, you can readily avoid further complications, and perhaps your further detention, by answering a few questions." Here the inspector paused, and Pelham, after a moment's deliberation, inquired haughtily, "What are the questions?"

"First," said the inspector, "are you Captain Lansing Black?"

"Captain Black was lost at sea a year ago," replied Pelham, without manifesting the slightest emotion. "The papers were full of the affair, and you must have known of it through them, if not through the investigations of your own department. The question strikes me as an absurdity."

"Next," said the inspector, with unruffled composure, "were you a passenger on the Servia, on her homeward passage in June of last year?"

"I was not," replied Pelham.

"This gentleman—" said the inspector, quietly, indicating Farnham by a motion of his head—"is prepared to swear that you were."

Pelham instantly concentrated his gaze upon Farnham, and regarded him intently for a moment with knitted brows, much to that gentleman's discomposure. The recognition that must have followed this scrutiny was, however, effectually concealed. Beyond a momentary flush upon his face, Pelham evinced no discomfiture whatever, and turning to the inspector, said, with a contemptuous smile, "Then this gentleman is prepared to swear to a lie," adding, with a sudden burst of anger, "what rot all this is!"

"Possibly," replied the inspector, coolly, "but our description of the man we want tallies so closely with your appearance that the mistake is pardonable. Read it, Mr. Lethbridge," and Lethbridge, taking a folded paper from his pocket, read as follows, Pelham, meanwhile, fixing his eyes upon the ceiling, and resuming his former expression of nonchalance:

"Height, about five feet ten; erect, military carriage, broad shoulders, small hands and feet; brown eyes, stern in expression, regular features, dark complexion; reserved and haughty manner; wore, when last seen, a full brown beard——" here the detective paused.

"That doesn't help me," remarked Pelham, with cool effrontery; "a man's beard may turn gray in a twelvemonth, and shaving is, I believe, optional."

"Go on, Lethbridge," said the inspector, with his eyes steadily riveted on Pelham's face, and Lethbridge continued—"Had on his left forearm, two crossed arrows in India ink——" when Pelham, removing his gaze from the ceiling, broke in sharply with "What's that?"

Farnham, who chanced to be watching Lethbridge as he read, saw him exchange a significant glance with the inspector, which for an instant puzzled him; but as he turned his eyes upon Pelham and noticed the expression of his face, the truth burst upon him like a flash. The man had been betrayed into surprise by the mention of this mark *in a description of himself.*

Pelham instantly saw his mistake, and his features moved convulsively for a moment before he could bring them under control. In the death-like silence that ensued the ticking of the clock was distinctly audible, and it seemed to Farnham's excited fancy to be solemnly marking off the few minutes that remained before the closing in of the net. Then, with a sang-froid which under the circumstances was amazing, Pelham began to unbutton the sleeve-link on his left wrist. "That is not necessary, Mr. Pelham," said the inspector, with his deadly gaze still upon the other's face. "Your word will be sufficient *in this case*," with an unpleasant inflection upon the last words which caught Farnham's alert attention at once. By this time the tension on his nerves had become almost unbearable, and as he moistened his dry lips and clinched his hands, he felt that he was perhaps the most agitated man in the room. Pelham, whose angry flush under the examination had given place to his former deadly pallor, had recovered his nerve and, but for the great beads of sweat upon his forehead, was holding himself well in hand.

The inspector spoke again. "We have one more test to apply, Mr. Pelham," he said, with an ominous accentuation of the name; and making a sign to Lethbridge, the detective left the room and almost instantly returned followed by a woman, who stood just within the door gazing at the group with startled eyes. One glance at her showed Farnham a sad, worn face, and a trembling hand shielding the quivering lips, and he recognized the poor creature who stood on the landing-stage a year before, and stayed Leath with her hands against his breast. With this scene thus suddenly recalled to memory, he turned his eyes upon Pelham, who had fixed his gaze with terrible intensity upon the woman's face, and a strange horror came over him as he saw the semblance of Captain Black apparently fading into a contorted likeness of Leath as if a metempsychosis were unveiling itself before his eyes. The inspector's voice again broke the silence, addressing the woman. "Mrs. Leath, do you know this man?"

"Stop!" said Pelham, imperiously, before she could reply. "Don't question her. This lies between ourselves, and you have no concern in it. There is no use in further subterfuge. I shall make proper amends to this injured and deserted woman, and I believe there is no law requiring the detention of a man who has merely absented himself from his home and his wife."

"None whatever," replied the inspector, with a grim smile.

"And this gentleman," continued Pelham, turning with a ghastly smile to Farnham, "will, I hope, pardon the rudeness of a man caught in a hole. The confusion of my face with that of Captain Black was natural enough. We were not altogether unlike, and the lapse of a year might well mislead anyone;" and with this he turned to Mrs. Leath with an assumption of heartiness and held out both his hands. But the woman recoiled with a wild horror in her eyes and with her hands held up to repel him. "God save me!" she cried, tremulously, "it's like him and it is not. I don't know him."

"It's the beard that confuses you," said Pelham, anxiously insisting upon his identity. "See, Margaret!" and separating the hair upon his chin, he revealed the hideous scar running downward from the corner of the mouth. "Isn't *that* enough?" he added appealingly to Farnham, who could only stare in utter bewilderment at this seemingly incontestable proof; and then realizing that his protestations were being received in ominous silence, he turned to the two officers and cried passionately, "What more, in God's name, do you want?"

"Well, if it isn't asking too much," said the inspector, quite unmoved by this outbreak, "it would be a little more satisfactory to have your wife recognize you."

"She does recognize me. She must!" exclaimed the suspected man, with desperate eagerness. "We had not met in eighteen years when she saw me land at Liverpool, and I left her there almost without a word. The woman is simply misled by her absurd emotion. Can't I be allowed even to know who I am?"

"Certainly," said the inspector, cool-

ly, "but you have been several persons lately. If you are quite sure who you are *now*, you may expose your left arm. It was Leath who had the mark of the crossed arrows."

Farnham, glancing at the man who had been so adroitly unmasked, saw him recoil as though he had been stung, and averted his eyes to avoid witnessing the distressing spectacle of collapse which he thought was at hand; but the other, nerving himself for a final defiance, turned his back upon Mrs. Leath with brutal indifference and said, with cool insolence, "I seem to have fallen into your clumsy trap, and," he added, with a vindictive scowl at Farnham, "I congratulate this gentleman upon his police work as a spy, in running me down. I am Lansing Black. Is there anything more?"

"Yes," said the imperturbable inspector; "*What became of Roger Leath?*"

Black glared at him wildly for an instant, and then sank back into a chair and covered his face with his hands, while Mrs. Leath, with a heartrending cry, fell heavily to the floor.

. . . . . .

The next morning Farnham was nervously pacing the floor of his breakfast-room, suffering from what may be concisely described as a surfeit of detective work, when Lethbridge was shown in, and a glance at that astute gentleman's face assured him that matters were not altogether as they should be in the affair of Captain Black. "He swears he never touched Leath," said the detective, "and we haven't anything to go on but the circumstantial evidence. I hoped he would break down and confess, but he is as hard as a flint."

"What explanation does he offer?" inquired Farnham. "The business couldn't possibly look blacker for him as it stands."

"Well, his story is pretty straight as it goes," said Lethbridge. "He says his attention was first attracted to Leath by the scar on his chin, having one precisely like it himself. Then he saw there was enough resemblance between them to pass among strangers if he took off his beard. He swears he wrote the note then without any definite plan and put it into his portmanteau simply to have it already there if he had to act without premeditation. Likewise, he says his idea was to buy up Leath to act with him in some way. That may be or it may not. As luck would have it, Leath drank heavily that night, and Black got his keys from him on pretence of going down to get him some cigars or something of that sort; and when at last they went out of the smoking-room, Leath, who was as full as a lord, put on the other man's ulster by mistake; so you see things seemed to work pretty handsomely for Captain Black. Now he says the end of it was that Leath insisted on sitting upon the rail, and, by George, the first roll the ship took over he went."

"I shouldn't fancy standing trial on such a yarn as that," said Farnham.

"No more would I," said Lethbridge, with a fine idiom, "but there it is. When he was locked up in Leath's room, of course he read over his papers and was prepared to meet his wife, and by the way, sir, it was his dropping of Mrs. Leath as gave me the clue. He took her out to a cab and told her he'd go and look after his luggage, and that was the last she saw of him. Having been on the ship, I was called in to look him up, but he seems to have an extraordinary way of making way with himself, and I couldn't find a trace of him. Says he boarded an outgoing sailing ship and went to Copenhagen, which is likely enough. Now," concluded Mr. Lethbridge, who seemed to have conceived a marked admiration for Farnham's detective abilities, "I've another little thing on hand which perhaps you'd like to follow up with me."

"Thank you," said Farnham, dryly, "I believe I've had enough."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE newspapers may be trusted to spring, sooner or later, to the rescue of every imperilled cause or thing, and it is no surprise to find one of them suddenly putting forth its strength in behalf of imagination; for certainly imagination is latterly in danger of falling somewhat out of credit. The newspaper in question commends it as liberally as if it were a new soap, and maintains that but for lack of imagination we should not be having as many suicides as we are. This is, no doubt, true; and, since true, interesting. But if any design beyond mere enlivenment or enlightenment has prompted to the setting of it forth; if, for instance, a propaganda of imagination is aimed at, only chagrin awaits the designer. For when a man lacks imagination, there's an end; he must continue to lack it to the last, even though the last is bound to be suicide.

If imagination could but be worked up, as we work up party spirit, by sending out broadsides, orators, and brass bands, the benefit to mankind in the achievement of such an enterprise would yet be extremely questionable. The statistics of suicide might take on a cheerfuller aspect; but would the statistics of failure do so? For the office of battling with the world, which chances to be that of most men, imagination may easily become excessive. Hamlet was a man of imagination. And a most engaging man he was too, in consequence. He also escaped suicide. He thought much on suicide, talked much of it, possibly even much desired it, but he escaped it. He escaped it, however, not because he saw the folly or the wickedness of it; but because it was too positive an act for one of his temperament. Some persons have fancied, indeed, that scruples of conscience withheld him from self-slaughter; and there has been no end of quoting from his deliverances on this head, for the determent of others. But he merely read into heaven's canon what his heart wished to find there, laying a flattering unction to his soul. Not his conscience, but his imagination—"the pale cast of thought"—stayed his arm.

What a lot Hamlet's would have been, had fortune thrown him upon his own resources for a livelihood! Under his hand nothing would have prospered. Into any vocation that he took up he would have seen too far to follow it eagerly. Changing from one to another, and finding none quite fit, he would have lived as thousands of men of imagination live now, one scarcely knows how. And, in good sooth, the hero of fiction, flung suddenly into the real world to make his own way there, would pretty generally have but such a vagrant, unfruitful career as Hamlet's would have been; for the hero of fiction has pretty generally had imagination poured into him, as it were, by the barrelful, from the store of an author who himself has it so much to spare that his own lot has been one long conflict with practical narrow paths and practical stone walls.

Laertes was the man for business. He would have made trade "hum." The money markets and the stock exchanges

would have lain at his feet. And when the great smash came, as to Laertes it would be very likely to come, and unimaginative creditors refused extensions, he would have retired to his chamber and driven a dagger into his heart with a good, firm hand.

The best man, of course, is one in whom the elements mix in nice proportion, one in whom the blood and judgment are well commingled, one who, like Horatio, can take with equal thanks fortune's buffets and rewards. But being the best, he is of necessity the rarest, Nature turning out masterpieces as seldom as man himself. So we are reduced, for the most part, to a choice of deficiencies; and for the rough-and-tumble of life, the man of scant imagination is better than the man of too much. When we come to heaven, though—well, I cannot conceive of any but a man of the loftiest imagination being capable of a life of perpetual rapture.

THE English-speaking world seems at last not only aroused to a sense of present shortcomings in its once fertile field of dramatic literature, but also to be actively stirring itself in search of a remedy for the defect. In the outspoken "Impressions and Opinions," which have the merit of making the reader think, however much the thought may incline him to qualify for himself the writer's views, Mr. George Moore has a great deal to say about the Paris Théâtre Libre, its undoubted success, and the need of repeating the experiment in London. He admits that its performances are private theatricals before an audience of enthusiasts; but according to him the English enthusiasts have found their M. Antoine, and the London Independent Theatre will soon open its doors. On our side of the Atlantic the first signs of awakening, as might have been expected, come from Boston, where the amateurs, going a step or two farther, have held their preliminary meeting, and have actually produced a five-act play. The energy may be misdirected, as certain sagacious critics declare; but that such a force should be seriously at work is a very hopeful symptom, and the discussion already provoked by it proves that the public at large, less apathetic than has been supposed, would gladly welcome the endowment of a theatre devoted to work of a high order—a Théâtre Libre in its most liberal significance, open to all schools.

The most encouraging feature in M. Antoine's scheme, regarded from the standpoint of the general public, has been the occasional performance of a play so genuine and fine as to please the most exacting censors, and justify its reproduction at one of the older theatres. For the most part, however, the plays he gives, though favorably received by his special audience of subscribers, lack what may be called the "theatre-sense," and to a man steeped in that, like M. Sarcey, for instance, seem inartistic, barren of incident, without form and void. Their peculiarities of theme and of treatment are not enough in themselves to commend them to the popular taste; a mixed audience would often find them positively unpleasing. They are caviare to the general, without that redeeming quality of good digestion in the scenes, which Hamlet recalled in the Trojan's tale to Dido. The reason is obvious. The first law of play-writing prohibits dulness. To the general mind eccentricity for eccentricity's sake is a dull thing, though presented with all the frankness of dialogue conceivable. So long as this motive controls the dramatist of the Théâtre Libre, his work will never touch the public heart.

But caviare the enthusiasts demand in London, and it is with caviare that they have been served in Boston. The taste is acquired, and some of us cannot learn to acquire it. Nevertheless, the article has its appreciable value; and an endowed caviare theatre is better than no endowed theatre at all. Directly or indirectly, good will come from this expression of discontent with the existing order of things, and some curious spectator who can afford it will be moved to construct a theatre upon broader lines. "In this world all is echo," says Mr. Moore, to emphasize his opinion that Manet was another Velasquez. Granting that, some great notes still wait to be heard again. There were English dramatists once who could provide a feast which all sorts and conditions of men found to their liking. Remembering this, we should taste our caviare or pass it by with a good grace; all the courses cannot be alike; let us hope for something better to follow, before the

seventh and last one leaves us, "Sans taste, sans everything."

SINCE Laurence Oliphant died, and Mrs. Oliphant wrote his biography, there has been a good deal of newspaper lamentation over his wasted life. His biographer herself regards his allegiance to the mysterious Thomas Lake Harris as an inexplicable infatuation. To her, and to many commentators upon her work, it seems to be a thing altogether lamentable that a man who might have been a leader in English politics and English society, should have chosen to be something not only different, but, from the stand-point of a conservative Briton, of no value whatever.

Oliphant's choice of a career was odd, certainly, but there is something to be said for it before it is utterly condemned. For one thing, it seemed to suit him. He was the most unconventional of men, and had a right by temperament and education to be mortally bored by continuance in the ordinary rut, and by success of the ordinary sort. There is no reason to believe that, if he had come to be prime minister of England he would have liked it, or have felt that he had fulfilled his destiny. In following the extraordinary line of action that he chose, it appears that in some measure he was satisfied, and felt that in a blind and inadequate sort of way he had done what it was intended that he should do. Surely, conventional worldly success is not so satisfying that a man who turns his back on it is necessarily to be set down as a failure.

There is basis enough for the argument that to be constantly reaching out after something just beyond one's reach, is a condition of unstable equilibrium that is favorable to the elusive desideratum called human happiness. Oliphant's goal was always ahead of him, and in spite of all his disappointments and trials, he never lost his interest in reaching it, or relinquished his endeavors to that end. If he was deceived in his hopes, and his aspirations were impossible, at least he never knew it. Much has been said about his misplaced confidence in Harris, and he has been pictured as the dupe of a vulgar impostor; but few of Oliphant's friendly critics seem to have had the particular knowledge which would have made their opinions of Harris valuable as expert evidence. Oliphant himself, though he became dissatisfied with Harris and left him, seems never to have conceded or believed that his prophet's inspiration was bogus. People who know the most about Harris concur in thinking him an extraordinary person.

A great point about Oliphant, which is fit to make one have some patience with his extraordinary performances, is that he never lost his character. He never even lost his friends. Whether he was his own man in London, or Harris's man in Brocton or Paris, he was always a person of integrity and of fascinating qualities. He was trusted, and was fit to be trusted, up to the day of his death. That he should have retained through life the affection of those who knew him best, the lively interest of all who knew him at all, and this in spite of the extraordinary things he did, means a good deal. For all that he lost a good deal of his money, and much agreeable society and domestic comfort that should have been his; in spite even of the fact that his latest books are all but incomprehensible,—it is not clearly established that his life was such a pitiable waste as some commentators upon it have thought.

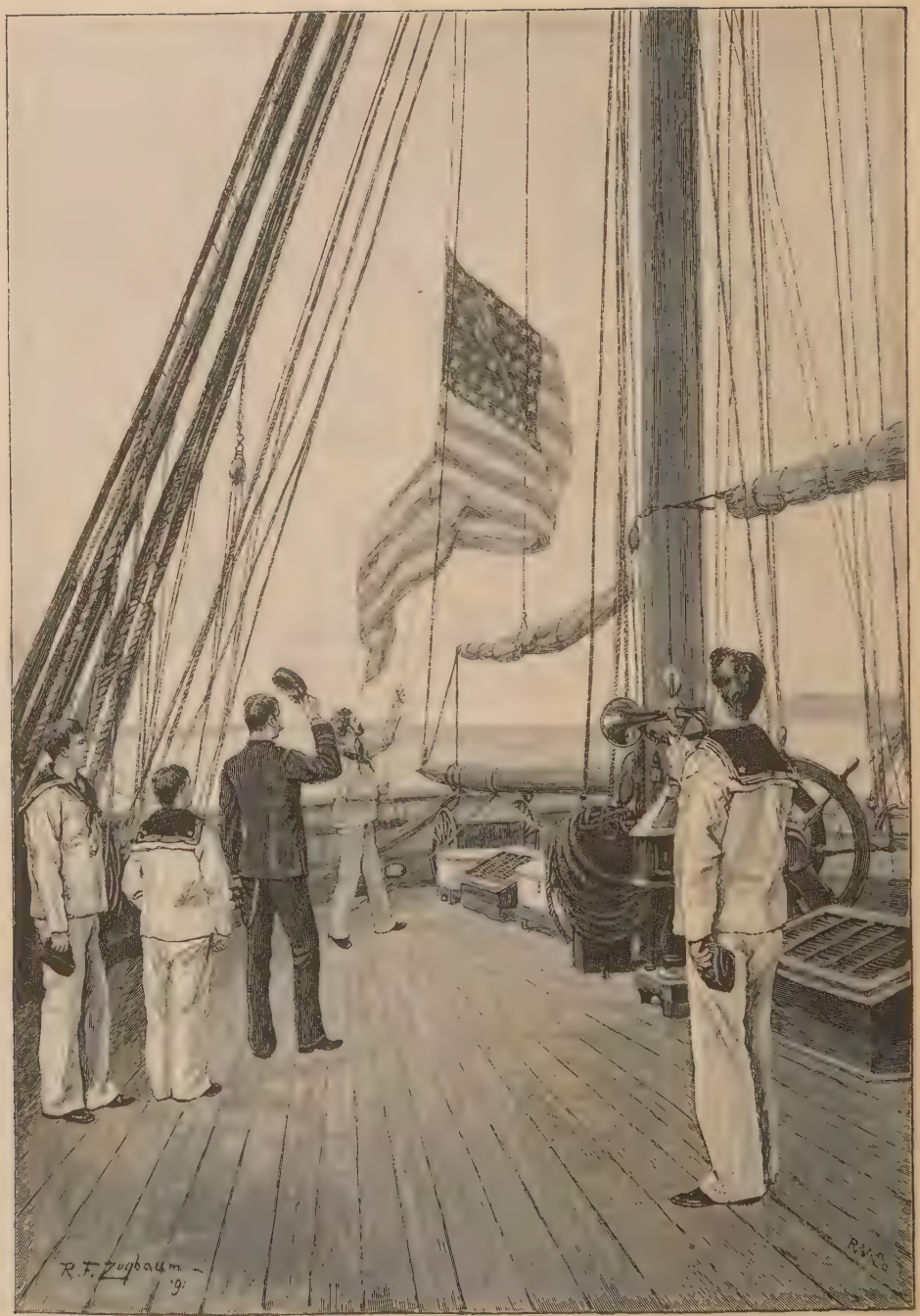
It takes all kinds to make the world. Oliphant's kind is very scarce; and perhaps we should be grateful to him for keeping the specimen that fell to his charge from developing into the ordinary Briton.

THERE is an old belief of the masculine Anglo-Saxon mind that a woman to be lovable should have no marked individuality. "Shakespeare saw that it was the perfection of woman to be characterless. Every one wishes a Desdemona or Ophelia for a wife—creatures who, though they may not always understand you, do always feel you and feel with you." So wrote Coleridge many a year ago, and we can fancy that to this day some men might be found who are old-fashioned enough to agree with him. With a very slight effort we can also picture to ourselves the wrath in which certain emancipated women of our acquaintance would arise, if this little *hors d'œuvre* from Coleridge's "Table-Talk" were suddenly set before them.

But with the world's rapid advance through the Victorian age, woman has be-

come more than ever perplexing to the male atom who poises himself for a moment to make a study of her. She no longer needs man's apparel to practise a profession or to journey forth on foot under the green leaves of Arden. She has grown self-reliant and cosmopolitan, equally at home in the White House or on the banks of the Neva. She never plucks daisies and buttercups nowadays, to test her lover's affection by pulling apart their petals. You find her, instead, arranging orchids in a glass, and making cynical reflections upon the worthlessness of the entire race. Individual love or hate in the opposite sex is apparently all one to her.

One may assure himself with a smile that this polished indifference, this superfluous knowledge of the world, is a mere passing attitude, assumed for purposes of bewilderment, like the last new humming-bird costume of iridescent gauze. But if he is wise, he will do his smiling in his sleeve, or it will go very hard with him indeed. For among the women he meets emancipation is just now in fashion; the European court standard of propriety bears the hall-mark of correctness. Crowns have come in already, and why not ostrich feathers also? Sweet simplicity is done for, and done away with, until its day comes round again. Dark as the hour seems, the dawn, perhaps, is therefore all the nearer. Meanwhile the old fogy may comfort himself by remembering how Marie Antoinette fled from the Œil de Bœuf to the Trianon, and all her court followed after; and if, like Mr. Sapsea, he thinks that one woman's life should be passed in "looking up to him," he may turn down the leaf at Pope's remark that "most women have no character at all," and go quietly to sleep with the conviction that the particular she whom he fancies will, in the end, discard all affectations, one after another, to discover and adopt the character which suits her best.



DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM. ENGRAVED BY R. VARLEY.

EVENING COLORS.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. X. NOVEMBER, 1891. No. 5.

Adios, Señor!

EXPLORATIONS IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

By Carl Lumholtz.

LAST year, in the month of June, I found myself in San Francisco, preparing for a scientific expedition which I was about to undertake to the Sierra Madre, in northern Mexico. Before I could enter upon my field of exploration it was, however, necessary to go to the city of Mexico, to secure the goodwill of the Mexican Government for my undertaking.

As I was also anxious to visit the village Indians of the Southwest of the United States, that I might be able to compare their culture with the tribes which it was my purpose to study in Mexico, I laid my way over the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, visiting the Navajo, Zuñi, and Moqui Indians, the latter especially being attractive from an ethnological point of view. I was only wishing that time would have allowed of a more prolonged sojourn among these interesting people.

Their astonishing villages, planted on high mesas, are comparatively within easy reach of the railways, and it seems strange that they should be so seldom visited by tourists; but, for the sake of ethnology, it is to be hoped that they will long be passed by, and that the curiosity of civilized men will continue to be satisfied with the admirable photographs which may be seen at the National Museum at Washington.

After three weeks profitably employed, I proceeded to the city of Mexico. The Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, had done everything to open the way for my work in Mexico, and I was received with the utmost courtesy by that enlightened man, President Diaz, who gave me an hour's audience at the Pálacio Nacionál,

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Camp No. 40.

as well as by the members of his cabinet. Having been granted everything that was necessary to the success of the expedition — free passage through the custom-house for my baggage and supplies, to be given a military escort whenever needed, and furnished with numerous letters of recommendation to prominent people in northern Mexico to render me assistance, I hurried back to the United States to organize the expedition.

Heavy floods in the southern part of Arizona and New Mexico interfered with my plans for a couple of weeks, but at last, in the beginning of September, 1890, I was able to make a start from Bisbee, Ariz., for Sonora, Mexico, travelling in a southerly direction. My explorations, which I have the honor to conduct under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History of New York and the American Geographical Society of New York, have, as their main object, to make ethnological and archæological researches in the Sierra Madre region of northern Mexico. This extensive mountainous country, which has never been scientifically explored, may be called a continuation of the Rocky Mountains, and is an extremely rich field for prehistoric research, as well as for ethnology, mineralogy, zoölogy, and botany. Its northern part used to be the favorite haunt of the Apache Indians, who, for about two centuries, have been the actual masters of all that district, devastating the valleys at the foot of the Sierra Madre both to the east and west. Only since General Crook, some eight years ago, made his memorable campaign among these angels of destruction, has it been at all possible for any peaceful expedition to contemplate penetrating into this unknown portion of the country. The Mexicans never entered the Sierra Madre, being entirely paralyzed by that powerful tribe, who so long held the neighboring pueblos in abject subjection. Crosses on stone heaps are yet seen in many places, and mark the sites

where lie buried the victims of Apache massacres. Such is the dread inspired by those savages, that the Mexicans to-day consider it no crime to shoot an Apache on sight.

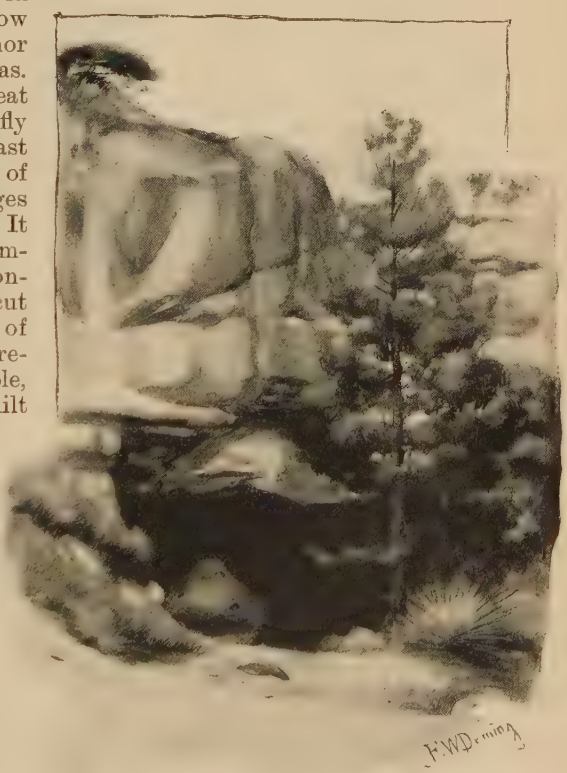
It is difficult to induce any Mexican to go singly into these mysterious regions, about which still linger such memories of terror and bloodshed. Small roaming bands of Apaches are yet left, and others are constantly breaking away from the San Carlos reservation in Arizona, who keep alive the fearful traditions of the past. At Las Cuevas we saw fresh tracks of such a band, and when halting at Cave Valley, in the eastern part of the Sierra Madre, the Mexican Colonel Kosterlitzky, with eight soldiers, called one day at my camp in search of a party of savages, from whom he, but a short time before, had succeeded in capturing twelve horses.

The most prominent man in Opata, Sonora, a town which is hardly thirty-five miles from the Sierra Madre, told me, on inquiry, that he did not know how far it was to the Sierra Madre, nor was he able to say exactly where it was. What the Mexicans know of their great mountains of the north may be briefly summed up thus: That it is a vast mountainous district, most difficult of approach. Some of the highest ridges would take eight days to climb. It contains extensive pine forests teeming with life; deer, bears, and wonderful large woodpeckers, able to cut down whole trees. In the midst of this wilderness still exist numerous remains of a long-ago vanished people, who tilled the soil, lived in towns, built monuments, and even made bridges over some of the cañons.

When the Mormons came to colonize parts of northern Mexico, an American, called Apache Bill, who had lived for a number of years with the Apaches, told them of a large, fertile valley showing many evidences of former cultivation. To-day ruins of buildings, and fruit-trees still bearing fruit, alone remain to indicate the seat of a once dense and thriving population, now passed away.

There are also vague traditions of two famous mines, once worked by the Jesuits, who, before their expulsion from Mexico, were in possession of nearly all the mines in the country. According to tradition, the Apaches killed every soul in these two mines, Vajnopa and Tayopa, and so these were forgotten until recent times, when ancient church records and other Spanish documents revealed the record of their existence. Several expeditions have been sent out, one I believe by the government, for the purpose of locating them; but being apparently situated in the roughest and most inaccessible parts of the vast Sierra Madre region, they are still awaiting their rediscoverer, and the Governor of Chihuahua, to whom I am indebted for many of these details, felt very hopeful that I should be the lucky one, encouraging me by saying that Tayopa alone would be worth fifty millions of dollars.

I am quite as anxious as most people

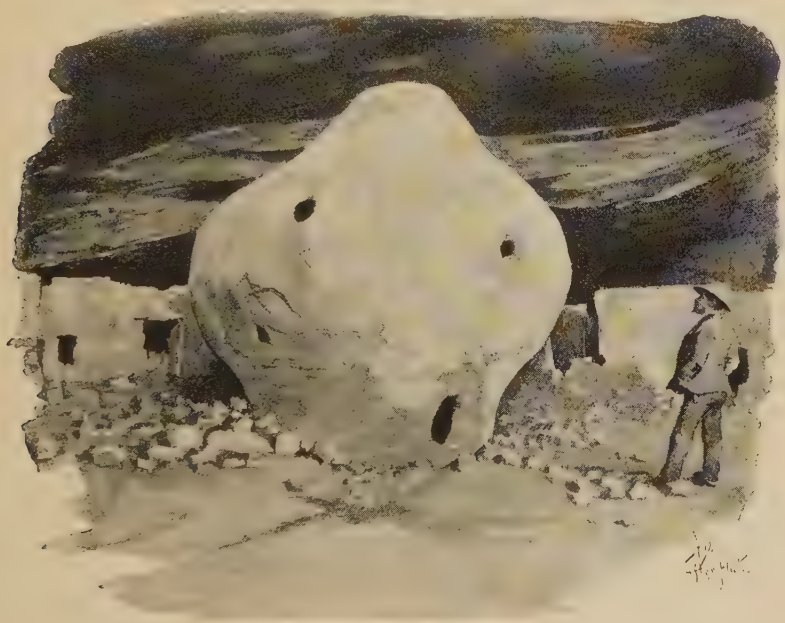


Cave in Cave Valley (showing position of large vessel illustrated on p. 535).

Cliff Dwellings, Strawberry Valley.

to get rich, and will not turn my back upon Aladdin's cave, should I come across it; but what appeals to my scientific sense more than anything else is the prospect of meeting in the heart of the Sierra with primitive people, who are living to-day as they were when Cortez conquered Mexico. I have reason to believe that in the rugged fastnesses of these almost unknown regions, there may still dwell tribes who are in the most primitive state of culture, even to the extent of living in cliff- and cave-dwellings. The old church books of Bacadehuachy tell us, says Mr. A. F. Bandelier, of the Jesuits going out in the mountains, administering the sacrament to the Tarahumari Indians, who were living in caves and cliffs. But I am convinced that many of this same tribe are still living in that way, and why not others? What light might one not hope to throw on the early development of the American race by a close study of the culture, manners, and modes of life of such primitive people!

Thinking that valuable discoveries in other branches of science than my own might be expected in this new and interesting field, I brought with me eight scientists and assistants, representing archæology, zoölogy, botany, geology, and mineralogy. Professor W. Libbey, of Princeton, also joined my party as physical geographer, bringing his laboratory man with him. We were well equipped and provided with all that is necessary to insure the success of this kind of an expedition, and we brought with us several photographic apparatuses, anthropometric, meteorological, and geodetic instruments, assaying outfit, spirit cans, etc.



Remarkable Vessel in Cave, probably used for the Storage of Corn.—Page 547.

How beautifully green the country looked after the rain as we travelled southward through northern Sonora. The dreary plains of Arizona soon gave way to a more varied landscape, broken up by hills and creeks, and studded with trees, among which the cotton-wood is especially to be observed along the rivers. These are also lined with abundant wild grapes. Of all the flowers noticed on the banks of the streams, the most remarkable was the exquisitely beautiful *datura metalloides*. Its white gorgeous crown is six inches long by four inches in breadth. We saw one cluster of this creeping plant fifty feet in circumference. It is well known on account of the disfavor with which it is looked upon by the better class of the Navajo Indians, its root being made into a powerful stimulant, the use of which often results in madness or death. Among birds were most commonly seen doves and flycatchers, one species of the latter frequently dazzling our eyes with its gorgeous vermilion plumage.

The first pueblo we passed of any importance was Fronteras. It is built on the summit and slopes of an elevated plateau, and looks extremely picturesque at a distance. When seen close, however, it turns out to be a wretched little village. Not only the town, but all the ranches in the neighborhood, are erected on elevations, a precaution of former days against attacks of the Apaches.

Long ago Fronteras was quite an important town, numbering some 2,000 inhabitants. But the Apaches, by their incessant attacks, carrying off women

and children, as well as the cattle of the villagers, made their life so miserable that the place became depopulated; indeed it was once even temporarily abandoned.

Many stories of their constant fights

Mexican from Opata

with these bloodthirsty savages were related to me by the survivors of these struggles. Never was it safe in those days to venture outside the limits of the town. Yet the conflict did not always end in one way, and the Mexicans sometimes got the better of their torturers; although it may perhaps be doubted whether the methods employed by them would come under the rules of modern warfare. But men who have had their wives and daughters torn away, and their fathers and brothers mutilated and then slowly roasted alive, may readily be excused if they are not always parliamentary in their dealings with the perpetrators of such deeds.

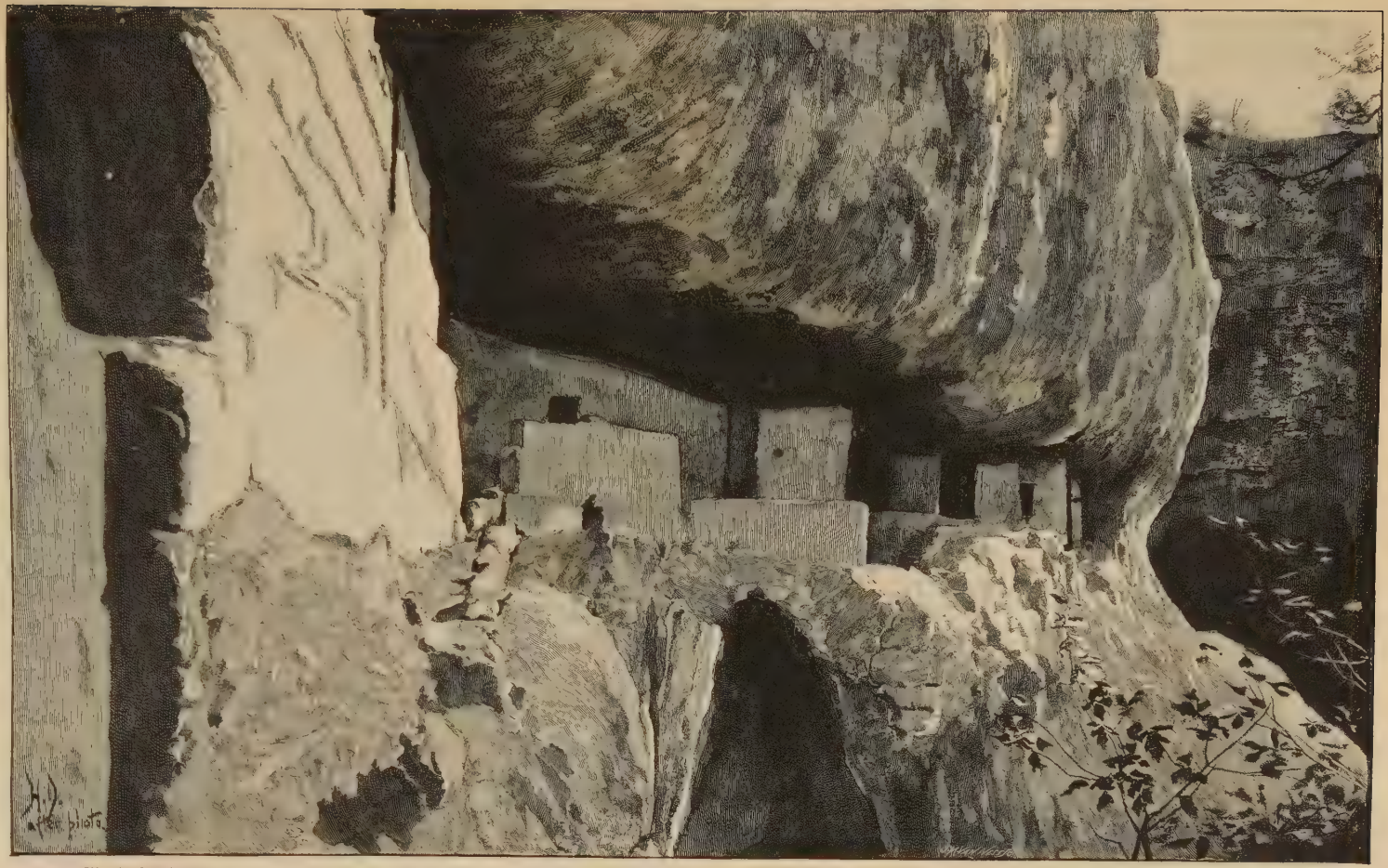
One bright moonlight night, the oldest inhabitant of the village, who had himself taken part in many an Apache fight, led me to a deep gorge where seven Apaches had met their doom. The story he told was the following:

A large band of warriors came threateningly into the town; they had killed two hawks and were on the war-path in full feather. As they were in such numbers, the Mexicans felt it useless to attempt resistance, and therefore sued for peace, which was granted. A peace-banquet followed, during which "mescal" (Mexican brandy) flowed freely, distributed without stint to the warriors by their wily hosts, who were abiding their time.

When the Apaches were thoroughly intoxicated, the villagers fell upon them, and although most of the band managed to escape, they captured seven men.

Next day the prisoners were taken to the ravine and speared, being deemed unworthy of a charge of powder. The "capitan," however, pointing to his head, requested as a special favor to be shot; which was done. Where they fell among the rocks their bodies remained unburied, and so long a time had already elapsed since the event, that I was unable to secure the specimens for which I had been on the lookout for my collections. However, I was led to believe by the inhabitants that the ground about the town was so thickly filled with Apache remains, that I might hope to gain my object in other places close by. I accordingly, next day, set some men to work. Our efforts were soon rewarded by the exhuming of eight skulls, in perfect condition, besides many typical bones.

Passing Cochuta to the south, we saw many traces of former habitation in the shape of ruined pueblos and remarkable groupings of stones. On one occasion we met with stones arranged so as to form a parallelogram 50 by 25 feet. No foundation-wall supported these stones. Sometimes they were set in a circle.



DRAWN BY HERBERT DENMAN.

Exterior View of Cliff Dwellings, Strawberry Valley.

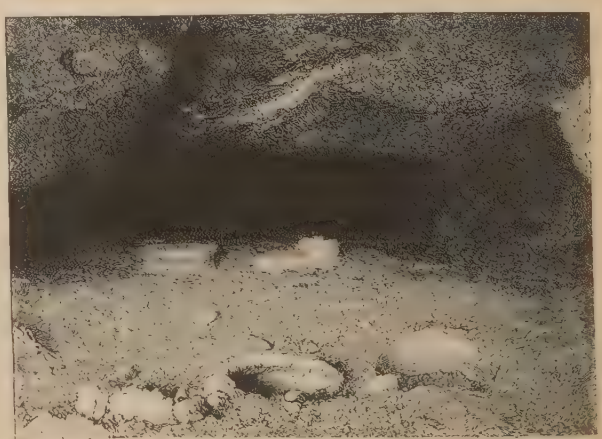
ENGRAVED BY I. M. VAN NESS.

Interior of Cave Dwellings shown on p. 537.

Among the ruins, in which the whole country abounds, we gathered a quantity of broken pottery and numerous arrow-heads. Gold and coal we found on several places in this district, but not in sufficient quantity to make them an object of mining. Some forty miles south of Cochuta, we turned in a southeasterly direction, ascending a hilly plateau 3,200 feet above sea-level. The rocks continue to show a volcanic and metamorphic formation. Here we observed the first yellow orchids, which filled the air with delightful fragrance, and in the cañons below we met with the first palms.

We gradually descended to the Bavispee River, a name borne here by the Upper Yaqui River, according to a singular custom which the Mexicans have, in common with people in other parts of the world, of giving a river different names in its course through different districts.

We followed this stream toward the south, passing on our way the towns of Opata, Guasabas, and Granados. The country along the banks is extremely fertile—sugar-cane, orange-, lime-, and fig-trees grow abundantly in the orchards, but the climate is hot and dry. Even



Bases of Circular Vessels, Cave Valley.

at the end of October we sometimes experienced a temperature of nearly 100 F. in the shade. The grass now assumed a scorched appearance, and it was but with difficulty that we could keep our animals in condition.

As we passed the pueblos on the Bavispee River, our large party and outfit created quite a sensation, and the people—who here are very much mixed with Opata Indians—were aroused from the uneventful routine of their daily existence.

Fronteras.

When we encamped near a village my tent was soon surrounded by the inhabitants, who flocked to consult me about their ailments. There was no use telling them that I was not a medical man nor had I any medicine to give them. The fact is that had I given them all they wanted, our store would have been exhausted in a day. In order to tempt my cupidity, they sent me molasses, sugar-cane, and similar valuables, and one poor woman, who was suffering from a cancer, offered me her donkey if I only would cure her! It was as though a Wall-Street magnate had offered me his millions, for that donkey was its owner's sole possession on earth.

They requested me to feel their pulses, and thus to tell them how long they were going to live, what was the matter with them, etc. I only hope that my practical advice, and the little medicine I could spare, may have relieved somewhat their backache and sideache, their felons, croup, fever and ague, and, above all, their indigestion, which is the prevailing trouble in that section of the country. In consequence of constant intermarriages there are many deaf and dumb persons among them, and epilepsy and insanity are by no means rare. On the other hand, I was assured that such a character as a thief was here unknown. However this may be, it is certain that the Mexicans of eastern Sonora are a nice class of people. They are pleasant to deal with, very active and obedient, and

I never wish for better men than those I have at present in my camp, nearly all of whom are from these parts. They are poor, but very hospitable. They are also ignorant, and will, for instance, not recognize the value of a check unless it is green. But in each town I found one or two men comparatively rich, who knew more than the others, and who helped me out in my difficulties by going from house to house, collecting all the available cash in town, or all the coffee and sugar that could be spared to make up for it. One thing is certain, that I should not have gotten on so well had it not been for the friendly and obliging attitude the Mexicans everywhere assumed. I had of late suffered considerable annoyance and losses by having a supply of provisions stopped at a frontier custom-house by a travelling inspector. The Mexican Government showed me, however, their goodwill by punishing him very severely for going beyond orders.

"McGinty."

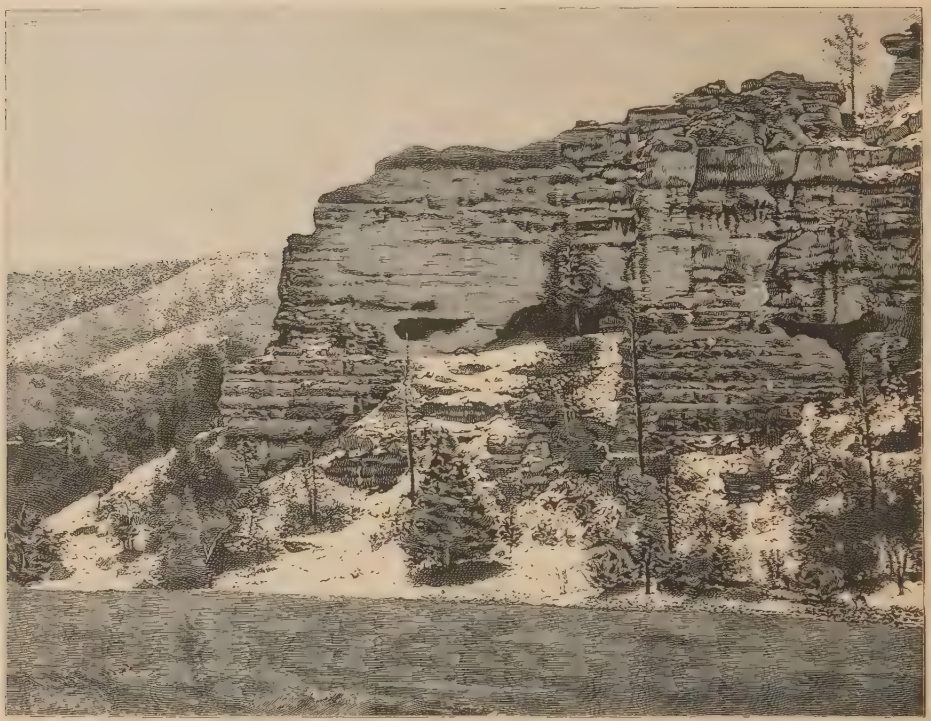
From Granados we took an easterly course, being at last able to cross the Bavispee River, which for some time had been overflowing, owing to heavy rains. From this point the ground gradually rises, and after a fortnight's march through mesquites and oaks, we reached Nacory, a poor village at the foot of the Sierra Madre. We passed on our way Bacadehuachy, also a small place, remarkable for the great size of its cathedral, built of adobe, but in grand style, although its massive structure looks somewhat out of proportion in these lonely mountains. In this region Mr. C. Hartman, our botanist, found a new species of agave, which is strikingly beautiful, with delicate stripes of white running in concentric circles on the rosette of lanceolate leaves that constitute the plant. The flower-stalk is twelve or thirteen feet high, and I should not wonder if this century-plant some day became fashionable in the greenhouses. At Nacory we halted for a while, making excursions into the surrounding country, and preparing for the crossing of the mighty mountain ranges that spread themselves before our wondering eyes, one after the other stretching from north to south, as though defying us to scale their seemingly perpendicular heights, if we would reach the promised land. I sent back to Granados for additional provisions, and as the journey through the Sierra was described as so arduous a task, owing to the bad grass and the cold weather, which would most likely interfere seriously with the already poor animals, I deemed it prudent to secure a few more men. Among my new recruits was an Opata Indian, who joined the camp one evening, clad in thin, white, and wide cotton clothes. He carried in his hand a small bundle, which contained his wife's petticoat and a pair of scissors—his whole outfit for a winter campaign in the Sierra Madre. I also hired two guides. One, Agustin Rios, was a very intelligent man about sixty-five years of age, who had already been half-way through the mountains,

DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

View in the Sierra Madre.

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

where, some years before, he had lost himself, when he came across an ancient, deserted pueblo which he described as of considerable size. The second man was an old soldier, who had fought the Apaches some forty years ago, and who, although somewhat distrustful of his memory, thought that, with the help of Agustin, he might guide us to our destination.



Burial Caves, Cave Valley.

While at Nacory I found out from the inhabitants that, at no great distance to the south, there were several deposits containing "*huésos giganteos*" (giant bones), the name given to fossils in this part of the world, people imagining that the large fossils are remains of giants. I had then neither time nor men to make excavations of any importance, but Mr. White, the mineralogist of the expedition, whom I sent to look into the matter, and who devoted a week to the examination of the deposits, reported that one of them, which lay in a valley sixteen miles south of Nacory, was a bed of clay thirty feet thick and about one and a half mile long. On the edge of this deposit he discovered what he took to be a horn, six feet eight inches long, twenty-six inches at its widest circumference, and having almost the curve of a circle. It was not petrified, had no bone core, and its color was a rich mahogany. Having since described this specimen to Professor O. C. Marsh, to whom I was able to give the measurements, but no sample of the find, he expresses as his opinion that it most probably is the tusk of a mammoth. Thus it would be the first time that this proboscidian was found so far south.

At last, on December 2d, I began the ascent of the Sierra Madre with a party of thirty men (including the scientific corps, the guides, cooks, etc.), and with a train of seventy pack-mules and burros. It was a beautiful day. The atmosphere was clear and warm, and the sun shone bright, as it always does at this time of the year in this favored region. The air was as soft and balmy as at springtime,

and snow, frost, and scarcity of grass seemed like far-removed contingencies. Everything looked promising. As I came out of the town, following my party, after making the last settlements with the natives, I passed a small hamlet, the last sign of habitation on this side of the Sierra Madre. In front of a simple hut stood a handsome girl, her hand raised to shade her eyes against the rays of the sinking sun. She had watched the expedition go by, and seemed much excited by all she had seen. Her skirt was of a checked material, fashionable some twenty years ago ; so long a time had it taken for the fashions to reach these out-of-the-way regions. The girl, with her fine dark eyes and her loose, waving hair presented a charming sight, and as she called out in her sweet Mexican accent, "*Adios, Señor!*" I took this kindly greeting from a handsome woman as a good omen for my journey. I also immediately dismounted and tried to fix the pretty scene by the means of a kodak which I always carry on my saddle. These people are very fond of being photographed, and were it possible for me to do so, I should like to send her this one in return for her pleasant good-by.

There were before us four great sierras to cross, at an elevation varying from seven to nine thousand feet, and, as may be imagined, the country was at times extremely rough. Unfortunately, we had not gone far before our intelligent guide, Agustin Rios—who was suffering from an incurable disease, of which he had told me nothing—became desperately ill. I decided to send him back, with four of my best men; but the poor fellow died before reaching home. This sad event was a great loss to us, as the other guide seemed to remember nothing, and was of little or no use.

We now made our own trails, three or four men going two days ahead of the main body, occasionally guided by Apache tracks. Instead of adopting the Mexican method of going straight up the hills like a goat, I had the trails cut zigzag ; and to this I attribute being able to pull through at all, as it saved the animals an immense amount of extra strain. In some places these had to be led, one by one, along the edge of yawning chasms. Many a time the poor brutes lost their footing and rolled down the mountain sides. Generally the pack followed the animal, and as soon as some obstacle stopped the fall, the Mexicans, with characteristic alertness, ran down like cats to the scene of the accident, and swiftly unpacking the cargo, relieved the fallen beast. After a few minutes' rest it would be reloaded, and would resume its journey as though nothing had happened.

I had a very fine mule, raised on the plains of Arizona, which, having become giddy, met with such a mishap three times in one day, tumbling down from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, and still remaining unhurt. In consequence of its eventful career it was forthwith photographed and given the illustrious name of McGinty.

The Largest Woodpecker in the World (Campephilus imperialis).

On one occasion, when on watch behind the party, I heard a noise coming from above, without at first being able

to discover what produced it. A few stones came tumbling down, and presently were followed by a burro, which, pack and all, came rolling over and over with great velocity. When it reached a perpendicular rock, some twenty feet in height, the animal cleared it, and landing at its base, rolled over twice more, and then, to my stupefaction, quietly rose to its feet in the midst of its scattered cargo. And can the reader guess what that donkey carried? The large tool-chest and—our box of dynamite!

I was at first greatly shocked at seeing the animals falling thus over and over, with their burdens, down the mountains, with ever-increasing speed, never stopping until checked by some tree or large stone, sometimes two hundred feet below. The Mexicans, however, appeared quite accustomed to such accidents, and, in fact, they seemed to be in the regular line of Mexican travel. Strange as it may seem, I never lost one animal in that way, but, from December

Travelling under Difficulties.

to February, thirteen of them died from exhaustion, or from sickness caused by the cold weather or the poor quality of the grass.

The scenery had become magnificently wild, with its towering mountains and its deep, dark chasms, or again, with seemingly infinite successions of ridges and plateaus, covered with huge pine forests never touched by an axe. The steep slopes in the valleys and crevices are covered with slippery pine-needles, eight to twelve inches long, while the pines tower up to a height of one hundred feet. The forests have a remarkably young and fresh look about them. Now and then, on exposed places, trees are met with split like matches, telling us what terrific storms may sometimes blow over these solitary regions. In the cañons, at an elevation of six thousand feet, resurrection-plants (*selaginella sempervivens*) spread like a mat over the damp rocks and shady cliffs. Various species of ferns, such as the graceful "maiden-hair," were also seen; and the maples, with their richly tinted autumn leaves, carried back the thoughts of the Americans to their northern homes. *Bambusa* forms here frequently a thick, light-green undergrowth, of beautiful contrast to the dark shade of oak, elder, and palms.

These now solitary regions were once inhabited by races of whom history as yet knows nothing. Many ruins are everywhere found, generally consisting of square buildings of stone, or occasionally of stone, clay, and plaster, which causes them to look white at a distance (*casas blancas*). Deserted pueblos, consisting of square stone houses, are frequently met with. They are generally found on top of the hills and mountains, and are sometimes surrounded by fortifications in the shape of stone walls. The most interesting remains, however, are in the caves, which contain houses, at times three stories high, with small windows and cross-like doors, in the ordinary conventional Indian way; even stone staircases are once in a while met with. There, and everywhere through the Sierra, we found *trincheras*,

or stone terraces built across small valleys, evidently intended for agricultural purposes. On every steep mountain-side these extraordinary terraces of solid large stones, constructed in the cyclopean style of masonry, arose to a height of fifteen, nay, twenty feet. We observed them even at an altitude of seven thousand four hundred feet. At one point we counted eight of them within a space of one hundred and fifty feet, the aborigines having gained, by the enormous amount of labor expended, three thousand five hundred square feet of additional surface ground; in other words, they had only made room for five or six hundred "hills" of maize.

We had several falls of snow, and on the coldest night (January 10th) the thermometer went down to 6° F. In the daytime the rays of the sun partly melted the snow, however, and the animals could then make a meagre meal.

On Christmas-day the black bulb thermometer rose in the sun to 150° F., although that very night the temperature had fallen to 22.9° F.—a difference of 130°. The warmth was such that even a rattlesnake was deceived and coaxed out by it.

We celebrated the day on the upper course of the Bavispee River, and made every effort to do so in a manner worthy of our surroundings.

We were unable to procure fish for our banquet, as, strangely enough, not one was to be found in the large stream near which we were encamped. The game was also very scarce at this point, but notwithstanding this, one of the Mexicans had the good luck to shoot four turkeys. Then our Chinese cook, with the thrift so typical of his race, had, in our days of plenty, saved enough of material to make a plum-pudding, the merits of which baffle description.

It may interest housewives to hear the recipe of this wonderful culinary achievement: deer fat, dried peaches, raisins, and orange-peel. The sauce was actually made of white sugar, which he had saved for the purpose, and mescal. I may venture to add that few plum-puddings, among the many thousands eaten on that day, could boast of having had the success that this one obtained. This was a very different Christmas from the one I spent in Australia in 1882, when the weather was very hot and the larder empty. The Mexicans seemed particularly enthusiastic. "*Caramba! que bueno el ultimo!*" (My word, that last dish was a good one!) they exclaimed, smacking their lips with gusto; and they told my boy Francisco that they wanted this new dish every day; but there was nothing to make it with. While in this valley we had to halt and wait for a party that I had been obliged to send back to Nacory for provisions — which in this case meant "*pinole*," *i.e.*, the finest cracked wheat, ground by hand by the women on their millstones.

The animals began to fall off because the nights were cold and the grass was poor and little nourishing. I found it, from now on, necessary to leave behind half of our cargo, thus lightening the loads by half, and then in a week or a fortnight later I sent back the animals for the remaining burdens. In this manner we proceeded laboriously, during the balance of the journey, through an inhospitable country, where for the first days not even deer were to be found, so that we were without meat until we reached the top of the next mountain range, when the pine forests seemed to be simply alive with game.

In the early part of January we arrived at an old Apache ranch, where we halted for three weeks. It was situated in a very sheltered spot, at the foot of a perpendicular rock some thousand feet high. Here, one morning our best marksman, a Mexican named Figueroa, brought in three specimens of the superb bird *campephilus imperialis*, the largest woodpecker in the world. This splendid specimen of the feathered tribe is nearly two feet in length, with black and white plumage, and the male is provided with a gorgeous scarlet crest, which seemed especially brilliant seen against the winter snow. They go in pairs and are not very shy, but are difficult to kill and must be shot with a rifle. (See page 543.)

One of their peculiarities is that they will feed upon one tree for as long as a fortnight at a time, thus at last causing the decayed trees to fall down. These

birds, which are exceedingly rare in museums, are only to be found in the Sierra Madre, and I frequently observed them in the eastern part of this range. Mr. Robinette, our ornithologist, shot here a great many specimens of the rare Mexican titmouse and some beautiful varieties of the duck tribe.

In the river Gabianos, an affluent of the Bavispee, some four miles south of our camp, the fish which had gone up to spawn were thick in all the pools. As the difficulty of feeding thirty men in these wild regions is by no means a trifling one, I resolved to procure as many fish as possible, and to this end resorted to the cruel but effective device of killing them by dynamite. I trust that the scarcity of provisions in the camp will serve as my excuse to sportsmen for the method I employed.

No one ever interferes with the fish, and their number was here simply overwhelming. In two hours three of us gathered one hundred and ninety-five from one single pool. Most of them were big suckers, but among them were also many large trout; all were fat and of delicate flavor. We salted and dried them, and used them for a long while.

After crossing the next sierra we reached the Atlantic side of the watershed and encamped near the head-waters of the Piedras Verdes River, 6,850 feet above sea-level. Here one night we had seven inches of snow. From this point I sent most of the animals to San Diego, which lies on the plains at the foot of the mountains, and where an American, Mr. Galvin, received us very kindly on his ranch.

With a small party, and the least exhausted of our animals, I followed the course of the Piedras Verdes River down to Cave Valley, where there are some very remarkable caves, although not essentially different from those found farther north, in the United States. On a stretch of twenty miles I counted some fifty cave or cliff dwellings. They are all made in natural caves and cliffs. Some of these contain small villages or groups of houses, which are well built, showing that the inhabitants attained a comparatively high culture. The rock formation in which these caves occur is porphyry, that in time has disintegrated into a dust, which in some places covers the floor of the cave up to the knee. This dust was made into a pulp and used by this singular people in the construction of their dwellings. The caves stand from one hundred to two hundred feet above the bottom of the cañon; their openings vary from twenty to fifty feet in height, and their depth in one cave reached one hundred and forty feet. In the deepest caves the houses were built at the entrance, while in the smaller ones these were found at the back. The most noticeable feature of these structures is that the walls, which are about a foot and a half thick, present a solid surface of as much as eight feet in height, all of one piece, and whitewashed. In one cave we found thirteen coats of whitewash on the walls, from which we inferred that the dwelling had been inhabited for a long period of time.

A Mummified Skeleton.

This was the finest and most interesting of all the caves we visited. It contained a whole village, and at its entrance

we were amazed to come upon a gigantic, balloon-shaped vessel, twelve feet in height and twelve feet in diameter, with a three-feet wide opening at the top. The Mexicans called it an "olla," and insisted that it was a water-jar; but I believe that it was built for the storage of grain, and openings symmetrically made in the sides of the vessel, as well as a hole three feet high at its base, favor this hypothesis. The framework of this "olla" was composed of coils of grass-ropes, plastered inside and out to a thickness of about eight inches, with the same porphyry pulp of which the dwellings themselves are constructed. The interior of the vessel was as fresh as though it had been made a week ago.

Upon entering another cave I was strongly reminded of a cider factory. This impression was caused by the curious appearance produced by the bases of several circular vessels, evidently once put to the same use as the one above described, but they were of smaller size. Two were entirely sunk into the floor of the cave, and as inside of these we found seeds and grain, there can be no doubt as to their original purpose.

The houses were all very smoky, and at the back of the caves it was so pitch-dark that we had to light candles in order to find our way from house to house. The pictures on the walls were mostly of comparatively recent origin. Even the Apaches had left their drawings, besides other unmistakable evidence of a subsequent occupancy by this tribe. In one instance we found stone stairways of three steps.

Among the smaller objects recovered in these dwellings were bone needles, a complete fire-drill, mats and baskets, mat girdles, threads of fibre or hair sandals; but the most interesting of our finds at this point was the throwing-stick, or boomerang, used to-day by the Moqui village Indians for killing rabbits; also some smooth pieces of iron, probably used for ceremonials. We also discovered a bow that had been hidden away on a ledge.

The former inhabitants of these cliffs must have been agriculturists, as Mr. Hartman identified beans, corn, and three species of gourds among the remains.

As for datems—a green, sweet fruit still found in Mexico—we identified it everywhere in the dwellings.

On the side of the cañon, where the sun rarely shines, were a number of burial caves. At first sight there was nothing to indicate that they had ever been used, but after digging to a depth of three feet below the hard substance that composed the floor of the cave, we fortunately struck a skull, then came upon the whole body of a man. After this followed that of a mother holding her child in her arms, and then two more bodies, all lying on their left sides facing the west, with their knees half drawn up, and all in a marvellous state of preservation, owing to the presence of saltpetre in the dust. This imparted to the dead a mummy-like appearance. Their features were very well preserved; some had retained their eyebrows and part of their hair, and even their intestines had not all disappeared.

The hair of these people was very slightly wavy, and softer than that of the modern Indian—almost silky in fact. They were of low stature, and bear a marked resemblance to the Moqui village Indians, who, as well as the Zuñis, have a tradition that their ancestors came from the south, and who to this day speak of their southern brethren.

I afterwards brought to light several more bodies which had been interred under similar conditions. They wore no ornaments of metal, but ornamental shells, and round their ankles and wrists were found anklets and bracelets of beautifully plaited straw, which, however, crumbled to dust when handled. Their only clothing consisted of three layers of wrappings wound around the loins: first came a coarse cotton cloth, then a piece of matting, and over that again another cloth wrapping. Underneath was a large piece of cotton batting, mixed with the feathers of the turkey and the large woodpecker. In a few instances the cotton cloth was dyed red or indigo blue. Near the head of each body was a small "olla" jar of simple design; and buried with one we found a bundle of "devil's claws" (*marthynia*). These are used by the Mexicans of to-day for the purpose of mending broken pot-

tery. They drill holes through the fragments to be joined, and pass into them one of these claws, just as we should a rivet. The claw is elastic and strong, and answers the purpose very well. My Mexicans understood at once to what use they had been put.

Some ten miles higher up, in the Strawberry Valley, we met with some more very interesting cave or cliff dwellings. These structures were similar to those mentioned above; one, however, presented the anomaly of being built in a circular shape. Some were fortified and turned into almost impregnable strongholds, and one was protected by an outside gallery.

Bells at Opata.

We spent about six weeks on the Piedras Verdes River, where, of late years, some Mormon settlements have been established at the outposts of civilization. They seem to be doing well enough, high up in the mountains, although they complain of the climate, which is too severe for their crops; they are gradually retreating to the plains at the foot of the sierra, where they have very prosperous communities, in the fertile Casas Grandes Valley. Having thoroughly investigated the caves, we turned our attention to the mounds, which are numerous in this part of the country.

Our excavations here brought to light ancient houses, from the ruins of which we obtained many valuable stone implements and jars. We have gathered three hundred jars of various kinds, most of which are decorated, and many of which present very odd shapes. Some of the mortars are double, others resemble those found in California, and the stone axes are identical with those met with in the Indian villages of the United States. Several specimens of a large stone wheel and of a stone cylinder fitting into it, probably used for some kind of a game, are also worthy of mention.

Invariably, upon penetrating beneath the ground floor we came upon skulls and skeletons. Indeed, an archæologist might with profit devote several years to the excavations of these Chihuahua mounds alone. The inhabitants of these mounds must have preceded the cliff and cave dwellers, but who these races were it would yet be premature to say. My intention is to investigate accurately the language, habits, and customs of the primitive people of the Sierra Madre by living with them, as I did with the natives of Australia; and thus I may hope to do my share in the noble work of elucidating the history of the native race of this great continent. The present paper has taken me only to the threshold of these investigations, in a succeeding one I hope to enter into the new regions which they open.

THE FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIA.

By Alfred Deakin.

The interest taken in the proceedings of the National Australasian Convention, outside the colonies immediately interested, is not merely flattering but significant of the closeness of the bonds which now unite civilized peoples. Reports of the debates in Sydney, in March and April last, have been communicated to the press of the world; and the political fortunes of a continent, of whose existence Europe was scarcely aware a century ago, have furnished matter for the familiar comment of its publicists, the chit-chat of its capitals, and the sermons of those who preach the solidarity of humanity. The comments have varied considerably, and even when best informed have necessarily exhibited that lack of local atmosphere and coloring which, as Mr. Bryce has noted, can only be caught after direct personal acquaintance with the country, and cannot be conveyed except by a comprehensive study of the people and their environment. Any sketch of political development must imply and assume much as to the social system of which it is a part and the spirit that animates it. This condition aside, the most prominent feature of outside criticism has been its good-will. Great Britain has exhibited a maternal pride, not unmixed with maternal solicitude, in viewing an effort toward union among its vigorous offspring. A certain insularity renders the average Briton prone to sudden seizures of apprehension when coteries with a craze now and then attain a brief notoriety by amazing discoveries as to colonial policy, and apocalyptic prophecies of its terrible consequences; but the general disposition of the mother country toward her children is full of generous consideration, and displays a sincere desire for their welfare. The continental critic has been friendly too, but as a rule his experience does not assist him to interpret events with the same readiness as those of our own race. The prevailing tone abroad is consequently one of surprise and curiosity: surprise at the freedom enjoyed and independence exhibited by dependent communities; more surprise at the moderation displayed under such conditions; and considerable curiosity as to the possible effective value in future combinations of this new scion of the British stock. Will it alter the relation of the colonies to the mother country, or will it imply a new policy in the Pacific? The foreign statesman cannot but note that the ostensible occasion of the late Convention was a sense of the need of combination for purposes of mutual defence, and having the despatch of the Soudan contingent in his mind, doubtless regards the new development with an expectancy akin to that of "some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken."

In the United States of America the kindliest and most sympathetic feeling has been manifested toward the young provinces which are following a path resembling in so many respects that which the founders of the great Republic trod a century ago. Its thoughtful citizens have observed with interest the attempt of colonists of their own blood and temper to create pacifically under the crown a large and organic system of self-government, such as came to them as the prize of long suffering, fierce conflict, and anxious debate, amid the ruins of an established order, and the throes of insurrectionary revolution. Nor has the sentiment been unreciprocated in Australia, or its relationship to the great Anglo-Saxon Republic ignored. At the Convention copies of the "Federalist" were in every hand, the names of Hamilton, Madison, Adams, and Jefferson were upon every lip; while the most effective peroration at the Melbourne conference, in 1890, was couched in the words of Washington.

To the students of political institutions everywhere, whose name to-day is legion, the federal movement has necessarily offered a rare opportunity of noting the process by which a new con-

stitution is being evolved under their very eyes. The theorists, who are still more numerous, are fastening upon it already in support and illustration of every conceivable hypothesis. To both of these classes an elaborate technical history of the event will be a desideratum. But outside of the ranks of specialists and doctrinaires stand a large body of persons given to the general survey of current affairs, to whom the plain tale of its development may be not without attraction, provided it be brief. The occasion is unique. Should the constitution be accepted as drafted, or with minor amendments, it will be in all probability the last in the world's history which a civilized people will erect of their own motive, without the disestablishment or overthrow of a pre-existing form of government, free from all compulsion, and upon virgin soil.

It is not inconceivable that some of the foreign expectancy discovered as to the shape which the federal organization would take has been due to a half-conscious anticipation of a likeness between the social and natural history of the country. Australia having been noted for the number of missing links with which it has startled the science of its time, for the composite and apparently contradictory character of its forms of life, and for the strangeness of its vegetation, has been looked to for equally startling developments in its politics. The rapidity of its national unfoldment, the romance of its enterprises, the opulence of its prosperity, have promoted forecasts of a sensational character, and there must be a certain number of onlookers rather disappointed at the sobriety of constitution-builders born in the land of the platypus and the moa, or bred beside the apteryx and the kangaroo. An orderly sequence of growth is apt to appear tame in itself, while the fortunate absence of the pomp and circumstance of war deprives the federal climax of much picturesqueness. Then again, the fact that the constitution has been drafted in the full light of day leaves no room for mystery, or for the future introduction of miracle or fable. The parentage of every one of its provisions is obvious, and the purpose of every clause unmistakable. Most, if not all, of its omissions are intentional; there have been few stirring passages in the debates prior to its adoption, and from the first line to the last the measure bears upon its face the impress of the chastening influence of compromise. On the other hand, the bill produced may be fairly claimed to be the necessary outcome of the political experience of the colonies up to date, and will be the more commended on that ground to the reflective. To make what may be termed the inevitableness of its form comprehended, a swift glance at the circumstances out of which it has arisen, and the stages by which it has taken shape, will be essential. Prosaic in the circumstances of its birth, the new commonwealth, unstained with blood and unadorned by romance, makes its appeal to the reason and patriotism of its people.

Among the tacit misconceptions into which distant critics are most likely to fall about antipodean affairs is that which is based upon ignorance of the enormous area and possibilities of the colonies. Especially is this likely in the United States, where the assumption may be that, as the population of Australia is about the same as that of the thirteen original seaboard colonies of America, the surface over which they are distributed is also approximately the same. As a matter of fact there is no such proportion. New South Wales alone is as large as they were; Tasmania, the Rhode Island of Australia, is as large as that State with New Jersey, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts added; Victoria, the smallest colony of the continent, is equal in size to Great Britain; Queensland surpasses the united areas of Austria, France, and Germany; South Australia, one-third greater than Queensland, is nearly as large as Western Australia, which of itself has nearly four times the extent of Texas, while the two colonies together are larger than the whole of Europe without Russia. The seven colonies between them occupy a territory greater than that of the United States, excluding Alaska. It is true that at present Australia has barely four million inhabitants, but these immense areas rep-

resent a potential population to which it is impossible to set bounds. No part of the continent is so hot and so unhealthy as to forbid white settlement, and if the strip of low-lying coastlands in the north be omitted, there is no part of it yet colonized in which Europeans cannot work. Port Darwin, the country about the Gulf of Carpentaria, and an indefinite belt toward the northwest lie within the tropics, and are suitable for tropical productions; but the high plateau of northern Queensland, which runs close to the sea, is found thoroughly healthy for English miners and graziers, and enjoys a bracing winter. The back country, though waterless by comparison with the Mississippi Valley, is able to carry stock well in most seasons, and with wells, tanks, and dams may be made to do so in all years. The desert country of eastern Australia has yet to be found. A squatter's fence to-day runs by the spot where Burke and Wills lay down to die in 1861, and the area of country taken up for stock is still pushing steadily westward. Tasmania, New Zealand, and Victoria have delightful climates, corresponding to those of Maryland, central France, and California. Whether or not we accept the estimate of the government statist of Victoria, that fifty years hence there will be twenty million souls within the bounds of Australasia, it is at least certain that colonies with a greater area than states in the new world, or empires in the old, will eventually support more millions than they have hundreds of thousands to-day. Their present commercial status may be indicated by a very few figures. In 1890 they imported £66,000,000 worth of foreign goods, exported produce to the value of £62,500,000, and spent upon public purposes £28,000,000. When the new commonwealth commences its career it will enjoy (if all the colonies come in, and, as anticipated, adopt the Victorian tariff) a revenue of £8,680,000 from customs, and after having provided for the administration of justice, defence, government, and the collection of revenue at an estimated cost of £2,226,000, will have six millions and a half sterling to divide among them in proportion to their contributions.

The next condition requiring to be realized is that every colony is an independent state so far as its fellows are concerned. The British Constitution is the basis of government in all, so that each has its parliament of two Chambers, its responsible ministers, and its governor, as if it were the only country in these seas. The governor appointed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies acts upon the advice tendered to him as the Queen does, and is therefore Her Majesty's representative in fact as well as in name. With the exception that a few special measures, such as those relating to marriage, are always reserved for the Queen's assent; that there is a general power of disallowance two years after the passing of a local act; and that communications with foreign nations must be made through the British Cabinet, the colonies are, within their own borders, independent even of the mother country. But they are absolutely independent of each other without any qualification whatever. Each pursues the path of legislation which it prefers; taxing its neighbors' imports or offering bonuses upon its own exports just as it pleases. At their good-will and pleasure the colonies make treaties with each other on such subjects as they desire, but there is not a vestige of compulsion possible. Each meets the other as a free contracting party. In their commercial relations they possess a greater latitude than the States of the American Union, because they are not yet an union. *Inter se* they are sovereign states, and indeed, except in the power to declare war with one another, are as separate and distinct as France, Germany, and Russia.

The difficulties and dangers of creating upon a new continent a series of communities without any common political bond or means of joint action was perceived in Great Britain so long ago as 1849, when a committee of the Privy Council, appointed at the instance of Earl Grey, recommended the selection of one of the governors as Governor-General, with power to convene a General Assembly of Australia capable of federal legislation. This body was to be elected by the legislatures of the colonies so soon as two of them should

have petitioned for its creation. A bill was introduced into the British Parliament in 1850 to give effect to this scheme, but abandoned in consequence of the opposition with which it was met.

In 1851 Governor Fitzroy was appointed Governor-General, but no further step was taken to make the title more than a nominal distinction.*

In 1853 constitutional committees of the Victorian and New South Wales Legislative Councils incidentally referred to the subject, the former advocating the occasional convocation of such a General Assembly as had been suggested in 1849; the latter, under the leadership of Wentworth, more emphatically and precisely declaring for a complete federation. The great colonist, to whom New South Wales is chiefly indebted for its earliest impulses toward political freedom and for self-government, was the first statesman to embrace the cause of union with vigor and earnestness. Born in Norfolk Island, he has claims to be considered the first Australian, and is unquestionably the first great figure in our history. During a visit to England, in 1857, he presented a memorial in favor of federation to the British Ministry, but though the Victorian Legislature had evinced its interest in the question by appointing another committee upon the question in January of the same year, the proposal found no support in England. In November the Victorian Parliament invited the other colonies to meet in conference to consider federal possibilities; but in New South Wales a similar proposition, warmly supported by Mr. Deas Thomson, fell to the ground owing to political changes. South Australia and Tasmania agreed to attend, but no further action was taken owing to the want of response from New South Wales. In 1860, on the initiative of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who was, after Wentworth, the most active and capable supporter of the cause, a third Victorian committee was appointed, and again invitations were sent to the other colonies to discuss a basis for federation, but without success. In the same year it is true the veteran Dr. Lang obtained a committee in Sydney, but it brought up no report. As the main movement did not make definite progress, the colonies whose interests were becoming more and more involved each year, fell back upon conferences at which each ministry was represented by two or three of its members. Common interests were discussed and agreements arrived at as to the action to be taken in regard to postal contracts, telegraph cables, custom duties, and similar issues. Nine such intercolonial conferences, of which six have met in Melbourne and three in Sydney, have been held since 1863, besides a certain number of departmental meetings at which special departments of the several colonies have conferred together. Unquestionably they have not been without results; but the general experience is that political changes have supervened in one or more of the colonies, and that the concerted action agreed upon has generally failed. After nearly thirty years' trial of a system of ministerial treaties made in conference, the unanimous verdict is that it has broken down badly, and that, save as a means for the interchange of ideas and maintenance of friendly relations between public men who are in power at the time, such assemblages are almost worthless.

The fiscal issue presented itself as an intercolonial problem even in the earliest days. The first agreement arrived at appears to have been that under which goods for New South Wales or Victoria, introduced by the Murray River, having paid South Australian duties, obtained free admission to the other colonies, which received annually from the latter government a proportion of the sums collected. As the tariffs of the three colonies differed considerably, the inconveniences of such an arrangement are obvious. At a later date a formal treaty was made to meet the circumstances occasioned by the extension of the Victorian railway system to the New South Wales border. The former colony paid to the latter a lump sum of sixty thousand pounds a year on condition of enjoying the right of free importation across the Murray, from 1867 until 1873, when the treaty was

* Australian Year-book, 1891. Essay on Australian Federation. G. B. Barton, F. R. Hist. S., Barrister-at-law.

abrogated. In 1884 a provisional agreement for commercial reciprocity was entered into between representatives of the Victorian and Tasmanian governments, but the proposal proved unpopular in the former colony, and was never even submitted for the sanction of its parliament. Meanwhile the trend of colonial opinion was everywhere toward protection. Victoria led the way in the sixties, and by the seventies was thoroughly committed to a high tariff on imports of manufactured goods; New Zealand followed suit, then Queensland, and then South Australia; while Tasmania and Western Australia both employed the custom-house as a means of raising revenue. New South Wales alone remained firm in its adherence to free trade, though in 1889 a step in the direction of protection was taken, only to be retraced by another ministry twelve months later. Parties in that colony have been very evenly balanced during the last few years, and seeing the result of the general election just concluded, it seems probable that very soon the last convert to the policy of assisting native industries will have been made. At present each colony, except New South Wales, has fenced in its markets against the world, levying duties impartially upon all goods, whether from the mother country or from other colonies. Individualism and independence have therefore been pushed to the utmost extent. The cattle and sheep of New South Wales cannot enter Victoria to-day without paying duty, nor can Victorian dairy products enter New South Wales without a similar toll. Reprisals have been threatened by excited politicians, and there is always a possibility of a war of tariffs between these young peoples of the same race, in the same territory, and under the same flag.

In the early eighties a stimulus of another kind was imparted to public opinion in Australia, principally in Victoria. Vast as the unoccupied area on the continent still is, the people of the colony named had always felt the French occupation of New Caledonia as a menace, had hailed the annexation of Fiji with satisfaction, and had kept a jealous eye upon the progress of European settlement in the South Seas. The deportation policy of the French Republic passed almost unchallenged so long as political prisoners only were sent to Noumea; but when, instead of communists and radicals, the sweepings of prisons, jail-birds, often convicted and regarded as irreclaimable, or felons guilty of horrible offences against society, were arriving by hundreds, the colonies became thoroughly alarmed. The distance of New Caledonia from Australia is upward of seven hundred miles, but at certain seasons the ocean is calm, and escapees in open boats have repeatedly reached the shores of Queensland and New South Wales in safety. Some of these no sooner found their way to the great cities than they recommenced the careers of crime which had been cut short in Paris or Marseilles. The prospect of a continuous invasion of this kind filled the minds of the Australian householders and of the unprotected classes with anxiety, and protests against what was regarded as an abuse of international relations echoed from north to south. Contemporaneously with this agitation occurred the attempted annexation of eastern New Guinea by the Queensland ministry, of which Sir Thomas McIlwraith was chief—a step suddenly taken because they were apprehensive of German designs upon the part of that island which is beyond the Dutch boundary and lying nearest to our mainland. Annexation was disavowed by the British Government, Lord Derby, the then Colonial Secretary, treating the colonial fears of foreign aggression with cold contempt and polite ridicule. When immediately after his assurance of the impossibility of such a step the northern portion of the great island was actually annexed by Germany, the angry sentiments of Australia rose to white heat, and a spasm of indignation at the supineness of the Gladstone cabinet roused passions which were threatening, except so far as they found vent in the aspiration after federation.

About this time, too, the French, who had long been casting covetous eyes upon the New Hebrides, a fine group lying immediately to the north of their possessions, sent a detachment of soldiers which disembarked and camped at

the chief harbor, ostensibly to protect the interests of their settlers, but in reality as an advance-guard of occupation. The government at Paris opened negotiations with London, for the recession of the treaty by which both powers had bound themselves to maintain the independence of these islands. Add to this the movements in Samoa, which culminated eventually in the seizure of the native king and his exile to Germany, and the bitterness created in Australia may be conceived. Animosity against the recidivous influx was universal, but on other questions the colonies were divided. The public men of New South Wales appeared indifferent to events in the South Seas, which in Victoria exasperated both the public and their leaders to an extreme degree. This may have been because the smaller area of the latter colony had led to a desire for territorial expansion, and also because a premier was in power, above the stress of party politics, who was a man of large ideas and indomitable courage, and who boldly seized the opportunity to express aspirations which he had long cherished. Probably this epoch will be recognized in the future as the awakening of Australia to a national life, for certainly it was now for the first time that the colonies, recognizing their common interest and need of unity, spoke and acted together, more or less imperfectly; for the first time they found themselves face to face with foreign powers, and developing a foreign policy.

The Honorable James Service, to whom Australia owes the first practical grasp of its position as a people, of its obligations abroad, and of its influence in England, was also the man who made use of their recognition to lay the foundation for federal union. A Scotchman, gifted with the enthusiasm as well as with the foresight and canniness of the race, he had come to the front in Victorian politics in the early days, had soon made his reputation as a financier, a debater, and a party leader, and from 1883 to 1886 was the chief of a coalition ministry never even challenged by a vote of want of confidence. At his instigation and invitation the federal issue was once more raised, and a conference of all the colonies assembled in Sydney in November, 1883, at which it was agreed that federation of some kind was possible and necessary, and that with a view to preparing the way for an ultimately closer union a federal council should be at once created. This was to consist of two representatives from each colony, who should have power to deal with those matters of common interest with which no local parliament could deal single-handed, and also with any other matters that might be referred to it by two or more members of the group. New South Wales and New Zealand declined to approve of this proposal, and though concessions were made to their views, steadfastly refused to accept its jurisdiction. An act was obtained from the British Parliament permitting the council to be called into existence at the request of any three colonies. This condition was duly complied with, and its first meeting was held at Hobart, in 1886, under the presidency of Mr. Service. Representatives from Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, Western Australia, and Fiji attended, but little more was attempted at this meeting than to inaugurate the council. Its founders felt that it was at least an outward and visible sign of Australasian unity, and trusted to time and conciliation to bring the absent members of the group into the fold.

In 1887 a conference of an unprecedented kind was held in London, at which all the colonies of the British Empire were represented on the invitation of the British Government. It is not too much to say that the chief place at the gathering was allotted to Australia, because the only practical results of that conference were Australian. First there was the agreement to contribute to the cost of an additional imperial squadron in Australasian seas, and next the unequivocal assurance which the Marquis of Salisbury received, and upon which he acted, that under no circumstances would the colonies consent to the cession of the New Hebrides to France. In point of fact, the decisive ultimatum of the British Government, withheld until then, went to Paris immediately after this expression of opinion, and the French evacuation of the

New Hebrides followed in due course. But even at the council table in the Colonial Office, the want of unanimity among the delegates discovered itself at every turn. The terms upon which the squadron was agreed to be built, though fair, were less favorable than they would have been if the colonial representatives had acted together cordially. There was sufficient general agreement to impress the minds of imperial ministers, who, like Lord Knutsford, proved themselves considerate and generous friends to the colonies; but there might have been a much deeper impression upon the people and government of Great Britain if there had been unanimity. We might have seen the first step taken toward the practical adoption for the Australasian Pacific of a policy akin to that expressed by the Monroe doctrine in America.

The Federal Council sat in 1888, but for diplomatic reasons refrained from taking decisive action of any kind. Its president that year was Sir Samuel Griffith, a very able young Welshman, educated in the colonies, who rose rapidly to the leadership of the Queensland bar, and of one of its political parties, who drafted the Federal Council act of 1883, and is chiefly responsible for the form of the Commonwealth Bill now under consideration. In 1889 the session opened under more cheering auspices, since South Australian representatives appeared for the first time. The Council then spoke for the whole of Australia with the exception of New South Wales. It was resolved that its constitution should be amended, so as to increase the number of representatives according to a scale with a maximum of six for the most populous colonies, so that if all joined it would comprise thirty-six members. This step being gained, it was intended that subsequently the powers of the enlarged Council might be correspondingly enhanced. These projects were never regarded as final, but merely as another step toward complete federation. In this third session the presidency fell to the Honorable Thomas Playford, then and now prime minister of South Australia, a politician of long experience and great acumen, whose integrity of character had assisted to give him his influence in parliament, and who has always taken a large view of his Australian responsibilities. The last sitting of the Council took place in January of this year, when, owing to an unseemly piece of partisanship on the part of the South Australian Upper House, that colony was excluded. In view of this and other changes in the situation, the meeting was robbed of most of its interest. The Federal Council, however, was and is a real union, possesses an authority which though undefined is already wide, and which is capable of indefinite expansion. Its measures, though but seven in all, have been practical and useful, and it is still available for national emergencies, and if by any chance the greater scheme now afoot should unfortunately miscarry.

The stumbling-block to the success of the Council has always been the abstention of New South Wales, or it might be almost as correct to say, of Sir Henry Parkes, the political leader of that colony. English by birth and Australian by adoption, this statesman, now in his seventy-seventh year, is a man of remarkably robust intellect and physique, with a catholic taste in literature and art, an unrivalled knowledge of politics and political tactics, and a power of speech which has enabled him to win and retain a position of paramount influence in his own colony. He has always been an advocate of federation, and at one time drafted a bill which anticipated the measure establishing the Federal Council in many points. But, up till 1889 he declined to attach himself to the movement of which it was the outcome. The report of General Edwards, who visited the colonies at their request to criticise their military forces, pointed of course to centralization of control as an essential for effective defence. After its perusal Sir Henry Parkes at once invited the colonies to consider the wisdom of an immediate union. His opponents urge that his apprehensions of a protectionist victory in New South Wales led him to take this way of escape from an impending free-trade defeat; but it is probable that the proposed enlargement of the Federal Council had much more to do

with the alteration of his demeanor. He foresaw that with such a council in action New South Wales would be isolated and overshadowed, if not compelled to seek admission. The veteran politician, by making this new departure, took a step which at all events mitigated that danger. Accordingly in January, 1890, there assembled in Melbourne a preliminary conference, composed of two delegates from each colony. The Honorable Duncan Gillies, prime minister of Victoria, upon whom had fallen the mantle of Mr. Service, presided at the sittings. A Scotchman, like his former chief, and like him identified with the early history of the colony, Mr. Gillies has proved his title to be the first parliamentarian of his colony, and its best debater. His eminence is illustrated by the great personal influence which he has enjoyed for nearly a quarter of a century, and the fact that he was head of an administration which lasted for five years. The conference under his presidency unanimously agreed that the time for complete federation had come, and decided that the parliaments of the colonies should be invited to appoint delegates to a convention, twelve months later, to draft a constitution which could be submitted to the people and legislatures of the group.

The National Australian Convention called in obedience to this determination sat in Sydney in March and April of this year. It was certainly the most important political body which has ever assembled in Australia. Imposing in mere numbers, it embraced seven representatives each from New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania, with three from New Zealand, a colony not proposing to enter the Union at once, but desiring to be heard on the ground that it might seek entrance at a later date. The prime minister and the leader of the opposition of every other colony were present. There were thirteen members of existing administrations, two speakers, and twenty-five others who had been at some time ministers of the crown. One of these, Sir George Grey, K.C.B., was also formerly governor of New Zealand. Only five members of the Convention had not held office, and four of these came from Western Australia, where responsible government has only just been attained. All were members of parliament, and each colony made its choice from both chambers of the legislature. The Convention therefore embodied the ripest political knowledge of the whole group, and though there were men whose absence was regretted, it is improbable that the aggregate could have been much improved, or that even a convention directly elected by the people, though it would then have possessed a higher sanction and a fuller authority, would have been more capable of accomplishing its task.

The Convention sat for twenty-two days, under the presidency of Sir Henry Parkes, and for six days a majority of its members were engaged in committee. But the twenty-eight formal sittings do not by any means include all the time devoted to their task. It may safely be said that, with no more than necessary intervals, the delegates devoted themselves to their work day by day, and every day, as well as a good many nights, for six weeks. The Hansard report of the public discussions, though it does not include committee work, makes a bulky volume of nearly a thousand pages royal octavo. It is thought that there are few arguments for or against the bill not educed in some speeches, though many were elaborated and all were reviewed in committee. The discussions were often warm, and at times impassioned, and so strongly did feeling run that at one stage of the proceedings there were many prophecies that the assembly would break up without accomplishing anything. At last, by mutual concession and with much persuasion, the opposite parties were blended sufficiently in committee to secure a majority in favor of a particular scheme, which was duly drafted in the form of a bill, and after a short struggle adopted by the whole body with but trifling amendments. Twenty-three divisions were taken, but if the bill as a whole had been put to vote at the last moment, it is doubtful if a single member would have been opposed to it. So far as the conduct of its proceedings was concerned,

the Convention therefore may fairly be pronounced a success. It was composed of men whose political experiences were wholly Australian; some had travelled two thousand miles to be present, and many had never met before. They were under no compulsion to concede anything to each other, and with but the vaguest instructions from those for whom they spoke; they were of all shades of political opinion, of all ages, and of all varieties of British nationality, about one-fourth of them having been born in the colonies. The mere fact of their general agreement testifies to a certain fitness for self-government and experience of its working.

The important question of the sacrifices to be made by the local governments, for the endowment of the central government, was settled with comparatively little difficulty. Practically all the powers of Congress, save that of making war, and all the prohibitions of anti-federal State action in the American Constitution have been settled upon the commonwealth. Practically all the authorities specifically assigned to the Canadian Parliament, except those relating to the criminal law, its courts, and penitentiaries, are included within the charter of the Federal Parliament. Following the United States model, and in contrast to that of Canada, the undefined margin of legislative authority not precisely surrendered to the central government is retained by the local legislatures. The commonwealth will have exclusive control of defence, customs, and excise, postal and telegraphic services, navigation, shipping, and lighthouses, marriage and divorce, banking, coinage, aliens, and external affairs. It will have a general and unlimited right of taxation in national emergencies. The privileges peculiar to it are the power to deal with islands of the Pacific; river navigation with respect to the common purposes of two or more states; the control of railways with respect to transport for the purposes of the commonwealth; matters referred to the parliament of the commonwealth from the parliaments of states desiring a common law, and the affairs of people of any race, excluding aboriginals and Maories, with respect to whom it is deemed necessary to make special laws not applicable to the general community. While therefore the colonies will still control their lands, mines, forests, railways, irrigation, and other public works, education, the administration of justice, municipal affairs, and general legislation, the commonwealth will be no insignificant or dependent estate, but will possess all the potentialities of the Swiss, Canadian, and United States federal governments. The provision as to references from the local to the central legislature will enable them to be increased in the future according to the necessities of time.

This point apart, the Convention debates may be briefly summarized, because as a matter of fact the whole of the differences of opinion clustered about a single issue. It was evidently agreed at once that the new Parliament must, like that of the United States, comprise two chambers, one elected by the people on the basis of numbers, and the other elected by the colonies, in which each should have the same numerical strength. The separation of the executive from the legislative, which obtains in the American republic, was not in favor, though there was a leaning on the part of a minority to the Swiss method of electing ministers by both chambers, thus abolishing party government and responsible government, as it exists in Great Britain and in the colonies. This innovation never reached a formal proposition; nor did the Canadian plan, by which the separate colonies are subordinated to the central government, receive support from any quarter. A proposition to make the governor-general elective was rejected as inconsistent with our political system, under which the head of the state is not permitted to be a partisan or to act except upon the advice of his ministers. The battle raged around one point only, and was practically concluded by its decision. The all-important question was, Should the Senate be allowed equal powers with the House of Representatives?

At first sight this may seem a matter of secondary importance, but the fact that by the second day it had divided

the Convention into two distinct and hostile parties, indicates its vital nature. To make the Senate the superior body, as in the United States, implied the subordination of the populous and wealthy colonies of New South Wales and Victoria to communities not one-quarter as developed. On the other hand, to unduly limit senatorial authority meant that the smaller states would be absolutely at the mercy of the majority of people residing in the largest colonies. The advocates of the lower chamber took their stand upon the British practice, which forbids the House of Lords to amend bills raising or expending the public funds, declaring that the people would never submit to be taxed by a Senate to which they did not send representatives directly. On the other hand, their opponents insisted that unless the Senate were enabled to amend money bills, the smaller colonies might fail to receive their due share of expenditure, or be made the victims of unfair levies. The Liberals leant naturally enough to the side of popular Houses, while the Conservatives for the most part favored the Senate. Again, those who wished to see Australia most closely federal, and federated on most topics, supported the larger House, as representing the people of Australia without distinction as to colony; while those who preferred a loose kind of federation or confederation, and jealously guarded state autonomy at every point, clove to the Upper Chamber. At the outset the Senate party were in a majority of five to one, and, indeed, there were opposed to them, out of the whole Convention, only the prime ministers of New South Wales, South Australia, and the five members of the Victoria Assembly. After a keen debate in the Convention and a prolonged struggle in the Committee, it was agreed that in general legislation the two Houses should be co-ordinate, but that the Senate could not be permitted to originate or amend money bills. It might make suggestions for their amendment, and these the House of Representatives could consider, accepting or rejecting them at pleasure; but after having made its suggestions, the Senate, like the House of Lords, must either take the bill as returned to it, or reject it altogether. This has been the practice in South Australia for some time, and has therefore received a certain trial, but the strain upon a Federal Legislature is likely to be more severe. Collisions between local chambers have occurred at times in the colonies and have been settled more or less satisfactorily. The good sense and self-restraint which have sufficed in the smaller area must be relied upon in future struggles on a larger field.

Americans may not unnaturally exhibit some surprise that this particular question should have been so hotly contested; for with them the Senate amends money measures freely, a disagreement of the two Houses evokes no special comment, and does no positive injury: the machinery of government proceeds as usual. The situation is totally changed, however, when responsible government is introduced, for it is then as if the President and his cabinet were ranged among the members of the directly elected Chamber, when pitted against a Senate which has been deprived of all executive control. A majority of the electors, a majority of their representatives, and the administration with all its ramifications united in this way, must form an almost irresistible attacking force. The American Senate might sustain the shock, and an Australian Senate under the new constitution would have a formidable power of resistance; but public opinion under a responsible government takes a much more precise shape, takes it more rapidly, and is enabled to compel its leaders in the popular House to take aggressive action much more effectively than in America. By its control of the administration the House of Representatives will possess powers of coercion unknown in the United States. The prohibition against the amendment of money bills is not in itself very coercive, but it is at least a means of attack which can be employed at times. Its real significance is that it gives priority and superiority to the popular chamber, as well as additional prestige. Englishmen would probably marvel at the power entrusted to the Upper Chamber, but the fact that it is a Federal House distinguishes it

entirely from an hereditary chamber like the House of Lords, and even from the elective Upper Houses of Victoria and South Australia. The distinctive characteristic of the commonwealth will be that it associates a responsible government, dependent upon one chamber alone, with a second chamber strengthened by its federal origin and a kind of inviolable independence in its constituencies which will remain in some aspects, as they are now in all aspects, sovereign states. This combination is original, constitutes a type, and may properly be styled Australian.

One strong argument for the adoption of responsible government in the commonwealth is that this is the system already in force and likely to be maintained in the several colonies. Just as the central government of the United States is a copy on a large scale of the constitution in force in each State, except so far as the Senate is concerned, so the central government in Australia is to be a copy of the constitution now in force in Australia, with the exception of that of the Upper Chamber. In each country manhood suffrage is the basis of the House of Representatives, a body elected for three years, but in Australia capable of being dissolved at any time. By means of its general election it makes and unmakes administrations and new policies at uncertain intervals. The ministry, nearly all of whose members belong to the House, depends on its majority in the House, and the House depends upon the constituencies, thus forming a direct chain for the transmission of the popular will from the electoral to the executive. The second chamber in some colonies is composed of nominees appointed by successive ministries, and in others is elected upon a property franchise. Governments are represented in it only by one or two of their number, for it neither makes nor unmakes ministries, rarely takes the initiative in legislature, and has only a general veto on financial proposals. The governor is theoretically able to summon and dismiss ministries at his pleasure, but as parliament possesses the power of granting or refusing supplies, he could readily be compelled to accept the leaders and the policy favored by the legislature. As a matter of fact, he invariably does so without demur, and the control of the country remains in their hands. The one occasion when a governor is called upon to take part in current politics is when he accepts or rejects the advice tendered to him by ministers to send the House of Representatives to its constituents before its term has expired. In this case, should he decline to act as advised, he must find new advisers who agree with him in his refusal and take the responsibility of it to the House. Unless they can command a majority there, they will be promptly ousted, so that in the solitary instance in which a governor can intervene in politics he can only delay the determination which, under all circumstances and in all cases, rests with parliament. In Canada parliament means the House of Representatives; for the Senate consists of nominees. Even the States of which the North American Federation is composed are subject to that body in all their legislation. But in Australia Parliament will always consist of two Houses, with states as supreme as those of the great Republic behind the Upper Chamber.

In working their British constitutions with chambers which are either nominee or directly elected, the colonies have made a considerable departure from their model. The commonwealth departs even more decisively from the familiar lines both in the appointment and authority of the Senate. In both respects its founders have confessed the influence of American example. The same influence is again apparent in the machinery provided for the alteration of the constitution, which requires that any amendment must be endorsed not only by both Houses, which would be sufficient in Great Britain or in Canada, but also by a majority of the voters in a majority of the states. The difference between this and the United States practice is, that while the will of the people of the American republic may be expressed either by their State legislatures or by conventions elected for the purpose, and has in fact been always expressed by the State parliaments, in Australia the legislatures are entirely

excluded and the issue is required to be submitted to conventions in all cases.

The alternative method by which the legislatures of two-thirds of the United States may cause a convention to be summoned to draft and submit constitutional amendments, finds no parallel in the commonwealth, perhaps because it has never been employed in America. The colonial method, while jealously preserving state demarcations, brings the central legislature and the people closer together without the intervention of the local parliaments. This interesting combination of British with American constitutional forms is also distinctively Australian, and will undoubtedly develop on different lines to any existing state. It would be difficult to find any constitutions more liberal in their general principles, or more capable of being thoroughly liberalized, than are those now enjoyed in Australia. That proposed for the commonwealth is in one respect an advance upon them all, since a majority of the members of its Senate must be elected by the popular chambers of the several colonies, always numerically much stronger than their legislative councils. This not only renders the constitution more democratic, but more workable than those of the several colonies. As the local assemblies are returned by universal suffrage, we must look to the electors to insist upon their choice of senators of like mind with the members of the commonwealth House of Representatives, and thus harmonize two chambers which are endowed with co-ordinate powers on most questions, and authorities which may conflict in all.

The immediate prospects of federation depend upon the politics and politicians in each colony, and as a rule the outlook is not promising. The first body consulted has been the New South Wales Assembly, in which an attack was immediately made upon the proposed bill. This was defeated, but the free-trade government, which has never had more than a bare majority, was instantly faced by an opposition motion of want of confidence, and leading to a dissolution in June, at which the federal issue was submitted to the electors. As invariably happens, the verdicts of the various constituencies were not given on the same grounds. In a few the free trade or protection bias of the candidates determined their fate, but in most a new labor party swept the polls, bearing down free-traders, protectionists, federalists, and anti-federalists indifferently before them. They have returned a sufficient number of members to hold the balance of power between ministry and opposition. Their views upon the bill are not known, but their general feeling is understood to be antagonistic to one or two of its chief provisions.

The Victorian Parliament is at the time of writing engaged in discussing resolutions generally approving of the measure, and proposing to remit it after debate, and possibly after amendment, to the people. This will take place at the next general election, which must be held within the next seven or eight months, and may occur much earlier. The remission will not be, as in New South Wales, by means of candidates seeking seats in the new parliament, who declare themselves on this and other questions, but to a separate vote in separate ballot-boxes, which will render it an equivalent of the Swiss Referendum. Two amendments hostile to federation having been almost unanimously rejected, it appears probable that Victoria will adopt the bill pending its submission to the people. Mr. Munro, the present prime minister, has always declared in favor of federation, and some ten years since challenged the opinion of parliament upon it. Mr. Gillies, the leader of the opposition, maintains his former attitude, so that on this point both parties in the colony are already united. In South Australia the debate upon similar resolutions is just about commencing, and is expected to result in favor of the convention scheme, though there is a likelihood of one or two amendments. The adherence of Queensland is anticipated, with a probable remission of the bill to a local convention, and the adhesion of Tasmania is considered sure. On the other hand, it is certain that New Zealand will not join at present, and it is very probable that Western Australia will stand alone for a short time. If

New South Wales consents, the probability is that the whole continent will be federated in three years. If she stands apart, as she probably will, it is possible, but not probable, that Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania may form an union into which their neighbors on the mainland will come at a later day. Acceptance of the bill without amendment appears probable at present only in Victoria and Tasmania.

The objections taken to the measure so far proceed almost wholly from the radical ranks. There are those who desire that the limitation of each man to a single vote shall be made a condition precedent to the establishment of the new constitution; others foresee danger in the special powers of suggestion entrusted to the Senate; while a third party desire that the state representatives in the Upper Chamber shall be elected by the people directly. In New South Wales a few politicians oppose the scheme because they know it will necessarily imply an Australian system of protection; while a few protectionists in Victoria dread the operation of inter-colonial free-trade; but neither of these opinions is likely to prove of importance. The conservative aspiration for a supreme Senate seems to have been abandoned, and dislike to the republican ring of the name commonwealth to have died away. The labor party suspect the bill more because of the men who support it than from any definite apprehensions, so that if the federal issue could be fairly and separately submitted to the people in all the colonies it would in all likelihood result in a majority on the side of union.

Whatever may be the outcome of the party struggles which now, as always, occupy the chief place in the local parliaments, and may be the means of obscuring or temporarily defeating federation, the power that makes for union is certain ultimately to accomplish its end. Nor should it be many years before this consummation is reached, seeing that the whole subject has now been thrashed out, and a practical scheme submitted upon which criticism can exhaust itself so as to educate public opinion. It cannot be set aside without discussion by even the most narrow party men, and criticism is likely to commend it in the long run to thoughtful citizens. The bill is not perfect, but whatever its faults when judged by an ideal standard, it is the crown and culmination of a long effort after union, which partly blind, and partly conscious, partly occasioned by the pressure of external need, and partly inspired by a deep national aspiration, has produced in its due time a birth which must be reckoned with for the future, no matter what its immediate fate may be. The draft constitution is at least a landmark, and in all likelihood very much more than that, even under most adverse circumstances. It is an embodiment of a great principle which may be superseded, but cannot be effaced or ignored. All sections of the population have contributed in their turn to the task of preparing for it. The Australian-born Wentworth, who led the way, is followed by an earnest throng of his countrymen, who, through their special association, have done much to maintain and extend the ambition for union. From his time to the present hour leaders of the movement have risen indifferently from the several nationalities and the several colonies: the Englishmen Parkes and Playford, the Scotchmen Service and Gillies, the Irishmen Duffy and Macrossan, and the Welshman Griffith. The press is all but unanimous in its favor, and it is at least as able and influential here as in the other Anglo-Saxon communities. The cause of union, sacred to the hearts of tens of thousands now, will continue to grow upon them and to inspire others until it attains its exalted aim. When its commonwealth is established, Australia will have acquired an august political organization, capable of responding to the fullest demands of national life; within which all the latent forces of its people may expand without difficulty or danger, peacefully attaining their free fruition under the shelter of a citizen army and an effective fleet, without peer or rival in the southern seas.

IN NOVEMBER.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

The ruddy sunset lies
  Banked along the west,
In flocks with sweep and rise
  The birds are going to rest.

The air clings and cools,
  And the reeds look cold
Standing above the pools
  Like rods of beaten gold.

The flaunting golden-rod
  Has lost her worldly mood,
She's given herself to God
  And taken a nun's hood.

The wild and wanton horde
  That kept the summer revel
Have taken the serge and cord
  And given the slip to the Devil.

The winter's loose somewhere,
  Gathering snow for a fight;
From the feel of the air
  I think it will freeze to-night.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL APPRENTICE SYSTEM.

By Lieutenant A. B. Wyckoff, U.S.N.

THE first attempt to establish an apprentice system was in 1837, when Congress passed an act making it "lawful to enlist boys for the navy, not being under thirteen nor over eighteen years of age, to serve until twenty-one." Within a few months there were several hundred apprentices on board naval vessels, and the experiment gave promise of success. The secretary directed that the boys were to be "thoroughly instructed so as to best qualify them to perform the duties of seamen and petty officers." The law of Congress was enacted eight years before the establishment of the United States Naval Academy, and the impression seems to have gone abroad that the apprentices would eventually receive commissions as officers. In consequence, many boys from influential families enlisted. But when only two of their number received appointments as midshipmen, the remainder became dissatisfied and brought such pressure to bear on the Secretary of the Navy that their requests for discharges were granted. In 1843 the attempt to keep the act of Congress in force was abandoned.

Twenty years thereafter Captain S. B. Luce and the officers of the practice ship Macedonian had an opportunity to thoroughly examine the English apprentice system at Portsmouth and Plymouth. Upon their return they made such favorable reports to Secretary Welles as led to the revival of the law of 1837. It was in the midst of the Civil War, and patriotic impulse influenced many boys of superior position to enlist. A few of these were admitted to the Naval Academy, and, as soon as this was known, the training ship Sabine was thronged with ambitious boys, who could not gain appointments through the members of Congress or the President. This annual selection of a few of the apprentices for the Naval Academy continued for several years; but it was found that this rendered the remainder discontented, and the majority either deserted or secured their discharges through political influence. The apprentice system was again declared to be a failure.

For ten years after the close of the war our officers contended with extreme difficulties in keeping up the well-deserved reputation of our naval vessels, because of the very bad class of men that composed the crews. The percentage of Americans in the service was small, and it was no unusual circumstance to have the powder division of a ship made up almost entirely of foreigners, who could neither speak nor understand English. The intelligent officers of our navy could not rest content with this anomalous condition of affairs, and constantly suggested improvements. Several of these were adopted, but the amelioration of the character of our men-of-wars men was very gradual.

The success of the apprentice system in the European navies pointed to the only effective solution of the question. This fact was so fully impressed upon Secretary Robeson, that, notwithstanding the former failures, he issued a circular, April 8, 1875, again reviving the law of 1837, but avoiding previous mistakes in the details of execution. The circular distinctly states that the education of the boys will comprise only the elements of an English education, alternating with practical seamanship and other professional occupations designed to prepare them for *sailors in the navy.*

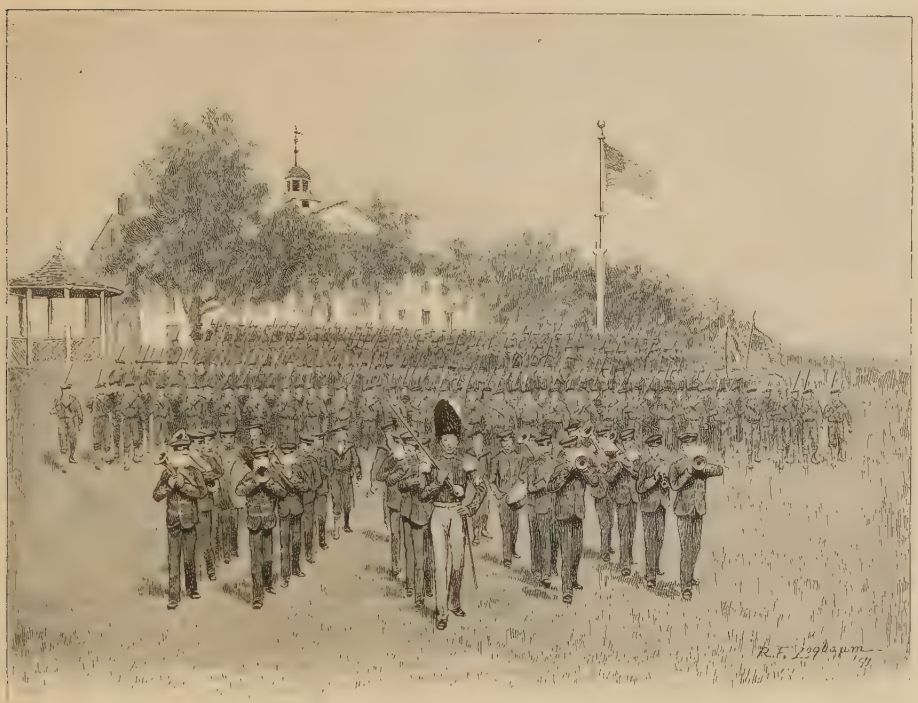
The frigates Minnesota and Constitution, and the sloops Portsmouth and Saratoga were commissioned as "school" and "training" ships. The qualifications for admission as apprentices, at present, are almost identical with those in the circular of 1875, except an increase in the age limit, which is now from fourteen to eighteen. Each boy must satisfy the examining board of officers that he is of robust frame, intelligent, of perfectly sound and healthy constitution, and that he is able to read and write. In special cases, where the boy shows general intelligence and is otherwise qualified, he may be enlisted when his reading and writing are imperfect. Upon presenting himself for enlistment, he must be accompanied by a parent or guardian. When these reside at a distance, however, printed forms will be sent them by which the enlistment can be perfected. Boys of bad character will not be received, and no allowance is made for travelling expenses.

If the boy is found to be qualified in every way, he signs an agreement to serve continuously until he is twenty-one years of age. He then receives an outfit of clothing, which must not exceed $45 in value. If afterward discharged at his own request this amount must be refunded. His pay is $9 per month, and one ration. If deserving, he may be promoted to $10 and $11 per month, while serving on the training ships. After the first six months on a cruising vessel, his pay can be advanced to $19, and after one year to $24, if a board of officers is satisfied as to his physical and professional qualifications. When he has $30 on the books he can allot a portion of his pay to his family. If recommended for an honorable discharge, when he becomes of age, he will receive a continuous service certificate, which, upon re-enlistment within three months, entitles him to pay during that time, and an addition of one dollar per month to that of his rating. After his re-entry into the service he will be eligible for the position of a petty officer, with increased pay, at the discretion of his commanding officer. Those injured in the service, or having contracted disease in the line of duty, will be given a pension. Boys are enlisted on the receiving ships at the navy yards on the Atlantic coast, on the Michigan at Erie, Pa., and the Minnesota, at New York. They must be sent to the training station as soon after enlistment as practicable.

This training station is at Coaster's Harbor Island, near Newport, R. I. On December 20, 1880, the people of Newport ceded "Woonachasset," or Coaster's Harbor Island, to the State, and on March 2, 1881, Rhode Island ceded title and jurisdiction to the United States, for the purpose of a training station. On August 7, 1882, Congress accepted "the cession by the State of Rhode Island to the United States of said island for use as a Naval Training Station."

Coaster's Harbor Island contains ninety acres of land, and is less than two miles from the city. Its surface is rolling and of pleasing aspect, and the whole marine activity of the bay is visible from it. A causeway connects it with Rhode Island, so that free access to the city of Newport can be had, even when ice and fog interrupt the trips of the ferry-boats. The island is in every way an admirable location for a training station, except for the long and severe winters, which interfere seriously with the open-air drills and exercises.

The old double-deck frigate New Hampshire was brought to Newport in August, 1881, and was eventually moored to a large quay extending out from Coaster's Harbor Island. She was housed in, heated with steam, and lighted by electricity. A large reservoir on the highest part of the island, kept filled by pumps from deep drive-wells, furnished an abundant supply of pure water to the ship, for cooking, washing, and bathing purposes. The New Hampshire comfortably accommodated five hundred apprentices. They slept in hammocks, assisted in keeping the ship clean, and in various ways were gradually accustomed to a nautical life. The daily routine began at 5.30, when "reveille" was sounded and all hammocks were lashed and stowed. After an early breakfast of hot cocoa and bread, they washed their clothes, scrubbed decks, and bathed. Three "square" meals were given them,



The Battalion.

and about six hours daily were occupied with studies and drills. "Tattoo" was sounded at 9 P.M., when all had to be in their hammocks and keep quiet.

An epidemic of typhoid fever some time since caused the temporary removal of the comfortable old New Hampshire to New London, where she was "frozen out" to eliminate any traces of the disease. The boys were taken on shore and quartered in the gymnasium. The Richmond was sent to take the place of the New Hampshire, but being a much smaller vessel, could only accommodate a portion of the boys at a time. They have had, therefore, the benefits of both the barrack and ship systems of training, each of which has its earnest advocates among the officers of the service. The same routine is practically enforced.

Many kinds of games are furnished the boys, and they have free access to a splendid library. The hours after supper and Saturday afternoons are entirely given up to recreation. They have their ball clubs, and the large area of the island gives plenty of room for athletic exercises. Those whose conduct admits of the privilege, are allowed to visit the city at least one afternoon each week, and large squads are frequently sent to the theatre. Entertainments are also given in the drill-hall every Friday evening during the winter months. The boys settle down very quickly to the prescribed routine, and, as a rule, are quite contented. Their surroundings are probably more comfortable than at home, and the food is abundant and of excellent quality. The drills and exercises are not severe, and the rapidity of the boys' physical development, under such auspicious circumstances, is very remarkable. Their fine, healthy appearance was particularly commented upon by the public press when they took part in the inaugural parade in 1889.

There are three departments of instruction, viz., seamanship, gunnery, and English. The latter includes read-

In Battery.

ing, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, and singing. The instruction in the professional branches is made as practical as possible. The lessons in gunnery seem particularly interesting to the boys, and they soon acquire a considerable knowledge of magazines, projectiles, fuses, primers, torpedoes, etc. All boys love a gun, whether big or little, and their military ardor makes it a pleasure to drill them as infantry or at the great guns. Instruction is also given in fencing, boxing, and gymnastics.

Most of the boys show considerable aptitude in learning all a sailor's duties aboard ship. The compass, lead, and log are stumbling-blocks to some, and at first there is a timidity about work aloft. But they soon delight in being in the tops, and become as nimble as squirrels in climbing the rigging. They take naturally to boats and swimming, and the boy who has once slept in a hammock never again desires a bed.

The apprentices are divided into gun crews, and the gun captains are selected for good conduct, military bearing, and general proficiency. These petty officers are required to preserve order and discipline in their crews at all formations, and in marching to and from the recitation-rooms. It is very noticeable how quickly this little authority develops the bearing and habit of command in the boy, and furnishes a valuable suggestion as to what would be the result on board all of our men-of-war if the petty officers were trusted and given more responsibility.

The apprentices are generally very amenable to discipline, notwithstanding the fact that the majority of them come from the tenement-house districts of cities. The change of surroundings, and the orderly routine of the ship and barracks have an instant effect. A new chapter has opened in the life of the street gamin, and frequently he develops into a reliable, energetic man. Of course, many vicious boys are shipped, and some of them give considerable trouble. But as the apprentice is constantly under the oversight of an officer or schoolmaster, his character is soon known, and the incorrigible boy is summarily dismissed from the service. The most difficult boy to instruct and discipline, however, is the one who comes from a family in good circumstances, but who has grown up without any home training. When their son is found to be beyond their control, the parents seize upon the opportunity of placing him

under naval discipline. There is no thought of his remaining permanently in the navy, and in a few weeks or months he either deserts, or his parents relent and secure his discharge. The poorer and more friendless the boy, the greater the chance of his making a competent and contented man-of-wars man.

The apprentice is supposed to remain at the training station for at least six months. During that time, even with the very limited number of instructors, the average boy learns more about his future profession than the average "landsman" on a man-of-war does in a three years' cruise.

The instructors or schoolmasters are all ex-apprentices, who have re-entered the service upon the expiration of their enlistments. They are well qualified for their positions and, having been given a certain amount of authority, and are the drill-masters at all except general exercises. As in the case of the gun-captains, so with these schoolmasters; they show what petty officers in the service might become, if uniformed, given some authority, and inspired with confidence and self-respect.

There are several line-officers attached to the training station, who supervise the discipline and instruction. Their number is always inadequate to give that thorough attention to details which would still further improve the efficiency of the school. Four warrant officers are supposed to give technical instruction in their specialties, but the limited number of watch officers usually causes their assignment to that duty. A chaplain looks after the moral training of the boys, and is always ready with

Boat Exercise.

through the school, appreciate the essentials both in drills and discipline. They have a uniform different from the blue-jackets, consisting of a coat with brass buttons and a cap. They are friendly counsel and sympathy to inspire them with higher ideals of manhood. He conducts a service every Sabbath, and, with the assistance of the officers and some benevolent ladies, a

Wash Day.

successful Sunday-school. The Catholics are permitted to attend their own church, and the chaplain and the parish priest work together in entire harmony in their efforts for the moral welfare of the boys.

A sentence in a daily paper, which has just caught my eye, expresses volumes regarding the conduct of the apprentices: "Mayor Coggeshall, of Newport, R. I., in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, says, in regard to the apprentice boys at the naval training station: 'The boys are uniformly well behaved; courteous to our citizens; and it is an exception when reproof is necessary. It is due to these lads, without home influence, to assure you of their manliness when in our city.'" It is often asserted that the apprentices are "coddled" too much at the training station, and that their generous treatment there makes them immediately discontented when transferred to the necessary hardships incident to their positions on the training ships and cruisers. This may be true to a certain extent, but the changes to assimilate their condition to what it will be in actual service should be undertaken with extreme care.

Twice annually the sloops Jamestown and Portsmouth appear at Newport, and about seventy boys are drafted to each. The capacity of these vessels being insufficient, the Monongahela is soon to be added to the training fleet. The training ships make a summer cruise to Europe, and a winter cruise to the West Indies. Only half of the crews are changed at a time, and each apprentice remains on board a year. This year is supposed to transform the boy into a deep-water sailor. Their former instruction is continued, but the principal result is a splendid development of physique, a thorough knowledge of a sailing ship, and perfect fearlessness and activity aloft.

There has been some criticism of these "obsolete" ships, but the consensus of opinion in the service is decidedly in favor of this year of training on a sailing vessel, because of the general result to character and the physical condition of the apprentice. A very proper criticism upon both the training school and ships is the entirely obsolete materials which are provided for the drills and exercises. Both should be furnished with the most recent great guns and machine guns, so that while the apprentice is being made a sailor, he can also be trained in the use of the weapons which he must eventually handle. It would no doubt save some excellent boys to the service, and perhaps produce other beneficial results, if the train-

ing ships came to Newport only once each year. They could then take their full complement and make a cruise of eleven months to Europe and the West Indies, always arranging to keep in warm climates. The old sloops of war are very uncomfortable in cold weather, and the drills aloft must be curtailed or expose the boys unnecessarily to inclement conditions. In addition, they are rendered discontented, while in the home ports, by frequent communication with their friends, which leads many to desert or procure their discharges. If they were kept abroad they would not desert, and would probably become so accustomed to their surroundings as to imbibe a liking for their new profession.

When the year on the training ship is completed, the apprentice is transferred to a regular man-of-war. Here his education is still continued, and the remainder of his enlistment is none too long for him to become thoroughly acquainted with a modern ship and her armament.

After re-enlistment, such ex-apprentices as have shown a proper aptitude can be sent to the Washington Navy-yard for a six months course of instruction in gunnery. A limited number of these are afterward detailed to Newport, R. I., for an equal length of time, to be given a practical knowledge of electricity and torpedoes. They then graduate into the service as seamen-gunners, which insures them petty officer's billets and better pay. The ram Alarm is being fitted out for the more complete instruction of gun-captains, to meet a positive necessity.

After a description of our own apprentice system, it will be instructive to glance at those of foreign countries.

Until the year 1853 the war vessels of Great Britain were manned by volun-

teers for the commission, and they were paid off when the ship returned from a cruise. It was anticipated that there would be a sufficient number of volunteers should an emergency occur requiring a large number of men. But the exigency having arisen in 1850, it was found impossible to secure crews for the vessels ordered into commission. Several months would elapse before men-of-war could be gotten to sea, although the merchant marine of England numbered fully two hundred and fifty thousand men at that time. Notwithstanding the special inducements offered, the difficulty continued until careful consideration led to the adoption of an apprentice system in 1853. England has since had many failures of ships and guns, but there has never been any trouble in keeping all her war vessels fully manned by efficient crews.

Boys of over fourteen will be enlisted as apprentices in England if they meet the physical requirements and can produce evidence of good character. After signing an engagement to serve until thirty years of age, they are sent to a training ship and are given an outfit of clothing. At the end of a year they may be promoted to first-class boys, and when eighteen can, if qualified, obtain the higher rating of ordinary seamen. Their future advancement then depends upon character and their aptitude for the profession. The positions of petty and warrant officers are open to them, when their annual pay would range from $400 to $800, besides a number of allowances for special qualifications. Apprentices receive regular instruction in primary studies, and great attention is paid to their physical education. Careful records are kept, which insure to merit its reward. The drills and exercises on the training brigs make seamen of them, and develop that nerve and contempt of danger which are such essential characteristics of a good sailor. When drafted to a regular man-of-war the systematic training in gunnery and torpedoes is continued, until an extensive practical technical knowledge is obtained. The allowance of increased pay for special acquirements is a very great incentive to earnest application, and will always produce beneficial results. If a man has twenty-two years of good service, when he reaches the age of forty, he can retire with a respectable pension. If he chooses to remain in active service until he is fifty, his pension is correspondingly increased.

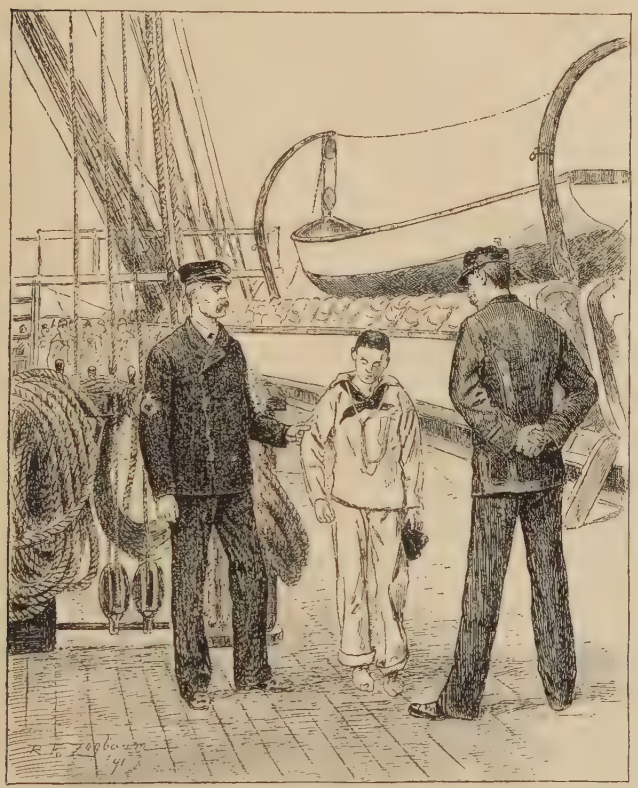
The system of securing men for the French navy is radically different from that of the English. While the training of boy volunteers is relied upon to a certain extent, the acceptance of the principle of compulsory service greatly simplifies the problem. The number of apprentices is not fixed by law, and fluctuates with the voluntary enlistments and the demands of the service. Boys are accepted on the training ships, for preliminary instruction, between fourteen and fifteen years of age. When sixteen they must either enlist for five years or refund the expense of their previous maintenance. The apprentices who show special aptitude are sent to the training schools, and are there thoroughly instructed. These afterward receive preference in the service, and eventually fill the positions of specialists and principal petty officers. Those selected for seamen-gunners are given fifteen months of practical training. After passing the required examinations, they become the gun-captains of the fleet.

In addition to the regular apprentices, boys from the maritime population, between sixteen and eighteen, may be shipped for two years. They receive similar training to the apprentices, and, at the expiration of their enlistments, must either re-enter for five years, or be subjects to the naval inscription. These two classes are the trained men of the service. The remaining men needed are obtained by the maritime inscription, and the military conscription. The former serve five years afloat, and two in the reserve. The men transferred from the army have five years in active service, and four in the reserve.

There is a close resemblance between the German and French systems of manning their respective navies. The German boys enter the service at fifteen or sixteen, and are educated for three years. After passing the school they enlist for nine years. The apprentices are very carefully trained in all the spe-

cialties, and are the main reliance for the supply of superior petty officers.

The same may be said of all European navies. While the majority of the men in each service except the English are secured by conscription, and volunteers of mature age are admitted, the apprentice system alone is trusted to furnish the skilled petty officers.



In Trouble.

In former times the ideal man-of-wars man was a good sailor, of strong, active physique. It was not necessary that he should be educated or have a high order of intelligence. His training was entirely practical. The best sailors were supposed to be careless, reckless men, who defied danger in every form at sea, and courted the worst slums of cities when on shore.

Ships were handled under sail with marvellous skill, and seamanship was a perfect science. But seamanship, considered as the science of handling a sailing ship, is a thing of the past. The developments, since the battle between the Monitor and Merrimac, have been so great that we have practically reached a new era. As the old-time battle-ship has been relegated to history, so must be the old-time man-of-wars man. An English admiral has fittingly remarked, that, "a seaman of to-day must know as much as the lieutenant of forty years ago."

After a long period of inertness and apparent indifference, our country has recently awakened to the imperative necessity of a navy, sufficient, at least, for defence. With practical unanimity the people and press have urged Congress to make the requisite appropriations. As a consequence, the progress of the construction of a new navy, during the last six years, has been very rapid. The severe tests prescribed by our naval authorities have spurred on our protesting steel manufacturers until their product is equal to any in the world. Already superior gun forgings are produced, and within two years two private establishments, which have been wisely fostered by large orders from the Government, will turn out armor-plates of any size. Many other steel works are steadily enlarging their plants. Our cruisers are well built, and those which have been tried have proved equal to any afloat of their class, in speed, facility of manœuvring, steadiness of platform, and seaworthiness. Our naval guns, also, compare favorably with those manufactured at the several celebrated private factories in Europe.

We have reason to congratulate our-

selves as a nation upon such a result, so quickly attained. It has shown how great is American creative genius. We now have the experience, the required designs, and the plants ; only money is necessary to place the material of our navy on an equality with any in existence. But the felicitations of our people are somewhat premature. While Congress has been so generous in legislating the new navy into existence, the personnel—both officers and men—has been almost entirely neglected. The majority of the officers are struggling manfully to keep abreast of the times. The requirements of naval science are now so great, and its developments so rapid, that they must apply themselves diligently during every spare moment. The student age is long past for most of them, but in spite of their years, the *esprit de corps* is such that they will not be found wanting when the hour of trial comes.

With the men it will be different, unless some change of policy occurs. Our crews are still largely composed of the dregs of all nations. The necessities of the service prevent any but a physical standard for enlistments : and nationality, intelligence, age, and moral character are not considered. Congress should realize that new vessels and new guns are incompetent to defend the national honor, unless they are efficiently manned. The ability of our officers cannot bring success in the next naval war, unless there is more trained intelligence among their subordinates.

In former wars we looked to the merchant marine and fishing fleet for our needed volunteers, and they were an efficient reliance. But with the modern war ship the fisherman and the merchant seaman would not be any more valuable as a recruit than a landsman of greater intelligence, who could be more quickly trained as a gunner or torpedoist.

There is a consensus of opinion among naval officers regarding our unfortunate position ; but they seem to differ widely as to the manner of improving it. Logical reasoning, and the experience of foreign navies, should convince us that there is but one solution. *We must take intelligence in the formative period and train it to meet our necessities. We must have an efficient apprentice system.* Granting this, three questions arise : How shall we get a sufficient number of apprentices, how shall we train them, and how retain them in the service? The first question can be answered if Congress will authorize the enlistment annually of fifteen hundred apprentices, and make the necessary appropriations for the recruiting and training service. At present we rely upon two or three large cities to furnish the majority of our apprentices. Even in these localities we make no special effort to attract the boys. They accidentally hear of the opportunity to enlist, and then with difficulty ascertain where to present themselves. And in these cities, the boys who are homeless and friendless are hardened little sinners, as a rule, disliking all restraint, and accustomed to take care of themselves. If they are of a roving disposition, they can always ship on a merchant vessel for a short cruise, and soon have their freedom again. The boys born and bred in the country are radically different. They know little of the world, and are afraid to venture away from their family surroundings. But let the Government say to them : I will clothe you, feed you, educate you, advance you to a position of good pay and some honor and responsibility when competent, and after twenty years' service retire you on a fair pension, and there will be no difficulty in getting numbers of them to enlist. In every agricultural State there are hundreds of boys who would rejoice at such a chance. Every village would furnish its quota of poor boys, who otherwise must be bound out, or labor for very scanty wages. Compare such material for moulding into seamen with vagrants, vicious productions of tenement-houses in the cities. The rural youth would enter the navy as a profession, and not as a temporary expedient. And he would neither have the inclination nor the nerve to desert and face the uncertainties of life in a seaport.

The ignorance regarding the navy in the interior States is stupendous. The only idea, if any, the country boy has of the service was obtained from a novel of Marryat's, when his blood was curdled by the terrible brutality of

naval officers and the terrific dangers of the sea. To get this class of recruits, you must inform them of the existence of the apprentice system, and the advantages it offers. The army has its recruiting stations scattered throughout the country. Why should not the navy? It is equally important to the United States, and, in an emergency, might prove more so. Why should the navy be confined to the seaports, and not have representatives of all parts of the country? Recruiting offices could be moved from place to place, advertising thoroughly in advance, and remain only a few weeks in each town. The personnel needed could be restricted to three or four persons, and the expense of each party would be small. When a dozen boys had been enlisted, they could be sent to the nearest rendezvous. In this way the navy could be Americanized and popularized, for the poor boys of every State would have an equal chance.

A Landing—the Advanced Skirmishers.

How should apprentices be trained? Enlist them for eight years. Give them six months' preliminary instruction, and one year on the training ships, as previously outlined. Furnish both training schools and ships with the most modern war material, and have plenty of instructors. Next send the apprentice to a cruiser for three years, and finally to a battle ship for an equal

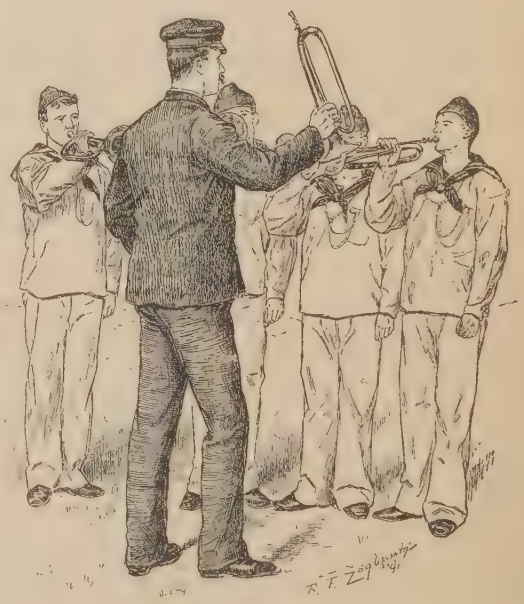
length of time. Throughout his entire service his instruction should be special and progressive. An individual record should be kept, and promotion given according to merit.

How shall we keep apprentices in the service? It is said that nine-tenths of the apprentices fail to re-enlist when they become of age. Many officers consider the system a failure for this reason. I do not agree with them. The Government has had three years' efficient service from the apprentices on board war vessels, where they fully earned their pay as members of the crew. The one-tenth who continue in the navy become our most intelligent petty officers. Those who decline to re-enlist would no doubt enrol themselves in the Naval Reserve, and would be the first to volunteer in the event of war.

The proportion of apprentices who remain in the service could be greatly increased if better treatment were vouchsafed them. The pay of the seamen is sufficiently large, and the navy ration is excellent. But it is very poorly cooked, and great improvement in this respect is necessary. The men's quarters have always been bad, and are much worse on the new ships than on the old ones. It does seem that very little attention is paid to their comfort in designing the modern war ships. Rectify this as far as possible. Largely increase the pay of the petty officers, and give them a uniform. Men should be promoted to petty officers only after a careful scrutiny of their record, and a satisfactory examination by a board of officers. Then they should not be reduced, except by sentence of a court-martial. Give them more authority, and make them drill-masters under the supervision of the officers. Put them in a position where they will respect themselves and have the obedience and respect of the men. They should have separate messes and quarters, and be treated as well as the non-commissioned officers in the army. Under these circumstances they will not lightly leave the service, and the apprentices will always have the stimulus of these favored billets before their eyes.

The men should be retired when they reach the age of forty, if they have had twenty years of continuous service. The English recognize that twenty years' service practically renders a man physically incompetent to perform longer the arduous duties on a man-of-war. Congress should realize this fact, and give adequate pay and pensions for the privations and hardships of a life at sea.

The Navy Department is doing all that is possible, with its limited means, to improve the efficiency of the apprentice system. If Congress would constitute a joint committee of both Houses to thoroughly investigate the personnel of the navy, it would certainly result in lasting benefit to the service.



The Bugle School.

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE CREW VANISH.

At the door of the exchange, I found myself alongside of the short, middle-aged gentleman who had made an appearance, so vigorous and so brief, in the great battle.

"Congratulate you, Mr. Dodd," he said. "You and your friend stuck to your guns nobly."

"No thanks to you, sir," I replied, "running us up a thousand at a time, and tempting all the speculators in San Francisco to come and have a try."

"Oh, that was temporary insanity," said he; "and I thank the higher powers I am still a free man. Walking this way, Mr. Dodd? I'll walk along with you. It's pleasant for an old fogy like myself to see the young bloods in the ring; I've done some pretty wild gambles in my time in this very city, when it was a smaller place and I was a younger man. Yes, I know you, Mr. Dodd. By sight, I may say I know you extremely well, you and your followers, the fellows in the kilts, eh? Pardon me. But I have the misfortune to own a little box on the Saucelito shore. I'll be glad to see you there any Sunday—without the fellows in kilts, you know; and I can give you a bottle of wine, and show you the best collection of Arctic voyages in the States. Morgan is my name—Judge Morgan—a Welshman and a forty-niner."

"Oh, if you're a pioneer," cried I, "come to me, and I'll provide you with an axe."

"You'll want your axes for yourself, I fancy," he returned, with one of his quick looks. "Unless you have private knowledge, there will be a good deal of rather violent wrecking to do before you find that—opium, do you call it?"

"Well, it's either opium, or we are stark, staring mad," I replied. "But I assure you we have no private information. We went in (as I suppose you did yourself) on observation."

"An observer, sir?" inquired the judge.

"I may say it is my trade—or, rather, was," said I.

"Well, now, and what did you think of Bellairs?" he asked.

"Very little indeed," said I.

"I may tell you," continued the judge, "that to me, the employment of a fellow like that appears inexplicable. I knew him; he knows me, too; he has often heard from me in court; and I assure you the man is utterly blown upon; it is not safe to trust him with a dollar; and here we find him dealing up to fifty thousand. I can't think who can have so trusted him, but I am very sure it was a stranger in San Francisco."

"Some one for the owners, I suppose," said I.

"Surely not!" exclaimed the judge. "Owners in London can have nothing to say to opium smuggled between Hong Kong and San Francisco. I should rather fancy they would be the last to hear of it—until the ship was seized. No; I was thinking of the captain. But where would he get the money? above all, after having laid out so much to buy the stuff in China. Unless, indeed, he were acting for some one in 'Frisco; and in that case—here we go round again in the vicious circle—Bellairs would not have been employed."

"I think I can assure you it was not the captain," said I; "for he and Bellairs are not acquainted."

"Wasn't that the captain, with the red face and colored handkerchief. He seemed to me to follow Bellairs's game with the most thrilling interest," objected Mr. Morgan.

"Perfectly true," said I; "Trent is deeply interested; he very likely knew Bellairs, and he certainly knew what he was there for; but I can put my hand in the fire that Bellairs didn't know Trent."

"Another singularity," observed the judge. "Well, we have had a capital forenoon. But you take an old lawyer's ad-

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"Mamie . . . sat, an apparent queen, among her rude surrounding and companions."

vice, and get to Midway Island as fast as you can. There's a pot of money on the table, and Bellairs and Co. are not the men to stick at trifles."

With this parting counsel, Judge Morgan shook hands and made off along Montgomery Street, while I entered the Occidental Hotel, on the steps of which we had finished our conversation. I was well known to the clerks, and as soon as it was understood that I was there to wait for Pinkerton and lunch, I was invited to a seat inside the counter. Here, then, in a retired corner, I was beginning to come a little to myself after these so violent experiences, when who should come hurrying in, and (after a moment with a clerk) fly to one of the telephone boxes but Mr. Henry D. Bellairs in person? Call it what you will, but the impulse was irresistible, and I rose and took a place immediately at the man's back. It may be some excuse that I had often practised this very innocent form of eavesdropping upon strangers, and for fun. Indeed, I scarce know anything that gives a lower view of man's intelligence than to overhear (as you thus do) one side of a communication.

"Central," said the attorney, "2241 and 584 B" (or some such numbers) —"Who's that?—All right—Mr. Bellairs—Occidental; the wires are fouled in the other place—Yes, about three minutes—Yes—Yes—Your figure, I am sorry to say—No—I had no authority—Neither more nor less—I have every reason to suppose so—Oh, Pinkerton, Montana Block—Yes—Yes—Very good, sir—As you will, sir—Disconnect 584 B."

Bellairs turned to leave; at sight of me behind him, up flew his hands, and he winced and cringed, as though in fear of bodily attack. "Oh, it's you!" he cried; and then, somewhat recovered, "Mr. Pinkerton's partner, I believe? I am pleased to see you, sir—to congratulate you on your late success." And with that he was gone, obsequiously bowing as he passed.

And now a madcap humor came upon me. It was plain Bellairs had been communicating with his principal; I knew the number, if not the name; should I ring up at once, it was more than likely he would return in person to the telephone; why should not I dash (vocally) into the presence of this mysterious person, and have some fun for my money? I pressed the bell.

"Central," said I, "connect again 2241 and 584 B."

A phantom central repeated the numbers; there was a pause, and then "Two two four one," came in a tiny voice into my ear—a voice with the English sing-song—the voice plainly of a gentleman. "Is that you again, Mr. Bellairs?" it trilled. "I tell you it's no use. Is that you, Mr. Bellairs? Who is that?"

"I only want to put a single question," said I, civilly. "Why do you want to buy the *Flying Scud?*"

No answer came. The telephone vibrated and hummed in miniature with all the numerous talk of a great city; but the voice of 2241 was silent. Once and twice I put my question; but the tiny, sing-song English voice, I heard no more. The man, then, had fled? fled from an impertinent question? It scarce seemed natural to me; unless on the principle that the wicked fleeth when no man pursueth. I took the telephone list and turned the number up: "2241, Mrs. Keane, res. 942 Mission Street." And that, short of driving to the house and renewing my impertinence in person, was all that I could do.

Yet, as I resumed my seat in the corner of the office, I was conscious of a new element of the uncertain, the underhand, perhaps even the dangerous, in our adventure; and there was now a new picture in my mental gallery, to hang beside that of the wreck under its canopy of sea-birds and of Captain Trent mopping his red brow—the picture of a man with a telephone dice-box to his ear, and at the small voice of a single question, struck suddenly as white as ashes.

From these considerations I was awakened by the striking of the clock. An hour and nearly twenty minutes had elapsed since Pinkerton departed for the money; he was twenty minutes behind time; and to me who knew so well his gluttonous despatch of business and had so frequently admired his iron punctuality, the fact spoke volumes. The twenty minutes slowly stretched into an hour; the hour had nearly ex-

tended to a second; and I still sat in my corner of the office, or paced the marble pavement of the hall, a prey to the most wretched anxiety and penitence. The hour for lunch was nearly over before I remembered that I had not eaten. Heaven knows I had no appetite; but there might still be much to do—it was needful I should keep myself in proper trim, if it were only to digest the now too probable bad news; and leaving word at the office for Pinkerton, I sat down to table and called for soup, oysters, and a pint of champagne.

I was not long set before my friend returned. He looked pale and rather old, refused to hear of food, and called for tea.

"I suppose all's up?" said I, with an incredible sinking.

"No," he replied; "I've pulled it through, Loudon; just pulled it through. I couldn't have raised another cent in all 'Frisco. People don't like it; Longhurst even went back on me; said he wasn't a three-card-monte man."

"Well, what's the odds?" said I. "That's all we wanted, isn't it?"

"Loudon, I tell you I've had to pay blood for that money," cried my friend, with almost savage energy and gloom. "It's all on ninety days, too; I couldn't get another day—not another day. If we go ahead with this affair, Loudon, you'll have to go yourself and make the fur fly. I'll stay of course—I've got to stay and face the trouble in this city; though, I tell you, I just long to go. I would show these fat brutes of sailors what work was; I would be all through that wreck and out at the other end, before they had boosted themselves upon the deck! But you'll do your level best, Loudon; I depend on you for that. You must be all fire and grit and dash from the word 'go.' That schooner and the boodle on board of her are bound to be here before three months, or its B. U. S. T.—bust."

"I'll swear I'll do my best, Jim; I'll work double tides," said I. "It is my fault that you are in this thing, and I'll get you out again or kill myself. But what is that you say? 'If we go ahead?' Have we any choice, then?"

"I'm coming to that," said Jim. "It isn't that I doubt the investment. Don't blame yourself for that; you showed a fine, sound business instinct: I always knew it was in you, but then it ripped right out. I guess that little beast of an attorney knew what he was doing; and he wanted nothing better than to go beyond. No, there's profit in the deal; it's not that; it's these ninety-day bills, and the strain I've given the credit, for I've been up and down, borrowing, and begging, and bribing to borrow. I don't believe there's another man but me in 'Frisco," he cried, with a sudden fervor of self-admiration, "who could have raised that last ten thousand!—Then there's another thing. I had hoped you might have peddled that opium through the islands, which is safer and more profitable. But with this three-month limit, you must make tracks for Honolulu straight, and communicate by steamer. I'll try to put up something for you there; I'll have a man spoken to who's posted on that line of biz. Keep a bright lookout for him as soon's you make the islands; for it's on the cards he might pick you up at sea in a whaleboat or a steam-launch, and bring the dollars right on board."

It shows how much I had suffered morally during my sojourn in San Francisco, that even now, when our fortunes trembled in the balance, I should have consented to become a smuggler and (of all things) a smuggler of opium. Yet I did, and that in silence; without a protest, not without a twinge.

"And suppose," said I, "suppose the opium is so securely hidden that I can't get hands on it."

"Then you'll stay there till that brig is kindling-wood, and stay and split that kindling-wood with your penknife," cried Pinkerton. "The stuff is there; we know that; and it must be found. But all this is only the one string to our bow—though I tell you I've gone into it head-first, as if it were our bottom dollar. Why, the first thing I did before I'd raised a cent, and with this other notion in my head already—the first thing I did was to secure the schooner. The *Nora Creina*, she is, sixty-four tons, quite big enough for our purpose since

the rice is spoiled, and the fastest thing of her tonnage out of San Francisco. For a bonus of two hundred, and a monthly charter of three, I have her for my own time ; wages and provisions, say four hundred more : a drop in the bucket. They began firing the cargo out of her (she was part loaded) near two hours ago ; and about the same time John Smith got the order for the stores. That's what I call business."

"No doubt of that," said I. "But the other notion ? "

"Well, here it is," said Jim. "You agree with me that Bellairs was ready to go higher ? "

I saw where he was coming. "Yes, —and why shouldn't he ? " said I. "Is that the line ? "

"That's the line, Loudon Dodd," assented Jim. "If Bellairs and his principal have any desire to go me better, I'm their man."

A sudden thought, a sudden fear, shot into my mind. What if I had been right ? What if my childish pleasantry had frightened the principal away, and thus destroyed our chance ? Shame closed my mouth ; I began instinctively a long course of reticence ; and it was without a word of my meeting with Bellairs, or my discovery of the address in Mission Street, that I continued the discussion.

"Doubtless fifty thousand was originally mentioned as a round sum," said I, "or at least, so Bellairs supposed. But at the same time it may be an outside sum ; and to cover the expenses we have already incurred for the money and the schooner—I am far from blaming you ; I see how needful it was to be ready for either event—but to cover them we shall want a rather large advance."

"Bellairs will go to sixty thousand ; it's my belief, if he were properly handled, he would take the hundred," replied Pinkerton. "Look back on the way the sale ran at the end."

"That is my own impression as regards Bellairs," I admitted. "The point I am trying to make is that Bellairs himself may be mistaken ; that what he supposed to be a round sum was really an outside figure."

"Well, Loudon, if that is so," said Jim, with extraordinary gravity of face and voice, "if that is so, let him take the *Flying Scud* at fifty thousand, and joy go with her ! I prefer the loss."

"Is that so, Jim ? Are we dipped as bad as that ? " I cried.

"We've put our hand farther out than we can pull it in again, Loudon," he replied. "Why, man, that fifty thousand dollars, before we get clear again, will cost us nearer seventy. Yes, it figures up overhead to more than ten per cent. a month ; and I could do no better, and there isn't the man breathing could have done as well. It was a miracle, Loudon. I couldn't but admire myself. O, if we had just the four months ! And you know, Loudon, it may still be done. With your energy and charm, if the worst comes to the worst, you can run that schooner as you ran one of your picnics ; and we may have luck. And, O, man ! if we do pull it through, what a dashing operation it will be ! What an advertisement ! what a thing to talk of, and remember all our lives ! However," he broke off, suddenly, "we must try the safe thing first. Here's for the shyster ! "

There was another struggle in my mind, whether I should even now admit my knowledge of the Mission Street address. But I had let the favorable moment slip. I had now, which made it the more awkward, not merely the original discovery, but my late suppression to confess. I could not help reasoning, besides, that the more natural course was to approach the principal by the road of his agent's office ; and there weighed upon my spirits a conviction that we were already too late, and that the man was gone two hours ago. Once more, then, I held my peace ; and after an exchange of words at the telephone to assure ourselves he was at home, we set out for the attorney's office.

The endless streets of any American city pass, from one end to another, through strange degrees and vicissitudes of splendor and distress, running under the same name between monumental warehouses, the dens and taverns of thieves, and the sward and shrubbery of villas. In San Francisco, the sharp inequalities of the ground,

and the sea bordering on so many sides, greatly exaggerate these contrasts. The street for which we were now bound took its rise among blowing sands, somewhere in view of the Lone Mountain Cemetery; ran for a term across that rather windy Olympus of Nob Hill, or perhaps just skirted its frontier; passed almost immediately after through a stage of little houses, rather impudently painted, and offering to the eye of the observer this diagnostic peculiarity, that the huge brass plates upon the small and highly-colored doors bore only the first names of ladies—Nora or Lily or Florence; traversed China Town, where it was doubtless undermined with opium cellars, and its blocks pierced, after the similitude of rabbit-warrens, with a hundred doors and passages and galleries; enjoyed a glimpse of high publicity at the corner of Kearney; and proceeded, among dives and warehouses, toward the City Front and the region of the water-rats. In this last stage of its career, where it was both grimy and solitary, and alternately quiet and roaring to the wheels of drays, we found a certain house of some pretension to neatness, and furnished with a rustic outside stair. On the pillar of the stair a black plate bore in gilded lettering this device: "Harry D. Bellairs, Attorney-at-law. Consultations, 9 to 6." On ascending the stairs, a door was found to stand open on the balcony, with this further inscription, "Mr. Bellairs In."

"I wonder what we do next," said I.

"Guess we sail right in," returned Jim, and suited the action to the word.

The room in which we found ourselves was clean, but extremely bare. A rather old-fashioned secretaire stood by the wall, with a chair drawn to the desk; in one corner was a shelf with half a dozen law books; and I can remember literally not another stick of furniture. One inference imposed itself: Mr. Bellairs was in the habit of sitting down and suffering his clients to stand. At the far end, and veiled by a curtain of red baize, a second door communicated with the interior of the house. Hence, after some coughing and stamping, we elicited the shyster, who came timorously forth, for all the world like a man in fear of bodily assault, and then, recognizing his guests, suffered from what I can only call a nervous paroxysm of courtesy.

"Mr. Pinkerton and partner!" said he. "I will go and fetch you seats."

"Not the least," said Jim. "No time. Much rather stand. This is business, Mr. Bellairs. This morning, as you know, I bought the wreck, *Flying Scud*."

The lawyer nodded.

"And bought her," pursued my friend, "at a figure out of all proportion to the cargo and the circumstances, as they appeared?"

"And now you think better of it, and would like to be off with your bargain? I have been figuring upon this," returned the lawyer. "My client, I will not hide from you, was displeased with me for putting her so high. I think we were both too heated, Mr. Pinkerton: rivalry—the spirit of competition. But I will be quite frank—I know when I am dealing with gentlemen—and I am almost certain, if you leave the matter in my hands, my client would relieve you of the bargain, so as you would lose"—he consulted our faces with gimlet-eyed calculation—"nothing," he added shrilly.

And here Pinkerton amazed me.

"That's a little too thin," said he. "I have the wreck. I know there's boodle in her, and I mean to keep her. What I want is some points which may save me needless expense, and which I'm prepared to pay for, money down. The thing for you to consider is just this: am I to deal with you, or direct with your principal? If you are prepared to give me the facts right off, why, name your figure. Only one thing!" added Jim, holding a finger up, "when I say 'money down,' I mean bills payable when the ship returns, and if the information proves reliable. I don't buy pigs in pokes."

I had seen the lawyer's face light up for a moment, and then, at the sound of Jim's proviso, miserably fade. "I guess you know more about this wreck than I do, Mr. Pinkerton," said he. "I only know that I was told to buy the thing, and tried, and couldn't."

"What I like about you, Mr. Bel-

lairs, is that you waste no time," said Jim. "Now then; your client's name and address."

"On consideration," replied the lawyer, with indescribable furtivity, "I cannot see that I am entitled to communicate my client's name. I will sound him for you with pleasure, if you care to instruct me; but I cannot see that I can give you his address."

"Very well," said Jim, and put his hat on. "Rather a strong step, isn't it?" (Between every sentence was a clear pause.) "Not think better of it? Well, come—call it a dollar!"

"Mr. Pinkerton, sir!" exclaimed the offended attorney; and indeed, I myself was almost afraid that Jim had mistaken his man and gone too far.

"No present use for a dollar?" says Jim. "Well, look here, Mr. Bellairs: we're both busy men, and I'll go to my outside figure with you right away——"

"Stop this, Pinkerton," I broke in. "I know the address: 924 Mission Street."

I do not know whether Pinkerton or Bellairs was the more taken aback.

"Why in snakes didn't you say so, Loudon?" cried my friend.

"You didn't ask for it before," said I, coloring to my temples under his troubled eyes.

It was Bellairs who broke silence, kindly supplying me with all that I had yet to learn. "Since you know Mr. Dickson's address," said he, plainly burning to be rid of us, "I suppose I need detain you no longer."

I do not know how Pinkerton felt, but I had death in my soul as we came down the outside stair, from the den of this blotched spider. My whole being was strung, waiting for Jim's first question, and prepared to blurt out, I believe, almost with tears, a full avowal. But my friend asked nothing.

"We must hack it," said he, tearing off in the direction of the nearest stand. "No time to be lost. You saw how I changed ground. No use in paying the shyster's commission."

Again I expected a reference to my suppression; again I was disappointed. It was plain Jim feared the subject, and I felt I almost hated him for that fear. At last, when we were already in the hack and driving toward Mission Street, I could bear my suspense no longer.

"You do not ask me about that address," said I.

"No," said he, quickly and timidly. "What was it? I would like to know."

The note of timidity offended me like a buffet; my temper rose as hot as mustard. "I must request you do not ask me," said I. "It is a matter I cannot explain."

The moment the foolish words were said, that moment I would have given worlds to recall them: how much more, when Pinkerton, patting my hand, replied: "All right, dear boy; not another word; that's all done. I'm convinced it's perfectly right." To return upon the subject was beyond my courage; but I vowed inwardly that I should do my utmost in the future for this mad speculation, and that I would cut myself in pieces before Jim should lose one dollar.

We had no sooner arrived at the address than I had other things to think of.

"Mr. Dickson? He's gone," said the landlady.

Where had he gone?

"I'm sure I can't tell you," she answered. "He was quite a stranger to me."

"Did he express his baggage, ma'am?" asked Pinkerton.

"Hadn't any," was the reply. "He came last night and left again to-day with a satchel."

"When did he leave?" I inquired.

"It was about noon," replied the landlady. "Some one rang up the telephone, and asked for him; and I reckon he got some news, for he left right away, although his rooms were taken by the week. He seemed considerable put out: I reckon it was a death."

My heart sank; perhaps my idiotic jest had indeed driven him away; and again I asked myself, Why? and whirled for a moment in a vortex of untenable hypotheses.

"What was he like, ma'am?" Pinkerton was asking, when I returned to consciousness of my surroundings.

"A clean shaved man," said the woman, and could be led or driven into no more significant description.

"Pull up at the nearest drug-store,"

said Pinkerton to the driver; and when there, the telephone was put in operation, and the message sped to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's office—this was in the days before Spreckels had arisen—"When does the next China steamer touch at Honolulu?"

"The *City of Pekin;* she cast off the dock to-day, at half-past one," came the reply.

"It's a clear case of bolt," said Jim. "He's skipped, or my name's not Pinkerton. He's gone to head us off at Midway Island."

Somehow I was not so sure; there were elements in the case, not known to Pinkerton—the fears of the captain, for example—that inclined me otherwise; and the idea that I had terrified Mr. Dickson into flight, though resting on so slender a foundation, clung obstinately in my mind. "Shouldn't we see the list of passengers?" I asked.

"Dickson is such a blamed common name," returned Jim; "and then, as like as not, he would change it."

At this I had another intuition. A negative of a street scene, taken unconsciously when I was absorbed in other thoughts, rose in my memory with not a feature blurred: a view, from Bellairs's doors as we were coming down, of muddy roadway, passing drays, matted telegraph wires, a Chinaboy with a basket on his head, and (almost opposite) a corner grocery with the name of Dickson in great gilt letters.

"Yes," said I, "you are right; he would change it. And anyway, I don't believe it was his name at all; I believe he took it from a corner grocery beside Bellairs's."

"As like as not," said Jim, still standing on the sidewalk with contracted brows.

"Well, what shall we do next?" I asked.

"The natural thing would be to rush the schooner," he replied. "But I don't know. I telephoned the captain to go at it head down and heels in air; he answered like a little man; and I guess he's getting around. I believe, Loudon, we'll give Trent a chance. Trent was in it; he was in it up to the neck; even if he couldn't buy, he could give us the straight tip."

"I think so too," said I. "Where shall we find him?"

"British consulate, of course," said Jim. "And that's another reason for taking him first. We can hustle that schooner up all evening; but when the consulate's shut, it's shut."

At the consulate, we learned that Captain Trent had alighted (such is I believe the classic phrase) at the What Cheer House. To that large and unaristocratic hostelry we drove, and addressed ourselves to a large clerk, who was chewing a toothpick and looking straight before him.

"Captain Jacob Trent?"

"Gone," said the clerk.

"Where has he gone?" asked Pinkerton.

"Cain't say," said the clerk.

"When did he go?" I asked.

"Don't know," said the clerk, and with the simplicity of a monarch offered us the spectacle of his broad back.

What might have happened next I dread to picture, for Pinkerton's excitement had been growing steadily, and now burned dangerously high; but we were spared extremities by the intervention of a second clerk.

"Why! Mr. Dodd!" he exclaimed, running forward to the counter. "Glad to see you, sir! Can I do anything in your way?"

How virtuous actions blossom! Here was a young man to whose pleased ears I had rehearsed *Just before the battle, mother,* at some weekly picnic; and now, in that tense moment of my life, he came (from the machine) to be my helper.

"Captain Trent of the wreck? O yes, Mr. Dodd; he left about twelve; he and another of the men. The Kanaka went earlier by the *City of Pekin;* I know that; I remember expressing his chest. Captain Trent's? I'll inquire, Mr. Dodd. Yes, they were all here. Here are the names on the register; perhaps you would care to look at them while I go and see about the baggage?"

I drew the book toward me, and stood looking at the four names all written in the same hand, rather a big and rather a bad one: Trent, Brown, Hardy, and (instead of Ah Sing) Jos. Amalu.

"Pinkerton," said I, suddenly, "have you that *Occidental* in your pocket?"

"Never left me," said Pinkerton, producing the paper. I turned to the account of the wreck. "Here," said I; "here's the name. 'Elias Goddedaal, mate.' Why do we never come across Elias Goddedaal?"

"That's so," said Jim. "Was he with the rest in that saloon when you saw them?"

"I don't believe it," said I. "They were only four, and there was none that behaved like a mate."

At this moment the clerk returned with his report.

"The captain," it appeared, "came with some kind of a handcart, and he and the man took off three chests and a big satchel. Our porter helped to put them on, but they drove the cart themselves. The porter thinks they went down town. It was about one."

"Still in time for the *City of Pekin*," observed Jim.

"How many of them were here?" I inquired.

"Three, sir, and the Kanaka," replied the clerk. "I can't somehow find out about the third, but he's gone too."

"Mr. Goddedaal, the mate, wasn't here then?" I asked.

"No, Mr. Dodd, none but what you see," says the clerk.

"Nor you never heard where he was?"

"No. Any particular reason for finding these men, Mr. Dodd?" inquired the clerk.

"This gentleman and I have bought the wreck," I explained; "we wished to get some information, and it is very annoying to find the men all gone."

A certain group had gradually formed about us, for the wreck was still a matter of interest; and at this, one of the bystanders, a rough seafaring man, spoke suddenly.

"I guess the mate won't be gone," said he. "He's main sick; never left the sick-bay aboard the *Tempest;* so they tell *me*."

Jim took me by the sleeve. "Back to the consulate," said he.

But even at the consulate nothing was known of Mr. Goddedaal. The doctor of the *Tempest* had certified him very sick; he had sent his papers in, but never appeared in person before the authorities.

"Have you a telephone laid on to the *Tempest?*" asked Pinkerton.

"Laid on yesterday," said the clerk.

"Do you mind asking, or letting me ask? We are very anxious to get hold of Mr. Goddedaal."

"All right," said the clerk, and turned to the telephone. "I'm sorry," he said presently, "Mr. Goddedaal has left the ship, and no one knows where he is."

"Do you pay the men's passage home?" I inquired, a sudden thought striking me.

"If they want it," said the clerk; "sometimes they don't. But we paid the Kanaka's passage to Honolulu this morning; and by what Captain Trent was saying, I understand the rest are going home together."

"Then you haven't paid them?" said I.

"Not yet," said the clerk.

"And you would be a good deal surprised, if I were to tell you they were gone already?" I asked.

"O, I should think you were mistaken," said he.

"Such is the fact, however," said I.

"I am sure you must be mistaken," he repeated.

"May I use your telephone one moment?" asked Pinkerton; and as soon as permission had been granted, I heard him ring up the printing-office where our advertisements were usually handled. More I did not hear; for suddenly recalling the big, bad hand in the register of the What Cheer House, I asked the consulate clerk if he had a specimen of Captain Trent's writing. Whereupon I learned that the captain could not write, having cut his hand open a little before the loss of the brig; that the latter part of the log even had been written up by Mr. Goddedaal, and that Trent had always signed with his left hand. By the time I had gleaned this information, Pinkerton was ready.

"That's all we can do. Now for the schooner," said he; "and by to-morrow evening I lay hands on Goddedaal, or my name's not Pinkerton."

"How have you managed?" I inquired.

"You'll see before you get to bed," said Pinkerton. "And now, after all this backwarding and forwarding, and

that hotel clerk, and that bug Bellairs, it'll be a change and a kind of consolation to see the schooner. I guess things are humming there."

But on the wharf, when we reached it, there was no sign of bustle, and but for the galley smoke, no mark of life on the *Norah Creina*. Pinkerton's face grew pale, and his mouth straightened, as he leaped on board.

"Where's the captain of this——?" and he left the phrase unfinished, finding no epithet sufficiently energetic for his thoughts.

It did not appear whom or what he was addressing; but a head, presumably the cook's, appeared in answer at the galley door.

"In the cabin, at dinner," said the cook deliberately, chewing as he spoke.

"Is that cargo out?"

"No, sir."

"None of it?"

"O, there's some of it out. We'll get at the rest of it livelier to-morrow, I guess."

"I guess there'll be something broken first," said Pinkerton, and strode to the cabin.

Here we found a man, fat, dark, and quiet, seated gravely at what seemed a liberal meal. He looked up, upon our entrance; and seeing Pinkerton continue to stand facing him in silence, hat on head, arms folded, and lips compressed, an expression of mingled wonder and annoyance began to dawn upon his placid face.

"Well!" said Jim. "And so this is what you call rushing around?"

"Who are you?" cries the captain.

"Me! I'm Pinkerton!" retorted Jim, as though the name had been a talisman.

"You're not very civil, whoever you are," was the reply. But still a certain effect had been produced, for he scrambled to his feet, and added hastily, "A man must have a bit of dinner, you know, Mr. Pinkerton."

"Where's your mate?" snapped Jim.

"He's up town," returned the other.

"Up town!" sneered Pinkerton. "Now I'll tell you what you are: you're a Fraud; and if I wasn't afraid of dirtying my boot, I would kick you and your dinner into that dock."

"I'll tell you something too," retorted the captain, duskily flushing. "I wouldn't sail this ship for the man you are, if you went upon your knees. I've dealt with gentlemen up to now."

"I can tell you the names of a number of gentlemen you'll never deal with any more, and that's the whole of Longhurst's gang," said Jim. "I'll put your pipe out in that quarter, my friend. Here, rout out your traps as quick as look at it, and take your vermin along with you. I'll have a captain in, this very night, that's a sailor, and some sailors to work for him."

"I'll go when I please, and that's to-morrow morning," cried the captain after us, as we departed for the shore.

"There's something gone wrong with the world to-day; it must have come bottom up!" wailed Pinkerton. "Bellairs, and then the hotel clerk, and now This Fraud! And what am I to do for a captain, Loudon, with Longhurst gone home an hour ago, and the boys all scattered?"

"I know," said I. "Jump in!" And then to the driver: "Do you know Black Tom's?"

Thither then we rattled; passed through the bar, and found (as I hoped) Johnson in the enjoyment of club life. The table had been thrust upon one side; a South Sea merchant was discoursing music from a mouth-organ in one corner; and in the middle of the floor Johnson and a fellow-seaman, their arms clasped about each other's bodies, somewhat heavily danced. The room was both cold and close; a jet of gas, which continually menaced the heads of the performers, shed a coarse illumination; the mouth-organ sounded shrill and dismal; and the faces of all concerned were church-like in their gravity. It were, of course, indelicate to interrupt these solemn frolics; so we edged ourselves to chairs, for all the world like belated comers in a concert-room, and patiently waited for the end. At length the organist, having exhausted his supply of breath, ceased abruptly in the middle of a bar. With the cessation of the strain, the dancers likewise came to a full stop, swayed a moment, still embracing, and then separated and looked about the circle for applause.

"Very well danced!" said one; but it appears the compliment was not strong enough for the performers, who (forgetful of the proverb) took up the tale in person.

"Well!" said Johnson. "I mayn't be no sailor, but I can dance!"

And his late partner, with an almost pathetic conviction, added, "My foot is as light as a feather."

Seeing how the wind set, you may be sure I added a few words of praise before I carried Johnson alone into the passage; to whom, thus mollified, I told so much as I judged needful of our situation, and begged him, if he would not take the job himself, to find me a smart man.

"Me!" he cried. "I couldn't no more do it than I could try to go to hell!"

"I thought you were a mate," said I.

"So I am a mate," giggled Johnson, "and you don't catch me shipping noways else. But I'll tell you what, I believe I can get you Arty Nares; you seen Arty; first-rate navigator and a son of a gun for style." And he proceeded to explain to me that Mr. Nares, who had the promise of a fine barque in six months, after things had quieted down, was in the meantime living very private, and would be pleased to have a change of air.

I called out Pinkerton and told him. "Nares!" he cried, as soon as I had come to the name. "I would jump at the chance of a man that had had Nares's trousers on! Why, Loudon, he's the smartest deep-water mate out of San Francisco, and draws his dividends regular in service and out." This hearty indorsation clinched the proposal; Johnson agreed to produce Nares before six the following morning; and Black Tom, being called into the consultation, promised us four smart hands for the same hour, and even (what appeared to all of us excessive) promised them sober.

The streets were fully lighted when we left Black Tom's: street after street sparkling with gas or electricity, line after line of distant luminaries climbing the steep sides of hills towards the overvaulting darkness; and on the other hand, where the waters of the bay invisibly trembled, a hundred riding lanterns marked the position of a hundred ships. The sea-fox flew high in heaven; and at the level of man's life and business it was clear and chill. By silent consent, we paid the hack off, and proceeded arm in arm towards the Poodle Dog for dinner.

At one of the first hoardings, I was aware of a bill-sticker at work: it was a late hour for this employment, and I checked Pinkerton until the sheet should be unfolded. This is what I read:—

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE

WRECKED BRIG FLYING SCUD

APPLYING,

PERSONALLY OR BY LETTER,

AT THE OFFICE OF JAMES PINKERTON, MONTANA BLOCK,

BEFORE NOON TO-MORROW, TUESDAY, 12TH,

WILL RECEIVE

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

"This is your idea, Pinkerton!" I cried.

"Yes. They've lost no time; I'll say that for them—not like the Fraud," said he. "But mind you, Loudon, that's not half of it. The cream of the idea's here: we know our man's sick; well, a copy of that has been mailed to every hospital, every doctor, and every drug-store in San Francisco."

Of course, from the nature of our business, Pinkerton could do a thing of the kind at a figure extremely reduced; for all that, I was appalled at the extravagance, and said so.

"What matter a few dollars now?" he replied sadly. "It's in three months that the pull comes, Loudon."

We walked on again in silence, not without a shiver. Even at the Poodle Dog, we took our food with small appetite and less speech; and it was not until he was warmed with a third glass of champagne that Pinkerton cleared his throat and looked upon me with a deprecating eye.

"Loudon," said he, "there was a subject you didn't wish to be referred to. I only want to do so indirectly. It wasn't"—he faltered—"it wasn't be-

cause you were dissatisfied with me?" he concluded, with a quaver.

"Pinkerton!" cried I.

"No, no, not a word just now," he hastened to proceed. "Let me speak first. I appreciate, though I can't imitate, the delicacy of your nature; and I can well understand you would rather die than speak of it, and yet might feel disappointed. I did think I could have done better myself. But when I found how tight money was in this city, and a man like Douglas B. Longhurst—a forty-niner, the man that stood at bay in a corn patch for five hours against the San Diablo squatters—weakening on the operation, I tell you, Loudon, I began to despair; and—I may have made mistakes, no doubt there are thousands who could have done better—but I give you a loyal hand on it, I did my best."

"My poor Jim," said I, "as if I ever doubted you! as if I didn't know you had done wonders! All day I've been admiring your energy and resource. And as for that affair——"

"No, Loudon, no more, not a word more! I don't want to hear," cried Jim.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I don't want to tell you," said I; "for it's a thing I'm ashamed of."

"Ashamed, Loudon? O, don't say that; don't use such an expression even in jest!" protested Pinkerton.

"Do you never do anything you're ashamed of?" I inquired.

"No," says he, rolling his eyes. "Why? I'm sometimes sorry afterwards, when it pans out different from what I figured. But I can't see what I would want to be ashamed for."

I sat a while considering with admiration the simplicity of my friend's character. Then I sighed. "Do you know, Jim, what I'm sorriest for?" said I. "At this rate, I can't be best man at your marriage."

"My marriage!" he repeated, echoing the sigh. "No marriage for me now. I'm going right down to-night to break it to her. I think that's what's shaken me all day. I feel as if I had no right (after I was engaged) to operate so widely."

"Well, you know, Jim, it was my doing, and you must lay the blame on me," said I.

"Not a cent of it!" he cried. "I was as eager as yourself, only not so bright at the beginning. No; I've myself to thank for it; but it's a wrench."

While Jim departed on his dolorous mission, I returned alone to the office, lit the gas, and sat down to reflect on the events of that momentous day: on the strange features of the tale that had been so far unfolded, the disappearances, the terrors, the great sums of money; and on the dangerous and ungrateful task that awaited me in the immediate future.

It is difficult, in the retrospect of such affairs, to avoid attributing to ourselves in the past a measure of the knowledge we possess to-day. But I may say, and yet be well within the mark, that I was consumed that night with a fever of suspicion and curiosity; exhausted my fancy in solutions, which I still dismissed as incommensurable with the facts; and in the mystery by which I saw myself surrounded, found a precious stimulus for my courage and a convenient soothing draught for conscience. Even had all been plain sailing, I do not hint that I should have drawn back. Smuggling is one of the meanest of crimes, for by that we rob a whole country *pro rata*, and are therefore certain to impoverish the poor: to smuggle opium is an offence particularly dark, since it stands related not so much to murder, as to massacre. Upon all these points I was quite clear; my sympathy was all in arms against my interest; and had not Jim been involved, I could have dwelt almost with satisfaction on the idea of my failure. But Jim, his whole fortune, and his marriage, depended upon my success; and I preferred the interests of my friend before those of all the islanders in the South Seas. This is a poor, private morality, if you like; but it is mine, and the best I have; and I am not half so much ashamed of having embarked at all on this adventure, as I am proud that (while I was in it, and for the sake of my friend) I was up early, and down late, set my own hand to everything, took dangers as they came, and for once in my life played the man throughout.

At the same time, I could have desired another field of energy; and I was the more grateful for the redeeming element of mystery. Without that, though I might have gone ahead and done as well, it would scarce have been with ardor; and what inspired me that night with an impatient greed of the sea, the island, and the wreck, was the hope that I might stumble there upon the answer to a hundred questions, and learn why Captain Trent fanned his red face in the exchange, and why Mr. Dickson fled from the telephone in the Mission Street lodging-house.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH JIM AND I TAKE DIFFERENT WAYS.

I was unhappy when I closed my eyes; and it was to unhappiness that I opened them again next morning, to a confused sense of some calamity still inarticulate, and to the consciousness of jaded limbs and of a swimming head. I must have lain for some time inert and stupidly miserable, before I became aware of a reiterated knocking at the door; with which discovery all my wits flowed back in their accustomed channels, and I remembered the sale, and the wreck, and Goddedaal, and Nares, and Johnson, and Black Tom, and the troubles of yesterday, and the manifold engagements of the day that was to come. The thought thrilled me like a trumpet in the hour of battle. In a moment, I had leaped from bed, crossed the office where Pinkerton lay in a deep trance of sleep on the convertible sofa, and stood in the doorway, in my night gear, to receive our visitors.

Johnson was first, by way of usher, smiling. From a little behind, with his Sunday hat tilted forward over his brow, and a cigar glowing between his lips, Captain Nares acknowledged our previous acquaintance with a succinct nod. Behind him again, in the top of the stairway, a knot of sailors, the new crew of the *Norah Creina*, stood polishing the wall with back and elbow. These I left without, to their reflections. But our two officers I carried at once into the office, where (taking Jim by the shoulder) I shook him slowly into consciousness. He sat up, all abroad for the moment, and stared on the new captain.

"Jim," said I, "this is Captain Nares. Captain, Mr. Pinkerton."

Nares repeated his curt nod, still without speech; and I thought he held us both under a watchful scrutiny.

"Oh!" says Jim, "this is Captain Nares, is it? Good morning, Captain Nares. Happy to have the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir. I know you well by reputation."

Perhaps, under the circumstances of the moment, this was scarce a welcome speech. At least, Nares received it with a grunt.

"Well, Captain," Jim continued, "you know about the size of the business? You're to take the *Norah Creina* to Midway Island, break up a wreck, call at Honolulu, and back to this port? I suppose that's understood?"

"Well," returned Nares, with the same unamiable reserve, "for a reason, which I guess you know, the cruise may suit me; but there's a point or two to settle. We shall have to talk, Mr. Pinkerton. But whether I go or not, somebody will; there's no sense in losing time; and you might give Mr. Johnson a note, let him take the hands right down, and set to overhaul the rigging. The beasts look sober," he added, with an air of great disgust, "and need putting to work to keep them so."

This being agreed upon, Nares watched his subordinate depart and drew a visible breath.

"And now we're alone and can talk," said he. "What's this thing about? It's been advertised like Barnum's museum; that poster of yours has set the front talking; that's an objection in itself, for I'm laying a little dark just now; and anyway, before I take the ship, I require to know what I'm going after."

Thereupon Pinkerton gave him the whole tale, beginning with a business-like precision, and working himself up, as he went on, to the boiling-point of narrative enthusiasm. Nares sat and smoked, hat still on head, and acknowledged each fresh feature of the story with a frowning nod. But his pale blue eyes betrayed him, and lighted visibly.

"Now you see for yourself," Pinkerton concluded: "there's every last chance that Trent has skipped to Honolulu, and it won't take much of that fifty thousand dollars to charter a smart schooner down to Midway. Here's where I want a man!" cried Jim, with contagious energy. "That wreck's mine; I've paid for it, money down; and if it's got to be fought for, I want to see it fought for lively. If you're not back in ninety days, I tell you plainly, I'll make one of the biggest busts ever seen upon this coast; it's life or death for Mr. Dodd and me. As like as not, it'll come to grapples on the island; and when I heard your name last night—and a blame' sight more this morning when I saw the eye you've got in your head—I said, 'Nares is good enough for me!'"

"I guess," observed Nares, studying the ash of his cigar, "the sooner I get that schooner outside the Farallones, the better you'll be pleased."

"You're the man I dreamed of!" cried Jim, bouncing on the bed. "There's not five per cent. of fraud in all your carcase."

"Just hold on," said Nares. "There's another point. I heard some talk about a supercargo."

"That's Mr. Dodd, here, my partner," replied Jim.

"I don't see it," returned the captain, dryly. "One captain's enough for any ship that ever I was aboard."

"Now, don't you start disappointing me," said Pinkerton; "for you're talking without thought. I'm not going to give you the run of the books of this firm, am I? I guess not. Well, this is not only a cruise; it's a business operation; and that's in the hands of my partner. You sail that ship, you see to breaking up that wreck and keeping the men upon the jump, and you'll find your hands about full. Only, no mistake about one thing: it has to be done to Mr. Dodd's satisfaction; for it's Mr. Dodd that's paying."

"I'm accustomed to give satisfaction," said Mr. Nares, with a dark flush.

"And so you will here!" cried Pinkerton. "I understand you. You're prickly to handle, but you're straight all through."

"The position's got to be understood, though," returned Nares, perhaps a trifle mollified. "My position, I mean. I'm not going to ship sailing-master; it's enough out of my way already, to set a foot on this mosquito schooner."

"Well, I'll tell you," retorted Jim, with an indescribable twinkle: "you just meet me on the ballast, and we'll make it a barquentine."

Nares laughed a little; tactless Pinkerton had once more gained a victory in tact. "Then there's another point," resumed the captain, tacitly relinquishing the last. "How about the owners?"

"Oh, you leave that to me; I'm one of Longhurst's crowd, you know," said Jim, with sudden bristling vanity. "Any man that's good enough for me, is good enough for them."

"Who are they?" asked Nares.

"M'Intyre and Spittal," said Jim.

"Oh, well, give me a card of yours," said the captain; "you needn't bother to write; I keep M'Intyre and Spittal in my vest-pocket."

Boast for boast; it was always thus with Nares and Pinkerton—the two vainest men of my acquaintance. And having thus reinstated himself in his own opinion, the captain rose, and, with a couple of his stiff nods, departed.

"Jim," I cried, as the door closed behind him, "I don't like that man."

"You've just got to, Loudon," returned Jim. "He's a typical American seaman—brave as a lion, full of resource, and stands high with his owners. He's a man with a record."

"For brutality at sea," said I.

"Say what you like," exclaimed Pinkerton, "it was a good hour we got him in; I'd trust Mamie's life to him to-morrow."

"Well, and talking of Mamie?" says I.

Jim paused with his trousers half on. "She's the gallantest little soul God ever made!" he cried. "Loudon, I'd meant to knock you up last night, and I hope you won't take it unfriendly that I didn't. I went in and looked at you asleep; and I saw you were all broken up, and let you be. The news would keep, anyway; and even you, Loudon, couldn't feel it the same way as I did."

"What news?" I asked.

"It's this way," says Jim. "I told

her how we stood, and that I backed down from marrying. 'Are you tired of me?' says she: God bless her! Well, I explained the whole thing over again, the chance of smash, your absence unavoidable, the point I made of having you for the best man, and that. 'If you're not tired of me, I think I see one way to manage,' says she. 'Let's get married to-morrow, and Mr. Loudon can be best man before he goes to sea.' That's how she said it, crisp and bright, like one of Dickens's characters. It was no good for me to talk about the smash. 'You'll want me all the more,' she said. Loudon, I only pray I can make it up to her; I prayed for it last night beside your bed, while you lay sleeping—for you, and Mamie and myself; and—I don't know if you quite believe in prayer, I'm a bit Ingersollian myself—but a kind of sweetness came over me, and I couldn't help but think it was an answer. Never was a man so lucky! You and me and Mamie; it's a triple cord, Loudon. If either of you were to die! And she likes you so much, and thinks you so accomplished and distingué-looking, and was just as set as I was to have you for best man. 'Mr. Loudon,' she calls you; seems to me so friendly! And she sat up till three in the morning fixing up a costume for the marriage; it did me good to see her, Loudon, and to see that needle going, going, and to say 'All this hurry, Jim, is just to marry you!' I couldn't believe it; it was so like some blame' fairy story. To think of those old tintype times about turned my head; I was so unrefined then, and so illiterate, and so lonesome; and here I am in clover, and I'm blamed if I can see what I've done to deserve it."

So he poured forth with innocent volubility the fulness of his heart; and I, from these irregular communications, must pick out, here a little and there a little, the particulars of his new plan. They were to be married, sure enough, that day; the wedding breakfast was to be at Frank's; the evening to be passed in a visit of God-speed aboard the *Norah Creina;* and then we were to part, Jim and I, he to his married life, I on my sea-enterprise. If ever I cherished an ill-feeling for Miss Mamie, I forgave her now; so brave and kind, so pretty and venturesome, was her decision. The weather frowned overhead with a leaden sky, and San Francisco had never (in all my experience) looked so bleak, and gaunt, and shoddy, and crazy, like a city prematurely old; but through all my wanderings and errands to and fro, by the dock side or in the jostling street, among rude sounds and ugly sights, there ran in my mind, like a tiny strain of music, the thought of my friend's happiness.

For that was indeed a day of many and incongruous occupations. Breakfast was scarcely swallowed, before Jim must run to the City Hall and Frank's about the cares of marriage, and I hurry to John Smith's upon the account of stores, and thence, on a visit of certification, to the *Norah Creina.* Methought she looked smaller than ever, sundry great ships overspiring her from close without. She was already a nightmare of disorder; and the wharf alongside was piled with a world of casks, and cases, and tins, and tools, and coils of rope, and miniature barrels of giant powder, such as it seemed no human ingenuity could stuff on board of her. Johnson was in the waist, in a red shirt and dungaree trousers, his eye kindled with activity. With him I exchanged a word or two; thence stepped aft along the narrow alleyway between the house and the rail, and down the companion to the main cabin, where the captain sat with the commissioner at wine.

I gazed with dissatisfaction at the little box which for many a day I was to call home. On the starboard was a state-room for the captain; on the port, a pair of frowsy berths, one over the other, and abutting astern upon the side of an unsavory cupboard. The walls were yellow and damp, the floor black and greasy; there was a prodigious litter of straw, old newspapers, and broken packing-cases; and by way of ornament, only a glass-rack, a thermometer presented "with compliments" of some advertising whiskey-dealer, and a swinging lamp. It was hard to foresee that, before a week was up, I should regard that cabin as cheerful, lightsome, airy, and even spacious.

I was presented to the commissioner,

and to a young friend of his whom he had brought with him for the purpose (apparently) of smoking cigars; and after we had pledged one another in a glass of California port, a trifle sweet and sticky for a morning beverage, the functionary spread his papers on the table, and the hands were summoned. Down they trooped, accordingly, into the cabin; and stood eying the ceiling or the floor, the picture of sheepish embarrassment, and with a common air of wanting to expectorate and not quite daring. In admirable contrast, stood the Chinese cook, easy, dignified, set apart by spotless raiment, the hidalgo of the seas.

I dare say you never had occasion to assist at the farce which followed. Our shipping laws in the United States (thanks to the inimitable Dana) are conceived in a spirit of paternal stringency, and proceed throughout on the hypothesis that poor Jack is an imbecile, and the other parties to the contract, rogues and ruffians. A long and wordy paper of precautions, a fo'c's'le bill of rights, must be read separately to each man. I had now the benefit of hearing it five times in brisk succession; and you would suppose I was acquainted with its contents. But the commissioner (worthy man) spends his days in doing little else; and when we bear in mind the parallel case of the irreverent curate, we need not be surprised that he took the passage *tempo prestissimo*, in one roulade of gabble—that I, with the trained attention of an educated man, could gather but a fraction of its import—and the sailors nothing. No profanity in giving orders, no sheath-knives, Midway Island and any other port the master may direct, not to exceed six calendar months, and to this port to be paid off; so it seemed to run, with surprising verbiage; so ended. And with the end, the commissioner, in each case, fetched a deep breath, resumed his natural voice, and proceeded to business. "Now, my man," he would say, "you ship A. B. at so many dollars, American gold coin. Sign your name here, if you have one, and can write." Whereupon, and the name (with infinite hard breathing) being signed, the commissioner would proceed to fill in the man's appearance, height, etc., on the official form. In this task of literary portraiture he seemed to rely wholly upon temperament; for I could not perceive him to cast one glance on any of his models. He was assisted, however, by a running commentary from the captain: "Hair blue and eyes red, nose five foot seven, and stature broken"—jests as old, presumably, as the American marine; and, like the similar pleasantries of the billiard board, perennially relished. The highest note of humor was reached in the case of the Chinese cook, who was shipped under the name of "One Lung," to the sound of his own protests and the self-approving chuckles of the functionary.

"Now, Captain," said the latter, when the men were gone, and he had bundled up his papers, "the law requires you to carry a slop-chest and a chest of medicines."

"I guess I know that," said Nares.

"I guess you do," returned the commissioner, and helped himself to port.

But when he was gone, I appealed to Nares on the same subject, for I was well aware we carried none of these provisions.

"Well," drawled Nares, "there's sixty pounds of niggerhead on the quay, isn't there? and twenty pounds of salts; and I never travel without some painkiller in my gripsack."

As a matter of fact, we were richer. The captain had the usual sailor's provision of quack medicines, with which, in the usual sailor fashion, he would daily drug himself, displaying an extreme inconstancy, and flitting from Kennedy's Red Discovery to Kennedy's White, and from Hood's Sarsaparilla to Mother Seigel's Syrup. And there were, besides, some mildewed and half-empty bottles, the labels obliterated, over which Nares would sometimes sniff and speculate. "Seems to smell like diarrhœa stuff," he would remark. "I wish't I knew, and I would try it." But the slop-chest was indeed represented by the plugs of niggerhead, and nothing else. Thus paternal laws are made, thus they are evaded; and the schooner put to sea, like plenty of her neighbors, liable to a fine of six hundred dollars.

This characteristic scene, which has

delayed me overlong, was but a moment in that day of exercise and agitation. To fit out a schooner for sea, and improvise a marriage between dawn and dusk, involves heroic effort. All day Jim and I ran, and tramped, and laughed, and came near crying, and fell in sudden anxious consultations, and were sped (with a prepared sarcasm on our lips) to some fallacious milliner, and made dashes to the schooner and John Smith's, and at every second corner were reminded (by our own huge posters) of our desperate estate. Between whiles, I had found the time to hover at some half-a-dozen jewellers' windows; and my present, thus intemperately chosen, was graciously accepted. I believe, indeed, that was the last (though not the least) of my concerns, before the old minister, shabby and benign, was routed from his house and led to the office like a performing poodle; and there, in the growing dusk, under the cold glitter of Thirteen Star, two hundred strong, and beside the garish glories of the agricultural engine, Mamie and Jim were made one. The scene was incongruous, but the business pretty, whimsical, and affecting: the typewriters with such kindly faces and fine posies, Mamie so demure, and Jim—how shall I describe that poor, transfigured Jim? He began by taking the minister aside to the far end of the office. I knew not what he said, but I have reason to believe he was protesting his unfitness; for he wept as he said it: and the old minister, himself genuinely moved, was heard to console and encourage him, and at one time to use this expression: "I assure you, Mr. Pinkerton, there are not many who can say so much"—from which I gathered that my friend had tempered his self-accusations with at least one legitimate boast. From this ghostly counselling, Jim turned to me; and though he never got beyond the explosive utterance of my name and one fierce handgrip, communicated some of his own emotion, like a charge of electricity, to his best man. We stood up to the ceremony at last, in a general and kindly discomposure. Jim was all abroad; and the divine himself betrayed his sympathy in voice and demeanor, and concluded with a fatherly allocution, in which he congratulated Mamie (calling her "my dear") upon the fortune of an excellent husband, and protested he had rarely married a more interesting couple. At this stage, like a glory descending, there was handed in, *ex machina*, the card of Douglas B. Longhurst, with congratulations and four dozen Perrier-Jouet. A bottle was opened; and the minister pledged the bride, and the bridesmaids simpered and tasted, and I made a speech with airy bacchanalianism, glass in hand. But poor Jim must leave the wine untasted. "Don't touch it," I had found the opportunity to whisper; "in your state, it will make you as drunk as a fiddler." And Jim had wrung my hand, with a "God bless you, Loudon! —saved me again!"

Hard following upon this, the supper passed off at Frank's with somewhat tremulous gayety. And thence, with one-half of the Perrier-Jouet—I would accept no more—we voyaged in a hack to the *Norah Creina*.

"What a dear little ship!" cried Mamie, as our miniature craft was pointed out to her. And then, on second thought, she turned to the best man. "And how brave you must be, Mr. Dodd," she cried, "to go in that tiny thing so far upon the ocean!" And I perceived I had risen in the lady's estimation.

The dear little ship presented a horrid picture of confusion, and its occupants of weariness and ill-humor. From the cabin the cook was storing tins into the lazarette, and the four hands, sweaty and sullen, were passing them from one to another from the waist. Johnson was three parts asleep over the table; and in his bunk, in his own cabin, the captain sourly chewed and puffed at a cigar.

"See here," he said, rising; "you'll be sorry you came. We can't stop work if we're to get away to-morrow. A ship getting ready for sea is no place for people, anyway. You'll only interrupt my men."

I was on the point of answering something tart; but Jim, who was acquainted with the breed, as he was with most things that had a bearing on affairs, made haste to pour in oil.

"Captain," he said, "I know we're a nuisance here, and that you've had a rough time. But all we want is that you should drink one glass of wine with us, Perrier-Jouet, from Longhurst, on the occasion of my marriage, and Loudon's—Mr. Dodd's—departure."

"Well, it's your lookout," said Nares. "I don't mind half an hour. Spell, O!" he added to the men; "go and kick your heels for half an hour, and then you can turn to again a trifle livelier. Johnson, see if you can't wipe off a chair for the lady."

His tone was no more gracious than his language; but when Mamie had turned upon him the soft fire of her eyes, and informed him that he was the first sea-captain she had ever met, "except captains of steamers, of course"—she so qualified the statement—and had expressed a lively sense of his courage, and perhaps implied (for I suppose the arts of ladies are the same as those of men) a modest consciousness of his good looks, our bear began insensibly to soften; and it was already part as an apology, though still with unaffected heat of temper, that he volunteered some sketch of his annoyances.

"A pretty mess we've had," said he. "Half the stores were wrong; I'll wring John Smith's neck for him some of these days. Then two newspaper beasts came down, and tried to raise copy out of me, till I threatened them with the first thing handy; and then some kind of missionary bug, wanting to work his passage to Raiatea or somewhere. I told him I would take him off the wharf with the butt end of my boot, and he went away cursing. This vessel has been depreciated by the look of him."

While the captain spoke, with his strange, humorous, arrogant abruptness, I observed Jim to be sizing him up, like a thing at once quaint and familiar, and with a scrutiny that was both curious and knowing.

"One word, dear boy," he said, turning suddenly to me. And when he had drawn me on deck, "That man," says he, "will carry sail till your hair grows white; but never you let on, never breathe a word. I know his line: he'll die before he'll take advice; and if you get his back up, he'll run you right under. I don't often jam in my advice, Loudon; and when I do, it means I'm thoroughly posted."

The little party in the cabin, so disastrously begun, finished, under the mellowing influence of wine and woman, in excellent feeling and with some hilarity. Mamie, in a plush Gainsborough hat and a gown of wine-colored silk, sat, an apparent queen, among her rude surrounding and companions. The dusky litter of the cabin set off her radiant trimness; tarry Johnson was a foil to her fair beauty; she glowed in that poor place, fair as a star; until even I, who was not usually of her admirers, caught a spark of admiration; and even the captain, who was in no courtly humor, proposed that the scene should be commemorated by my pencil. It was the last act of the evening. Hurriedly as I went about my task, the half-hour had lengthened out to more than three before it was completed; Mamie in full value, the rest of the party figuring in outline only, and the artist himself introduced in a back view, which was pronounced a likeness. But it was to Mamie that I devoted the best of my attention; and it was with her I made my chief success.

"Oh!" she cried, "am I really like that? No wonder Jim . . ." She paused. "Why it's just as lovely as he's good!" she cried; an epigram which was appreciated, and repeated as we made our salutations, and called out after the retreating couple as they passed away under the lamplight on the wharf.

Thus it was that our farewells were smuggled through an ambuscade of laughter, and the parting over ere I knew it was begun. The figures vanished, the steps died away along the silent city front; on board, the men had returned to their labors, the captain to his solitary cigar; and after that long and complex day of business and emotion, I was at last alone and free. It was, perhaps, chiefly fatigue that made my heart so heavy. I leaned at least upon the house, and stared at the foggy heaven, or over the rail at the wavering reflection of the lamps, like a man that was quite done with hope and would

have welcomed the asylum of the grave. And all at once, as I thus stood, the *City of Pekin* flashed into my mind, racing her thirteen knots for Honolulu, with the hated Trent — perhaps with the mysterious Goddedaal—on board; and with the thought, the blood leaped and careered through all my body. It seemed no chase at all; it seemed we had no chance, as we lay there bound to iron pillars, and fooling away the precious moments over tins of beans. "Let them get there first!" I thought. "Let them! We can't be long behind." And from that moment, I date myself a man of a rounded experience: nothing had lacked but this, that I should entertain and welcome the grim thought of bloodshed.

It was long before the toil remitted in the cabin, and it was worth my while to get to bed; long after that, before sleep favored me; and scarce a moment later (or so it seemed) when I was recalled to consciousness by bawling men and the jar of straining hawsers.

The schooner was cast off before I got on deck. In the misty obscurity of the first dawn, I saw the tug heading us with glowing fires and blowing smoke, and heard her beat the roughened waters of the bay. Beside us, on her flock of hills, the lighted city towered up and stood swollen in the raw fog. It was strange to see her burn on thus wastefully, with half-quenched luminaries, when the dawn was already grown strong enough to show me, and to suffer me to recognize, a solitary figure standing by the piles.

Or was it really the eye, and not rather the heart, that identified that shadow in the dusk, among the shoreside lamps? I know not. It was Jim, at least; Jim, come for a last look; and we had but time to wave a valedictory gesture and exchange a wordless cry. This was our second parting, and our capacities were now reversed. It was mine to play the Argonaut, to speed affairs, to plan and to accomplish—if need were, at the price of life; it was his to sit at home, to study the calendar, and to wait. I knew besides another thing that gave me joy. I knew that my friend had succeeded in my education; that the romance of business, if our fantastic purchase merited the name, had at last stirred my dilettante nature; and, as we swept under cloudy Tamalpais, and through the roaring narrows of the bay, the Yankee blood sang in my veins with suspense and exultation.

Outside the heads, as if to meet my desire, we found it blowing fresh from the northeast. No time had been lost. The sun was not yet up before the tug cast off the hawser, gave us a salute of three whistles, and turned homeward toward the coast, which now began to gleam along its margin with the earliest rays of day. There was no other ship in view when the *Norah Creina*, lying over under all plain sail, began her long and lonely voyage to the wreck.

(To be continued.)

THE OCEAN STEAMSHIP AS A FREIGHT CARRIER.

By John H. Gould.

NTERESTING as the ocean fleet is from the point of view of the passenger who crosses the seas on business or pleasure bent, the part that steamships play in the commerce of the world is even more worthy of consideration. There is a vast region between decks and down in the lower hold of which the ordinary traveller knows little. And yet the ship's cargo brings to the owners a large portion of their revenue, and makes possible the magnificent steamships of to-day.

There are $500,000,000 invested in ocean-going steamships sailing from the port of New York alone! The figures are appalling, yet they are a conservative estimate of the wealth intrusted to the mercies of the ocean. There are twenty-nine regular lines of steamships running between New York and European ports. Of these, eight lines run express steamships, and twenty-three lines carry passengers and freight. The other six lines transport freight only, and there are still other lines running to the West Indies, Central and South America, and our own Atlantic coast and Gulf ports.

Seven steamship companies — the White Star, Inman, Cunard, North German Lloyd, Hamburg-American, Guion, and the French line—have the record-breakers.

The Teutonic and the Majestic of the White Star line, and the new French liner La Touraine, are said to have cost $2,000,000 each. The City of Paris and the City of New York, of the Inman line, and the new Hamburg-American steamship Fürst Bismarck are supposed to have cost considerably over $1,500,000 each.

The White Star line steamships Majestic and Teutonic each carry, in addition to their 1,500 passengers, some 2,500 tons of freight. This line has in all ten steamships—six devoted to passengers and freight, and four to freight exclusively.

The Inman line steamships City of Paris and City of New York carry 1,200 passengers each, and still have room for 2,700 tons of freight.

The Cunarders Etruria and Umbria have each accommodations for about 1,600 passengers, and also take about 800 tons of freight.

The North German Lloyd line has twelve express steamships in the service, with an average passenger capacity of 1,150 for all classes. The freight capacity varies from 2,000 to 2,500 tons; the line has three sailing days each week. There are nine other steamships of the line sailing between this port, Baltimore, and Europe, making the total number of their vessels twenty-one. In October of the present year the line inaugurated a Mediterranean service. At all times there are eight of the express steamships belonging to this line at sea, and two are in port at New York and two in the European port.

The Hamburg-American Packet Company has four express steamships, forming a weekly service from New York, and which is almost entirely devoted to the passenger business. These vessels each accommodate about 1,250 passengers of all classes. They have a small freight capacity — from about 600 to 700 tons of light cargo being the limit. No perishable goods are taken.

The Guion line steamships Alaska and Arizona have passenger accommodations for 1,300 and 1,100, respectively, and their freight capacity is about 2,000 tons.

The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, or, as it is more frequently called, the French line, has six express steamships, with a freight capacity of 2,500 tons each, as well as accommodations for about 1,000 passengers.

The Wilson line, with its thirty

steamships, is one of the greatest freight carriers in the world. There are four distinct lines from New York, one running to Hull, one to Antwerp, one to Newcastle, and one to London. The latter is known as the Wilson-Hill line. The Atlantic fleet, flying the Wilson flag, has 114,000 gross tonnage. Some of the steamships of this line have passenger accommodations, but the company confines itself almost exclusively to the carrying of freight.

The number and gross tonnage of steamships of the different lines are shown in the following table, the tonnage being from "Lloyd's Register:"

Transatlantic Lines.

Lines.	Number of Steamships.	Total Gross Tonnage.
Wilson	30	114,000
North German Lloyd (12 direct and 9 calling at Baltimore)	21	111,585
Hamburg-American (including Baltic line)	19	82,589
Anchor (including Mediterranean service)	15	63,083
Netherlands (9 direct and 4 calling at Baltimore)	13	43,314
National	12	54,062
Sumner	12	42,800
White Star	10	58,162
Florio	9	22,500
Red Star	7	33,959
Fabre	7	23,600
Mediterranean & New York S. S	7	15,000
Inman	6	41,276
Cunard	6	40,253
French	6	46,927
Allan	6	23,738
Liverpool, Brazil & River Plate—Atlantic service	6	12,000
Guion	5	22,651
Bristol City	5	24,000
Beaver, during winter months.	5	17,500
Arrow	5	13,000
Thingvalla	4	11,985
Union (Sloman's)	4	11,750
Marseilles	4	12,000
Great Western S. S. Co.	4	10,000
Bordeaux	3	6,000
White Cross	2	5,169
Linha de Vapores Portuguezes	2	3,777
Insular Navigation Co	1	2,893

This list gives only the regular lines engaged in the freight and passenger business, besides which there are the tank steamships, the tramp steamships, and a large number of vessels which call for orders from other ports, as well as steamships which are chartered for special freights.

Central and South American, West Indian, and other Lines from New York.

Lines.	Number of Steamships.	Total Gross Tonnage.
Atlas	12	22,000
Booth's	10	14,000
Red Cross	10	16,225
New York & Cuba Mail S. S. Co.	9	25,300
Red "D"	6	11,020
Quebec S. S. Co.	6	9,094
Royal Dutch West Indian Mail.	6	10,156
United States & Brazil S. S. Co.	5	16,400
Compañia Transatlantica	5	10,866
Earn	5	12,500
Union (Sloman's)	4	8,000
Clyde (West Indian)	4	6,600
Waydell's	4	4,500
Trinidad	4	4,000
Atlantic & Pacific S. S. Co.	4	9,904
Pacific Mail	3	8,800
Wessell's	3	4,500
Liverpool, Brazil & River Plate*	3	7,500
Honduras & Central American.	2	3,000
Anchor (West Indian Service).	2	2,077
Maryland	2	6,000
New York & Porto Rico S. S. Co.	2	2,000

Besides the regular lines there is a big fleet of tramp steamships. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, 136 of these steamships, with 102,856 net registered tonnage, entered at the port of New York. This did not include the tramps who found their way here from West Indian and South American ports, or our own domestic ports, or who may have drifted in from provincial ports. Many foreign tramps find their way to this port in ballast, seeking cargo, or for orders.

Aside from all these lines to foreign ports, there are our coastwise steamships, operated by a dozen or more lines, prominent among them being the

* There are several other lines, like the Liverpool, Brazil & River Plate, and John Norton's Son, which usually send out from four steamships a year to one a month, but which are doing very little just now, owing to the disorganized condition of trade in the River Plate region. Reciprocity with Brazil is counted upon to increase their trade.

There is one line of steamships from New York direct to Indian, Chinese, and Japanese ports by way of the Mediterranean Sea and the Suez Canal. It is operated by Edward Perry & Co., and case oil forms the bulk of the trade. About one vessel a month is sent out, and this vessel has a tonnage of about 3,000 gross.

Carter, Hawley & Co., and Carter, Macy & Co., have had during the past year about 25 steamships consigned to them from China and Japan, the tonnage of which was about 60,000 gross. Inward these vessels are tea-laden, but on the return trip they are usually chartered by other firms for general cargo.

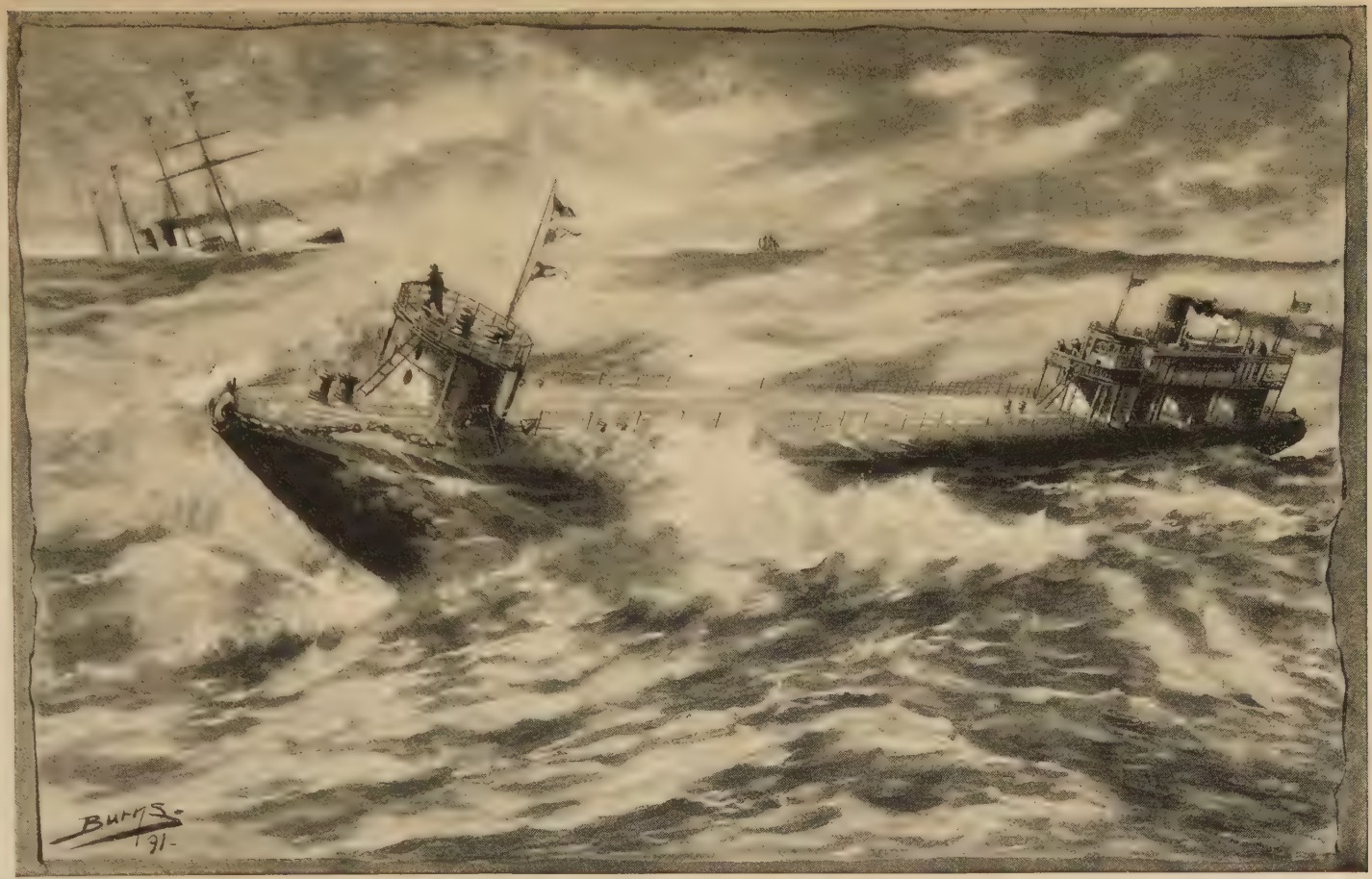
Old Dominion, the Savannah, the Clyde, the Mallory, the Cromwell, the Morgan, the New York Steamship Company, and the Red Cross lines.

The ocean steamship lines require an auxiliary fleet of harbor vessels as tenders to them. Of these, the most numerous are the tow-boats, or tugs, as they are popularly called. There are 375 tow-boats registered at New York, but fully 400 float on the waters in the vicinity of the city. About 50 tow-boats have a gross tonnage of over 100 tons. Among the largest are the Amboy, of 272 tons, and the Luckenback, an ocean tug, of 255 tons. Still larger than these are the Vanderbilt and Oswego, the side-wheelers which pull the long strings of canal-boats up and down the Hudson. The tow-boats are fitted with powerful engines, and the facility with which one little tug will pull a ship many times her size, or a dozen canal-boats, is a marvel to the visitor from inland districts. The most powerful of these tugs have engines of 900 indicated horse-power, and of the type known as the fore-and-aft, or tandem. Two of these harbor tugs, the Amboy and the Raritan, both belonging to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, have been operated with twin screws for twenty years at least.

Less than twenty-five per cent. of the freight trade of the country is carried on by ships flying the Stars and Stripes. During the calendar year of 1890, 33,359 vessels engaged in foreign trade entered at the ports of the United States. Their total tonnage was 18,510,374. American vessels, to the number of 11,033, carried 4,334,774 tons of the total amount, and foreign ships handled 14,175,600 tons. The merchant marine of the United States has a total tonnage of 4,424,497. The coastwise fleet has an aggregate tonnage of 3,409,435 ; the foreign trade, 928,062 ; and vessels registering 87,000 tons are engaged in the cod and whale fisheries. The vessels belonging to the port of New York in 1890 were 1,976 sailing vessels, of 409,468 tons ; 1,032 steam vessels, of 374,673 tons ; 230 canal boats, of 23,709 tons ; and 671 barges, of 143,540 tons.

The volume of the ocean freight is enormous. Some idea of it can be gathered from the statistics of imports and exports issued by the United States Government. Of cotton alone, the vast quantity of 2,907,308,000 pounds was shipped from American ports during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891. This is the largest quantity of cotton sent out of the country in any one year. The value of the cotton exported was $290,708,898, which is nearly half the value of the sum total of the four leading agricultural products. This amounted to $588,251,912. Next to cotton the most important agricultural products exported were breadstuffs, including grain, which were valued at $127,668,092. Provisions, including meats and dairy products, amounted to $31,696,234. It is worth noting that the total value of the exports of these five leading products was $15,263,951 in excess of the same products in the previous year. The total value of exports and imports of merchandise during the last fiscal year was $1,729,330,896, an increase of $82,191,803 over the previous year, and of $241,797,869 since 1889. The foreign commerce of the United States for the last year was the largest in the history of the country. The movement of the vast quantities of agricultural products and manufactured goods kept the ocean fleet busy. Forty per cent. of the total export trade of the United States goes from the port of New York. During 1890 the export business from the five principal ports was as follows : New York, $370,322,430 ; New Orleans, $107,300,637 ; Baltimore, $73,967,796 ; Boston, $70,364,955 ; and Philadelphia, $37,241,645. The total from all ports was $881,076,017. The imports in 1890 amounted to a total of $823,286,735, out of which New York received $527,497,196, considerably over one-half. It might be noted in passing, that of the total amount of customs duties collected by the Government in 1890, 67.17 per cent. came from New York.

Time is a great factor in ocean freight transportation, as well as in the passenger business. In the old days when the clipper ship was considered a perfect type of ocean travel, twenty days was a quick passage between New York and Liverpool, and when the Red



DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.

The "Whaleback" Steamer for Grain and other Freight.

Jacket made her famous trip in 13 days, 1 hour, and 25 minutes, the feat created as much excitement as the breaking of a record by an ocean greyhound does in these days of marine triumphs. The trip was made in 1854, and was an eastward one, the sailer logging 3,017 miles from Sandy Hook to Liverpool. In the following year the clipper ship Mary Whitredge ran from Baltimore to Liverpool in 13 days and 7 hours; she travelled 3,400 miles. Another remarkable trip was made by the Dreadnaught in 1860. She sighted the Irish coast in 9 days and 17 hours after leaving New York; but it took her three days longer to reach Liverpool. An instance showing the sailing quality of the old clipper ships occurred in 1864. The Adelaide, of the Williams & Guion line, while on her way down New York Bay, was passed by the steamship Sidon, of the Cunard line; but the Adelaide arrived in the Mersey before the Sidon, having made the passage in 12 days and 8 hours.

The clipper ship was the ocean greyhound of the Fifties. Her lines were those of a racer, her towering masts and broad expanse of canvas gave her the benefit of every breeze. She carried only the better class of freight in addition to her passengers, and it was not until some time after steamships had become an established fact that the passengers abandoned the clippers to the freight traffic.

The Specie-room of a Passenger Steamer.

For a time the sailing vessels held their own as freight carriers, but the improvements in steamships of recent years have robbed them of the bulk of their trade. They still hold their own for long sea voyages. There is a limit to the use of steam, and it is reached when the distance to be travelled makes the cost of coal and the space it occupies greater than the value of the cargo will warrant. Until some new motive power replaces steam, or steam is produced by the use of petroleum or other concentrated fuel, the clipper ship still has an occupation, and the hearts of all old-time skippers will be gladdened by the sight of her white wings upon the seas.

In 1850 a 1,400-ton sailing vessel was considered a big ship, but some of the new British four-masted steel ships sailing between Europe and America carry from 5,000 to 6,000 tons of cargo.

Great as have been the changes in ocean transportation, still greater changes are pending. The transatlantic business shows the most marked changes. From the old time packetship to the early type of steamship was but the first step. Faster vessels were built, and the space devoted to cargo was encroached upon by enormous engines and boilers, by big coal bunkers, and by large saloons and an increased number of state-rooms. The hulls changed from the bulging sides of the first types to the narrow, racing pattern of to-day. Speed and the arrangements for the comfort of a large list of passengers robbed the vessels of their freight capacity, and now the freight of an ocean greyhound is a secondary consideration. This necessitated the creation of a distinct class, known as the freighter.

The first railway cars having compartments for passengers, baggage, and freight were changed to express trains, where speed and comfort are the first considerations, and freight trains, where carrying capacity is the main object. In just the same manner, and for the same reasons, the ocean traffic is under-

Loading Grain from a Floating Elevator.

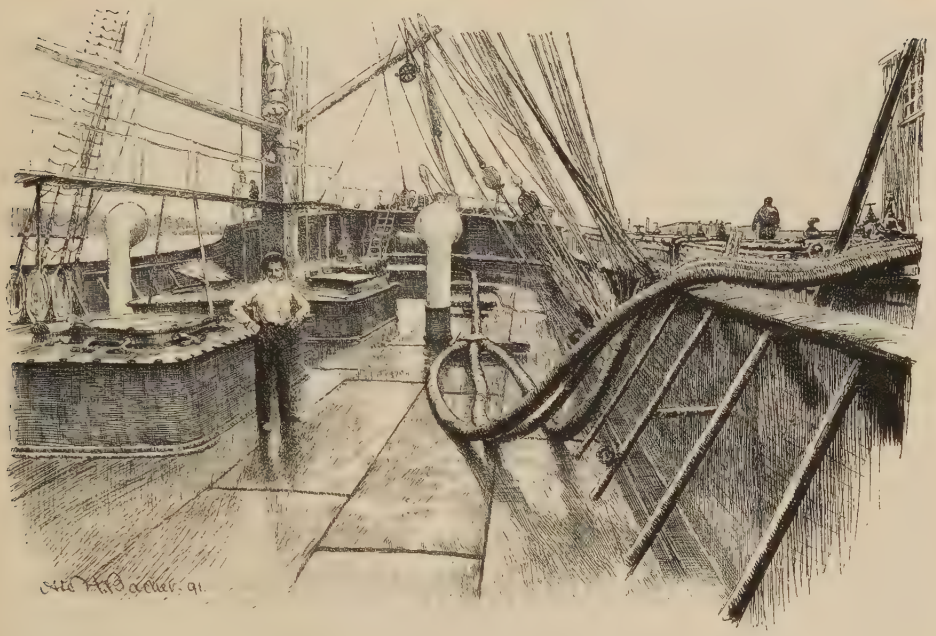
going changes. The day cannot be far distant when the passenger ships will take only passengers, mails, specie, and express packages. The best-informed nautical men to-day declare that the progress of the last five years, remarkable as it has been, is but a circumstance compared with the possibilities of the future.

The ocean greyhound is simply an exponent of the times. What the limited express trains are on land, the racer is upon the sea—the "Atlantic Limited." Expense is no object. The faster the ship, the greater the rush for passage in her. She is, of course, a floating palace of magnificence, but speed is the main object, and speed is at times as important for certain classes of freight as it is for passengers. The

DRAWN BY O. H. BACHER.

Unloading a Banana Steamer.

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.



Loading a Tank Steamer with Oil, by Force Pumps.

hue and cry that steamship companies are endangering the lives of their passengers by ocean racing is pointed in the wrong direction. It is the public who are to blame, if blame it is to annihilate time and space by the genius of man. The owners of these vessels spend millions to build ships, and then risk both their capital invested, and the reputation of their line for safety, in order to satisfy their patrons. People of the nineteenth century—Americans in particular — are in a hurry, and never stop to consider the enormous expense, the immense consumption of coal, the fearful and terrible strain on the firemen and coal-passers down in the bowels of the great vessel. Everything is done with a rush. Lightning express trains across continents and racers upon the oceans are necessities of the day.

The love of record-breaking is universal. The performance of the Majestic on August 5th thrilled the people of every nation. Her triumph of crossing the Atlantic in 5 days, 18 hours, and 8 minutes was echoed round the world. Hardly had the echoes died out when her sister ship—twin in size and type—the Teutonic, came into New York harbor with a better record still. It was 5 days, 16 hours, and 31 minutes, and the Teutonic was crowned "Queen of the Seas."

But for how long?

The City of Paris held her record for upward of two years; the Etruria and the Umbria each was the crack racer for a year; but the Majestic only held the coveted place at the head of the Atlantic fleet for just two weeks.

At the rate of increase of speed since 1880, when the Arizona was champion, with a record of 7 days, 8 hours, and 8 minutes, we should have a five-day ship before many years, and perhaps eventually a four-day ship. At a 25-knot gait a steamship would cross from Daunt's Rock to Sandy Hook in 4 days and 15 hours. The Teutonic averaged 20.349 knots per hour for the entire trip, and on a 24-hour run she averaged over 21 knots per hour.

The success of the White Star ships is bound to have a marked effect upon the future of ocean navigation. The Cunard Company has already contracted for the construction of two steamships which are promised to outdo any of the present greyhounds; and rumor has it that the Inman line is about to add two new vessels to its fleet, the

DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

Unloading and Loading an Old Dominion Steamer by Electric Light.

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

plans of which are now prepared, and it is expected that these new ships will go "one better." Should this promise be fulfilled, there is little doubt but that Europeans who visit Chicago's Columbian Fair in 1893 may cross the Atlantic in five days, or even less.

The freight capacity of the ocean greyhound, however, is small compared with her gross tonnage. The engines, boiler, and coal bunkers, and the space devoted to passengers, leave but little room for general cargo. Thus the gross tonnage of the Teutonic is 9,686, and her net tonnage 4,244, considerably less than half; while the Cufic, a freight boat of the same line, with a gross tonnage of 4,639, has a net tonnage of 3,055. The fast steamships therefore constitute the ocean express. They carry the mails, specie, and freights of a perishable nature, like meats and provisions, or of a character that requires speedy delivery.

The mail is placed in a capacious compartment about 50 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 7 feet high. It is located on the lower orlop deck, forward of the forehatch, and is capable of holding about 1,000 bags of mail. The bags for the different countries are separated in transit, and on arrival at Queenstown the mails are landed, provided there is time to catch the 12.30 A.M. special train, which is made up to connect with the mail-boat leaving Kingstown early the same morning for Holyhead. Should this connection be missed, only the Irish and Scotch mails are landed at Queenstown. The other mails are landed at Liverpool.

To the steamship Trave belongs the honor of having carried the largest European mail ever shipped from the port of New York, being 1,002 bags, in December, 1889. The largest European mail ever received at the port of New York was 1,062 bags, brought by the Servia last December.

The system of sorting the mails on board ship, which was recently inaugurated by the United States and German governments is a success. It is in operation on eight vessels of the North German Lloyd line and the four express ships of the Hamburg-American line. This system is termed the "sea post-office," and is similar to a post-office on land. The space required on board ship for the manipulation of the mails is equal to about three or four state-rooms. For each vessel the United States provides one official, and Germany supplies another. The latter has an assistant.

All disbursements are made at present by the German Government, but at the end of the year the two governments divide the expenses. On the eastern trip all mails, except the newspaper mail, are landed at Southampton. Only the German mail, and that for countries beyond Germany, is sorted. The British mail is put ashore unsorted, in the same manner that it is on the British steamship lines. The sorting of the mail during the passage enables the packages for each country to be forwarded direct from the nearest landing-point to their ultimate destination without delay. The saving of time at New York City alone is from 4 to 6 hours, and for Pittsburg and for points west and south of that place, where an immediate reply is required, a saving of from 24 to 48 hours is effected. The day cannot be far distant when all foreign mails will be sorted at sea; the system indeed has been in operation for many years on the P. & O. ships sailing to India and Australia.

In these days of heavy gold shipments, the specie-room on the steamship is a very important institution. It is located in an out-of-the-way place amidships, under the saloon. Few of the passengers know of its existence, or of the valuable treasure that is carried across the ocean with them. The room varies slightly on different ships, but is usually about 16 feet long, by 10 feet wide, and 8 feet high. It is constructed of steel plates one-quarter of an inch thick, and strongly riveted together. The floor, the ceiling, and the walls are all of steel plates. There is a heavy door, also made of steel. It is provided with two English "Chubb" locks, a variety of combination lock that is said to be burglar proof. The gold and silver is usually in bars, but occasionally a quantity of coin in bags is shipped. This was the case when the heavy shipments of gold were made last spring. The Majestic is credited with carrying

DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.

A Cattle Steamer at Sea.

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

the largest quantity, her strong box having $4,500,000 intrusted to it for safe keeping.

The fast steamships are provided with enormous refrigerators for carrying dressed beef and mutton. The temperature is kept at about 30 degrees. Fruits, vegetables, butter, cheese, and bacon are shipped in large quantities in summer, and apples, oranges, oysters, and hops are sent over in the winter. Space is always reserved for the various European express companies.

Next to the ocean greyhound comes a class of steamships requiring from 7 to 8 days to cross the Atlantic, and having accommodation for from 800 to 1,000 passengers of all classes, and from 2,000 to 5,000 tons of freight. Both passenger and freight rates are slightly less than on the greyhounds, a preference being given to the latter at certain times, according to the condition of the market. The slower ships are patronized by people to whom the saving of a few dollars is an object, and by some who enjoy the ocean trip too much to be in a hurry about landing, and by others who imagine all sorts of dreadful things are going to happen to the racers. The class of freight carried varies but little from the faster ships, except that the mails, specie, and express goods are usually lacking. Cotton, tobacco, and merchandise, including manufactured goods and machinery, form the bulk of the general cargo.

The next grade of steamship is the new type, called the freighter. It is the result of the tendency to build express ships, and its object is to accommodate the freight which is crowded out by the speed requirements. These ships combine enormous freight capacity with a high rate of speed and minimum coal consumption. They have reduced the time of freighters between New York and Liverpool from 16 to 10 days without materially increasing the rate of freight. They carry heavy goods of all kinds to the amount of 5,000 tons, and from 600 to 800 head of cattle. To this class belong the four new White Star ships, the Tauric, the Nomadic—both of which have twin screws—the Runic, and the Cufic; also the Europe and America, of the National line.

The Nomadic has the record of carrying the largest amount of freight in one trip. In August of this year she carried 9,591 tons, including coal necessary for the voyage. The America, of the National line, left the port of New York, March 17th of the present year, with 8,577 tons, including her coal, which was the largest cargo on record at that time, and until surpassed by the Nomadic. The England, also of the National line, carried 1,022 head of cattle from this port on September 18, 1889. This is the largest cargo of cattle ever carried by any ship.

Just previous to the heavy duty on tin-plate going into effect on July 1st, the Cufic brought the largest cargo of tin-plate on record, being 76,529 boxes.

A type of ship which was at one time considered a first-class passenger vessel has been gradually forced from the trade by faster ships more luxuriously fitted, and is now engaged in carrying general freight. To this class belong the entire fleet of the National line, some of which, like the Spain, were at one time favorite passenger boats.

Another class of freight steamship is that wanderer of the seas, the "tramp." Belonging to no regular line, identified with no particular class of cargo, having no regularity as to time of departure or ports of destination, and with a hold that takes anything from cotton to guano, from guano to bananas, and from bananas to petroleum, this nomad of the deep is a peculiar institution.

What more appropriate name than "tramp" can you suggest?

She is often a ship of considerable size, and is usually chartered for cargoes of a heavy character, but will take anything that offers. She usually has engines of low power, and her coal consumption is small. She requires from 15 to 20 days to cross the Atlantic.

Within the last few months men who go down to the sea in ships have been startled by seeing something new. A type of vessel of which much is promised, even to a revolution of the entire ocean freight business of the world, has successfully made the trip from the head of Lake Superior to Liverpool, and has returned to this country. She is the "whaleback," Charles W. Wetmore.

Built at West Superior, Mich., this

original craft, having more the appearance of a large barge than an ocean steamship, has taken 87,000 bushels of grain, from the heart of the grain-producing region, through the lakes and the rapids of the St. Lawrence River, to the ocean and across to Liverpool.

The vessel is shaped like a huge cigar, pointed at both ends; her deck is arched and without any obstructions, save for a small turret forward and a deck-house aft. The latter contains the cabin, wheelhouse, and quarters for the captain, officers, and engineers.

An illustration of this novel vessel is shown on page 597.

When loaded, the hatches, which are huge iron plates, are bolted down and form a smooth deck surface, over which the waves have full play, saving Jack Tar the trouble of using the holy-stone or swab. The crew is quartered in the turret forward. The machinery, which is located directly aft, consists of a compound engine of 800 horse-power, with a 26-inch high-pressure cylinder.

The hull is made of steel, and is 265 feet in length, 38 feet in breadth, and the depth of hold is 24 feet. Four feet above the keel is an inner skin for additional safety, and between this skin and the hull are nine compartments, which are buoyant air-chambers when the ship is loaded, and serve to hold water ballast when she has a light cargo. A railing made of wire rope extends the length of the hull on each side, and is intended as a protection for the men when they have occasion to visit their shipmates in the after part of the vessel.

The hold is one large compartment, with a bulkhead forward, where the men's quarters are, and one aft, where the machinery is located, and also the firemen's quarters.

The Wetmore draws 17 feet of water, and her capacity is said to be 100,000 bushels of grain, or 3,000 tons of other cargo.

The advantages claimed for the whaleback are her low cost of construction, which is one-third less than that of an English tramp steamship of the same capacity; her elongated, elliptical form, which offers less resistance to the wind and waves, so that she can be propelled with less power than the ordinary steamship; her small consumption of coal, but from twelve to thirteen tons a day, or about half that of an ordinary steamship, being used; and a crew of twenty men navigating the Wetmore, as against a crew of thirty men required to man another ship.

It is also stated that the Wetmore can be discharged more quickly of grain or other cargo, and that there is less rolling and tossing at sea than in the ordinary type of steamships. But it must be remembered that as yet the Wetmore is only an experiment. Her transatlantic trip was taken in August when the sea was most tranquil. How she will behave in midwinter, when her arched back will be coated with ice, and her deck-works perhaps washed away, is not quite clear. Her lack of lifeboats and other life-saving appliances is also noticeable.

This type of vessel in some modified form will no doubt be a great success as a carrier of grain, coal, oil, molasses, and other bulky freights; but the Wetmore must be furnished with hoisting machinery or other devices in order to facilitate the quick loading of heavy materials before she becomes what may be regarded as a complete success.

To the three classes of steamships last mentioned, the carrying of grain is a large item. But there are at all seasons of the year vessels engaged almost exclusively in carrying grain.

About 2,000 vessels loaded with grain sailed from the port of New York during the last year. The number will be even greater this year, owing to the abundance and quality of the grain crop of the United States, the small crops abroad, and the action of the Russian Government in prohibiting the export of rye from its territory.

The sailing vessel is rapidly disappearing from the grain-carrying trade. Ten years ago there were 1,782 sailing ships engaged in the grain trade, now there are only about thirty cargoes in a year from New York. The total amount of grain and breadstuffs exported from the United States in 1890 was valued at $141,602,847. Of this New York shipped 32¼ per cent., and yet fears are entertained that New York will lose her grain business, owing to the heavy port

and storage charges compared with those of other seaports. Last year New York handled $45,649,765 worth of grain. Corn led in the amount shipped, there being a total of 24,374,745 bushels. Wheat came next with 12,607,484 bushels, and there were 9,192,203 bushels of oats and 1,389,419 bushels of rye. There were 3,693,598 barrels of wheat flour shipped from New York out of a total for the United States of 11,319,456 barrels. Barley, buckwheat, and rice were exported in smaller quantities, and cornmeal, oatmeal, and other preparations, not included in the above figures, were sent to foreign ports.

Ships are specially fitted up for carrying grain. The hold is divided into compartments by a longitudinal bulkhead in addition to the ordinary bulkheads. This is done to prevent the cargo from shifting. The hold is ceiled in order to prevent any waste of grain which is shipped in bulk in the lower hold; shifting planks are placed on each side of the keelson and fitted to side stanchions between the beams, and care is taken to secure the planks so that they will hold their places even in a rough sea. The British Board of Trade requires that the hatches of the lower hold shall be supplied with a feeder or hopper capable of holding a sufficient quantity of grain to fill the hold completely as the grain settles; these feeders extend above the lower deck. The space between decks is filled with grain in bags. Care is taken in loading to stow these bags so that the space between decks will be entirely filled. These requirements have been adopted by ship-owners and shippers generally.

With the exception of the American line from Philadelphia, United States vessels cut but a small figure in grain traffic. Their four vessels are the only American steamships engaged in the business. In one year Great Britain carried 616 shiploads of grain, or an aggregate of nearly 25,000,000 bushels; Germany carried 167 shiploads, or nearly 4,000,000 bushels; Belgium carried 70 shiploads; France, 33; Denmark, 21; Italy, 15; Spain, 8; Austria, 10; Portugal, 9; and Norway, 6.

The handling of all this grain, by the time it arrives by canal-boat or by railway from the West, to the time that the ship sails from the harbor, requires a large number of elevators and many men. There are 31 floating elevators in the port of New York, which are towed alongside of grain ships in order to fill in bulk. The grain is simply pumped from the capacious bins of the elevator to the hold of the ship.

The large stationary grain elevators are used as much for storage as for loading vessels. The number of stationary elevators in the port of New York is 22, and the total storage capacity of this port is 26,000,000 bushels.

Some idea of the quantity of grain stored in one of these elevators may be gained from the fact that when the elevators of the New York Central Railroad Company, at Sixtieth Street and the North River, were burned, the loss on the grain alone amounted to at least $75,000. The elevators had a total capacity of 2,300,000 bushels, and contained only 100,000 bushels at the time of the fire. Only one elevator was rebuilt.

The transfer capacity at the port of New York, or the rate at which grain ships can be loaded, is 458,000 bushels per hour.

Another type of vessel is the fruit steamship. There are about 90 in the tropical fruit trade between the United States, West Indies, and Central America. Bananas form the great bulk of the trade; cocoa-nuts, oranges, pine-apples, and other fruits make up the balance of the cargoes. The principal fruit ports in the United States, besides New York, are Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans. The steamships are built expressly for the fruit trade, and are all, or nearly so, under the Norwegian and English flags, the Norwegian ships predominating. The hull is of steel lined with wood; the space between the steel plates (or outer skin of the vessel) and the wood is filled in with charcoal, which makes the ship a huge floating refrigerator. The vessels are provided with all the latest improvements in motive power, including triple-expansion engines and steam steering-gear. Some of the best ships devoted exclusively to the fruit trade have twin

screws, and have accommodation for from 10 to 12 saloon passengers. Their average speed is from 11 to 13 knots per hour. Many of the ships have their engines and boilers further aft than is the case in ordinary freighters.

Fruit steamships have three decks, all open, with a space of about two inches between each of the deck planks. This arrangement assures a free circulation of air at all times, and thus the fruit is preserved from heating and decay. These ships carry from 15,000 to 25,000 bunches of bananas, each bunch averaging in weight from 60 to 80 pounds, but some bunches have been found to weigh over 200 pounds. The fruit is "stowed" by an experienced stevedore, who devotes himself exclusively to the fruit trade. The bunches are placed on end along the decks, until all the space is filled; then a second and a third tier of bunches are laid flat, one over the other, in a manner that allows plenty of ventilation. Great care is taken to prevent the fruit from contact with salt water, which causes the black spots frequently seen on the bananas. After the vessels discharge the fruit, they return in ballast for another cargo. The bulk of the crop is shipped during the five months from February to August. At the expiration of the season about one-third of the fruit vessels return to tropical ports and continue in the trade between there and the United States fruit ports during the winter. The other ships return to Europe with a grain cargo, and are chartered for general freight until the next fruit season.

Besides these vessels already mentioned there are also three or four regular steamship lines which are largely engaged in the tropical fruit trade. The principal lines are the Atlas line, the Pacific Mail, the Anchor line, and the Honduras and Central American line. The vessels of the Atlas line are fitted with the most modern appliances for the preservation of the fruit. All these lines have excellent passenger accommodation, and carry a general cargo as well.

The total receipts of bananas at all United States ports last year was 13,284,756 bunches, New York alone receiving 5,433,295 bunches of the fruit. The principal ports of shipments were Jamaica, 2,108,975 bunches; Baracoa, 1,478,596 bunches; Port Limon, 547,976 bunches; Honduras, 205,290 bunches; and other ports, 125,000 bunches.

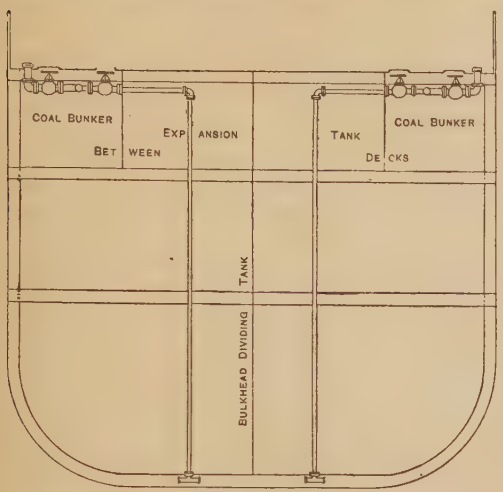
The Mediterranean fruit trade requires a large fleet of steamships during the autumn and winter months. Oranges, lemons, limes, Malaga grapes, raisins, currants, and nuts form the bulk of the cargoes. Sicily alone sends us 1,000,000 boxes of oranges a year, and half as many boxes of lemons. Spanish grapes, to the amount of 600,000 barrels annually, and dried fruits in vast quantities from the various Mediterranean ports make up an enormous import trade. There are no steamships specially devoted to this business, as the season lasts only a portion of the year. The vessels employed are steamships which are well ventilated, and having a good rate of speed, as they all, or nearly so, carry passengers and a general cargo.

The Florio line, the Mediterranean fleet of the Anchor line, and the Mediterranean and New York Steamship Company handle nearly all of this class of trade.

The tank steamship, for carrying oil in bulk, is an American invention. Shipbuilders declared for years that no vessel with a shifting cargo, like oil in bulk, would live through a gale, but an enterprising Yankee demonstrated the fact that petroleum could be pumped from the pipe line directly into the hold of a steamship and transported across the ocean in safety. The cost of barrelling the oil is saved, and there is also considerable economy in loading.

The tank steamship can always be distinguished by her odd appearance, the funnel being placed a little forward of the mizzenmast. She has two decks; the hold is divided into from 7 to 9 compartments or tanks for oil; each tank has a capacity of about 4,000 barrels. An empty space of about two feet, called a safety well, is forward of the boilers and engines, separating them from the cargo hold. This empty space, which has a bulkhead on each side, is sometimes filled with water. The depth of the tanks or hold is about 24 feet. On the top of these tanks are expansion tanks, about 5 feet square, reach-

ing to the upper deck, and provided with hatches. The tanks are filled quite full, but sufficient space is left unfilled in the expansion tanks to allow for the expansion of the oil, which is one per cent. in volume for every 20 degrees Fahrenheit.



Cross-section of a Tank Steamer, showing the Expansion Tank.

The tanks are filled by means of a very powerful pump, situated at varying distances, from a few yards to one-eighth of a mile from the ship. The greatest care is taken in loading the vessel. A man with a flag is stationed on the ship's deck, and another man with a flag is placed at the tank. The signal to start and to stop pumping is passed from one to the other. The largest vessel can be filled in about 12 hours. The balance of space between decks is used for storing coal, the ship's fuel. When the cargo is discharged in Europe the tanks are filled with water ballast for the return trip.

Some of these steamships have been very lucky in picking up disabled passenger steamships, which, of course, means a substantial salvage. There are now about 70 of these tank steamships in the trade, the majority of which are employed by the Standard Oil Company and their connections, and new ones are being constantly added to meet the increasing trade. They are all under foreign flags—English, German, and Dutch—but the Standard Oil Company owns a large interest in them.

These steamships are all supplied with triple expansion engines, and are capable of maintaining a speed of from 8 to 11 knots per hour on the small coal consumption of about 25 tons for each 24 hours. The Bayonne is the fastest; she made the trip from England to New York in 11 days, averaging 11.10 knots per hour. They average from 2,000 to 3,000 tons gross, and carry from 3,000 to 4,000 tons of cargo. Aft of the engine-room is the cabin and officers' quarters, which are comfortable in every particular. The crew is located in the forecastle, as is usual on all vessels. The crew number about 30, all told.

Another type of steamship, which is an outcome of the tank idea, is the molasses ship. These have been used with success in carrying molasses in bulk between Havana and New York. The Circassian Prince is a notable instance of this type. The traffic in molasses is not very great at present, but when the trade increases tank steamships will, no doubt, be largely employed.

The loading of an ocean steamship is a sight well worth a visit to one of the city piers to witness. With the exception of the North German Lloyd, the Hamburg-American, the Netherlands, and the Thingvalla lines, whose piers are in Hoboken, and the Red Star Line, and some of the Inman vessels, in Jersey City, the great transatlantic steamships dock along the North River, from Canal Street up to Twenty-fourth Street. The length of the steamships, some of them being nearly 600 feet, make very long piers necessary. These piers on a sailing day present an animated scene. A long line of trucks, loaded with all sorts of merchandise, moves slowly down the pier, each truck delivering its packages opposite the particular hatchway down which they are to be lowered. The big ships load at four different hatchways at the same time. Steam-hoisting apparatus at each, and separate gangs of men, all, however, under the direction of one stevedore, load and stow the immense cargo in an incredibly short space of time.

All prominent lines handle their own freight, but some of the smaller lines give it out by contract to a stevedore, who employs his own men. About six

gangs of twenty-five men each, and about twelve foremen and dock-clerks are employed. As many men are employed as can work to advantage. The day men are relieved by other gangs of men who work at night. In rush times a few men are added to each gang. From 10,000 to 100,000 packages constitute an ocean steamship's cargo. The largest number of packages are carried at the season of the year when the Bordeaux fruit canning trade is on, and the proportion of small packages is increased. Some big packages, such as a street-car completely boxed, or a steam launch enclosed in a case, require considerable power and much skill to load. Heavy machinery and enormous cases are lifted from the dock, swung over the open hatchway, and lowered to the cavernous depths as quickly and easily as though they weighed but a hundred pounds instead of several tons.

The stowing of the freight requires experience and judgment. The weight must be arranged so that the vessel stands upon an even keel, and she must not be down at the bow, or too low at the stern. Then the cargo must be stowed so that it will not shift. The importance of this is seen when the rolling and plunging of the ship in a heavy sea is considered. The cargo would not only be seriously injured if it tumbled about, but the vessel would be unmanageable. The stevedores and the 'longshoremen who attend to this work are experienced men, and the difficulty of loading ships with inexperienced men caused the owners of many steamships to permit them to remain idle at the time of the great London dock strikes.

Particular attention is paid to stowing the cargo of an ocean racer. Every package is fitted into place, so that the cargo will be a solid part of the vessel, and serve to ballast and trim her to the best advantage.*

* Certain kinds of freight admit of peculiar packing, of which an instance occurs to me in the loading of American cheeses. The side ports of the ship are opened, and a series of inclined chutes are arranged so that the cheeses roll by their own weight from the truck on the pier through the open port, and are switched off on side chutes, which carry them to their final resting-place, where men stow them in solid layers. Some vessels, not provided with side-ports, hoist the packages on deck in nets and lower them down the hatchways. Some of these products of the American dairy return to us as English manufacture—the "Cheshire" and "Double Gloucester."

The North German Lloyd line holds the record for rapid loading and unloading of cargo. The Eider arrived at 10 A.M., one day in January, 1890, and in twenty-nine hours her freight was discharged, and a full cargo, the mails, and her complement of passengers were on board, and the lines cast off for a return trip to Europe.

The ocean steamships are coaled at their docks. The barges containing the coal are towed alongside, on both sides of the vessel, and the work of coaling commences immediately after her arrival in port. It is hoisted up by iron buckets, coaling on both sides going on at the same time. It requires about four and a half days to coal one of the big greyhounds. There are eight coal barges employed in the work; each of these barges contains from 250 to 300 tons of coal. Some of the lines get their coal from Baltimore, and others from Norfolk. The coaling, as now conducted, is a tedious as well as a dirty process, and it is difficult to understand why lines have not adopted the elevator method which was tried on some of the naval and coastwise vessels some two years ago, and proved a success, both as to economy, rapidity, and cleanliness. The experiment showed that 500 tons of coal could be stored away in the bunkers by chutes in one hour.

The loading of cattle-ships is interesting. The vessels are tied up to the docks in Jersey City and Weehawken, where the stock-yards are located, and the cattle are driven up a narrow gang-plank. When steamships take grain or other cargo in the hold and cattle on deck, the latter are usually loaded from barges at the wharf, or while the vessel is at anchor in the bay. Occasionally a fractious steer breaks away from the drivers, and, plunging over the side of the gang-plank, takes a bath in the water. A sailor jumps in and passes a rope around the animal, which is then hoisted on board by means of a block and tackle. The cattle are placed in strongly constructed pens between decks, as well as on the upper deck. The space for each head of cattle is fixed by law at 2 feet 6 inches by 8 feet. The pens hold half a dozen cattle each. Experience has shown that there was greater loss when more

room than this was allowed for the cattle. A steer with plenty of room in his pen would roll from side to side and become bruised or crippled when a heavy sea was encountered. By packing the cattle tightly, they serve as buffers for each other, and the loss is diminished. Within the last two or three years the methods of shipping cattle have been improved, so that the loss is now less than two per cent.

The cost of shipping cattle from New York to Liverpool is about half a cent per pound, live weight. This includes the care and the feed during the voyage. From ten to a dozen men are employed to look after the cattle on the trip. Very low wages are paid these men, as there are always a number of applications on hand from impecunious men who are desirous of working their passage to Europe by taking care of the cattle. A few men are regularly engaged in the business of taking care of cattle at sea. They are known as "cowboys of the sea," and are big burly fellows who are used to rough living and to facing danger. The work of feeding and watering the cattle is not an easy task in fair weather, and with a rough sea on it is dangerous. When severe storms are met, the cattle become panic-stricken, and the men are obliged to go among them and quiet them. Sometimes the pens are broken down in a gale, and there is pandemonium aboard. Cattle-ships have arrived in port with only a small portion of the number of cattle taken on board, but as the losses fall upon the shippers and the reputation of the steamship line is to some extent at stake, they are, therefore, more interested in the safety of cattle at sea than anyone else. The efforts of Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., and the cattle inspectors of Great Britain and the United States, have materially improved the methods of this traffic.

Ocean freights are lower than those by rail. They fluctuate from day to day, and are affected by the supply, and by the available tonnage in port. Grain was carried from New York to Liverpool last year for three shillings a quarter; this year the increased shipments have advanced the price to from four shillings to four shillings and ninepence a quarter, an advance of fifty per cent. The increased rate on grain affects all other rates, as the steamships vary their cargo according to the demands of the trade.

Just previous to the time the McKinley Bill went into effect, space on the fast steamships commanded seven times the usual rate, and hundreds of thousands of dollars depended upon the arrival of big consignments of dutiable goods within the time limit. The demand for space on the North German Lloyd line was so great that on one of the ships due to arrive in New York just before the new law went into effect, when shippers could not obtain room in the hold, several state-rooms were hired, and filled full of cutlery and other goods on which there was a considerable advance of duty. It will be remembered that in some instances tugs were sent out beyond Sandy Hook to meet steamships and sailing vessels which had been delayed, and hasten their arrival. The Etruria reached Quarantine at 11 P.M. on October 4th. Captain Haines was taken off on a tug, which ploughed her way up the Bay. At the Battery a team of fast horses was waiting, and the captain rushed breathless into the Custom House, with barely one minute to spare, before midnight, when the new law went into effect. Thousands of dollars were saved by the timely arrival of the Etruria. The Zaandam, which had been chartered to bring over a large cargo of Sumatra tobacco, on which the duty was advanced $1.25 per pound, arrived a few hours late, although she sailed three days ahead of the Werkendam, of the same line, with a similar cargo, which arrived in time to save the increased duty.

Every nation is interested in the extension of its ocean freight-carrying business. The welfare of the farmer, the artisan, and the merchant is interwoven with that of men who live on the sea. Commerce and the industries go hand in hand, and the magnificent showing that the former makes is only an indication of the prosperity of the latter. No more apt illustration of the growth of the American nation in the last quarter of a century can be pointed out than the development of her ocean traffic.

A RECOGNITION.

By Octave Thanet.

BALDWIN had watched all night; but when with the dawn the others came to relieve him, he felt no inclination to sleep; instead, he carried his harassing conscience to a little park of which he had grown fond.

The city is hardly so old as the century, yet the park has a mellow flavor of antiquity; it is as if the irregular frontage of houses had been modelled after the old print of some colonial square. That effect of gables broken by two high chimneys, one on either side the roof-peak, of steep roofs and tiny wooden stoops stepping out from weather-beaten brick walls, of lichens painting cream-colored stucco, of wee shops, of which the one window has a modest bravery of toys and sweetmeats, of which the door swings to the jangle of a bell, of tiny gardens where hollyhocks and marigolds prosper—this is not an effect to be anticipated from a Western city that has electric cars whizzing through half its streets.

Baldwin, himself, could not explain the pleasure given by this anachronistic little park. It was a mere teaspoonful of fresh air and greenery, not containing more than an acre of trees and grass splashed by a tall bronze fountain. At one angle of the enclosing streets, the open doors of an engine-house showed the gleaming brass mountings and red paint of a fire-engine. Three blue-coated firemen used to loll in the doorway and a large gray cat gazed in a dignified and official manner out of the window.

Directly opposite the fountain was the house at which Baldwin looked oftenest—a tall brick house with dormer windows and an outside staircase. There were pots of geraniums and mignonette on the stair landing and on the stoop before the green blinded front door. And in the yard were more flowers, rose-bushes and pinks. Sometimes it was a lady that came out to water the plants, sometimes it was a little girl of eight or nine, staggering a little, at first, with the heavy can.

In the cool of the evening a man in black broadcloth would occasionally sit on the stoop with the others. Two lads would come and go, and there was a good deal of laughter.

Baldwin noticed that as long as the light was good the lady used to sew on some article or another, generally a child's frock, but once or twice a black garment, which he assigned immediately to the husband. He came to observe the clergyman's house (the man in black was a clergyman) every time that he sat in the park. He knew the curve of the clergyman's shoulders, innocent of clerical black, those warm June nights, as they looked bent over his writing; he knew his pale face, often curiously agitated, as it leaned out of his study window—he thinking what thoughts? Baldwin wondered.

He knew the pretty little girl's light shape skipping away to her school; he knew the little boy—but everybody in the square knew the boy, he was a child of strong and persevering lungs! Some interesting things he knew about the mother; he knew that she was always cheerful and patient, that she went out every morning and was gone two hours or more, and he knew the object of her going; for he could see her enter one

house on the square and, directly, he could hear the halting, metallic notes of a novice at the piano keys.

All hours of the day and night saw Baldwin in the park, for which there was a sufficient reason; he was in the city to see his uncle die, and his uncle lay dying in the largest house in the square, two doors from the house that he watched.

Those were strange, sombre days to Baldwin. He had not been friends with the dying man, once his guardian and still his nearest of kin; so far from being friends, he believed himself to owe him an irreparable loss. The old man had been a disinterested, painstaking, successful custodian of his ward's fortune, but so little thought did he spend on the lad's self, and so perverse, in Baldwin's view, was such thought as he did give, that there was a cankerfret in his memories of his youth. Yet when old Baldwin sent for him he came, because one finds it hard to refuse a dying man's request. He even counted himself ready to forgive; but, now, of a sudden, he found unexpected dregs of resentment in his heart. That night, the night just lifting from the skies, the old man had spoken to him about their long estrangement. It was his first mention of the subject. Baldwin's mind was full of the details of the interview. The inflections of the dying man's voice (a thin, unexpressive voice with a little hitch that came from the speaker's habit of pressing his lips together and releasing them in a small explosion, the kind of voice that one does not know how to associate with any tragedy, least of all death), the vision of the ashen face on the pillow, the nose one line, the drawn curves in the cheeks, the open mouth panting for breath, the emotionless eyes, the skeleton hands that yet feebly made a gesture familiar to Baldwin's childhood—these haunted him. He heard snatches of sentences over and over: "Suppose you think I did you a great mischief when I prevented you marrying that girl. . . . I did it for the best; I ain't sorry now I did it; but I would like you to forgive me for it. . . . Don't be in a hurry, wait till to-morrow before you talk to me. That always was your fault, Baldwin, too impetuous; I've seen it in your political career, too—it has done you harm. Wait till to-morrow."

What was it that had galvanized enough life into an ancient passion to let it strangle his pity? Really, he did pity the old man, who was dying by inches with a patience that seemed strange and admirable to him; and, then, too, he had never come so close to his uncle before. The housekeeper had told him stories of the way the old man took his defection, he had begun to see how closely—never making a sign—he had followed his own career. She brought him down a musty bundle of newspapers; every one marked, every mark indicating some record of praise or blame of his actions. Here and there was a pencilled comment: "This is false," to a slander; "Cris never was a sneak!" or simply "Yes," to a praise. The secret pride of the man, alone in the world except for this alienated nephew, would peep out of such trifles. Baldwin was touched; why, then, could he not forgive?

He almost repeated the question aloud, and while his lips moved he saw the door of the opposite house open and the mistress come out. She walked along the street facing the park.

"*You* are—why——" said Baldwin.

She was of a tall and slender figure, rather too square of shoulders and too thin of arms, but graceful and erect. Her face was a long oval, pale and gentle as moonlight. Her hair was brown, with golden lights. She chanced to bend her long neck in the direction of the park, and seeing Baldwin, her eyes opened more widely in accompaniment to a smile; they were large eyes, full, a little projecting and of a peculiarly deep and lustrous blue.

That morning she wore a gown made as simply as possible, but (as Baldwin, a club man accustomed to be wise over feminine toilets, commented), like all her clothes, dainty and becoming. The stuff was a white cambric with a sprig of purple. The unbroken lines of the skirt, the ample sleeves, the loose folds of the bodice gathered into a white belt, all suited her style of beauty and masked her defects.

"Yes, she is charming," Baldwin

thought, bowing. His eyes followed her down the street. There was in his gaze an emotion poignant enough to surprise himself, but it was an emotion quite impersonal; for it was excited by her likeness to a woman that he had loved in his youth. "Poor Emmy!" he muttered—not really compassionating her who was so innocent and safe, since she had died years ago, but out of the complex sensation that makes us thus seem to pity the dead—"poor Emmy, she used to look so pretty in the mornings when I would walk by the house. It was the same house, even to the garden; she used to work in the garden, too. How nice she used to make herself look on such a wretched little sum! That woman blushes just as she used to blush. No, the resemblance in them is not so much a resemblance of feature or coloring, it is of expression; I know their natures are alike."

The lady's bright figure passed the park; it disappeared behind the houses.

Then Baldwin's reverie drifted back to the first time that, sitting in the park, he had looked across to the house, so little changed, the scene of his first love-dream, of wild jealousy, at last, of impotent grief. There, on the stoop, he had asked Emmy to marry him; the little dormer window belonged to her room—ah, Heaven, what thoughts, what hopes, what reverent aspirations, what eager, dazzling ambitions had been that boy's, looking at her window! And downstairs, there in the room where the clergyman pounded out his sermons, ten years after the dream and the crash, there it was that he, simply as a stranger who had been her childhood's friend, came to see her in her coffin. He was standing by the window when her mother gave him the faded photograph of himself and the letters, and the pitiful little package of trinkets. "I guess these belong to you," she had said. "I was willing to help your uncle part you, for I wanted Emmy to marry another man, and your uncle made me mad with his sneering talk and his airs; but I guess Emmy would have been alive now if we'd let matters take their course. She never would have gone to Omaha to teach school if she hadn't been so upset and dissatisfied, and she jest wore herself out. 'Tain't no good, now, saying I'm sorry, but I am. I guess, anyhow, it's as hard for me as for you." He had forgiven her, but he said, then, to his uncle that he would never forgive him.

Nevertheless, because the old wound in his heart had been cured and ceased to ache, he might have forgiven had he not seen the clergyman's wife. The first time that he saw her it was twilight; she walked in the garden and picked the roses. By the moonlight her shape, girlish in its slender grace, was like another shape that he used to watch with a beating heart, a shape inevitably in his thoughts, now, if long out of them, in the whirl of his busy success. For a second he experienced the breathless rush of the sense of a spectral visit; he ran forward, calling her name. Then he saw the face and realized. But from that day he began to trace resemblances and—naturally—to find them.

He picked up an acquaintance with the little girl of the house by rescuing her small brother's ball, which had like to have flown under the heels of the fire-engine horses had not Baldwin made a running jump for it. The child thanked him shyly, but with enthusiasm. And the small brother added: "You catch as well as the baseball men. *Is* you a baseball man?" a compliment so grateful to Baldwin that he took the children over to the little shop and presented the boy with a bat. There was some difficulty regarding the gift, because it did not accord with the little girl's notion of decorum; she was sure mamma would not like Lu to take a present from a stranger.

"Oh, but I'm not a stranger," argued Baldwin, amused. "Your papa knows all about me—if he reads the papers."

"Do you know my papa?"

"What is his name?"

"His whole name is Reverend Lucius Morgan Turner, and brother's whole name is Lucius Henry Turner, and my whole name is Annabel Morgan Turner."

Baldwin looked both surprised and pleased. Lucius Turner had been one of his college admirers. A college hero has as many followers and flatterers as a beautiful woman. To single out of

the crowd one silent awkward country lad is not so easy; yet something in Lucius Turner had impressed Baldwin, a quality of unfusible principle, perhaps, as shown in one or two trials. Baldwin considered him straitlaced and silly; but he rather admired his defiance of ridicule. For another thing, he liked the way Turner had devoted himself, on class day, to a funny old mother who wished to add the doughnuts and chicken she had brought in an amazing lunch-basket from Milton's Corners to Baldwin's spread. Lucius had not even appeared embarrassed, only grateful to Baldwin for his courtesy. There had sprung up a queer kind of friendship between the two, a friendship that, like a good many other college attachments, was soon lost out in the world. Baldwin's last news was that Turner had kept to his intention of becoming a clergyman, and had "turned out" — so some one declared at an alumni dinner — "a d—— sight better preacher than anyone could expect!"

Well, it was a pleasant thing to meet the good fellow again. Baldwin made friends with his daughter the instant that he told her.

"My father went to a very nice school," said she, proudly—"to Harvard College, in Cambridge, Mass."

"Yes, that is the place."

"I go to school, too — I go to the brick school-house. I'm in the third grade and A class."

Baldwin looked over his shoulder in the direction of the thin chimneys rising from a huge dingy brick rectangle that he remembered his childish mind had found impressive. "I used to go there, too," said he; "you are very high up for your years." Annabel slipped a little hand in his, in token of comradeship.

"And can you, by chance, cook a little or sew?" asked Baldwin.

"Yes, sir, I can cook better than I can sew. I can make coffee in our coffee-pot; I can't make it in other coffee-pots, 'cause they're different. We have a girl now."

"A little sister?"

"Oh, no, sir, a girl in the kitchen! She is just over from Sweden, and she doesn't know any English, but she just follows mamma round and does like she does. And one time mamma, she showed Hulda the things to set the table, and she put the knife, fork, and spoon on, and said very slow—like this —'knife, fork, and spoon,' and that girl, she will call the spoon 'and spoon,' *always!*"

"I dare say she'll learn soon."

"Yes, sir, they always do; but when they know real well, then they always go away where they can get higher wages. One girl was awful good; she said she'd rather stay and work for mamma at a dollar and a half a week than go somewhere else for two; but they offered her two and a half, and mamma told her she ought to go. She comes to see us real often."

"Your mamma must be a nice woman."

She turned the large blue eyes that were like her mother's full on Baldwin, to answer solemnly: "My papa says she is the sweetest woman in the world."

That was the beginning. Ever after that Baldwin continually renewed his sense of wrong. Simultaneously with his perception of the resemblances—moral more than physical—between his lost mistress and Lucius Turner's wife, grew his estimate of the loss that he owed to his uncle's deception and harshness. If there had been times when his heart had turned to some other woman, if fortuitous circumstances, rather than his own volition had kept him faithful to that shade, be sure he did not recognize it now; he very honestly believed that there was only one woman that he had ever loved; and, certainly, he loved her image anew.

He sought out his friend. Lucius was become a man of mark in the community. And the first time that Baldwin heard him speak, a mind used to weighing men's gifts, though in other scales, decided that he was a born preacher.

"It is hard for him to struggle along on such a pittance," thought Baldwin this morning, "but he has compensations; there is his wife! If I had not seen his family life, if I had not seen how happy a woman like Emmy can make a man, I might forgive Uncle

Cris!" His thoughts harked back to the scene just past. The old man was repeating, "I acted for the best, Cris, for the best, only I hadn't ought to have kept those letters. I'm not excusing myself. But I know it was a mighty good thing for *you*. The girl would have been a clog on you, sure."

He felt again the suffocating anger of the moment and his shame that he should be so moved by a dying man.

"I guess you made a mistake not to marry, Cris," the wavering accents kept on. "I ain't made all I might out of life myself; women ain't much good, but they look pleasant about a house, and children keep a man's interest in life up. Wish you had two or three youngsters, Cris. Say, Cris, I have thought a good deal of you, you'll know that when you read the will. Say, I'd kinder like to hear you say: 'All right, Uncle Cris, I forgive you, I'm sorry you've got to go!'"

But Baldwin's tongue stuck behind his teeth. True, he was moved, moved profoundly, but not altogether with compassion; long-sealed, he had fancied dry, springs of indignation swelled in his breast. But for that half-repentant sinner his poor Emmy might have been his, might be blessing his home to-day! He choked with the old chaos of agony and pity and rage. Yet to strike the broken creature before him, who had loved him, too, in his maimed fashion! So he stood silent, and the old man added those other sentences about waiting, and he had escaped.

"I must forgive him! I can't forgive him!" All the argument flung itself against the contradiction as against a blind wall. He had supposed himself to be alone, but at this point he heard the slightest noise. It was a noise to attract attention, not because it was loud—indeed it was barely above a whisper—but because it was a groan.

On the other side of the fountain a man who had been writing busily, too absorbed in his work to notice Baldwin's presence, abruptly flung his pencil to one side and sunk his head in his hands. Baldwin half listlessly, as one that grasps at any diversion from irritating thoughts, took a few steps in order to discover the maker of the sound. The man sat gripping his forehead with both hands in an attitude of utter dejection. He was of a long, ungainly figure that Baldwin knew as well as he knew the clerical black frock-coat and dishevelled white cravat, or the shapely head and the tumbled red-brown hair and the long white hands.

"Why, Turner!" cried he.

Though Lucius was startled, he was plainly relieved to see only his old college friend. He said as much, coloring. His rugged, large features recovered their customary aspect of kindly gravity. And his fair, freckled skin faded to its ordinary hues. "I had no business to suppose I was alone," were the first words to imply any consciousness of extraordinary behavior.

"I am afraid you are in some trouble, Turner," Baldwin said. As he stood, he was a picturesque figure, in his white flannel suit with the crimson sash and neck-scarf that became his delicate dark beauty; and Turner remembered how he had worshipped him in their college days. His heart yearned to him; in truth, Baldwin had shown substantial kindness to him since they had met, a kindness so easy to the rich man that it did not even figure in his thoughts but important to the poor minister.

"I was thinking about you, Baldwin," said he.

"About me?"

"I was thinking how much truer you had been to our college ideals than I."

Baldwin was a politician; he blushed as he had not blushed for years.

"I went to hear you preach, once, Lucius," he answered, "and that same thought came to me—only it was you that I thought had been true."

"You have made a brave stand in public life, you have stood for the honest thing, though you have your own party against you, and you risk all chance of political preferment——"

"I'm schemy, Lucius; I know there is a sober second thought, even in politics. Besides, the measures I opposed mean *ruin* to the nation. Their promoters are crazy, where they are not knaves or cowards!"

"That is just it; you have never flinched!"

"I wish I could say so," Baldwin

sadly replied. "We all have our temptations; we let the triumphs go on in capitals, but the falls the devil gives us we hustle off in a corner of the record in fine print!"

"Have you ever been a coward?"

"No end of times," answered Baldwin, serenely; "you're a dozen times braver than I, Turner."

"On the contrary, I am a wretched coward—wretched, because I am a coward."

"I don't believe it. You always were a morbid lot, Lucius; always rummaging in dark corners of your conscience for forgotten sins and always looking at them through a magnifying glass when you had found them!"

Turner scraped a figure in the dust at his feet. Baldwin, idly watching him, noted that the boot was patched.

"No, I am not morbid in this case," he muttered.

"State the case and let me judge."

Turner sighed; but he said, "Why not? if you will not be bored in your own troubles."

Baldwin only answered, "Go on!"

"Here it is, then: Baldwin, I fear I have no right to preach in the Methodist Church."

Baldwin whistled. "Why not?" He sat down as he spoke.

"It is this way. You know that I started believing everything that the church teaches, and with a—a—very strong desire to save souls."

"A burning fervor of zeal I should term it; but drive along. Have you run into doubts?"

"My doubts, it seems to me," said Turner, slowly, "are very minor things, looked at in one way. They do not affect the great scheme of salvation. If it be possible"—his whole face kindled, it was no longer a plain face—"if it be possible, I love and cling to the realities of faith more strongly than ever before! My soul is penetrated with the need men have of them, with the help they can be to sinning and suffering mortal creatures! The vital elements of Christianity I believe in, as I try to love the Lord, with all my heart and soul and strength——"

"What is the matter, then?"

"I cannot receive the doctrine of the inspiration of the scriptures exactly as my brethren do, and I do not believe in eternal punishment."

"Well, is that very serious? Who *does* believe in eternal punishment, anyhow? Is the Methodist Church founded on the pit, so that if you take that away it will topple over?"

"I don't believe it is."

"Well, where *is* the screw loose, then?"

"My wife——"

Baldwin changed color. There was a new note in his voice as he asked, "Do you mean that she believes in eternal punishment?"

Turner leaned back, tugging at the skirts of his coat with both hands. "Why," said he wearily, "that is what I cannot make out. I think she tries to, she says she does sometimes, and other times she talks as if she were doubtful." He smiled with reluctant and melancholy humor. "I notice that while she protests there are people wicked enough for eternal punishment, nobody we ever knew has died that she isn't hopeful about. But you see, Baldwin, we have had an awfully hard struggle. When I married Annabel she was supporting her two brothers—she was an orphan—giving music-lessons. They sent me off on a country circuit first. I was a young man, and I haven't a prepossessing presence——"

"Stuff, Lucius, stuff!" Baldwin interrupted; "that counts for nothing. When you amble across the platform with your head in advance of your shoulders, your awkwardness is a relief after the brethren's airs and graces. And when you get into the pulpit you pour out what is in your heart with an earnestness, a fire that is simply electrical. *You* don't need to yell to be impressive, or to tell stories of sickly children to be pathetic. You don't appeal to a lachrymose mob of women; you talk like a man to men! When I listen to you I am abashed——"

But the minister stopped him, exclaiming, in a broken voice that he did not know; there was such undisguised shame and misery in his face, at the same time, that Baldwin felt a prick of the man of the world's vigilant suspicion. "Good Heavens!" he thought,

"the clergy are queer birds, but Lucius is the last man in the world——"

"Oh, I'm only giving you your market valuation," he said, lightly; "you are a shining light, and your spiritual lordkins were stupid to snuff you out under a bushel."

"They are shrewd enough in my church," said Turner, "but that is not my story. We went into the country. Annabel couldn't give music-lessons in the wilderness. We did have a cruelly hard time. If I had not known enough saw-and-hatchet carpentering to help, I don't see how we could have had enough to eat. And the children came in the midst of it—at least the little girl did. No nurse, doctor ten miles away. It was hard for my poor girl. But we pinched along. One thing we never did have to fear, we never were in debt. My wife wouldn't let me owe anything. She was so brave, so patient, Baldwin, never lost heart or her faith in me, and even in the midst of the hardest times willing to deny herself so I could give my share to my mother. Well, all that is overpast, praise God! we boys have paid off mother's mortgage and she's safe; Annabel's brothers have good situations and can nearly support themselves; and I have had good places in cities and have a higher salary. Compared to the old times we dwell in luxury."

"They talk of you for a bishop, too, I hear."

Turner sighed heavily. "That is part of my trouble, Baldwin—I look back to those days of struggle with *envy*. Then my soul was at peace. I was doing my duty. I was a loyal servant, no matter in how low a place. Now——" He shifted his position and impatiently ran his hand through his hair. "It was just *living* made me think, made me change," said he; "I can hardly explain the upheaval of my old beliefs; it came out of sorrow and fear and love for men. I am assured in my soul that it was an answer to prayer. I am assured, too, that I am disobedient to the heavenly vision, hiding the light that I have seen."

"Why hide it then?"

"At first I was too confused to feel anything but fear lest I should mislead some soul by expression. I listened willingly enough to my wife's arguments. It is different with me now; but she is only the more fearful. She says if people are *not* eternally punished they will find it out for themselves. It will do them no harm to behave better in this life, even though it be out of fear. And why should *I* question the dogmas of the church that saintly men have trusted for generations? If I *must* believe such things, let me keep them to myself. Now, when there is much heresy and schism abroad, is *this* a time for me or any true son of the church to be making trouble? She begs me, for the children's sake and her sake, to be quiet. I can talk to people whose minds are distressed regarding their relatives and give them hope, in private, if I want to. But it agitates her terribly even to think of my risking my prospects of a bishopric by public heterodoxy. Let me wait, she begs, at least until I am bishop! She is afraid of a trial for heresy and I don't know what——"

"Yet when I knew you, Lucius"—Baldwin could not contain himself from striking in—"when we were together, you would not have been moved from what you thought right by any chance of worldly loss or gain. I should have picked you out of all the men I knew to deserve what was said of John Knox, 'Here lies one that never feared the face of man!'"

Turner's eyes—they were sad eyes, Baldwin had thought more than once—grew dull, as he answered, calmly: "I don't think I am afraid, myself. The hardship of poverty, so far as it concerns me personally, I do not care for; and I feel certain I can provide for my family—if not in the ministry, in some honest calling. Neither do I shrink from any clamor outside, from anything men may do or say. It would be painful; but no more to the inward torment I have endured, thus distracted between my duty and my—my affections, no more than the wrench the dentist gives is to the torture one has had for days and nights before. God knows I should not weigh any of these things. But—you have never been married, Baldwin—when my wife cries,

when she sobs that I shall ruin the children, I can't endure it! I recoil before her anguish. Oh, you've no need to prove to me how despicable is such a frame of mind; I've told myself harsher things than *you* can tell me! It's arrant, wicked weakness, but I haven't the power to withstand her. Baldwin, I haven't seen her cry but once before since we were married, and that was when the boy was near death with typhoid fever and the doctor said he would live. But she broke all down when I told her that I *must* speak. 'Oh, Lucius,' says she, 'I *can't* go through it all again! And it is so needless!' she says. I see the terror in her eye every time I look off my notes in the pulpit—she reads all my sermons, mind you, so she isn't afraid of *them*. When she finishes one and there is nothing in it that she thinks dangerous, I can see her relief; and for *days* she is doing little things to please me. And I love her so—Baldwin, you can't, you can't measure the temptation!"

Baldwin was sitting with his elbows on his knees and his head in his fists. "I didn't take your wife to be exactly that sort"—he flung his handsome head back to clasp his hands behind his neck, looking, with a queer smile, at a certain window in Turner's house—"I fancied her a regular Wordsworth's angel kind of a woman."

"And so she is!" cried Mrs. Turner's husband, straightening. "Baldwin, you don't understand women. Why, our temptations would look squalid to my wife! She's so good · I declare I'm afraid of her sometimes. If you'd seen her when our little lad was sick—she *is* an angel, my dear wife! But women, the best of them, can't seem to look at obligations outside their own narrow round. She can't understand why I should feel degraded in my own eyes by my bondage to her fears! She thinks it pure squeamishness for me to hate being a hypocrite and a liar. I can't explain it to her!"

"No, I suppose not," said Baldwin, gravely; "do you think you ever can?"

"Oh, I hope so. I *must*." As he spoke the minister rose and began to collect his loose sheets of manuscript with a hurried, almost embarrassed, air. Down the street Baldwin perceived the flutter of white skirts sprigged with purple flowers. "She is coming," said Turner. "I ought to have been writing; she will expect to hear the sermon. Instead, I have been maundering on to you and giving you a false impression of her——"

"No, indeed," said Baldwin. "I admire your wife immensely. It is her love for you and the children really makes her hold you back."

"Yes, yes," cried Turner, eagerly, "she is a womanly woman, that is all. But—you'll look in on us, old friend——"

"Surely," said Baldwin. He wrung the other's hand. That was his answer to Turner's wistful eyes. Then he watched the minister move, with his ungainly walk, down the shady street until he joined his wife.

"How will it end?" the observer questioned. "Such a man as you might make—but—will she let you? No, I must have been mistaken, she is *not* like Emmy."

But though he denied stoutly, he could not quiet a recognition deep in the undercurrent of his consciousness. With a long sigh he turned, for now he knew that he must forgive his uncle.

DOLOROSA.

By William Vaughn Moody.

She is no bold-eyed gypsy such as twine
Wild poppies round the water-jugs they bear,
No flute-girl, laughing through her bright blown hair,
With clinging robe and coin-hung feet that shine
Down pavements purple with the wasted wine:
Sad seems she as a martyr featured dim
In dusky gold on some old missal's rim,
Fronting the text which tells that such a day
Men stood like wolves and watched the fierce flames play
About her breast, and never heeded how
God lit a pale sweet glory round her brow;
While through the margin straggles line on line
Such pious comment as: "Last Easter night
Blind Lippo, sleeping with this blessed book
For pillow, saw this saint bend down and look
Under his eyelids. Lo! next morning light
We found him, blind no more, but sound of sight,
Where dawn came slanting through the chapel pane."

The pictured face, suppose you looked again
After such reading, would it seem as white
And stern and sad as when you looked the first?
Would not one fleeting smile, one eye's-glance tell
She was not heedless of her miracle?
Or from the eyes would gladness seem to burst
Flooding with song the hush, with sun the gloom,
Flushing the wan face like a wild rose bloom?
What was mere monkish blazon, blurred and scored
With veinings from the dried leaf of a gourd
Stuck in, some ages past, to mark the place,
And left to streak and stain the patient face,
Would start to life, once you had read the scrawl
And knew how Lippo let his glad tears fall
From healed eyes on the halo-circled brow:—
No wistful ghost face, but a girl's face now
Smiling to think how Lippo laughed out loud
To see the faint sky piled with creamy cloud
That morning when they led him to the gate.

—You think my mistress sad? Wait till I find
Courage to kneel and whisper, "I was blind
Till thy love raised my eyelids:" then—ah, wait!

THE PICTURESQUE QUALITY OF HOLLAND.*

FIGURES AND COSTUMES.

By George Hitchcock.

IT is not difficult for a figure painter, who is also a man of taste, to know what not to paint. In France, where without doubt the direction is largely given to all artistic movements, the greatest liberty of subject is allowable; one may do almost anything, provided only that it is well done; any horror, any form of disease or ugliness, any frozen representation of sordid inanity, will claim as much attention as the most subtle and poetic fancy, or the most charming and seriously rendered truths. In their revolt against "Romanticism" painters have been carried too far, and commit as many sins in the one direction as those whom they so rightly decry did in the other. A group of peasants treated as so many pumpkins or a collection of pots and pans—that is, figures with only the outside minutely observed and carefully painted—will always be successful in Paris; and yet this is as substantially untruthful as the elegant simpering shepherdesses of Greuze.

Nor can the blindness of these greatest of modern masters be sufficiently condemned, who point to Millet as the founder of their school, and who see only the outside of his work, his stupid, heavy people, and fail to see the deep underlying humanity in all that he did. The famous "Angelus" is but the legacy of the classic school, the ideas of Greuze clothed in rags and placed in real fields, but not obtrusively unpleasant rags nor photographically correct fields. To-day we paint the mere rags with an appar-

* See also papers by the same author in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for August, 1887, and February, 1889.

ent love of their repulsive qualities, and the fields without a thought of their higher significance, and wonder we are not admired outside of a painters' jury.

Mere costume is as unworthy of a painter as are the rags and "still-life peasants" so much in vogue to-day; the doublet and ruff have had their day as well as the toga, and so too have the many outlandish dressings still to be found in out-of-the-way places; and yet there is much in the work of some of our best men which is dependent upon a picturesqueness of setting and upon unconventionality of costume—the line is finely drawn between the grotesque, on the one hand, and the "chimney-pot" hat on the other.

For many reasons, the figures of one country are as paintable as those of another, and yet Holland seems to offer an easier and more pleasant solution of the difficulty; the people are simple and retain a great deal in their costume of a time when humanity seemed to clothe itself with a view to being painted. Either in their simple and beautiful interiors, or in their charming landscapes and wonderful atmosphere, the fitness of their dressing and their poses, and the simplicity of their farming tools, give an impulse to all artistic labor among them, and without doubt attract the best talent of Europe; which can be seen from the fact that three of the "medals of honor" at the late exhibition at Paris were for Dutch subjects not painted by Dutchmen.

"Maternity."
(After Mr. Hitchcock's painting.)

The Hollanders are not beautiful as the southern people are, nor are they so noble a type as the Anglo-Saxon; but they are sufficiently interesting, and among the younger oftentimes much beauty is found, and the girls have always wonderful pearly complexions and certain fine lines in their figures—golden hair and deep-blue eyes are common and useful in color composition.

The better class of those who dwell in the cities and towns are no longer

picturesque, they have lost their attraction in losing the doublet and hose as Rembrandt saw them, and offer no peculiar attractions save those which a student of character finds in the study of any people; but the maid-servants, the artisans, and small tradesmen have distinctive costumes, and some pronounced national characteristics. It is in the rural districts, among the farmers, fishermen, and those who live in the fields, that the most interesting subjects are to be found. Given, then, a sentiment, an abstraction, to which must be added artistic expression, which must be surrounded with sufficient beauty to make it decorative and attractive, it only makes the task more difficult, and in some cases impossible, to use commonplace, ugly, or uninteresting people and surroundings; the true artistic mind seeks color, atmosphere, or fine lines, to fill out the beauty on the canvas which he feels in his soul, or to give adequate expression to the pathos in his mind; and it is among a people whose costumes are expressive of their labors, and accentuate the lines of their figures without disguising them, that this is best done; for modern clothes so often turn pity into ridicule, or sympathy into derision. How grateful the task of painting a mother, with a setting of wide fields, in a costume

A Zeeland Maiden.
"The lace head-dress adds always a charm and invites study."

which discloses every line of her figure, which is almost the primitive idea of dress, fitting and appropriate to her labor; and if by chance the decorative round of a sieve, the implement of her work, resting in a basket on her back, surrounds her head, how suggestive is the composition of the deification of motherhood, and withal, how complete the picture. A group of fishermen in yellow oil-skins, relieved against the dull gray of a stormy sky and sea, coming across a wide stretch of beach in the natural and clumsy poses of heavy, uncouth, hard-working men, is full of pathos, and though, perhaps, not of the highest beauty, yet it is filled with a sentiment of a sad life, which the setting has not destroyed. Costume, which is the natural expression of the character of the person or his occupation, is always fitting, and in many cases picturesque, and with the simple and poor Hollander this is nearly always agreeable. On Sundays and holidays the men are oftentimes impossible, but then the women have a quaint and peculiar dress, and though not so full of pathos as their working clothes, yet its charm is not to be denied. Nearly every town in Holland has a head-dress for the women peculiar to itself, and as varied as possible. In Zeeland the cap is large and exceedingly beautiful, like a bridal veil almost, always worn at work or play; this clean, white, transparent stuff falling in folds around any face, enhances its beauty, if young, or its effect, if old and wrinkled, and the short, tight elbow sleeves and closely-fitting bodice show the figure to advantage. In Scheveningen, the close muslin cap, variegated shawl worn bertha-wise, and in cold weather the black, red-lined, short cloak, form a most agreeable picture, and one very familiar from the assiduity with which the Dutch moderns have painted it. Again, in Friesland a metal band of silver or gold is worn outside of the lace cap, in many ways, in round plaques above the ears, or in a ring around the head; across the Zuyder Zee, in North Holland, the gold or silver band is worn beneath the lace cap, through which it gleams softly and shows the oftentimes

Harvesting.
"The clouds of fine dust coming through the hand-sieve, and blown into fantastic forms."

beautiful and delicate pattern of the design ; the poorer communities have, to a great extent, dispensed with this metal band and wear a simple lace cap over a tight black one, which holds the hair in place. Sometimes the modern bonnet is perched on top of this beautiful head-gear, yet it is not so much out of place, especially if it is one with white ribbons and flowers and surmounting a thick, black flannel, which the severe, windy climate makes necessary. The Zuyder Zee fisherman, the Volendamer, or Markeuer, is more grotesque than paintable, perhaps even to the point of being impossible ; he disguises the natural lines of his figure so much with the enormous width of his baggy trousers, so short as to reach only to his ankles, made of duck for work, or of this very

Children of Zeeland.
"Dressed precisely as their elders, their mothers or grandmothers in miniature."

young and beautiful face ; but the national hat of straw, low-crowned, with brim sharply turned up into a point in front, and covered with silk in bright colors, is far better. A short, circular cloak in a variety of colors, with a standing collar, is common in most places, and in Zeeland a long, black flannel one with a full, falling hood is often seen. The favorite color for the women's working dresses is a variety of pale lilacs, faded again into numberless shades and tints, which are very harmonious among the pale, delicate greens of the sea-dunes or the glistening white sands of the almost endless sea-coast—endless only by comparison with the small extent of country. The men in every part of the country wear a black flannel ; his shoulders and chest compressed in a very tight-fitting waistcoat of some striped stuff, usually red and black, and a short, tight-sleeved jacket in cold weather, of black with large silver buttons ; and, if well to do, enormous silver shoe-buckles and silver bosses on his waistband and breast connected by silver chains ; his hair cropped square across behind, with his neck shorn nearly as high as his ears, and above all a ridiculously small cap. Truly on Sunday parade he is not a picture, but at sea, in his sharp-nosed craft, with much of his gorgeousness reposing in his chest at home, his blacks washed out by the combing seas, his striped stuffs toned down by the weather, and the stiff lines of his orig-

A North Holland Cap.

inal cut quite gone from his hard work, he presents a different and very characteristic composition.

The North Sea fisherman is much simpler—a red shirt, over which is worn a black one with its sleeves cut off at the elbow showing the red one beneath, and ordinary black trousers, an arrangement in black and red by no means bad; nothing grotesque in cut, the only ornament a big silver button in his collar; at sea, to supplement his faded shore costume he wears long boots reaching to his arm-pits, and the usual yellow or brown oil-skins in foul weather. In some parts of the country full, baggy "knickerbockers" are worn; the effect is marred, however, by the enormous wooden shoes, looking all the larger from the thin stockinged shanks above them. In Zeeland another peculiarity of the men's costume is a long black coat,

reaching to the heels, with a fur collar and narrow fur trimming.

The wealth of a fisherwoman consists in the number of her petticoats, of flannel or a mixed cotton and wool stuff, and the more she wears at once the better she is thought to be dressed. As many as thirteen of these skirts are worn together, which of course makes the figure unbearable and grotesque to a high degree, especially as the tight bodice makes the lower half still more large in appearance. A fresh-complexioned girl, with large balls of many-colored flowers, composed of separate bunches of tulips or hyacinths hanging at the ends of a milk-bucket yoke, is often seen in the spring turning an honest penny in a beautiful way by selling the useless blossoms when the bulb has reached its maturity; or a still earlier picture of the same pretty drama, a figure in the pale lilacs so much worn, cutting the bright flowers from the glowing tulip-beds. Whatever the female figures are doing, the lace head-dress adds always a charm and invites study. In church the women, sitting together in the centre, form a snowy flower-like mass, with many a lace clouded gleam of gold or silver from their metal head-bands, or a flash of diamonds from their long, pendent ear-rings, or the diamond-incrusted silver ornaments which supplement their head-dress, particularly one oriental-looking arrangement worn low down in the centre of the forehead; while the men, wholly devoid of white, a black silk stock and sombre archaic coats, occupying raised benches at the side and back of the room, form a dark setting for this delicately colored mass.

The celebration of the communion according to the forms of the Dutch national church, gives many compositions; a long table is laid with a white cloth, around which first the women, and then the men, sit and partake of the cup and bread.

A number of these pearly-skinned women in their pale-colored gowns and lace head-gear, each face animated with a fitting expression, and all full of serious contemplation, listening to the solemn words of the black-robed minister who stands among them cup in hand is a fine motive.

Again, the vast interior of one of the magnificent gothic churches of Holland, all pale gray in tone, sparsely occupied by the friends and family of the couple, who stand quite alone beneath the carved oak pulpit and listen to an address from the parson before he descends, and in a few words joins them in marriage, is a touching picture, es-

A North Sea Fisherman.

pecially if the bride be young and dressed in a charming costume, which is a common occurrence—not the usual conventional white and lace, but perhaps a pale pink or lilac and floating lace cap with antique gold ornaments.

An Egmond Fish-wife.

"The wealth of a fisherwoman consists in the number of her petticoats."

Blue is the prevailing note in all out-door male figures, usually faded into a quiet harmony with its surroundings; as a shepherd with his soft blue blouse and his gray flock could not be bettered by any other setting than the gray-green sand-dunes when they are to be seen; or a dull-red jacket and black knickerbockers compose equally well in the deeper green of the fields. Many of the harvest operations are full of artistic interest, from the rude simplicity of the tools and the natural poses of their users; a certain seed which falls as it ripens, and which must consequently be grown in a light, sandy soil in order that it may be gathered by sifting, gives a good arrangement as it is harvested; the clouds of fine dust coming through the hand-sieve, and blown into fantastic forms, adds to the effect of the bending figures of shovel-

lers and sifters, a young girl with a broom following after. Digging potatoes is another operation full of interesting poses. It is the custom to kneel at the work, to lift the mass of the roots with a shovel, and then to bend and sort out the fruit. It is usually done by the women and girls, who, ever bending and again rising to a kneeling posture, seem to be continually giving thanks for this their chief means of life; all the more pathetic, that among the poorer communities the potato nearly alone is their means of sustenance.

The straight scythe-handle adds a simple charm to the mowing figure, the reaping hook and sickle to the reaper bending to his work. The intensely blue and red milk buckets seem to harmonize with the black and white cows, dark dresses of the milkmaids, and the vivid green of the landscape, and to give a peculiar brightness to the gleaming ditches always in Holland somewhere near to every out-door composition.

Though not an obtrusively religious people, the Dutch are only second to the English in their strict observance of Sunday, and a most mediæval effect is produced by their solemn Sunday afternoon walk in all their finery; the long, straight roads bordered by gray willows, bright ditches, canals, and green fields, with a background of the nestling red houses of the village, snug among its waving trees; while all around the wide-stretching plains, dotted with distant compact towns, go to make an interesting study. It is on Sunday that the children, and particularly the little girls, are seen in their quaintest and most peculiar aspect, dressed precisely as their elders, their mothers or grandmothers in miniature—the same long, voluminous skirts, tiny gold or silver head-bands covered with lace caps, and bodices of a mature cut. They are most old-timey and charming; even during the week, at school or at play, in many places they still wear the same costume, though without the utter refinement which is kept for Sundays or great occasions. There is really very little difference between the dressing of the modern little Dutch girls and those which have come down to us in portraits from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The Dutchman has ever been vain and unimaginative, his vanity has held his greatest painters down to mere portraiture, and while causing them directly to administer to his personal aggrandizement on the one hand, has deprived them of sympathy in their better and nobler efforts on the other. At all events, Holland has never produced a great imaginative painter; its chief glory, the Dutch genre school, is after all only the apotheosis of the commonplace. Strange as it may seem, Holland to-day attracts more largely those painters who follow in the footsteps of the great Dutchmen, and though they are without doubt good and faithful in their portrayal of the more salient and peculiar characteristics of the Hollanders, a really sympathetic observer, a deeper and more subtle interpreter of this wonderful country and its interesting people, has an almost untrodden field before him.

The roads are indeed well worn by the feet of hurrying, thoughtless pilgrims, which lead to the "wind-mill on a canal," the "view of the Dutch town," the commonplace interior, and the conventional quaintness of figure studies; but the paths which lead to those other and better things, even finer in Holland than in less favored lands, cannot be found by the common mind or the hasty commercial painter.

THE PROPOSED TRANS-SAHARIAN RAILWAY.

By Napoléon Ney.

I.

THE eighteenth century earned the right to be known as the century of the emancipation of thought; the nineteenth century will be known in history as that of great international enterprises. For we have seen accomplished in the last thirty years great things for science and humanity. To take but one field — consider what steam has done for navigation. It has eliminated time and distance from the problem, by enabling our ships to carry their cargoes in all seasons and at fixed times, without having, as in other days, to reckon with winds and currents. Shipping has multiplied on every sea. The cutting of the Suez Canal has hastened this economic revolution and altered the markets of the world. The ocean cable has brought together the opposite ends of the earth. Since the tunnelling of Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard, the train that carries the mails to India runs without change of locomotive from Calais to Brindisi. The train from Venice to Hamburg goes under the Alps. But the railways of Europe have had for chief object the immediate convenience and profit of comparatively small territories.

To the United States belongs the credit of extending the domain of propulsion by steam considered as an engine of future civilization. Like a bridge thrown across the desert from one country to another thousands of miles off, the first trans-continental line was built between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The railway line from Omaha, on the Missouri River, to San Francisco, on the Pacific Ocean, was opened on the 10th of May, 1869. It was 3,080 kilomètres (1,913 miles) in length. This gigantic work was accomplished in three years, if we make allowance for the interruption caused by the war of the Rebellion, the work being taken up in earnest only in 1866. It was accomplished under somewhat peculiar conditions, the franchise having been granted to two companies, each one working toward a central meeting-point. The engineering difficulties were immense; engineers and laborers had to fight their way through unexplored tracts of country. Mountain ranges, some of them 2,300 metres (7,500 feet) in height had to be crossed. For 1,500 kilomètres (933 miles) the road runs at at an elevation of 1,800 metres (5,900 feet), across plateaux covered with snow for part of the year and exposed to avalanches. As a protection from this danger the American engineer provided special devices — in some places constructing tunnels of wood-work, some of which, on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, are 70 kilomètres (42½ miles) long. Seven railways now cross the continent at different latitudes, on the territory of the United States and of British Canada. These achievements upon a grand scale show the most remarkable enterprise and determination on the part of these Americans, sons of old Europe, who have found in the New World a new ambition.

Ten years later—1879–1886—Russia built in Asia, the cradle of our civilization, another line as remarkable as that across America, and destined to exert not only political influence in Europe and Russia, but to re-endow with life those Eastern countries and peoples long since decayed, whence came the first rays of our civilization. I mean the Trans-Caspian Railway. This gigantic work, consisting of a line from the Caspian Sea to Samarkand, is not surpassed by any engineering achievement of the century. It will soon reach Siberia, and finally the sea of Okhotsk, thus completing, with the Canadian Pacific, the iron band which encircles the world between the 30th and 40th degrees of latitude. The road has been quietly and quickly built in the face of difficulties

20 Longitude West 10 from Greenwich. 10 Longitude East 20 30
ATLANTIC OCEAN
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
SPAIN
SICILY
Tangier
Oran
Algiers
Bougie
Philippeville
Bone
Ulzereah
Tunis
Sfax
Gabes
Tripoli
Barca
Egypt
Fez
Ain Sefra
Figuig
Mogador
Morocco
Ghadames
Cape Juby
Wady Draha
Rio de Oro
Arguin
Taodeni
Timbuctoo
Bourroum
St. Louis
Dakar
Senegal
Kayes
Kita
Ségou-Sikoro
Bamnia
Foura Ballo
Sierra Leone
Liberia
Kong
Bondoukou
Ashantee
Cape Coast
Gd. Bassam
Assinie
Gulf of Guinea
Lagos
Togo
Dahomey
Benin
Mouths of the Niger R.
Boosa
Bidda
Yola
Adamaoua
Cameroon
French Post
Libreville
French Congo
Congo R.
Brazzaville
Leopoldville
Kassai R.
Congo Free State
Angola
Sahara
Desert
Libyan
Fezzan
Ghat
Mourzouk
Amguid
Rhat
Awadrhor
Birel
Gharama
(Death of Flatters)
Timissao
Asiou
Tin Telloust
Bilma
Borkou
Agades
Gogo
Sokoto
Zinder
Kouka
Kano
Masena
L. Tchad
L. Fitri
Timissin
Rhadames
Tougourt
Ouargla
Biskra
Laghouat
Berrouaghia
Mokhanza
El Golea
Ain Taiba
El Biad
In Salah
Taourirt
Tuat
Touareg
Aoulimmiden
Air
Soudan
Nigeria
Haussa
Bornou
Kanem
Ouadai
Tibesti
Ahaggar
Tidikelt
Gourara
Touat
Oued Draa
Oued Saoura
Oued Guir
Oued Ziz
Oued Rir
Oued Igharghar
Oued Mya
Oued Mzab
Oued Djedi
Oued Quaren
Oued Nil
Oued Kebir
Oued Sahel
Oued Isser
Oued Hamiz
Oued Sebaou
Oued Soummam
Oued Agrioun
Oued Rummel
Oued Kebir
Oued Endja
Oued Zeroud

builder of the Trans-Caspian Railway, and gave him his hearty support.

The Trans-Siberian—the continuation of the Trans-Caspian, as its name implies—will cross Siberia from east to west, and has been begun at its eastern end. A few weeks ago, in June, 1891, the Czarewitch, in passing through Siberia on his way around the world, opened with great pomp the first section of the Trans-Siberian road. After solemn prayers, and to the accompaniment of a booming cannonade from the Russian fleet anchored at Wladiwostock, the Czarewitch gave a few strokes of the pick and filled a wheelbarrow with earth. In a car covered with flags he went over the finished section of the line, accompanied by the Governor-General of the territory, and by the engineer, M. Oursati. The Czarewitch had placed in the railway depot now building at Wladiwostock a silver plate recording the event. He also read a letter from the Czar in which the sovereign declared Siberia and Russia united by this railway, "a national work, and one which he has had at heart." The road will run from the Oural to Wladiwostock, and the Russian naval station on the sea of Okhotsk. The whole length will be 7,700 kilomètres (4,783 miles).

South America has also undertaken a continental line, the Trans-Andean, work upon which has been stopped by the war in Chili and the financial straits of the Argentine Republic. It will run from Valparaiso on the Pacific to Buenos Ayres on the Atlantic. Africa is the only continent which has not a transcontinental line; but I shall show that such a line has now become a necessity.

II.

From the time of the conquest of Algeria, France assumed a dominant influence in Africa. Her political and commercial interests, her very future, may be involved by her Algerian policy. She occupied first the whole of Algeria, then Tunis, and now extends her power further south in the desert than the Romans reached. On the west France controls the important colony of Senegal, as well as the Fouta-Djallon, the rivers of the south, and the French Soudan. These gradual accessions have been due to French officers, who have proved themselves explorers of the first rank. Special mention is due to Captain Binger, whose remarkable trip, accomplished in 1887–89, from Senegal to the Gulf of Guinea, resulted in connecting the French stations on the Gold Coast with the French Soudan.

In the Congo, Lieutenant de Brazza, to-day French Commissioner in West Africa, established, with but a handful of men, a valuable colony and made felt the influence of France. At the same time Mr. Stanley organized, at great cost of men, money, and material, the colony which later was to constitute the Congo Free State, of which the King of the Belgians is sovereign. The famous American explorer recognized at its true importance the achievement of our compatriot de Brazza. His opinion carries the more weight because Stanley is not of our friends, and has always shown dislike of the French in general, and of de Brazza in particular.

I have mentioned the three points, widely distant, by which France has entered Africa. She must now connect these points and make one Algeria from Senegal to the Congo, by way of the Sahara. The Anglo-French convention of the 5th of August, 1890, recognized the protectorate of France in Madagascar, and consented to the extension of French influence south of her Mediterranean possessions (Algeria and Tunis) to a line from Sai on the Niger, to Barrouah on Lake Tchad. The proceedings of this convention have been bitterly and unjustly attacked. My personal opinion is that the value of the concession made to us, and the definition of the zone which we may control, will depend largely upon the use we make of our opportunity. Our one aim in Africa should now be to unite our possessions. The Monteil, Crampel, Mizon, and Dybosky commissions had no other end in view. If we can keep other powers from this territory, its value ought to multiply a hundred-fold, when, in a few years, a Trans-Saharian and Soudan railway unites our colonies of the east and west with those of the north.

The country to be thus conquered

General Philebert.

may be divided into four zones. 1. The oasis region, from which come dates and camels for caravan use. 2. The desert region, in which palms are few, and which presents vast plains of sand, stones, and salt, over which roam nomadic tribes on the watch for caravans that may be pillaged. 3. The gum-tree belt, in which cattle, sheep, and horses thrive. 4. A zone with running water and tropical vegetation. The caravan routes from Algeria to the Soudan pass through a sterile country, in which the march is sometimes for six or eight days through country without vegetation, wood, or water, to which privations must be added the hostility of the native tribes. It is for these reasons that this route has not been used by Europeans. A railway across the Sahara will alone solve the problem and unite our African possessions.

To an engineer of Bridges and Roads (*Ponts et Chaussées*), M. Duponchel, belongs the honor of having first proposed a Trans-Saharian road, and it is but justice that his name should find recognition here. The labors of M. Duponchel resulted in bringing the project before the public about ten years ago, and in 1879 a Trans-Saharian commission was appointed by M. de Freycinet, then Minister of Public Works, to which commission was entrusted the examination of all questions relating to the building of a railway across the desert of Sahara. The commission decided to consider three plans for such a road south of Algeria, starting respectively from the three Algerian provinces—Oran, Algiers, and Constantine. In 1883 three expeditions were sent to the three provinces. That on the west (Oran) was commanded by a civil engineer (*des Mines*), M. Pouyaune, who was to study the Zouzfana and Messaoura districts. The central expedition (Algiers) was directed by another engineer, M. Choisy, who undertook the examination of the country between Laghouat and El Goléa. In this corps was a young civil engineer, M. Georges Rolland, of whom I shall have more to say presently. The eastern expedition (Constantine) was directed by a retired officer of the African army, Colonel Flatters, to whom the most dangerous and difficult part of the work was entrusted. He was to reach the Soudan by way of Rhat, one of the towns of the Touaregs Hoggar, in the Great Desert.

III.

The expeditions headed by MM. Pouyaune and Choisy accomplished their

M. Georges Rolland.

objects without trouble. Colonel Flatters, stopped by want of rations and the hostility of the Touaregs-Hoggar, returned without having reached Rhat. Nevertheless his first expedition was not without important results. He discovered the great valley or pass of Igharghar, through which flowed the Igharghar, the great Saharian river, the valley

Casbah of Tougourt.

of which offered the easiest road to the Niger. Colonel Flatters also believed that he had established amicable and valuable relations with the Touaregs, thanks to which he would be able, with a second expedition, to reach the Soudan. He therefore obtained permission to start again. The Saharian railway was about to claim its first martyrs.

Colonel Flatters left Ouargla the 18th of November, 1880. This second expedition comprised, besides the commanding colonel, MM. Beringer and Roche, civil engineers, Masson, captain in the artillery corps, and Dr. Guiard. All had served with the first expedition, and there also went with them Lieutenant de Dianous and M. Santin, a civil engineer, who took the places of MM. Le Chatelier and Brosselard, second lieutenants of infantry. MM. Le Chatelier and Brosselard are to-day both captains. M. Le Chatelier has devoted himself to Eastern questions, and has been sent in recent years by the Minister of War to Senegal, Morocco, southern Algeria, Egypt, and Constantinople. At present he is attached to the general staff of the African division of the French army. M. Brosselard, who has been several times to Senegal and to the south of Algeria, is now on the staff of the Minister of the Navy. He married a daughter of the distinguished General Faidherbe, and obtained permission to add to his own name that of his father-in-law, who died without male heirs.

The expedition comprised 88 persons: 2 French staff soldiers, Brame and Marjollet; 47 Algerian sharpshooters (Turcos), and 31 Arab volunteers, not in the army, but former soldiers; 7 Chambâa guides, and one priest of the order of Tedjini, who was expected to give the sanctity of religion to the enterprise. Where Mohammedans are concerned, religious influence is of the utmost value. The priesthoods and brotherhoods constitute secret societies having initiation ceremonies, signs, pass-words, and secret codes. The Rhouan (brethren) of the different orders have affiliations with those of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, Syria, Persia, Central Asia, India, and the most distant parts of Islam.

After a three months' journey through the desert, and after having passed Amguid, the expedition reached Sebka

DRAWN BY J. H. TWACHTMAN.

Environs of the Oasis of Ouargla

ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

Artesian Well in the Oued Rir.

(salt wells), the most southern point reached by the Romans. General Cornelius Balbo raised a monument here (44 B.C.) of which the Flatters expedition saw the ruins. Never before, in modern times, had a European entered so far into the African desert. The expedition was about to enter the Au country, the gate of the Soudan, 1,400 kilomètres (870 miles) of the line having been surveyed, when on the 16th of February, 1881, Colonel Flatters, Captain Masson, and Engineers Beringer and Roche, and Dr. Guiard, while away from camp, were killed near the wells of Bir-el-Gharama by Touaregs, who for several days had followed the French party, watching for such an opportunity. The Touaregs also killed the commissary of the expedition, Deverny, 30 of the camel-drivers who had been leading their beasts to water, and captured all the camels.

The terrible loss at Bir-el-Gharama was known that night in the camp, which the Touaregs had not dared to attack. Lieutenant de Dianous called to his tent the remaining Frenchmen, and discussed the situation. There was but one thing to do, to retreat to Ouargla. The situation was a desperate one. Before them was a sixty days' march, without camels, and with only such water and food as could be carried; the route was through a terrible country (the "Country of Thirst") where enemies would be found everywhere. These unfortunates, shipwrecked in the desert, if I may use the expression, started that night. The cases were broken open and division made of the money, food, and ammunition. The skins of water were given to the strongest men to carry. The expedition was now reduced to fifty persons, including Lieutenant de Dianous, Engineer Santin, Commissary Pobeguin, and the two soldiers, Brame and Paul Marjollet. I need not describe, step by step, this sad retreat, of which the incidents might recall a tragedy of Æschylus. Harassed night and day by the Touaregs, the men suffered from hunger and thirst. When their provisions gave out, they managed to buy from some Touaregs dates that these wretches had poisoned with the powder of a plant found in the oases of the Sahara, known to the Arabs as El Bettina, and to the Touaregs as Falezlez. Its botanical name is *Hyoscy-*

amus Falezleh. No sooner had the men eaten these dates than they seemed crazed, rushing wildly about with cries and shouts. Some of the unfortunates fired off their guns; others ran about trying to strangle themselves in a vain effort to keep out air which seemed to burn their lungs at every inhalation. De Dianous and Pobeguin tore off their clothes and rushed back and forth like caged beasts, shouting out words without meaning. The former fired upon his men. Fortunately, many of the sharpshooters and the Chambâa had eaten few or no dates. They disarmed the officer, who became calmer and begged for hot water, which, acting as an emetic, relieved him. The Arabs had great difficulty in keeping their own people from rushing away from camp, and some of them did escape. (Report of the official investigation ordered by the Governor of Algeria, 1881.) The story of the companions of Ulysses, transformed into swine by Circe, suggests itself.

The rest of the expedition continued the retreat the next day. The wells at Amguid were found in the possession of a strong band of Touaregs, who were driven away after a fight in which M. de Dianous, M. Santin, Brame, Marjollet, and twelve sharpshooters were killed. The commissary, Pobeguin, was the only Frenchman left. The survivors kept on the march and the Touaregs gave up the pursuit. But provisions gave out, and some of the men succumbed to hunger and fatigue. Their fellows, crazed with suffering, killed them and fought over the bloody remains. Pobeguin was eaten the 31st of March. Let us draw a veil over these tragedies. On April 2d four sharpshooters, barely alive, reached Ouargla. Three others were picked up on the road. They brought the news of the fate of the Flatters expedition, of which they were the only survivors. The details here given are taken from the report of the official investigation made by order of the Governor, and are but little known. They belong, however, to the history of the Trans-Saharian railway, of which this second Flatters expedition largely decided the future plans.

IV.

The disasters which overtook the Flatters expedition in 1881, resulted for the time being in the abandonment of all plans for a railway through the Sahara, and the engineering surveys were put aside. This was a political blunder. Prompt action would have enabled us to punish in a terrible manner the murderers of our soldiers, and such reprisal, being immediate, would have had great moral weight in the future. The disaster was partly attributable to the imprudence of the commander of the expedition, but not to avenge him fully and at once was, I repeat, a serious blunder upon the part of France. What was simply an act of piracy in the desert assumed immense importance throughout the whole of North Africa. From the Niger to Barbary, from the frontier of Morocco to the country of the Touaregs, the idea spread that France was unable to avenge the death of her soldiers. Once more the cost of inaction and lack of perseverance became painfully apparent.

To a young civil engineer, M. Georges Rolland, belongs the credit of re-awakening the idea, long dormant, of a Trans-Saharian railway. M. Rolland, who had been concerned with one of the Saharian expeditions, as I have already mentioned, made the subject of a desert railway his constant study. He established in the Sahara of Constantine an excellent colony, and in the desert regions of Oued Rir, between Biskra and Tougourt, he introduced a system of irrigation that has transformed the desert into a rich and profitable oasis.

M. Rolland first announced his scheme of a Trans-Saharian railway in a lecture given in 1889 before the Geographical Society of Paris, and he has since persistently advocated a project of which a number of European conventions (Anglo-German, Anglo-Portuguese, Anglo-French, etc.) have approved. At the same time the project of a Trans-Saharian road found a powerful advocate in a retired army officer educated in the school of Marshal Randon and of General Margueritte, who, after devoting his youth to the conquest of Algiers, has not ceased to labor for the greatness

and success of this splendid colony. General Philebert, the officer in question, published in 1890, in collaboration with M. Rolland, a pamphlet upon the future of France and the Trans-Saharian railway which produced a profound impression, and in which he demonstrated the necessity of immediate action. The project has not since been allowed to slumber. In 1890 and 1891 the Algerian departments of Oran, Algiers, and Constantine voted appropriations for the completion of surveys, and their chambers of commerce pronounced in favor of the scheme. The question became a serious one in the newspapers of France and Algeria.

In April, 1890, a committee composed of delegates representing the different ministers, and with M. Alfred Picard as chairman, was appointed by M. de Freycinet, Minister of War, to advise upon the question. The unanimous decision was that a Trans-Saharian railway was possible and would be profitable. The superior council of war, composed of Generals Saussier, de Gallifet, Davout d'Auerstaedt, Billot, de Miribel, Berge, Thomassin, and Haillot, also agreed that such a road was necessary from a military and strategic standpoint.

After the foregoing explanations, which I hope have placed my readers in a position to understand the question as it presents itself to-day, I can now proceed to describe the plans and routes suggested, and the available means of construction. Afterward I can take up the surveys.

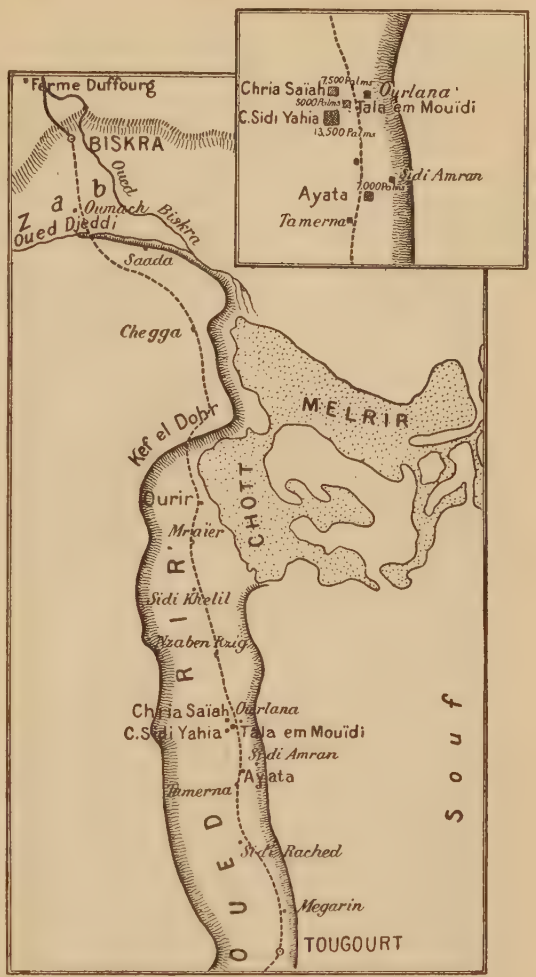
The Trans-Saharian railway starts naturally from Algiers, which with Tunis offers a base of operations equipped with men and means. These two colonies, which may be considered as a continuation of the mother-country, are only twenty-four hours away from France. Iron and wood for the construction of the line are plenty, while water is found under the whole Saharian Desert on the line of the proposed road, which will greatly facilitate the work and make the territory valuable in the future. I shall speak later of the results already obtained in the Sahara by the use of this water.

The ocean of sandy desert that separates the Soudan from Algeria has been cited by critics of the Trans-Saharian scheme as an insurmountable obstacle. And yet no one considers the Atlantic waves as an insurmountable obstacle to the exchange of commodities between the new and the old worlds. I can say that the Trans-Saharian railway will bring fertility with it. With sand and water one accomplishes wonders in Africa. The Arab proverb runs: "Plant a stick in the sand and water it —you will have a tree." The name Sahara is not always synonymous with desert. Notwithstanding the dryness of the climate, the Sahara has running water-courses in summer, and subterranean lakes and artesian wells too deep for surface evaporation. In the Saharian oases, where water reaches the surface naturally, date-palms make real forests and shelter smaller vegetation that shows a grateful green against the monotonous gray of the desert. The date-palm grows in the most arid soil, gypseous and even saline, sandy, and stony. The palm needs heat and water—its head in the burning sun, its feet in the water. It is the chief resource of the natives of North Africa, the king of the desert of Sahara, the tree of the Bible. The date is to the Sahara what wheat is to Europe and rice to India and China. It is the common food of the native and his surest friend. It is the chief wealth and commodity of barter of millions of people, and it is exported to every country. Its use is growing in Europe and America. When it can be used as a common fruit and not as a luxury, its value will be still more apparent. The date-palm fruits in eight years, and sometimes in five years, after planting, and its culture is profitable. With two hundred trees upon a hectare (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres) it brings in more than one thousand francs a year. It will be seen that it is as profitable to plant palm-trees in the Sahara as grape-vines on the slopes of Algeria or in the south of France. Its fruit is slower in coming, but there is no phylloxera to be feared.

I have spoken of the subterranean sheet of water under the Sahara. The results produced by the artesian wells sunk since the French settled in Oued Rir, a series of oases south of the province of Constantine, of which the chief

town is Tougourt, are nothing less than marvellous. The wells of the natives, lined with wood, last but a short time owing to the filling up of the sand, and everything dies for lack of water. For this reason some of the oases have disappeared under the sand. The natives were discouraged. "Our children are weak," said one of their chiefs. "If God, the worker of miracles, does not help us, in ten years the Oued Rir will be deserted, buried in the sand." As in the case of the deserted cities of Central Asia, to be found on the line of the Trans-Caspian road, the Oued Rir was about to die of thirst. But the miracle was accomplished, and French engineering was about to save the Oued Rir. On January 19, 1856, a memorable day, the sand-drill of the French engineer, Jus, brought forth a splendid stream of water, four thousand litres (888 gallons) a minute, to the astonishment of the assembled natives. The Fountain of Peace was the name given to this well. The sand-drill won a greater victory and accomplished more than war for the peace of the Sahara. Since then the drilling in the Oued Rir has been continued with energy and perseverance by the military authorities, under the direction of M. Jus. On October 1, 1885, there were 114 artesian wells belonging to the French and 492 belonging to the natives. Counting the few natural supplies of water, this gives a supply of 253,678 litres (56,372 gallons) of water a minute, or about four cubic metres (141 cubic feet) of water a second, equivalent to one-tenth of the flow of the Seine in summer, or equal to the flow of several streams large enough to give their names to departments, such as la Vilaine, le Tarn, l'Avignon, and la Dordogne.

Thanks to the success of irrigation, the oases have become fertile again. There are to-day forty-three oases in the Oued-Rir, 520,000 date-palms in bearing, 140,000 palms of from one to seven years of age, and about 100,000 other fruit trees. The annual production of dates is valued at more than



Map of Oued Rir, and the New Oases made by the French.

two and one-half millions of francs. The wealth of the Oued Rir in gardens, wells, houses, etc., has increased fivefold in the thirty years that have elapsed since the first well was drilled. In seven years—1882–1889—M. Rolland and his associates have "created" three oases and three villages—at Ourir, in the north of the Oued Rir, at Sidi Yahia, and at Ayata, in the central region. They sank nine wells which give a flow of nearly twenty-three cubic metres (812 cubic feet) of water a min-

ute. About 400 hectares (988 acres) of barren land have been made fertile. They have planted the enormous number of 50,000 palm-trees, of which a fourth are of a fine variety known as the *deglet noir*. They have dug ninety kilomètres (56 miles) of irrigating ditches, and have built dwellings for the French agents, the native laborers, storehouses, etc. A distinguished French engineer, M. H. Tournel, has well said that when one sees the amazing transformation produced by artesian water upon the soil of Algeria, the thought inevitably suggests itself that the conquest of the land has been achieved by first conquering what is under the land.

My subject now necessarily becomes rather dry, as I undertake the question of surveys. The three surveys made by the Saharian expeditions of which I have spoken, were carefully examined in 1879–80, by the superior committee appointed by M. de Freycinet, to whom belongs the honor of having taken the first decisive steps. The committee, while offering no opinion as to ways and means or future profits, decided that all the surveys presented practicable plans. The three surveys are as follows :

1st. The western survey (toward the bend of the Niger), by way of Arzew, Saïda, Ain Sefra, Igli, Taourirt, Timissao, Bouroum.

2d. The original central survey (bend of the Niger), by way of Algiers, Blida, Berrouaghia, Laghouat, El Goléa, Taourirt, Bouroum.

3d. The present central survey, by way of Philippeville, Constantine, Biskra, Ouargla, Amguid.

Starting from Amguid, and toward the mouth of the Niger, by way of Timissao, Bouroum ; toward Lake Tchad, by Amguid, Bir-el-Gharama, Asiou, Kouka, on Lake Tchad ; or by way of Amguid, Amadrhor, Bilma, Masena.

Since the sessions of the Trans-Saharian committee in 1880, the situation in southern Algeria has greatly changed, and to the advantage of the central survey. The committee of 1890 went again over the surveys and decided unanimously for that of central Algeria, that is to say, by way of Philippeville, Constantine, Biskra, and Amguid. Immediate construction was advised. And from Amguid the line could be carried to the south toward central and eastern Soudan, countries in which are found large rivers and forests. The land is amazingly fertile, and for three months of the year the tropical heat is tempered by abundant rain. Innumerable herds of wild cattle are found. Tribes of negro herders flourish there notwithstanding the slave traffic that has cursed the country.

Kano and Sokoto are large industrial and commercial towns, in the markets of which are found the products of a vast country which is mountainous in part and blessed with a climate suitable to white colonists. Toward the east as far as Lake Tchad, the Bona country, of which Kouka is the capital, situated on the great lake, is, like Kano, an agricultural centre of importance. North of Damergou, near the Au mountains, in a pass of which Colonel Flatters was killed, the land is highly esteemed by the Touaregs, one of whom, captured in a skirmish near El-Goléa three years ago, compared Damergou to Normandy, which he had recently visited. Bornou, Baghirmi and Ouaday, until recently closed to Europeans, assume great importance as the gates of commerce with the old world. England, with her usual foresight, has been quick to appreciate these facts, and has obtained possession of the only water highway by which the lower Niger and the Bénoué enter central Soudan. She hopes to extend her influence to Lake Tchad, and thus profit by the traffic with neighboring countries.

Thus the only survey of a Trans-Saharian railway, feasible from an engineering, strategic, and commercial stand-point, is by way of Tougourt, Ouargla, Timassinin, Amguid, Amadrhor, and Au, ending at Lake Tchad ; for it is the only route which will command a traffic large enough to make it commercially important to France. And it was this route which met with the approval of the superior council of war in 1891.

The line of railway from Constantine to the south ended, until recently, at

Comparative Table of the Different Trans-Saharian Railroad Surveys.

	Actual Length of Road in Southern Algeria.		Length of Continuation toward Soudan.		Estimated Total Length from the Mediterranean to the Soudan.	
	1st. Now open.	2d. Building.	1st. Working plans furnished.	2d. Surveys only.	1st. Toward the bend of the Niger.	2d. Toward Lake Tchad.
Western Survey.	465 kilomètres. (289 miles.) Azur–Saïda–Ain–Sefra.		870 kilomètres. (541 miles.) Ain Sefra–Igli–Taourirt. Pouyaune; surveyed by description.	1,350 kilomètres. (839 miles.) Taourirt–Timissao–Bouroum. Pouyaune.	2,700 kilomètres. (1,677 miles.)	
Former Central Survey.	51 kilomètres. (32 miles.) Algiers–Blida.	86 kilomètres. (54 miles.) Blida–Berrouaghia.	779 kilomètres. (484 miles.) Berrouaghia–Laghouat–El Goléa. Choisy expedition; surveys made on the spot.	1,900 kilomètres. (1,180 miles.) El Goléa–Taourirt–Bouroum.	2,800 kilomètres. (1,739 miles.)	
Present Central Survey.	320 kilomètres. (199 miles.) Philippeville–Constantine–Biskra.		1,050 kilomètres. (652 miles.) Biskra–Ouargla–Amguid. Choisy expedition; Flatters expedition. Surveys on the spot.	1,250 kilomètres. (776 miles.) Amguid–Timassao–Bouroum. Flatters—Pouyaune.	2,600 kilomètres. (1,615 miles.)	
				2,000 kilomètres. (1,242 miles.) Amguid–Bir-el-Gharama–Kouka. Flatters.		3,400 kilomètres. (2,112 miles.)
				2,200 kilomètres. (1,366 miles.) Amguid–Amadrhor–Bilma–Masena. Flatters.		3,600 kilomètres. (2,236 miles.)
Eastern Survey.						

Batna. In 1888 it was extended to Biskra (320 kilomètres (199 miles) from the sea). The line from Batna to Biskra earned in 1890 a gross income of more than four thousand francs per kilomètre ($\frac{5}{8}$ of a mile), which will certainly be exceeded in the future. The line must now be extended to Tougourt and Ouargla, and will certainly earn from the first an equal income in proportion to its length. Tougourt, 210 kilomètres (130 miles) from Biskra, is the capital of the Oued Rir. The four hundred thousand palm-trees mentioned are in a sort of basin surrounded by high sand-dunes. In the public square of Tougourt is the Casbah, an Arab edifice erected under French sway. The commerce of the place is large and deals in all the products of the oases. Ouargla, where the French have long been represented by a native khalif, Mohammed Ben Chuis, a lieutenant of Spahis, is the last point where Europeans are found, and is 144 kilomètres (90 miles) south of Tougourt; beginning with this year, it has been garrisoned by a corps of peculiar character, a camel corps of two hundred and fifty sharpshooters, led by French infantry officers mounted on running camels. This is the police force of the desert, a corps capable of rapidly making long journeys.

The town of Ouargla has no special interest. The streets are narrow, tortuous, and blocked by arcades under which a horseman can hardly pass. The houses, most of them but one story high, present small triangular openings on the street side in lieu of windows. The doors are low, about as wide as they are high, and are topped off with screen work in a species of plaster. Every-

thing is whitewashed. The streets are dirty. Here and there are, however, a few houses of unbaked brick fairly well built. The liveliest part of the town is the market place, notably before ten o'clock in the morning. It is flanked with arcades under which are shops of every sort, kept mostly by Mozabites and well filled with merchandise. Candles, matches, and soap from Marseilles, Arabian handwork, knives, shoes of yellow leather, haicks (cloths), etc., are to be found. The chief purchases made by every one are haicks of cotton to keep the sun from the neck and shoulders, and belgha, a sort of slipper extremely convenient for walking on sand.

The railway will, of course, be built in the rapid manner pursued by Russia in central Asia. The gauge will be one metre (3 feet 3 inches). The rails will weigh 20 kilogrammes (44 pounds) per running metre, and the ties will be of metal. As to the actual construction, it is to be hoped that a great colonial company will undertake it in return for the charter and the rights covering the country affected. The French Government would grant such a charter. In its last session (1891), the superior council of the colonies discussed the organization of such chartered companies, and it is probable that the Trans-Saharian line will be built in this way by M. Georges Rolland and his associates. The estimated cost of every kind will not exceed one hundred thousand francs per kilomètre (⅝ of a mile) to Ouargla. All the work of construction on the Biskra-Tougourt section—a distance of 210 kilomètres (130 miles)—can be accomplished, if properly undertaken, in one winter; the following winter the distance of 170 kilomètres (105 miles), from Ouargla to Tougourt ought to be finished. From Ouargla the line follows naturally the bed of the Oued Igharghar, which runs straight south and offers, by way of Mokhanza, a species of cañon through the dunes, a passage free of sand. The earth is solid and would make a good road, upon which the ties could be laid without grading. Beyond this point the work is equally simple. The engineer of the Flatters expedition, the unfortunate Beringer, left a complete survey of this line from Ouargla to Amguid, and Colonel Flatters, in the last report made before his death, said that there were no engineering difficulties for the first thousand miles south of Ouargla.

Along the line of the Oued Igharghar water is found at little depth. The Timassinin country evidently covers a deep lake, and the same is probably true of the Amguid country, an important factor in the work of reaching the Soudan; for the artesian drill will prove our best weapon in the conquest of the central Saharian desert. The appearance of pure water upon the surface is a miracle greatly to the credit of the Christian, and never ceases to impress the native population. In order to achieve the transformation of the Central Sahara, work should begin first in the Timassinin district, and afterward in that of Amguid. The natural advantages of these regions, and the political and commercial reasons upon which I have dwelt, make this course obvious. We shall thus open the way to French influence, and save the only route to the Soudan that we can fully control.

When the railway reaches Timassinin, care being taken to provide artesian wells along the line from Ouargla, a new basis of operations will be established. The Chambâa and the Touaregs will bring wheat, salt, textiles, and cattle, which they can sell at good prices, and the new market will soon gain importance. From Timassinin it will be easy to reach Amguid, and to begin there the same process, the establishment of a commercial depot and agricultural centre, again continuing the line beyond that. As the railway will then penetrate 700 kilomètres (435 miles) south of Ouargla to the very heart of the Touaregs' country, the Touaregs can easily be controlled, and the whole of central and western Soudan will be open to us. It is possible that the end of the road may remain for a long time at Amguid, which commands a position of much importance, as my readers may see from the accompanying map. From Amguid, in the light of the work accomplished, we can decide more surely as

to the best line for the second section of the African trans-continental line railway.

The lengths of the different sections

Map showing the Commercial Importance of Amguid.

are: 1st. From Philippeville to Biskra, 320 kilomètres (198 miles) (already built). 2d. From Biskra to Amguid, 1,050 kilomètres (653 miles) (plans finished). 3d. From Amguid to Kouka (Tchad), 2,000 kilomètres (1,242 miles) (surveys partly known). Total: 3,370 kilomètres (1,906 miles).

At 100,000 francs per kilomètre (⅝ of a mile), the total cost of the Trans-Saharian line would be 337 millions of francs, or, in round numbers, 400 millions—the cost of the Suez Canal. To sum up, we may say that the Trans-Saharian line will consist of a central stem by way of Ouargla and Amguid, connecting on the north in one direction, by the Algerian railways, with Tougourt and Biskra, and by way of Djella to Algiers; on the south with Tchad, and eventually with the south-west and the Niger.

VI.

THERE remains one question of importance to be considered. The traffic of the Trans-Saharian will comprise two classes of business—the first, local, between oasis and oasis, or the Saharian traffic proper; the second, the business between extreme ends of the line, between Algeria and France and the central Soudan. Once given railway transportation, depots and markets will spring up along the line, for the surveys cross the lines followed by the caravans that carry on the commerce of the desert. The export of cereals from Algeria to the Touaregs and to the Au country, and the export of salt, which is not found in the Soudan, will give importance to the salt wells of Amadrhor. Upon the other hand, it is certain that a constant stream from the south will pour into Algeria, bringing chiefly hides and leather. An estimate of the yearly income to be derived from the Saharian business may be put at 6,265,000 francs. Dividing this sum by the length of the line from Biskra to Lake Tchad, 3,100 kilomètres (1,922 miles), the earnings are equal to 2,000 francs per kilomètre.

Central Soudan is rich enough to furnish a vast commercial business to a railway. Spices, ostrich feathers, gold dust, indigo, hides, leather, cereals, and fruits, palm-oil, cotton, ebony, and dyestuffs. The exports and imports of the Soudan ought to provide an income of 7,310 francs per kilomètre. Finally, there remains the passenger traffic, which may be expected to grow into importance. In round numbers, I may

say that the Trans-Saharian traffic would result in earnings of about 10,000 francs per kilomètre of line. As the construction cost would average 100,000 francs a kilomètre, interest at 4½ per cent. will require 4,500 francs per kilomètre. The running expenses of one train a day, in either direction, would be between 5,000 and 5,500 francs per kilomètre and per year. From a financial standpoint the enterprise, if well managed, ought therefore to prove remunerative. This alone, apart from other considerations, should warrant a Trans-Saharian railway.

In conclusion I may say that the Trans-Saharian railway involves a question of humanity. France first raised the flag of civilization in northern Africa, and for the last fifty years has poured out the blood of her soldiers and her gold to maintain it. France has thus incurred great duties as well as obtained great rights on the African continent. She cannot refuse to cooperate in the war against slavery and barbarism. Our country has a duty to perform in accomplishing in the shortest time possible this great French enterprise. It is not a question of foreign speculation. Our money will not go to help another nation. The success of the Trans-Saharian railway will mean the peaceful conquest of Central Africa, redounding to the credit of France and helpful to the world's civilization.

SONG FROM "AYUNA."

By Julian Hawthorne.

My love than lovely earth is lovelier.
Sunny are seas and skies,
But sunshine's soul dwells in my love's blue eyes:
Pleasant is the green wood,
But pleasure's source is my love's neighborhood:
Wild-roses' breath was sweet,
Till my love's breathing lips my lips did meet:
Earth, my love's worth than heaven makes heavenlier.

My love than lovely earth is lovelier.
Pure is the apple-blossom,
But purity is born in my love's bosom;
The singing of the bird
Seemed music, ere my love's low voice I heard;
Soft summer's glow was sweet,
Till on my glowing heart my love's heart beat:
Earth, my love's worth than heaven makes heavenlier.

My love than lovely earth is lovelier.
I dreamed of Paradise,
But Eden's self in my love's favor lies;
Life is to mortals dear,
But I'm immortal when my love is near;
God reigns above,
And Him I best may serve, loving my love:
Earth, my love's worth than heaven makes heavenlier.

MR. LOWELL AS A TEACHER.

AS a student in Harvard College during the years 1876 and 1877 —the last two years of Mr. Lowell's regular teaching there— I had the fortune to be his pupil. My memories of him, in a character not generally known, are perhaps worth recording.

In my Junior year, a lecture of Professor Norton's excited in me a wish to read Dante under Mr. Lowell. But I did not know a word of Italian; and I was firmly resolved to waste no more time on elementary grammar. Without much hope of a favorable reception, I applied for admission to the course. Mr. Lowell received me in one of the small recitation-rooms in the upper story of University Hall. My first impression was that he was surprisingly hirsute, and a little eccentric in aspect. He wore a double-breasted sack-coat, by no means new. In his necktie, which was tied in a sailor-knot, was a pin—an article of adornment at that time recently condemned by an authority which some of us were then disposed to accept as gospel. On his desk lay a not very well brushed silk hat; and nobody, I then held, had any business to wear a silk hat unless he wore coat-tails, too.

My second impression, which was fixed the moment he looked at me, and which has never altered, was that I had never met anybody quite so quizzical. Naturally I was not exactly at ease; and Mr. Lowell appeared to take a repressed but boyish delight in keeping me a bit uneasy. He listened to my application kindly, though; and finally, with a gesture that I remember as very like a stretch, told me to come in to the course and see what I could do with Dante.

To that time my experience of academic teaching had led me to the belief that the only way to study a classic text in any language was to scrutinize every syllable with a care undisturbed by consideration of any more of the context than was grammatically related to it. Any real reading I had done, I had had to do without a teacher. Mr. Lowell never gave us less than a canto to read; and often gave us two or three. He never, from the beginning, bothered us with a particle of linguistic irrelevance. Here before us was a great poem—a lasting expression of what human life had meant to a human being, dead and gone these five centuries. Let us try, as best we might, to see what life had meant to this man; let us see what relation his experience, great and small, bore to ours; and, now and then, let us pause for a moment to notice how wonderfully beautiful his expression of this experience was. Let us read, as sympathetically as we could make ourselves read, the words of one who was as much a man as we; only vastly greater in his knowledge of wisdom and of beauty. That was the spirit of Mr. Lowell's teaching. It opened to some of us a new world. In a month, I could

read Dante better than I ever learned to read Greek, or Latin, or German.

His method of teaching was all his own. The class was small—not above ten or a dozen; and he generally began by making each student translate a few lines, interrupting now and then with suggestions of the poetic value of passages which were being rendered in a style too exasperatingly prosaic. Now and again, some word or some passage would suggest to him a line of thought—sometimes very earnest, sometimes paradoxically comical—that it would never have suggested to anyone else. And he would lean back in his chair, and talk away across country till he felt like stopping; or he would thrust his hands into the pockets of his rather shabby sack-coat, and pace the end of the room with his heavy laced boots, and look at nothing in particular, and discourse of things in general. We gave up note-books in a week. Our business was not to cram lifeless detail, but to absorb as much as we might of the spirit of his exuberant literary vitality. And through it all he was always a quiz. You never knew what he was going to do or to say next. One whimsical digression I have always remembered, chiefly for the amiable atrocity of the pun. Some mention of wings had been made in the text, whereupon Mr. Lowell observed that he had always had a liking for wings: he had lately observed that some were being added to the ugliest house in Cambridge, and he cherished hopes that they might fly away with it. I remember, too, that one tremendous passage in the "Inferno" started him off in a disquisition concerning canker-worms, and other less mentionable—if more diverting—vermin. And then, all of a sudden, he soared up into the clouds, and pounced down on the text again, and asked the next man to translate. You could not always be sure when he was in earnest; but there was never a moment when he let you forget that you were a human being in a human world, and that Dante had been one, too. One or two of us, among ourselves, nicknamed him "sweet wag;" I like the name still.

After a month or two, he found that we were not advancing fast enough. So he fell into a way of making us read one canto to him, and then reading the next to us. If we wished to interrupt him, we were as free to do so as he was to interrupt us. There was one man in the class, I remember, who liked to read out-of-the-way books, and who used to break in on Mr. Lowell's translation with questions about Gabriel Harvey and other such worthies, rather humorously copying Mr. Lowell's own irrelevancies; but he could never get hold of anything so out of the way that Mr. Lowell had not read it, or at least could not talk about it as easily as if he had read it often. So, in a single college year, we read through the Divine Comedy, and the Vita Nuova; and dipped into the Convito and the lesser writings of Dante. And more than one of us learned to love them always.

This class-room work, however, was to some of us the least important part of Mr. Lowell's teaching. Almost as soon as the year began, he announced that he should always be at home one evening in the week, and glad to see us. Several of us took him at his word, and even took his word to signify more than the good man ever meant it to. For if the evening he set aside for us proved inconvenient, we made no scruple of going to Elmwood at other times. And if Mr. Lowell was at home—as he generally was in those years—we were always admitted.

It is those evenings with him in his library that one remembers best. There was always a wood-fire burning above a bed of ashes that had been accumulating for years. He would generally sit at one side of the fire, within easy reach of the tongs, which he often plied as he talked. What is more, as some of us grew more familiar and ventured to ply the tongs ourselves, he would not interfere. He would always be rather carelessly dressed: a loose smoking-jacket, I think, and often slippers. And he would smoke a pipe. He would generally begin the evening by offering one a cigar. My impression, I remember, was that the cigar was always the same, and for some months I did not dare accept it. Finally, I summoned courage to smoke it, and found

it very dry and the wrapper cracked; which went far to confirm my impression. But one did not care about that sort of thing. His pipe fairly started, Mr. Lowell would begin to talk, in his own quizzical way — at one moment beautifully in earnest, at the next so whimsical that you could not quite make out what he meant—about whatever came into his head. It might be what he had just been reading; he had generally just been reading some bit of old literature—once I remember finding him deep in a narrative in the Apocrypha, which he went on reading aloud. It might be the news of the day, it might be reminiscence of any kind. All we had to do was to sit and listen, which was far better than any other way of spending an evening known to me in those days. To talk to him was hard. A man to whom people have liked to listen these thirty years rarely remains a good listener to things like undergraduate chatter, that are not worth serious attention. But when he did listen, and when he talked, too, he did so—no matter how quizzically—with a certain politeness that, at the time and in memory, remains to me a typical example of the signification of the word *urbane;* and all this in smoking-jacket and slippers, by lamp-light, before a flickering wood-fire whose ashes were crumbling down into a great bed that had grown from hundreds of such fires before.

The human friendliness of those evenings, whoever knew them cannot forget. To some of us it gave a new meaning to everything he touched, in teaching or in talk. Here was a man who faced great things and little undismayed; who found in literature not something gravely mysterious, but only the best record that human beings have made of human life; who found, too, in human life—old and new—not something to be disdained with the serene contempt of smug scholarship, but the everlasting material from which literature and art are made. Here was a man, you grew to feel, who knew literature, and knew the world, and knew you, too; ready and willing, in a friendly way, to speak the word of cordial introduction. There came from those evenings a certain feeling of personal affection for him, very rare in any student's experience of even the most faithful teacher.

Yet, faithful as his work was in spirit, he hated the details of it, and sometimes treated them with a whimsical disregard that whoever did not appreciate how thoroughly it put them where they belonged might have deemed cynically indifferent. I remember an example of this in connection with an examination —I believe the first he gave us. There are few things less favorable to literary culture than written examinations; they are almost unmitigated, if quite necessary, evils. Perhaps from unwillingness to degrade the text of Dante to such use, Mr. Lowell set us, when we had read the Inferno and part of the Purgatorio, a paper consisting of nothing but a long passage from Massimo d'Azeglio, which we had three hours to translate. This task we performed as best we might. Weeks passed, and no news came of our marks. At last one of the class, who was not quite at ease concerning his academic standing, ventured, at the close of a recitation, to ask if Mr. Lowell had assigned him a mark. Mr. Lowell looked at the youth very gravely, and inquired what he really thought his work deserved. The student rather diffidently said that he hoped it was worth sixty per cent. "You may take it," said Mr. Lowell; "I don't want the bother of reading your book."

I remember two or three instances of the curious friendliness that by and by sprung up between him and his pupils. At that time the students were publishing a paper which contained likenesses of the faculty, imitated — at the longest of intervals — from *Vanity Fair.* When a portrait of Mr. Lowell appeared, with his sack-coat, and his silk hat, and his heavy boots all duly emphasized, somebody ventured to ask him how he liked it. To which he replied that he had been grieved to observe that the artist had allowed a handkerchief to protrude from his breast-pocket; but had been consoled by the fact that the artist had kindly permitted him to wear plaid trousers—an innocent fancy of his to which Mrs. Lowell strongly objected.

Another, very different, example of

his way of treating us appeared one evening, when I went alone to call at Elmwood, and found him alone in his library. I had never seen him so stern in aspect, so absent in manner. In a moment he told me why. He had just heard of the death of a dear friend. Of course I rose to go, but he detained me; it would do him good, he said, to talk. I have always wished that I had written down what I remembered of the talk that followed; for it still seems to me that I have never heard another so memorable. But all that remains with me now is the very beginning. There is one blessed comfort, he said, that comes with death; then, at last, we can begin, with certainty of no awaking disenchantment, to idealize those we love. It is the dead, unbodied Beatrice that lives forever in the lines of Dante. We can watch among our friends the growth of their own Beatrices that such as have had the happiness to know them make amid the agonies of bereavement, each for himself. This friend of his own, just dead, was already gathering to herself the unmixed glories of that ideality that would gather about her so long as those that loved her should live to know it.—And so he talked on, rambling far and wide, not forgetting now and then the whimsicality without which his talk would not have been his, nor ever forgetting either the deep gravity of the mood in which I had found him. That talk was such a poem as I have never read. When at last I left him, he took my hand more warmly than ever before. It had done him good, that greeting seemed to say, to talk, to have a listener.

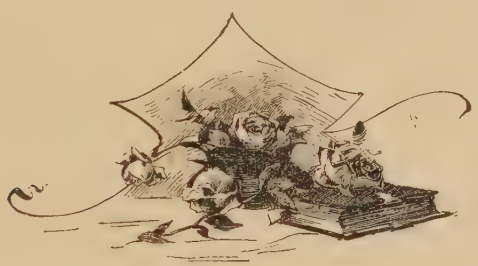
The feeling of personal regard that came from such intercourse as this was different from anything else I knew as a student. You felt, at last, in spite of all his quizzical whimsicality, a sentiment of intimacy, of confidence, of familiarity that no one else excited. You felt instinctively that such a feeling must be mutual. Mr. Lowell was a celebrated man, of course; a serious figure in American literature. But at that moment, though he was still in the full vigor of life, his work seemed pretty well over. You thought of him as a kind old friend, resting contemplatively before his wood-fire, thinking and talking of all manner of human things; and waiting, very serenely, in sack-coat and slippers, for the far-off end of an ideal life of letters. It was just at the end of my second year of study with him—a year in which he had taught me almost as much over the text of Roland and other dreary old French poems as he had taught over Dante himself—that the news came that he was going to Spain.

I heard it, I think, on our Class-Day. The class had distinguished itself by an internal squabble which had prevented the election of Class-Day officers, and consequently the usual oration and poem and so on. By way of peace-making, perhaps, Mr. Lowell had invited us all to an open-air breakfast at Elmwood, at the hour when formal ceremonies usually make the beginning of Class-Day at Harvard so remote from amusing. Few of the men knew him, even by sight; but all found him so cordial a host that for the moment our animosities were half forgotten. I asked him if the report of his mission were true; and he said it was. I remember wondering how this friendly, careless, whimsical, human man of letters, who had seemed so permanently settled in his arm-chair, would find the rather serious business of diplomatic life; wondering, with true boyish impudence, whether he would be up to it. After that day I did not see him until his final return from the mission to England.

All the time I had felt as if such intimate personal feeling as he had aroused and permitted must have been mutual. When at last I met him again, it was a slight shock to find that he had quite forgotten my face, and almost forgotten my name. The truth was, I began at last to see, that throughout those old days he had known better than any of us what dull, fruitless beings we college boys were; but that his business had been to teach us all he could, and that he had known that he, at least, could teach best by showing himself to us as he was. All this kindness, all this friendliness, all this humanity was real; all the culture he had striven to impart to us was as precious as we had ever thought it. But we ourselves were mere passing figures, not worth very

serious personal memory; and Mr. Lowell valued people at their true worth, and was beautifully free from that clerical kind of humbug that presses your hand after an interval of years, and asks feelingly for the dear children it has never bothered its wits about. And the fact that all he had been to us and all he had done for us had been his honest, earnest work as a teacher, and not his spontaneous conduct as a human being, makes it seem now all the more admirable. I have often shuddered to think how we must have bored him; I have never ceased more and more to admire the faithful persistency with which he inspired us.

The last time I spoke to him was on his seventieth birthday. A public dinner had been given him, and in the speeches his public life and works had been rehearsed from beginning to end. But not a word had been said of his teaching. After dinner I told him that this omission had meant much to me, that to me he would always be chiefly the most inspiring teacher I had ever had. His face lighted with the old quizzical smile, and I could not tell quite how much he was in earnest when with all the old urbanity he answered: "I'm glad you said that. I've been wondering if I hadn't wasted half my life."



THE AUCTION.

A YOUTH came in the market-place
Where throngs the world to sell and buy,
And fixed the press with his bright eye,
And cried, while young blood flushed his face:

"A life for sale! Come, who will buy?
I sell this life for what it brings!
Then offer of thy precious things,
O world! a whole young life!—bid high!

"I must have power, wealth, and fame,
And love; but for these four I give
Each brain and heart-pulse while I live,
Nor other things of self I claim.

"What, yet no bids? My life is strong,
My heart is pure, my brain is clear—
Ah, world! 'Tis for no glut, I fear,
If such as these sell for a song.

"Come, then—I offer you the same
At smaller price; wealth need I not,
If power, fame, and love be got,
No other things for me I claim."

And while the youth stood there and sought
To sell his life, the world went by;
And deeper glowed his eager eye,
And on his brow came lines of thought.

"Ah, well—if, on this present earth
I cannot work my little will!
Let power go. For others still,
When I am dead, shall know my worth;

"And fame shall lead to power. So,
A life no longer young, but strong,
Is going, going, for a song—
Come, world, and make your bids! What, no?"

He spoke, and then with softer eye,
And calmer voice, and kinder mood,
He grew a man, as there he stood;
But ever went the world him by.

"Look, then—I bate the price again;
Let fame go with the rest—'tis but
The applause of them we value not,
Which lets us show them our disdain.

"A life for sale! A man's! The same
In strength and use, if older now—
Come bid, great world! To thee I bow
And ask but love—'tis all I claim.

"Oh, drear, dread world, give me but love
And take my life most freely sold."
He ceased. The world's great wheels still rolled
In silence on their iron groove.

When next he spoke, his hair was gray.
"I sell this life for what it brings,
I ask not of thy precious things,
Give me but rest—'tis all I pray."

But still the careless world went by—
The while, his gray beard on his breast,
He offered now his life for rest,
And still stood there and did not die.

ADVENTURES AMONG BOOKS.

By Andrew Lang.

SECOND PAPER.*

PEOPLE talk, in novels, about the delights of a first love. One may venture to doubt whether everybody exactly knows which was his, or her, first love, of men or women, but about our first loves in books there can be no mistake. They were, and remain, the dearest of all; after boyhood the bloom is off the literary rye. The first parcel of these garrulities ended when the author left school, at about the age of seventeen. One's literary equipment seems to have been then almost as complete as it ever will be, one's tastes definitely formed, one's favorites already chosen. As long as we live we hope to read, but we "never can recapture the first fine careless rapture." Besides, one begins to write, and that is fatal. My own first essays were composed at school—for other boys. Not long ago the gentleman who was then our English master wrote to me, informing me he was my earliest public, and that he had never credited my younger brother with the essays which that unscrupulous lad (I speak of him but brotherly) was accustomed to present for his consideration. On leaving school at seventeen I went to St. Leonard's Hall, in the University of St. Andrews. That is the oldest of Scotch universities, and was founded by a papal bull. St. Leonard's Hall was the youngest of its institutions—a kind of cross between a master's house at school and a college in the university. We had more liberty than school-boys, less than English undergraduates. In the Scotch universities the men live scattered, in lodgings, and only recently, at St. Andrews, have they begun to dine together in hall. We had a common roof, common dinners, wore scarlet gowns, possessed foot-ball and cricket clubs, and started, of course, a kind of weekly magazine. It was only a manuscript affair, and was profusely illustrated. For the only time in my life I was now an editor, under a sub-editor, who kept me up to my work, and cut out my fine passages. The editor's duty was to write most of the magazine—to write essays, reviews (of books by the professors, very severe), novels, short stories, poems, translations, also to illustrate these, and to "fag" his friends for "copy" and drawings. A deplorable flippancy seems, as far as one remembers, to have been the chief characteristic of the periodical—flippancy and an abundant use of the supernatural. These were the days of Lord Lytton's "Strange Story," which I continue to think a most satisfactory romance. Inspired by Lord Lytton, and aided by the University library, I read Cornelius Agrippa, Trithemius, Petrus de Abano, Michael Scott, and struggled with Iamblichus, and Plotinus. These are really but disappointing writers. It soon became evident enough that the devil was not to be raised by their prescriptions, that the philosopher's stone was beyond the reach of the amateur. Iamblichus is particularly obscure and tedious. To any young beginner I would recommend Petrus de Abano, as the most adequate and gruesome of the school, for "real deevilry and pleesure," while in the wilderness of Plotinus there are many beautiful passages and lofty speculations. Two winters in the Northern University, with the seamy side of school-life left behind, among the kindest of professors—Mr. Sellar, Mr. Ferrier, Mr. Shairp—in the society of the warden, Mr. Rhoades, and of many dear old friends, are the happiest time in my life. This was true literary leisure, even if it was not too well employed, and the *religio loci* should be a liberal education in itself. We had

* For First Paper, see September Number.

debating societies; I hope I am now forgiven for an attack on the character of Sir William Wallace, *latro quidam*, as the chronicler calls him, "a certain brigand." But I am forever writing about St. Andrews; writing inaccurately, too, the Scotch critics declare. "Farewell," we cried, "dear city of youth and dream," eternally dear and sacred.

Here we first made acquaintance with Mr. Browning, guided to his works by a parody which a lady wrote in our little magazine. Mr. Browning was not a popular poet in 1861. His admirers were few, a little people, but they were not then in the later mood of reverence, they did not awfully question the oracles, as in after years. They read, they admired, they applauded, on occasion they mocked, good-humoredly. The book by which Mr. Browning was best known was the two green volumes of "Men and Women." In these, I still think, is the heart of his genius beating most strenuously and with an immortal vitality. Perhaps this, for its compass, is the collection of poetry the most various and rich of modern English times, almost of any English times. But just as Mr. Fitzgerald cared little for what Lord Tennyson wrote after 1842, so I have never been able to feel quite the same enthusiasm for Mr. Browning's work after "Men and Women." He seems to have more influence, though that influence is vague, on persons who chiefly care for thought, than on those who chiefly care for poetry. I have met a lady who had read "The Ring and the Book" often, the "Lotus Eaters" not once. Among such students are Mr. Browning's disciples of the Inner Court: I dwell but in the Court of the Gentiles. While we all—all who attempt rhyme—have more or less consciously imitated the manner of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Rossetti, such imitations of Mr. Browning are uncommonly scarce. He is lucky enough not to have had the seed of his flower stolen and sown everywhere till—

> "Once again the people
> Called it but a weed."

The other new poet of these days was Mr. Clough, who has many undergraduate qualities. But his peculiar wistful scepticism in religion had then no influence on such of us as were still happily in the ages of faith. Anything like doubt comes less of reading, perhaps, than of the sudden necessity which, in almost every life, puts belief on her trial, and cries for an examination of the creeds hitherto held upon authority, and by dint of use and wont. In a different way one can hardly care for Mr. Matthew Arnold, as a boy, till one has come under the influence of Oxford. So Mr. Browning was the only poet added to my pantheon at St. Andrews, though Macaulay then was admitted and appeared to be more the true model of a prose writer than he seems in the light of later reflection. Probably we all have a period of admiring Macaulay, and then of admiring Carlyle almost exclusively. College essays, when the essayist cares for his work, are generally based on one or the other. Then they recede into the background, and there are moments when we ungratefully turn renegades to both, as we never turn renegades to Fielding and Thackeray. As for their thought, we cannot forever remain disciples. We begin to see how much that looks like thought is really the expression of temperament, and how individual a thing temperament is, how each of us must construct his world for himself, or be content to wait for an answer and a synthesis "in that far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves." So, for one, in these high matters, I must be content as a "masterless man," swearing by no philosopher, unless he be the imperial Stoic of the hardy heart, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

Perhaps nothing in education encourages this incredulity about "masters" of thought like the history of philosophy. The professor of moral philosophy, Mr. Ferrier, was a famous metaphysician and scholar. His lectures on "The History of Greek Philosophy" were an admirable introduction to the subject, afterward pursued, in the original authorities, at Oxford. Mr. Ferrier was an exponent of other men's ideas so fair and persuasive that, in each new school, we thought we had discovered the secret. We were physicists with Thales and

that pre Socratic "company of gallant gentlemen" for whom Sydney Smith confessed his lack of admiration. We were now Empedocleans, now believers in Heraclitus, now in Socrates, now in Plato, now in Aristotle. In each lecture our professor set up a new master, and gently disintegrated him in the next. "Amurath to Amurath succeeds," as Mr. T. H. Green used to say at Oxford. He himself became an Amurath, a sultan of thought, even before his apotheosis as the guide of that bewildered clergyman, Mr. Robert Elsmere. At Oxford, when one went there, one found Mr. Green already in the position of a leader of thought, and of young men. He was a tutor of Baliol, and lectured on Aristotle, and of him eager youth said, in the words of Omar Khayyam, "*He knows! he knows!*" What was it that Mr. Green knew? Where was the secret? To a mind already sceptical about masters, it seemed that the secret (apart from the tutor's noble simplicity and rare elevation of character) was a knack of translating St. John and Aristotle alike into a terminology which we then believed to be Hegelian. Hegel we knew, not in the original German, but in lectures, and in translations. Reasoning from these inadequate premises, it seemed to me that Hegel had invented evolution before Mr. Darwin, that his system showed, so to speak, the spirit at work in evolution, the something within the wheels. But this was only a personal impression made on a mind which knew Darwin, and physical speculations in general, merely in the vague popular way. Mr. Green's pupils could generally write in his language, more or less, and could "envisage" things, as we said them, from his point of view. To do this was believed, probably without cause, to be useful in examinations. For one, I could never take it much more seriously, never believed that "the Absolute," as the *Oxford Spectator* said, had really been "got into a corner." The Absolute has too often been apparently cornered, too often has escaped from that situation. Somewhere in an old note-book I believe I have a portrait in pencil of Mr. Green as he wrestled at lecture with Aristotle, with the Notion, with his chair and table. Perhaps he was the last of that remarkable series of men, who may have begun with Wycliffe, among whom Newman's is a famous name, that were successively accepted at Oxford as knowing something esoteric, as possessing a shrewd guess at the secret.

"None the less
I still came out no wiser than I went."

All of these masters and teachers made their mark, probably won their hold, in the first place, by dint of character, not of some peculiar views in theology and philosophy. Doubtless it was the same with Socrates, with Buddha. To be like them, not to believe with them, is the thing needful. But the younger we are, the less, perhaps, we see this clearly, and we persuade ourselves that there is some mystery in these men's possession, some piece of knowledge, some method of thinking which will lead us to certainty and to peace. Alas, their secret is incommunicable, and there is no more a philosophic than there is a royal road to the City.

This may seem a digression from talk about Adventures among Books into the Book of Human Life. But while much of education is still orally communicated by lectures and conversations, many thoughts which are to be found in books, Greek or German, reach us through the hearing. There are many pupils who can best be taught in this way; but, for one, if there be aught that is desirable in a book, I then, as now, preferred, if I could, to go to the book for it.

Yet it is odd that one remembers so little of one's undergraduate readings, apart from the constant study of the ancient classics, which might not be escaped. Of these the calm wisdom of Aristotle, in moral thought and in politics, made perhaps the deepest impression. Probably politicians are the last people who read Aristotle's "Politics." That work is, indeed, apt to disenchant one with political life. It is melancholy to see the little Greek states running the regular round—monarchy, oligarchy, tyranny, democracy in all its degrees, the "ultimate democracy" of

plunder, lawlessness, license of women, children, and slaves, and then tyranny again, or subjection to some foreign power. In politics, too, there is no secret of success, of the happy life for all. There is no such road to the City, either democratic or royal. This is the lesson which Aristotle's "Politics" impresses on us, this and the impossibility of imposing ideal constitutions on mankind.

"Whiche'er is best administered is best." These are some of the impressions made at Oxford by the studies of the schools, the more or less inevitable "curricoolum," as the Scotch gentleman pronounced the word. But at Oxford, for most men, the regular work of the schools is only a small part of the literary education. People read, in different degrees, according to their private tastes. There are always a few men, at least, who love literary studies for their own sake, regardless of lectures and of "classes." In my own time I really believe you could know nothing which might not "pay" in the schools and prove serviceable in examinations. But a good deal depended on being able to use your knowledge by way of literary illustration. Perhaps the cleverest of my own juniors, since very well known in letters, did not use his own special vein, even when he had the chance, in writing answers to questions in examinations. Hence his academic success was much below his deserts. For my own part, I remember my tutor saying, "Don't write as if you were writing for a penny paper." Alas, it was "a prediction, cruel, smart." But, "as yet no sin was dreamed."

At my own college we had to write weekly essays, alternately in English and Latin. This might have been good literary training, but I fear the essays were not taken very seriously. The chief object was to make the late learned master bound on his chair by paradoxes. But nobody ever succeeded. He was experienced in trash. As for what may be called unacademic literature, there were not many essays in that art. There have been very literary generations, as when Corydon and Thyrsis "lived in Oxford as if it had been a great country-house;" so Corydon confessed. Probably many of the poems by Mr. Matthew Arnold and many of Mr. Swinburne's early works were undergraduate poems. A later generation produced "Love in Idleness," a very pleasing volume. But the gods had not made *us* poetical. In those days I remember picking up, in the Union Reading-room, a pretty white quarto, "Atalanta in Calydon," by A. C. Swinburne. Only once had I seen Mr. Swinburne's name before, signing a brief tale in *Once a Week*. "Atalanta" was a revelation; there was a new and original poet here, a Baliol man, too. In my own mind "Atalanta" remains the best, the most beautiful, the most musical of Mr. Swinburne's many poems. He instantly became the easily parodied model of undergraduate versifiers.

Swinburnian prize poems, even, were attempted, without success. As yet we had not seen Mr. Matthew Arnold's verses. I fell in love with them, one long vacation, and never fell out of love. He is not, and cannot be, the poet of the wide world, but his charm is all the more powerful over those whom he attracts and subdues. He is the one Oxford poet of Oxford, and his "Scholar Gypsy" is our "Lycidas." At this time he was Professor of Poetry; but, alas, he lectured just at the hour when wickets were pitched on Cowley Marsh, and I never was present at his discourses, at his humorous prophecies of England's fate, which are coming all too true. So many weary lectures had to be attended, could not be "cut," that we abstained from lectures of supererogation, so to speak. For the rest there was no "literary movement" among contemporary undergraduates. They read for the schools, and they rowed and played cricket. We had no poets, except the stroke of the Corpus boat, Mr. Bridges, and he concealed his courtship of the Muse. Corpus is a small college, but Mr. Bridges pulled its boat to the proud place of second on the river. B. N. C. was the head boat, and even B. N. C. did Corpus bump. But the triumph was brief. B. N. C. made changes in its crew, got a new ship, drank the foaming grape, and bumped Corpus back. I think they went head next year, but not that year. Thus Mr.

Bridges, as Kingsley advises, was doing noble deeds, not dreaming them, at that moment.

There existed a periodical entirely devoted to verse, but nobody knew anybody who wrote in it. A comic journal was started; I remember the pride with which, when a freshman, I received an invitation to join its councils as an artist. I was to do the caricatures of all things. Now, methought, I shall meet the Oxford wits of whom I have read. But the wits were unutterably disappointing, and the whole thing died early and not lamented. Only one piece of academic literature obtained and deserved success. This was *The Oxford Spectator*, a most humorous little periodical, in shape and size like Addison's famous journal. The authors were Mr. Reginald Copleston, now Bishop of Columbo, Mr. Humphry Ward, and Mr. Nolan, a great athlete, who died early. There have been good periodicals since; many amusing things occur in the *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine*, but the *Spectator* was the flower of academic journals. "When I look back to my own experience," says the *Spectator*, "I find one scene, of all Oxford, most deeply engraved upon 'the mindful tablets of my soul.' And yet not a scene, but a fairy compound of smell and sound, and sight and thought. The wonderful scent of the meadow air just above Iffley, on a hot May evening, and the gay colors of twenty boats along the shore, the poles all stretched out from the bank to set the boats clear, and the sonorous cries of 'ten seconds more,' all down from the green barge to the lasher. And yet that unrivalled moment is only typical of all the term; the various elements of beauty and pleasure are concentrated there."

Unfortunately life at Oxford is not all beauty and pleasure. Things go wrong somehow. Life drops her happy mask. But this has nothing to do with books.

About books, however, I have not many more confessions that I care to make. A man's old self is so far away that he can speak about it and its adventures almost as if he were speaking about another who is dead. After taking one's degree, and beginning to write a little for publication, the topic has a tendency to become much more personal. My last undergraduate literary discoveries were of France and the Renaissance. Accidentally finding out that I could read French, I naturally betook myself to Balzac. If you read him straight on, without a dictionary, you begin to learn a good many words. The literature of France has been much more popular in England lately, but twenty years agone it was somewhat neglected. There does seem to be something in French poetry which fails to please "the German paste in our composition." Mr. Matthew Arnold, a disciple of Sainte-Beuve, never could appreciate French poetry. Mr. Lewis Morris has lately remarked that the French language is nearly incapable of poetry. We cannot argue in such matters, where all depends on the taste and the ear. Our ancestors, like the author of the "Faery Queen," translated and admired Du Bellay and Ronsard; to some critics of our own time this taste seems a modish affectation. For one, I have ever found an original charm in the lyrics of the Pleiad, and have taken great delight in Hugo's amazing variety of music, in the romance of Alfred de Musset, in the beautiful cameos of Gautier. What is poetical, if not the "Song of Roland," the only true national epic since Homer? What is frank, natural verse, if not that of the old "Pastourelles?" Where is there *naïveté* of narrative and unconscious charm, if not in "Aucassin et Nicolette?" In the long normally developed literature of France, so variously rich, we find the nearest analogy to the literature of Greece, though that of England contains greater masterpieces, and her verse falls more winningly on the ear. France has no Shakespeare and no Milton; we have no Molière and no "Song of Roland." One star differs from another in glory, but it is a fortunate moment when this planet of France swims into our ken. Many of our generations saw it first through Mr. Swinburne's telescope, heard of it in his criticisms, and are grateful to that watcher of the skies, even if we do not share all his transports. There then arose at Oxford, out of Old

French, and old oak, and old china, a "school" or "movement." It was æsthetic, and an early purchaser of Mr. William Morris's wall-papers. It existed ten or twelve years before the public "caught on," as you say, to these delights. But, except one or two of the masters, the school were only playing at æsthetics, and laughing at their own performances. There was more fun than fashion in the cult, which was later revived, developed, and gossiped about more than enough.

To a writer now dead, and then first met, I am especially bound in gratitude — the late Mr. J. F. McLennan. Mr. McLennan had the most acute and ingenious of minds which I have encountered. His writings on early marriage and early religion were revelations which led on to others. The topic of folk-lore, and the development of customs and myths, is not generally attractive, to be sure. Only a few people seem interested in that spectacle, so full of surprises—the development of all human institutions, from fairy tales to democracy. In beholding it we learn how we owe all things, humanly speaking, to the people and to genius. The natural people, the folk, has supplied us, in its unconscious way, with the stuff of all our poetry; law, ritual, and genius has selected from the mass, has turned customs into codes, nursery tales into romance, myth into science, ballad into epic, magic mummery into gorgeous ritual. The world has been educated, but not as man would have trained and taught it. "He led us by a way we knew not," led, and is leading us, we know not whither; we follow in fear. The student of this lore can look back and see the long trodden way behind him, the winding tracks through marsh and forest and over burning sands. He sees the caves, the camps, the villages, the towns where the race has tarried, for shorter times or longer, strange paths many of them, and strangely haunted, desolate dwellings and inhospitable. But the scarce visible tracks converge at last on the beaten ways, the ways to that city whither mankind is wandering, and which it may never win. We have a foreboding of a purpose which we know not, a sense as of will, working, as we would not have worked, to a hidden end. This is the lesson, I think, of what we call folk-lore or anthropology, which to many seems trivial, to many seems dull. It may become the most attractive and serious of the sciences; certainly it is rich in strange curiosities, like those mystic stones which were fingered and arrayed by the pupils in that allegory of Novalis. I am not likely to regret the accident which brought me up on fairy tales, and the inquisitiveness which led me to examine the other fragments of antiquity. But the poetry and the significance of them are apt to be hidden by the enormous crowd of details. Only late we find the true meaning of what seems like a mass of fantastic, savage eccentricities. I very well remember the moment when it occurred to me, soon after taking my degree, that the usual ideas about some of these matters were the reverse of the truth, that the common theory had to be inverted. The notion was "in the air," it had already flashed on Mannhardt, probably, but, like the White Knight in "Alice," I claimed it for "my own invention."

These reminiscences and reflections have now been produced as far as 1872, or thereabouts, and it is not my intention for the present to pursue them further, nor to speak of any living contemporaries who have not won their way to the classical. In writing of friends and teachers at Oxford, I have not ventured to express gratitude to those who still live, still teach, still are the wisest and kindest friends of the hurrying generations. It is a silence not of thanklessness, but of respect and devotion. About others — contemporaries, or juniors by many years — who have instructed, consoled, strengthened, and amused us, we must also be silent.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

In the English estimate of Mr. Lowell's poetry there is, not unnaturally, but scant recognition of the charm it gained from its appeal to the deepest and most fervent moral sentiment of his countrymen in his earlier years—what, in the now unfamiliar phrase of that time, was described as the "Anti-slavery" feeling. For many Americans who mourn him, grief is rooted in the affection then formed. Lowell was in his twenty-sixth year when he published, in 1845, "The Present Crisis," which instantly became, and for a score of years remained, a battle hymn in the long and often doubtful struggle toward Emancipation. I suppose that it would be easy for a critical reader, in whom this poem awakens no intimate associations, to escape its spell, to find it disorderly in arrangement, irregular in development, possibly turgid in a metaphor here and there, with bare spots of commonplace in word or phrase, and to feel a distinct anti-climax in its concluding couplet. I fear that it would even be a little difficult, so crowded is the interval with engrossing events, to make most of the readers of this magazine understand how, in the dozen years before the Civil War, the poem dwelt in the heart of hearts of the reading men of that time, and fed the steadily rising fervor of a patriotism that was the love of freedom and justice. But I can myself remember how I, a rebellious child of a very conservative family, used to sing those verses to some strangely adapted tune, in my wanderings through field and wood, till the form of truth, as Lowell evoked it, passed before my young, believing eyes, and I saw

> "around her throng
> Troops of beautiful, tall angels to enshield her from all wrong."

In the stress of that trying time it was so easy for the eager soul to feel that

> "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
> In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side."

We learned, no one with more ready mind than Lowell, that not once, nor in any one moment could that mighty decision be reached by our nation, but only slowly, painfully, with hesitations and misgivings, with many a return from the right path, with doubt and weakness, and trouble of the vision and the conscience. We learned, too, that the question put by Fate was not so simple, and that in the weary process of its solution not a little force came to the right from men of motive far from righteous, and, what was harder to see, in the men who upheld the wrong were many a noble impulse and high fidelity to a mistaken standard of duty. Perhaps if those to whom this, the most powerful of the "Anti-slavery" poems, appealed so strongly, had then seen what they were afterward to see, the conflict might have been less decisive. This, at least, is certain, that the poem kindled the spirit that made light the perils of the battle-field, and dispelled terror from the face of death. That was the

spirit of young Shaw, buried with his negro soldiers on Folly Island:

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow keeping watch above his own."

And then, I may add, the poet was, in another sense, the seer, for in this verse there is expressed with fiery indignation the substance of the Republican platforms of 1856 and 1860, the essential principle of the Kansas-Nebraska fight, made by Sumner and Seward together, and a poetic but perfectly correct statement of the economic fact underlying the political contest:

"Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey;
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children play?"

THE first question asked by the American public after such a disaster as that in Park Place, New York, in August is, Who was to blame? In this case a five-story building, its floors loaded with presses, paper, and other heavy matter, crumbled to the earth, crushing to death some threescore of human beings. Primarily, of course, the blame attaches to the owner, whose duty it was to see that at least those of his tenants who contributed nothing to the causes of danger were safe. But men do not always discharge difficult and costly duties simply because they ought to do so. The object of protective and preventive legislation is to compel them to do so. In this case, and it is not a rare one save in its awful extent, that object was clearly not attained. Why? Many answers are given. The powers of the Department of Buildings are insufficient. The method of their enforcement is slow and uncertain. The number of inspectors is inadequate. Their compensation is ridiculously small—it is only $1,100 a year. They are lacking in skill and character. Unfortunately all these answers are substantially true. The result is that the great city of New York, with its thousands of buildings in course of construction, has a preventive and protective system that is literally worse than none. It is not merely defective but deceptive, and inspires a confidence that is a direct source of great danger.

But this is an old story. It has been true of New York for at least a third of a century, and is true of nearly every large city throughout the United States. If we may judge by official reports, it is to a less extent true of some of the English cities that have been "growing" rapidly in the present generation. In a sense the better the system, if it falls short in some vital respect, the worse it is, because the greater the confidence felt in it, and the less the vigilance of private citizens. To me it seems clear that the essential lack in all these contrivances, for they all proceed on the same general idea, is that they do not call into action any motive sufficiently constant and strong to be effective. There is but one such motive available, the personal interest of those whose safety and property are threatened. The problem in legislation is to give to that motive adequate means of attaining its object. The present system undertakes to guard the safety and property of the citizen for him. I think the aim should be to make it easy for him to guard them himself. The instrumentality by which it is now sought to do this for him is hopelessly unequal to the task. At every step in the process, of which all the steps are indispensable, its efficiency is interfered with by human incapacity or human frailty, and throughout the whole the force on which its efficiency depends is largely artificial, and is always irregular and insufficient.

Now it would be relatively easy to secure from a board of trained architects an explicit statement of the conditions of safety in the various classes of buildings. Let these conditions be formulated and declared by law to be an essential part of any contract for the sale or renting of any building, and make it obligatory for an owner to prove affirmatively compliance with them in order to enforce collection of purchase-money or rental. Let the question be tried before an expert jury to be named by a proper court, and to avoid vexatious suits let a judgment for the

owner carry with it reasonable damages to be paid by the purchaser or tenant. If the judgment were against the owner, it might properly involve an obligation to post the terms thereof in a conspicuous place at the entrance of the building until he had complied with the conditions fixed by law, that fact to be attested by the expert jury sitting in the case. This is a mere outline of what I venture to think is a workable and rational procedure. If it have any merit it is that it would awaken to direct and practical activity the only motive power that is adequate to the work required. It would leave the responsibility for bad building with the only persons who can absolutely avoid bad building, and it would make it an object for these to do what they ought to do, and especially it would destroy that blind and utterly delusive trust in the "government" which the feeble and futile system now in existence tends to foster.

THERE is no device better calculated to promote conversation than an attempt to fix by comparison the final place in literature of some popular author. A company, naturally as dull as Wordsworth's famous "party in a parlor," will quicken in no time if its conflicting opinions on such a point be artfully elicited. We all know, when we stop to think, that the best among these opinions are, from the nature of things, all but valueless. We cannot bequeath our likes and dislikes, our loves and hates, as we do houses and lands. The next age will form its own fine enthusiasms to set aside ours, even if they have not returned with us to the original dust. Yet still we go on trying to sift the wheat from the chaff, as others did before us, as others, no doubt, will do, indifferent to the thought that a contrary puff from the modern winnowing-machine may whisk the two heaps into one again at a moment's notice. Our self-imposed task has no end and no beginning; nevertheless, as tasks go, it is so light and agreeable that we are often led to disregard the proofs of its futility by which we are surrounded. Look, for example, at Poe's critical portraits of his contemporaries, numbering nearly a hundred, all celebrities in their day. With scarce a dozen exceptions their very names are names no more—it is like strolling among the headstones of some obscure foreign cemetery to read them; and his bitterest censure of their work moves us less to pity than his warmest praise.

Turning over the pages of "Marmion," the other day, for its memorable battle-scene, to which Mr. Lang sent back so many of us by a line in "Essays in Little," I came upon a startling reference to one of Scott's coevals. The passage, in the introduction to Canto Third, is too long to quote at length, but it concerns a female poet, thereby deliberately assigned a place in English literature second to none. She has snatched up the harp long silent, and swept it fearlessly:

> "Till Avon's swans while rung the grove
> With Monfort's hate and Basil's love,
> Awakening at the inspired strain,
> Deemed their own Shakespeare lived again."

Here is "commendation from Sir Hubert" with a vengeance; and here, too, is an instance of the rashness of contemporary criticism more striking than any in Poe's "Miscellanies." No age has outdone our own in reverence for Shakespeare; but not one in ten readers of this paragraph will know the name of the "bold Enchantress" to whom Avon's swans listened with such ravishment; not one in fifty, it is safe to say, has read either her "Basil" or her "Monfort," and of these few, none, probably, has ever given her a second reading. Yet she was a fashion of her time, and only eight decades have passed since Kean struggled with her animated puppets, which are shreds and patches now. O mouth-honor! O breath! O vapor! it almost seems as if our Pantheon of great men had room for but one imperishable name; as if, in another eighty years, all the rest will be a phantom harlequinade of "Basils" and "Monforts" and "Vatheks" and "Velascos," while, through the throng of huddling shapes "our poet," as the care-takers at Stratford affectionately call him, walks serene and solid, like the Commander's statue at Don Juan's feast, with lustre all undimmed. Pause and reflect then, good prophets of the dinner-table, before putting further alms for oblivion into Time's wallet. Our long day wanes, and there will be feasting and junketing in the twentieth century, but not for us. "Our poet" is the one guest for

whom you may safely predict honor and glory to the world's end.

Is fighting irredeemably wicked? Is there no legitimate human necessity that is satisfied by it? Is it absolutely carnal, suited only to be cast into the fire and done for like the unfruitful fig-tree?

There are many sorts of wasted opportunities that men lament. This present penitent counts on a good deal of sympathy when he confesses that for very few lost chances has he grieved with such an exasperating remorse as for some unimproved opportunities of resistance to a fellow-man.

For example: This penitent was walking one morning in the street of a town where he had lately taken up his abode. He carried a shabby little bag, with a coat in it that he was taking to a tailor. A man who stood on a corner stopped him as he passed and said: "Isn't your name so-and-so?" "No," replied he, "it isn't." "Well," said the inquirer, "suppose you come up to the police-station and we'll see about it." Another man suddenly appeared, and between them, without violence or the laying on of hands, these two detectives edged this penitent a block along the street to the police-station, while he was thinking whether he should go along like a man of sense or refuse like a man of spirit.

At the police-station it took about ten minutes to demonstrate that he was himself, and not a Canadian thief with a bag full of plunder. The victim was suffered then to go, without apologies, as a suspicious-looking person who had taken up the valuable time of officers who had other matters to attend to. His detention, short as it was, had made him miss an engagement to see a traveller off on a morning train. That vexed him a little. The more he thought about it at his leisure the more vexed he grew. The next day he was angry; the next he seethed with ineffectual wrath. Not any good deed that this penitent ever left undone has cost him such reiterated and stinging regret for weeks and months as that one failure to assert himself when his cause was reasonably good. What restrained him at the time was the reflection that it was a stupid thing to risk a street row with officers who were merely trying to catch a thief.

That reflection still has an element of solace about it, but it is inadequately comforting. Probably the motive for yielding was faulty. We are told in Scripture that if a man invites us to go a mile with him we are to go with him twain. Why? Not for fear of him, certainly; but perhaps because that is the wisest way in the long run. If we run against a post we don't beat it, however much it may have hurt us; but if a man runs up against us it makes us angry. The principle of resistance comes forcibly into our minds. The impact of man against post is merely a case of matter opposed to matter; but when it is man against man the opposition is of spirit to spirit. Children will kick the post that they have run against. Savages find matter for blows in incidents which civilized people pass easily over. Refined people of good sense and good manners dodge with a bow and smile possibilities of difference in which their neighbors of a less perfect philosophy find occasion for squabbling. The tendency of progress is all in the direction of peace. Perhaps, after all, that remorse that follows unimproved chances of self-assertion is merely one of the throes of a savage instinct that dies hard.

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE. ENGRAVED BY W. M. AIKMAN.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE.

—*The Oak of Geismar*, page 686.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. X. DECEMBER, 1891. No. 6.

ROWING THE DAHABEEYEH

AFLOAT ON THE NILE.

By E. H. Blashfield and E. W. Blashfield.

IF there is anything in the world more delightful than a first trip up the Nile in a dahabeeyeh, it is a second one. With the sun and moon for showmen, a vast panorama which sixty centuries have unrolled, passes before one. Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, and Copts, offer in turn their art and their records, under a sky so clear and bright that for a thousand miles one floats upon light and beneath light in that double illumination which, falling from above and reflected from the shining surface of the water, seems to transfigure common objects, and make the beautiful radiant. Each day's excursion, too, has its surprises in store on this strange soil, which, like Aladdin's lamp and ring, needs only to be rubbed and turned a little to yield marvels.

No wonder, then, that it was with keen interest, and even some excitement, that we looked for the first time at the dahabeeyeh which was to be our home for five months. In it we were to make a journey of a thousand miles, and pass many days far away from anything that we call civilization—in savage mountain gorges or in the midst of lovely plains. Away beyond the southern horizon, with its yellow sand-clouds, there lay temples and tombs, sites of vanished cities, mountains and valleys, tiny villages and populous towns, the lands of the Pharaohs, the Bible, and the Koran; the vast necropolis of the world's history along the windings of the mysterious river, from Cairo to the Cataract; and our dahabeeyeh was to take us to them all. Naturally there was exhilaration in the

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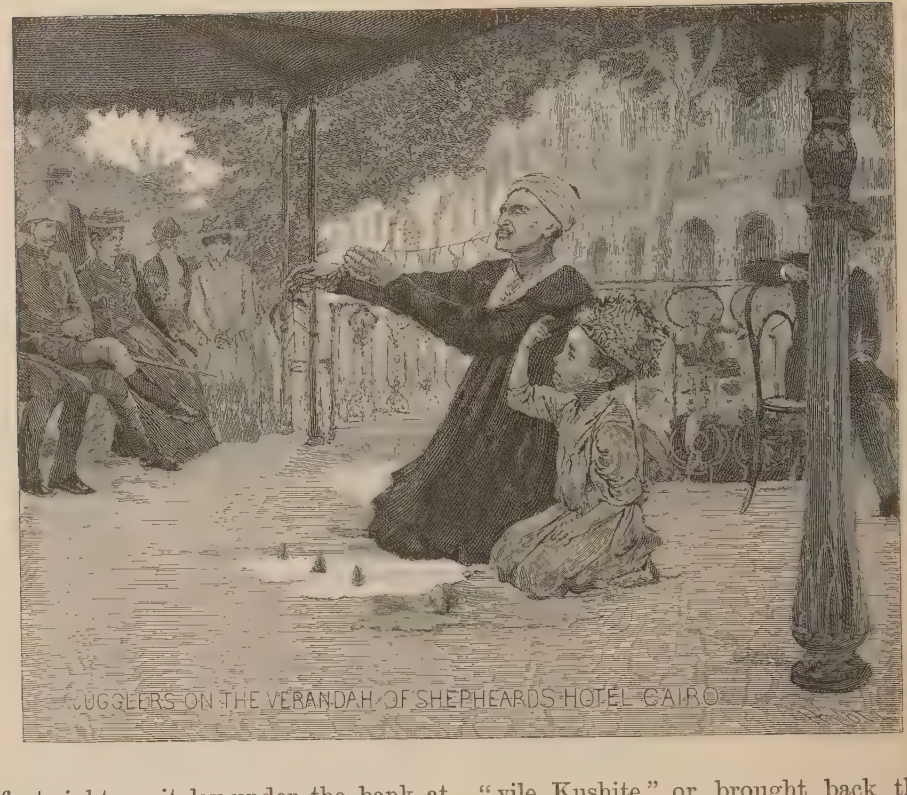


JUGGLERS ON THE VERANDAH OF SHEPHEARDS HOTEL CAIRO

first sight, as it lay under the bank at Koobry, opposite Cairo, one among forty others—a whole flat-bottomed yacht squadron, suited to the treacherous shallows which shift from day to day in the Nile bed. It was one hundred feet long, and looked larger than we had dared to hope; indeed, quite imposing, against the mud houses, with its tall main-yard towering one hundred and thirty-five feet from heavy butt to taper point; and though its internal economy of space was learned only by degrees, the eye at once took in the general lines, and realized that under sail it would be a not unhandsome craft.

There it lay, the counterpart of the dahabeeyehs of the pictures, recalling the galleys of old prints and coins, a degenerate descendant of Cleopatra's barge, and even a reminiscence of the barks of Ra and Horus. Oriental hyperbole has aided this reminiscence with the name of dahabeeyeh—boat of gold—and Egyptian conservatism has kept the general lines of the ships that bore Pharaoh southward against the "vile Kushite," or brought back the gold and spices of the land of Pount to Queen Hatasu. There was the low foredeck, rising only two feet above the water at the after-part, but sloping upward to a gayly painted and gilded prow; there the sixty feet of high deck-house, which comprised the travellers' portion of the boat; and there were many other things, new then, familiar now, and remembered with warm affection.

The blue-gowned figures squatting on the shore rose as we approached, and handed us down the steep bank to the freshly painted deck. "This is our crew," said the "big Howaga," as he was called by the sailors. We essayed our two words or so of Arabic salutation; hundreds of white teeth flashed a smiling reply, and the presence of these good-natured, picturesquely robed athletes added another charm to our prospective journey.

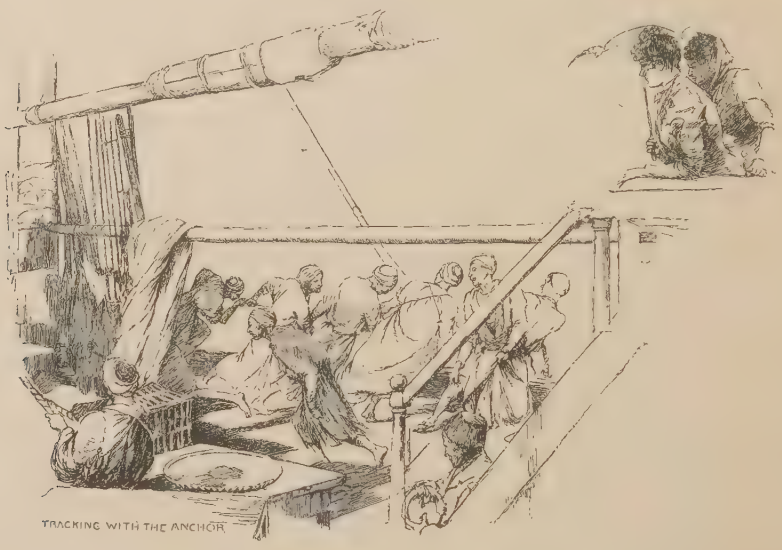
The interior of the boat was larger than we had supposed; three steps descended from the foredeck to a passage, at right and left of which were store-

room, pantry, and a small library; next came the dining-saloon, seventeen feet long by sixteen wide, with six windows and large divans on either side ; from it another passage, running between four bedrooms, bath-room, and clothes-room, led to a sitting-room at the stern of the boat, narrower and smaller than the main saloon, and opening, in its turn, upon a tiny lower deck balustraded with spindle-work. Two small boats followed in the dahabeeyeh's wake—the sandal, a kind of Noah's ark, carrying poultry, rabbits, and sometimes even a lamb or a goat, and the felucca, a heavy rowing-boat, fitted with cushions, awning, mast, and a large sail, most convenient for short excursions.

The upper deck, roofing the cabin, was reached by two staircases from the foredeck, and by an outside companion-way on the starboard quarter ; awnings covered it when desirable, and divans, reclining-chairs, and tea-tables made it a pleasant out-door drawing-room. All this, the territory of the Howagat, or travellers, extended to within eight feet from the stern, where the helmsman stood at the iron tiller, and where the deck, raised a foot higher, contained lockers for the sailors' bread and held the after-mast with its sixty-foot yard. The foremast, forty-five feet high, with a yard one hundred and thirty-five feet long, was placed very near the bow ; just forward of it the tiny galley, like a culinary sentry-box, contained the cook, his scullion, and at times surprisingly elaborate cookery. Between the mast and the cabin was the foredeck proper, where the men manœuvred the great sail and at night slept, each one wrapped in his blanket, with nothing else above him but the awning, and little below except the boards. On the foredeck, too, was the sailors' small brick stove, and there they sat three times a day, in apostolic fashion, each dipping his sop of bread in the big wooden soup-bowl.

Such was the Seven Hathors at first sight, later every corner of it became familiar, and even dear. Few boats have

made the Nile voyage under more favorable conditions than has this dahabeeyeh, named after the mysterious divinities. In the first place, she had no dragoman: not that one may decry that linch-pin of oriental travel, the useful go-between who has been an institution in Egypt from the *Tergumannu* or interpreter of the Assyrian letters of Tel el Amarna down to Hassan Speke and Ramadan, and without whom a first trip would be impossible. But the Howaga Kebeer, our guide and host, was not making a first trip; five winters upon the government archæological steamer with Professor Maspero had supplied him with a good store of Arabic and a conviction, to wit: "Travel with a dragoman, and the dragoman sees Egypt and you see the dragoman." So he sailed his own boat, and the inmates of the Hathors, coming directly into contact with captain and crew, had a hundred interesting experiences which a dragoman would have set quietly aside as unworthy the attention of Howagat come to see temples, not people. Now, it is just this same people which strikes one most forcibly in Egypt. Not even new architecture and a new landscape surprise so completely as does a new race of men differing in color and costume, in ideas and habits, from what one has known before.



TRACKING WITH THE ANCHOR

The first day on the verandah of Shepheard's Hotel seems the prologue to the play, and the strength of the company defiles before it in the ceaseless drama of the Cairo streets; while later, one walks about the narrow ways as behind the scenes of a vast theatre in which every performer, from prince to beggar, is faultless and wonderful in costume and make up. The Hathors' passengers lost no time in trying to turn this play into something more than an unintelligible pantomime. At first the gutturals seemed impossible, the native indifference to vowels and the unscrupulous formation of plurals paralyzed the well-meaning beginner; but the vocabulary of sailors and peasants is a simple one. The same word serves to express many different things, and by dint of brazen eschewal of tenses and persons upon one side, and good-will and native intelligence on the other, the travellers learned much of the river gossip from their Arab sailors. One thing which helped to make the Nile seem almost familiar was, that the Howaga Kebeer was known to many of the people along its banks. Everybody — white, black, brown, and yellow — was acquainted with "*Aboo Dagn*," the Father of the Beard. Another was that the Seven Hathors visited the little places and the big ones alike. She passed her month or so at

Luxor and Assuan, and tied up for more or less time at the regular temple towns at Edfou and Denderah, El Kab and Kom Ombo; but she loitered, too, in the mountains, under tombs that do not figure in any guide-book, at mouths of valleys leading to nameless ruined cities, and by sand stretches where some newly opened necropolis lay far away against the mountain. She had her experiences, also, and accomplished the whole curriculum of dahabeeyeh education in her various voyages with the Howaga Kebeer. She flew before big winds by sunlight and moonlight, had made the six hundred miles from Cairo to the Cataract in ten days, and had toiled for almost three weeks to accomplish the one hundred and five miles which lie between Maghaga and the capital. She had been wind-bound for

a week in the mountains of Girgeh, and below Assiout had stuck upon a sand-bank — not the commonplace variety which holds a boat for a few hours, but a wonderful little mountain, legendary

now with Nile sailors, from which she had to be hauled by a steamer sent to her assistance. She had collided with a sister dahabeeyeh at Maghaga, and while at Denderah some tons of river bank had fallen in upon her, occasioning a mighty crash and the temporary burial of the sleeping cook in his little galley before the mast. Most direful of all, when returning from an excursion, her travellers had been confronted by excited sailors, their brown faces black with soot, their gowns redolent of smoke, hurrying to tell them that there had been a fire in the boat, and that the clothes-room was burned out!

But these were the episodes of the Hathors' voyages. The days of her little company were not spent in digging out the cook, nor in improvising upon a sewing-machine and the native goods of the bazars garments for the destitute by fire, but rather in the usual towing, rowing, and sailing; in wandering by moonlight over ruined Antinoë, exploring tombs in the blazing limestone cliffs of

Gebel Aboo Foda; in climbing among the inscribed bowlders of the Cataract; in digging for papyrus bits, and finding them, too, in the rubbish mounds of Elephantine; in visiting the Coptic churches and monasteries that were new in Constantine's day, and in seeing all the wonders that half a dozen successive civilizations have left behind them.

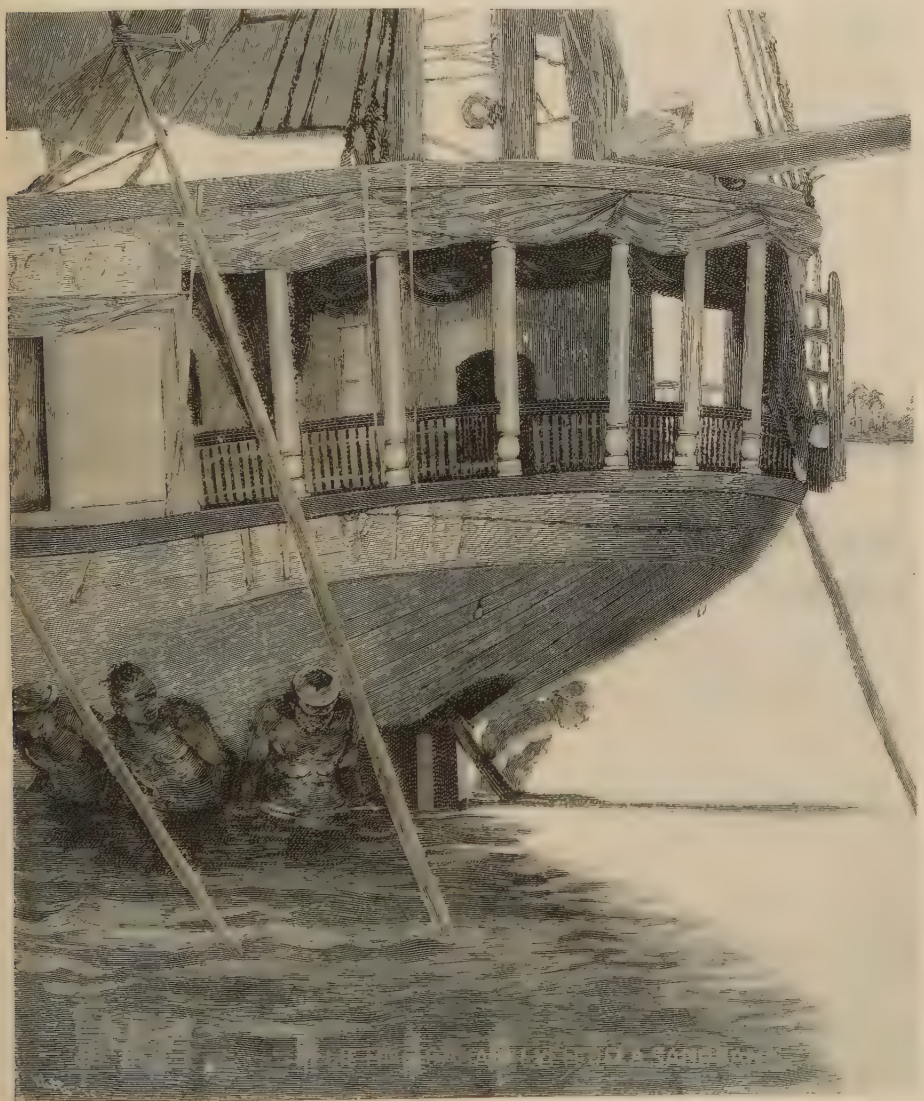
Then, too, there were pleasant evenings, when men whose patient study had made Egypt their own, brought their enthusiasm and their anecdotes to eager listeners. Mr. Petrie told of tent life at Koorneh, and how he caught the natives of the Delta unawares with his camera; or M. Grébaut, of the clearing of the great temple of Luxor, with its difficulties and hindrances; or M. Bouriant recounted his "strange experiences" at the museum with visitors who, on entering, clamored for the mummies of Joseph or Cleopatra, and on being informed they were not there departed incontinent, expressing their contempt for the whole collection. Stories of all kinds, from the last good "find" to the crowning incongruity when, in 1881, Professor Henry Brugsch and the Howaga Kebeer took King Hor-em-saf to Cairo from Sakkara, and fearing to trust his Majesty as freight, bought him a first-class ticket and brought him solemnly between them in the carriage, an involuntary tourist in his own land, propelled by Typhon and escorted by two barbarians from the uttermost ends of the earth.

There were exploring expeditions also, shared by amateurs and experts alike, when Professor Sayce, in his dahabeeyeh the Crocodile, sailed abreast of the Hathors in the spring of 1890. No hunter followed a trail more keenly than did the Professor any indications of an inscription, and when he and the Howaga Kebeer ran it to earth under some blazing cliff, they had a real saturnalia. When there was no trail there were visits from one boat to another, sail being slackened just enough for the felucca to make its ferrying trip, and the Professor, dropping a line into antiquity, fished out tidbits for the Hathorites, reading perhaps the cuneiform text of a little loan contracted by the Crown Prince Belshazzar, abundantly witnessed and in neatly turned legal phraseology of three millennials ago, or translating ostraca as realistic as items in the daily paper, and as old as the gossip of Cleopatra's court.

These ostraca, or inscribed potsherds, never ceased to seem wonderful; brought down to the boat by children who had found them in the mounds, the sherds, often showing their dates, year for year—tenth of Hadrian or sixth of Ptolemy Philopator—babbled eternally of money like true modern Egyptians, but added odd details of complimentary offering to some noble patron, of commentaries on the first book of the Iliad, or of complaint regarding the quality of goods furnished. A basket of ostraca was a Pandora's box of mysteries to which the Professor held the key. The collectors soon became known to the peasants; at every halt they arrived, bringing their little hoards of beads, scarabs, sherds, bronzes, and coin, and the waiter collected them from their various owners, and brought in a plateful for inspection regularly with each meal; so that there were antiquities for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and it seemed infinitely contemptible to be less than a thousand years old. Indeed, there are many purists in Egyptology who give a mere nod of acquaintance to the unearthed of later times; at the Grenfell tombs, for instance, when the ladies from the Hathors admired a row of little earthen pots, standing near the entrance, the director of the works said: "Why! would you care to have them? You are welcome to them if you would; but, you know, they are *only Roman.*" Some of the party confessed that a human interest attached itself to these same Roman and early Christian remains that made them seem more intelligible and nearer than the people of the Pharaonic times, an interest cumulating with the centuries, until to-day in the foreground of their memories, against the yellow sandstone of the temples, there passes always a frieze of blue-gowned figures with the homely names of Mohammed and Mahmoud, of Hassan and Ali, of the men who sailed the Hathors and told its travellers of their simple pleasures and troubles.

These men were literally a baker's dozen, the thirteenth being cook-boy

and "bread-giver" to the twelve, each of whom received six dollars a month, the usual wages of an able-bodied seaman on board a dahabeeyeh; all except the boy, who, as he did twice as much work as anyone else on board, naturally was paid only half that sum. Besides these there were Mohammed Beshnik, the captain, drawing the stipend of two certainly meriting an excedent of rations by greatness of body and by his appealing name, Aboo Seeam Ramadan, Father of Hunger Fast-time. Then there were the house servants, the suffragi, literally table-man, with his assistant, and the cook, with his four aristocrats, who received sovereigns instead of dollars, and eating the same food as the Howagat



Lifting a Dahabeeyeh off a Sandbank.

sailors; and the steersman, counting upon the pay-roll as one and a half, and added to themselves pounds avoirdupois as well as sterling during the voyage,

superfluous weight which a return to Arab diet during the summer always counteracted.

The Dining-Room on the Dahabeeyeh.

The captain had brought with him to the Hathors a whole tribe of nephews and cousins, Berbers or Nubians, of the color of rosewood, far slighter than the Arabs, but more enduring at the oars—Seeam the steersman, Mohammed Shrooghly (the one-eyed), Moorghanny (the singer), Asa, Mahmoud, Abdallah (servant of God), and Achmed, called the Sheikh, because he could read and write. Tall Urushuan came from Keneh, Nafady and his brother Mohammed from Wasta, opposite Assiout, from which place hailed also the blackest of the sailors, whose name, Libiad, or Whitey, is frequently given to the very dark in Egypt. The latter was not a family man, but the others, when they visited their villages under the palms of Wasta, or nestling against the purple cliffs in the orange-colored sands of Nubia, always tried to leave five dollars with the wife to meet the rare expenditures of winter. Monogamy is almost universal with them, for the bride of Saint Francis, who is theirs by birthright, enforces it. Five dollars would hardly suffice for two families, even in Egypt, and two wives, say the sailors, make many words.

Their village is always beautiful to them, for they love the "Black Land," and admire all that resembles it.

"America," said Darweesh to one of the ladies, "must be a fine place, and very like Egypt. You have corn, tobacco, water-melons, and a big river there."

"And crocodiles, too," she replied.

"Wallah!" he cried, in admiration; then, with a slight touch of jealousy that these blessings should be scattered broadcast, he added, "Do they eat men?"

"No, only dogs," she admitted.

"Ah!" he returned, exulting in the superior gastronomic taste of the Egyptian saurian, "*ours* eat men!"

"Of course, yours will not eat dogs, they are *Moslem* crocodiles," she answered, referring to the Mohammedans' avoidance of the dog as an unclean animal.

As one of the most lovable characteristics of the Arab is his instant and intense appreciation of the feeblest joke, Darweesh seemed much amused, and repeated, with many chuckles, "Ours are Moslem crocodiles," as he went about his daily work.

This work, though constantly varied, was also always a repetition, and a single day sometimes resumed a whole round of dahabeeyeh experience; watching it from the upper deck was an occupation which filled many pleasant hours. Tied to the bank at Koobry, among its fellows, swaddled with awnings, broad and unwieldy-looking, round-bottomed and almost keelless, the dahabeeyeh seems a scow; but let her once shake free her glorious wings, and like a swan, which waddling down from a dusty bank reaches its native element and setting its white plumage glides before the wind, she flies along under her huge lateen, a thing of beauty from Cairo to the Cataract. She is only a scow after all, objects the critic, she will not sail up to the wind. True, but Cleopatra's barge was a scow, so was the gilded Bucentaur; and the galleys of Actium and Salamis, though they had larger keels, were as round-bottomed as the Hathors. No one who has seen a dahabeeyeh under sail, no one who

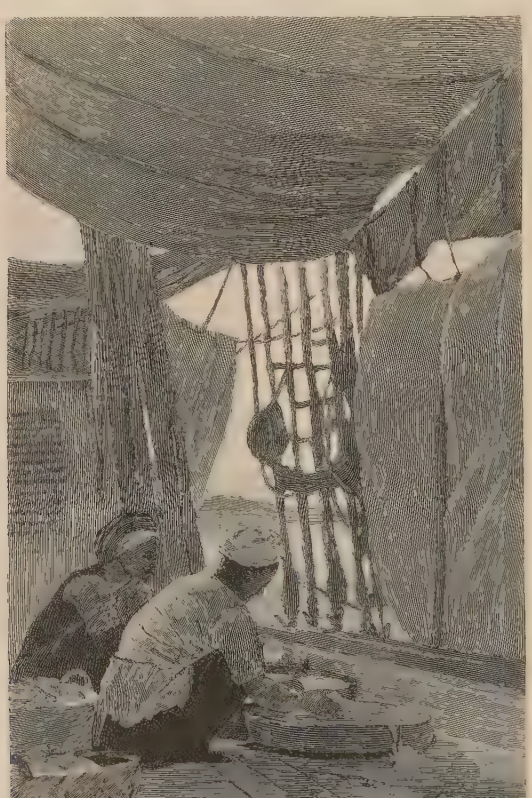
LANDING FROM THE FELUCCA

appreciates the beauty of curved sweeping lines, will tire of the endless variety of composition presented by her canvas. It was always a pleasure, when we came on deck in the morning, to find the boat running before a fresh north wind with both her sails spread; lounging on the divans we watched the sailors' manœuvres with an interest that grew as the breeze freshened; watched young Mohammed, sitting close by the shoghool which replaces the boom tackle of western craft, ready to cast off the rope and let the lateen go free if a sudden gust from the mountain struck the monster too hard; Abdallah, Achmed, and Mahmoud handling the balacoon, while half a dozen others—a brown and blue confusion of fluttering gowns and bronzed arms and legs — chanted and pulled as the main-yard was shifted to go about. Meantime, at the bow the forward watch dipped his long midree pole, constantly calling the depth of the water to the captain, who, squatting amidships at the head of the companion-way, shouted his orders to the steersman. The latter was a responsible man on the Nile, and when the water was "bad," that is, shallow, down-coming craft, Cook's steamer, dahabeeyeh, native boat, or pottery raft, were hailed alike with "Where is the water?" hailed, too, for news of friends and home up the river; so that, while a shower of salaams and a hubbub of zayaks mingled with the thud of the wheel or the rustle of the sail, the Arab telegraph did its work, and all the news from up and down the Nile was exchanged.

Meantime the panorama slid grandly

by, the cliffs now rising from the water, now dropping back to give place to palm groves and villages, while shadoofs rose and fell, sakkeeyehs creaked, camels passed in long procession, and villagers pausing in their gossip, and laborers in their work, watched us pass.

At noon the solemn, sturdy cook-boy came aft to the upper deck with a large wooden bowl, and the usual salutations passed between him and the Howagat, "Blessed be thy day, O Mustapha!" "Blessed be your day, O ye blessed ones!" then going to the stern, he took



from a locker there a supply of coarse bread which, stewed with lentils and onions, formed the men's dinner. Two or three times during a voyage the sailors bake at the public ovens of Esneh, Erment, or Girgeh a month's supply of bread, which, cut in thin slices, is spread upon the deck to dry in the sun until it is perfectly hard, and is then stowed away. Though brown and coarse, it is not unpalatable. The natives have much faith in its virtues. Ali, our first major-domo, who spoke a little English, sang its praises saying, "Look at sailor, him pole, him track all day, eat this; beople in Cairo eat white bread, get like ladies, bread not too clean (*i.e.*, fine) make *forza*."

Sometimes, as under the cliffs of Aboo Foda, the wind dropped suddenly, and when the travellers came up from the noon-day meal the men had finished theirs and were already in harness tracking upon the shore, swinging ahead finely the long black rope that bound them to the foremast, jerking now and then and whipping the water. It was interesting to see how they overcame the various obstacles to progress. Perhaps the first of these was a string of native boats or ghyassies moored to the shore, forcing the trackers to climb upon them and pass the rope along their outer sides, the ghyassy-men amicably working with the rest; again, there would be a stretch under the cliffs until a huge crag overhanging the water made further walking impossible; in such cases a pioneer threw off his harness, explored the place, and then lifting and pulling each other, the men scrambled up the steep rocks with all the weight of rope upon them; soon the shoulder of cliff coming right upon the dahabeeyeh, Nafady and Shrooghly, who had been left on board to pole, ran to the upper deck and thrust the boat off, while that black pearl of cook-boys, little Mustapha, clawing his toes into the tops of the Saratoga trunks, set against the rocks the most splendid shoulders that were ever given to a lad of thirteen.

By and by a rock wall stopped further progress on shore, and returning to the boat the sailors hauled with the anchor to another point where a bend in the river's course would give them a sailing wind. Except getting off a sand-bank this hauling was the hardest work

of all. The anchor was carried out against the current and dropped, the men returning to the dahabeeyeh, and, walking in line, hauled on the rope until the anchor was reached, when it was or dropped his midree with a splash in the water, the small end was put to the chest, then the whole man went forward, almost on his face, pushing with all his might and straining every muscle in his

The Armed Guard Chasing Jackals.

again lifted and dropped further on, and the hauling repeated. Thump, thump went the bare feet over the foredeck, keeping time to the monotonous chant of "O Nefeesa, O Bess, O Bayoomee," the invocation to the saints, which rose and fell in cadence with their tread.

When sailing became possible again it was sometimes suddenly cut short by a grating, a slight lifting at the bow, or a series of bumps, and we were aground. With a rattle in their iron surrounding-ring, down came the heavy twenty-foot poles from where they stood by the mast. Carefully clearing his fellows, each sail-body. If the sand-bank seemed formidable all hands took part, and the chorus of pole-men at the bow went up panting in a series of grand "ugh, ugh, ugh!" Cook and scullion pushed and tugged with the rest; the captain, forgetting his dignity, seized a pole, and Ali, a tureen in one hand, a dish-cloth in the other, scowled darkly at the shallows and proffered his landsman's advice, which, contemned at the best of times, at such a moment was scorned. Even Mahaeel, the Coptic waiter-boy, dropped the flat-iron with which he was smoothing the tucks in the "little lady's" skirts, and

added the strength of his slender Cairene arm until he fell over an oar-handle, and hurried wildly back to a smell of scorching linen. The best men were in the water under the stern of the boat, magnificent Atlantides of flesh and blood. E-e-e-e! they groaned in unison as though their fragrant, foaming coffee, and it was pathetic to see the satisfaction given by one abnormally slender cigarette, shared among three or four men, for the tax upon tobacco had risen until it was almost prohibitory. Little hasheesh was smoked except by the singer of the crew,

A VISIT FROM THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AT LUXOR

body and spirit were being torn asunder, then came one mighty heave, and we felt our heavily-timbered dahabeeyeh move for a second or two upon these six bronze pillars of muscle, move upward and forward, and we were free. Then it was, "Keep her off the bank, steersman! Run forward with the stake and mallet, young Mustapha!" and we tied up for an hour, that our panting Tritons might rest and eat.

Generally, as soon as the dahabeeyeh was stuck hard and fast on the sand, a steamer appeared in sight with friends on board. "They'll think we *live* on sand-banks!" said one of the Hathorites sorrowfully, while still unreconciled to this peculiarity of Nile travel. Sometimes only the capstan and anchor, with the hardest kind of labor for many hours, freed the boat; but even then the sailors, squatting in a circle by the stove, soon forgot their fatigues in a thimbleful of

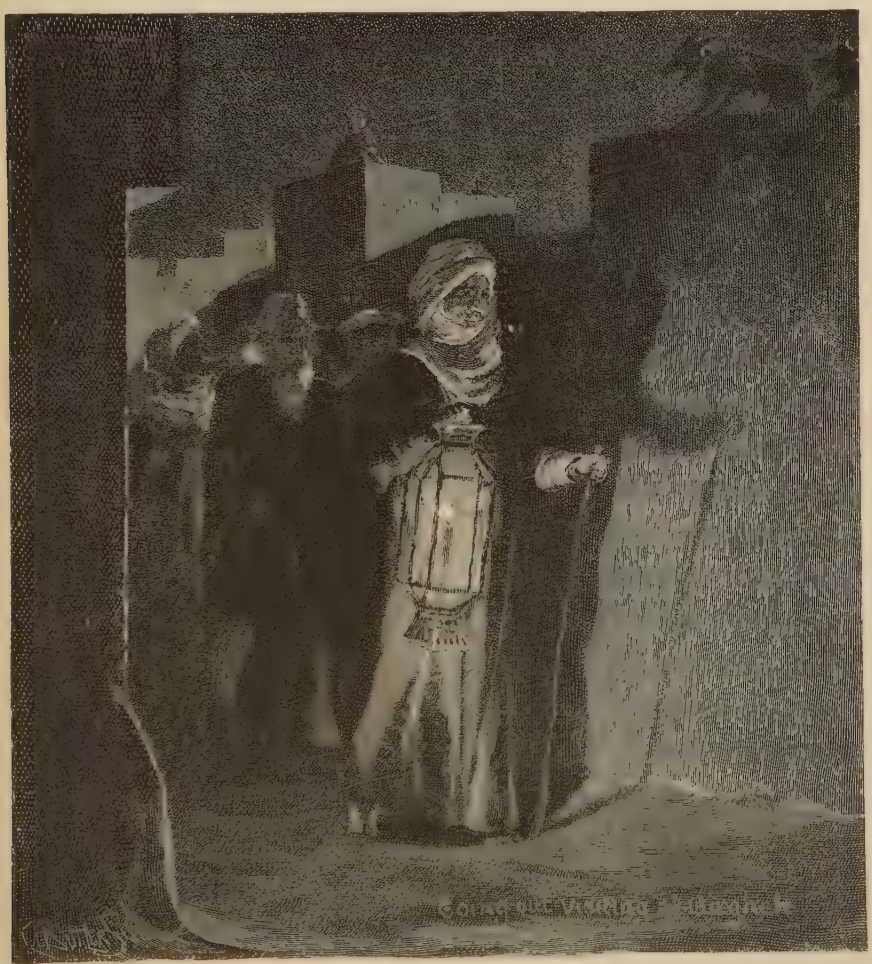
to whose class the Moslems extend that half-scornful tolerance usually accorded to the aberrations of genius; for to the true believer, said Nafady, smoking hasheesh and praying is like taking one step forward and two steps backward; nevertheless he was able to describe the effects of the wonderful drug.

"You smoke it and you are *so* happy, your oar is not heavy, it moves, the boat moves, and the bank and all the people; you raise your oar and put it down, but *not* into the water; the captain scolds, but you laugh and sing and talk much, even if you don't talk at other times; then afterward your head is bad, very large, and you are sorry."

Nafady was a bit of a philosopher. "Why," said he to Mahmoud, who had achieved a few English words, "should I learn bread, and good-morning, and good-night in English? the Howagat know them in Arabic."

The reasoning of his friend Abderrachman was more subtle and less solid. "I do not want to learn English," he explained, "for I should be afraid of forgetting Arabic; and besides, I do not wish to be taken for an Englishman." Abderrachman, tallest and strongest of the sailors, who could easily shoulder and walk off with the big anchor, was also the blackest man on board, and his only does it to make people believe that he is a Howaga."

There are plenty of opportunities to talk with the boatmen, for the sailor delights in being chosen as attendant upon excursions, and the Howaga is at once physician, lawyer, treasurer, protector, and to him a being of unbounded power and influence. As physician, however, he is not invariably successful, for al-



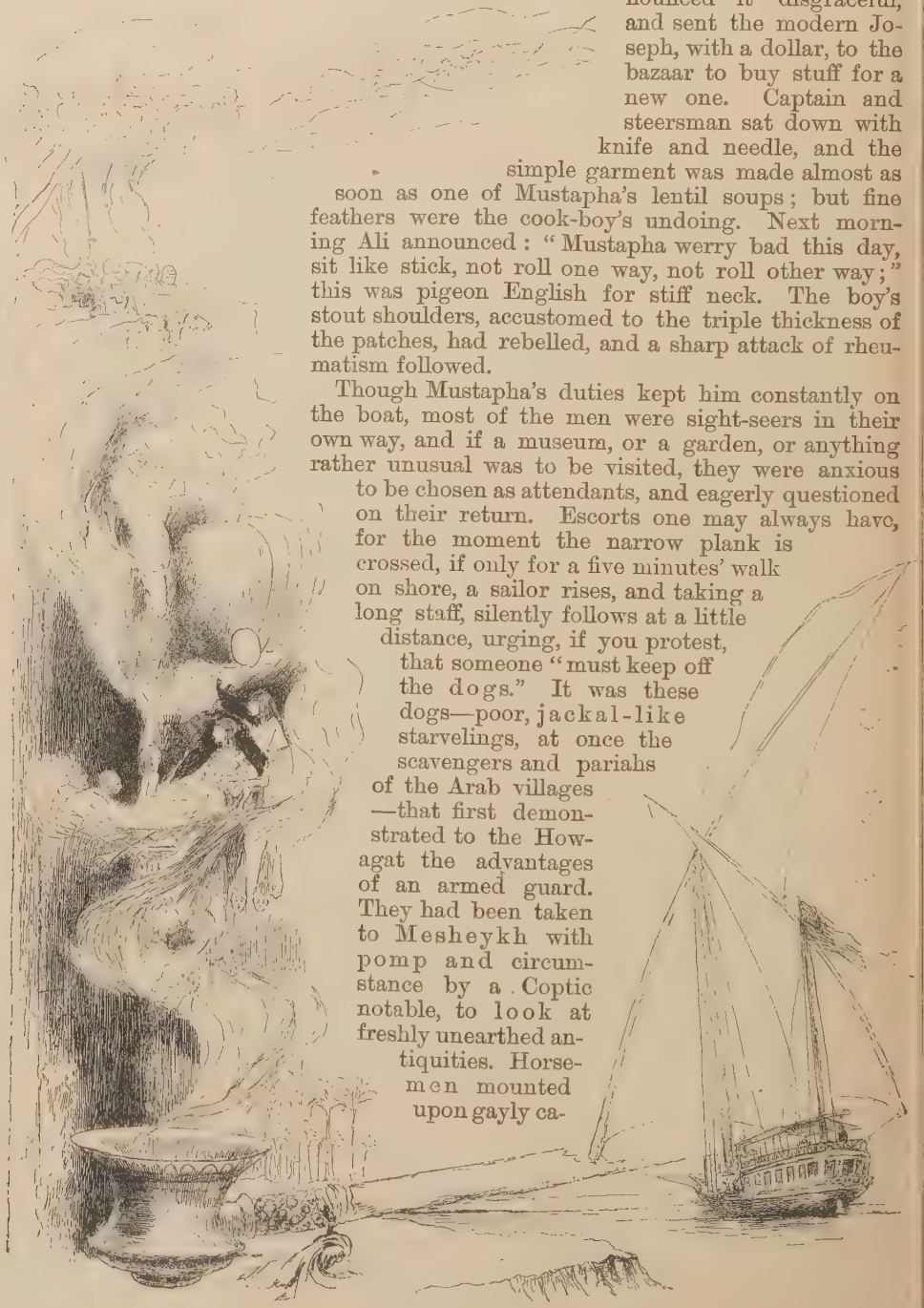
fears seemed unfounded. It was strange that this consideration did not occur to him, for color generally means much to the Arabs, and is a bond of kinship; so that they said of the negro man-servant of some American Nile travellers, "He pretends not to understand Arabic, but of course we know better than that, he

though in case of illness medicine is asked for and taken, it is, unless the result be immediate, promptly followed by a native and very different remedy. Thus Urushuan having a bad foot, kept the wound open by day with vaseline at the Howaga's suggestion, and closed it at night with salt and raw onion, until

so singular a state of things resulted that questions were asked and a steady treatment was enforced.

Little Mustapha wore a gellabeeyeh so bepatched that one day the Sitt Kebeer (or oldest lady of our party), looking upon this coat of many colors, pronounced it disgraceful, and sent the modern Joseph, with a dollar, to the bazaar to buy stuff for a new one. Captain and steersman sat down with knife and needle, and the simple garment was made almost as soon as one of Mustapha's lentil soups; but fine feathers were the cook-boy's undoing. Next morning Ali announced: "Mustapha werry bad this day, sit like stick, not roll one way, not roll other way;" this was pigeon English for stiff neck. The boy's stout shoulders, accustomed to the triple thickness of the patches, had rebelled, and a sharp attack of rheumatism followed.

Though Mustapha's duties kept him constantly on the boat, most of the men were sight-seers in their own way, and if a museum, or a garden, or anything rather unusual was to be visited, they were anxious to be chosen as attendants, and eagerly questioned on their return. Escorts one may always have, for the moment the narrow plank is crossed, if only for a five minutes' walk on shore, a sailor rises, and taking a long staff, silently follows at a little distance, urging, if you protest, that someone "must keep off the dogs." It was these dogs—poor, jackal-like starvelings, at once the scavengers and pariahs of the Arab villages—that first demonstrated to the Howagat the advantages of an armed guard. They had been taken to Mesheykh with pomp and circumstance by a Coptic notable, to look at freshly unearthed antiquities. Horsemen mounted upon gayly ca-



parisoned, curveting, Arab steeds had fired guns as they rode, footmen had carried more guns enclosed in scarlet coverings for greater availability, and one of the Howagat having strayed up the magnificent rock-mountain, found himself followed by two of the swathed weapons and their bearers. Presently a score of howling native dogs charged out of a village; immediately the nearest armed guard opened fire with surprising accuracy, his very first half-brick flanking a large yellow assailant on the ribs and driving him to the roof of a house, whence he encouraged his fellows. The other guard promptly joined in the assault, and the mountain furnishing ammunition enough to combat all the dogs in Egypt; the enemy, utterly discomfited, retired in disorder.

Whenever we tied up in the mountains for an hour or so, either that an adverse wind might drop, or that the cook might visit some neighboring village for provisions, it was always a pleasure to climb the cliffs to some rock-cut opening, for there was generally one at least in sight. Sometimes it was a fine tomb, sometimes only a cave with a few Greek inscriptions scratched about its mouth; sometimes from the gloom dark faces looked out from where, carved in high relief, their backs against the rock, the Egyptian husband still extended an arm about the shoulders of the wife who had been young three thousand years ago. These statues, with their black manes of hair, their broad collars and their dim-painted costumes, their fixed eyes and rigid limbs, were always impressive; but little imagination was needed to make one look with awe upon these contemporaries of Rameses and of Moses, and the flesh crept at the thought of the misery and desolation they had outlived with the same set smile, the same imperishable indifference. Often the tomb was nearly choked with sand, and an entrance was made feet foremost; or perhaps an Arab went in first, bringing back a mummied head that had laughed and talked in ancient Egypt. Sometimes, when the mind was filled with the Thothmes and Amenophises, the figures of ram-headed and ape-faced deities, all at once upon the wall a half-effaced, nimbussed saint looked dimly out, evoking a whole new world of ideas—of a Christian church, of a population of anchorites, of the Jeromes and Anthonys and Cyrils, who left their handwriting on the battered faces of Osiris and Ammon, and in the countless square beam-holes pierced in the rock-tombs for the dwellings of the hermits. The heat, the glare, the broken pottery, the bones and shreds of mummy wrappings lying about; the sense that one was treading upon the wonderful, and that history might at any moment lift up a monitor to the sight, made an impression that time cannot weaken. A climb to these tombs when the dreaded khamseen is blowing, is an interesting experience which does much to explain certain phenomena in the lives of the anchorites. The strong hot wind burns the skin like the breath of a furnace, parches throat and lips, and produces a strange, nervous exaltation. The heat presses on brow and breast like a tangible weight, the breath comes in short hoarse gasps, and the pulses hammer the temples. The light, struggling through thick clouds, is wan and livid; the sand circles and eddies in weird whirlpools; the carven figures in the dusky recesses, the pictured rock-walls seem to start and quiver in the burning wind, and the awful loneliness of the desert is upon the place; for the green Nile valley below, with its thrifty fields and villages and water-wheels, all its signs of human labor and human companionship, is blotted out by the dust storm. It was perhaps under these strange atmospheric conditions that the starving, self-tortured anchorite saw those grotesque or alluring visions with which the life of the desert saint was filled; from the dim corners of the cave came the glow of dark eyes, the warmth of curved lips; voices sweet or terrible whispered and hissed in his ear; the ghosts of past pleasures returned to haunt his solitude. In the murky sunset clouds he saw the ruddy furrows of the blood-stained arena, the dancing girl's tawny limbs whirled by him in the swirl of the tossing sand, and in the howl of the wind circling about the desolate crags he heard once more the savage roar of the amphitheatre.

In such places the tragedy of hermit-

life seems a thing of yesterday, even of to-day. Nothing is lacking but the actor, for the background has hardly changed, and the costumes and properties are easily supplied from a modern peasant's store—a coarse linen robe and a sheepskin mantle, a clay water-jar, a mat of palm-fibres, a skull from a neighboring mummy-pit, or two bits of board nailed crosswise, and the short list is complete. Nor has the protagonist quite disappeared. In Egypt there are still saints and ascetics, and many miracles, and the spiritual descendants of Paphnutius and Macarius still walk in their footsteps on the Nile banks.

These were the frequent experiences of accidental exploration, not the following of guide-book directions. One simply stepped ashore and climbed a ledge of rock, and behold! one had visited some man whose name and titles were still upon his house-door, but the trinkets upon whose costume, the character of whose writing, were as ancient in the days of Peter, of Paul, and of John, as are the coins of Herod Agrippa to our nineteenth century. But below us the mallet was heard knocking out the stake: "Howaga nesafur" (We are going to start), was shouted up the rocks, so that we hurried down to Mahaeel ironing on the foredeck, to Ali bringing in the soup, and to books and American letters and New York papers.

One great advantage of dahabeeyeh travel is that in visits to smaller towns a wider range of antiquities may be seen. Hours may be passed in the shop, or storehouse rather, of some out-of-the-way village, where the tourist steamers do not stop, and where the Arabs gather together their antiquities to take them to Luxor, the metropolis of curiosity-venders. When the shutters are opened and the sunlight pours in upon the dusty darkness, it is like a fantastical dream; there are no rows of rubbed and brightened anteekas set on little pedestals to catch the eye, as at Luxor or Cairo; here dead Cæsar turned to clay stops a hole, the mummy-case is a shelf for dishes, the Roman lamp still holds a light, dourrah is pounded in the hieroglyphed jar, kohl fills the antique alabastron, and walls and floor are covered with the shreds and tatters of departed civilizations—toilet utensils and children's toys, sandals and staves, glass, alabaster, and marble telling of marriage and burial, of battle and of prayer.

In such an out-of-the-way corner the Howaga Kebeer found the torso of a daughter of the Heretic King, her name and titles carved upon her back, a fragment so admirable in its simplicity and purity of lines that an envoy from the Louvre, purchasing for that famous collection, pronounced it Greek but for the hieroglyphics, and expressed his keen regret more than once that an American should have carried off the princess.

Once, while passing through a mud village in the hot Egyptian noonday, a Fellaha woman staggered out from her hut, carrying a huge jar which looked much like the modern filters, but which showed, when the dust had been carefully wiped away, red and blue lotuses and palm branches of the time of Kuen-Aten; two of these journeyed with the Hathors, and on another day came a female head of rough but good Greek workmanship, with inlaid eyes and a coiffure so like that on the coins of Cleopatra I., that it was dated and catalogued at once as being at least a contemporary of that turbulent lady.

The amateur purchaser in Egypt has one drop of bitterness in his cup, the fear of buying counterfeit antiquities, and there are many; but they are principally confined to scarabs and objects in wood. The Luxor men show you whole handfuls of bran-new scarabs, and sell stone paper-weights for a shilling which are worth the money. The death of old Gamoory, at Koorneh, closed a long line of wooden men and women, the offspring of this Theban Prometheus; and quite lately a gentleman in Akhmeem, who continues the succession, showed us a rough-hewn Rameses II., smilingly admitting that a month's labor would finish the conqueror; for if the counterfeit is detected, the forger, with immediate and cheerful acquiescence, invites you to praise his skill. But the foreigner is credulously incredulous; it is probable that the genuine objects mistaken for imitations would alone outnumber the real forgeries, for

the soil of Egypt is a vast repository, annually turned and sifted with enormous labor by thousands of Arabs, and the proof of its fecundity in antiquities is that each year's market is nearly exhausted by the tourists who pour up the Nile in Mr. Cook's fine steamers.

The sailors of the Hathors looked askance when granite heads or torsos came on board, with a realizing sense that each meant so much more weight to be lifted from the sand-bank, that Scylla of the Nile traveller, and which especially besets his passage down the river, when the receding water daily brings new obstacles to light. This downward trip is usually shorter than the up-going journey, and there are many who ask if monotony and dulness are not the accompaniments of life upon a boat which is at the mercy of the wind, and may remain stationary, or nearly so, for days? Not to those who are alive to the charm of a wonderful country, for one may at any moment go ashore and read the Bible, the Koran, and the hieroglyphs, too, in the houses and the habits of the people whose villages line the river bank, and who cherish their fathers' example; for Joseph's brethren plough to-day with a sharpened stick; the women of the plain of Abydos sit upon an Isis-throne of mud, as they watch the fields and whirl the sling at marauding birds; and the Arabs sleep on the deck or the bank, swaddled and muffled from face to feet, like the camel-driver of Mecca to whom Gabriel cried, "Rise, thou enwrapped one!"

The very doubtfulness of progress and the chances of the wind are subjects of continual interest. Will the dahabeeyeh make this or that difficult passage, or will she stick fast on a sand-bank? Can she, by tacking, reach a bend in the river where a favorable wind will bring her travellers within reach of some wished-for temple, or to some point where a steamer with friends on board will tie up for the night? When the wind is adverse short trips inland can be made, to which the sense of exploration adds a keen interest. At Assuan, in 1890, while waiting for the north wind to subside, excursion after excursion was made. There were two Egyptologists with the party, one on either of the dahabeeyehs which were anchored side by side, and a third traveller, who supplemented his interest in the country by the eyes of a lynx, and legs which, trained on the Scotch mountains, carried him miles over rocks and sand to bring back news of cartouches and inscriptions. Among the crags of Seheyl, where the giant bowlders are flung broadside on a hundred hills, as if Zeus and the Titans had battled there, or a Babel had been overthrown, with a shining silver dragon to watch it, lying in many twisted coils between the palm-fringed banks of the Cataract, the inscriptions covered every available rock. It must have been a very holy place and, the inmates of the Crocodile and the Hathors, climbing and wondering at the ever-changing, ever-glorious prospect, found the limbs of statues, a half-buried naos, diorite, alabaster, and yellow marble, and located the sanctuary of the vanished temple.

One day, in the mountains back of Assuan, one of the ladies, thrusting her arm deep into the cool, orange-colored sand, just as one might play and dabble in water, touched the top of a stela, which, when cleared, showed inscriptions and reliefs; while the Professor discovered a shrine scrawled thickly with graffite, and many terra-cotta sarcophagi, and the party carried back in triumph to the boat, on Mohammed's broad shoulders, the fragment of a seated statue bearing hieroglyphs in an, as yet, unknown language. These vestiges of the Pharaohs, some of them thousands of years apart as to time, made the Ptolemies seem very near, the Romans within hand-shaking distance; and one could almost see the crested Macedonian helmets winding among the rocks, the glitter of the brass on the legionaries, the wolf or eagle standard of cohort and maniple dancing behind the bowlders; while the rattle of Desaix's musketry still echoed there, for the year 1800 seemed only yesterday.

Assuan was the southern termination of the Hathors' voyage, and oh, the vicissitudes in the life of a dahabeeyeh! When prepared for the return voyage her long yard is lowered and slung above the deck; she has laid down her arms to the north wind, who has helped

her thus far to her goal, and has now become her worst enemy; she cannot struggle against him with that huge piece of timber at her mast-head; a small yard takes its place, and if a fresh wind blow from the north, the once stately boat goes floundering down upon her progress with the current, now broadside to, now stern foremost; the swan has become a crab to travel sideways, and a weather-cock to turn around and around. If there is strong adverse wind she cannot move at all, and must tie up to the bank; but with a very light breeze against her, the dahabeeyeh, shorn of most of her beauty, retains her dignity and becomes a veritable galley as the twelve great oars, each one twenty-five feet long and weighing fifty pounds, beat the water with slow strokes; while with each stroke comes the long, tuneful cry, the real galley song, an Arab heritage from the Greeks of Alexandria. At first this music of the boatmen is a shock to Occidental ears, its sharply subtle division of notes, its slurs, and quavers, and high falsetto are a surprise, but one soon learns to love its melancholy monotony. Sometimes it is a sort of wild and mournful melopœia, sometimes a deep-toned chorus filled with rich chords like an old mass; again an oar-song with strophe and antistrophe, or a litany to the Mohammedan saints.

The sailors were a superb sight from the upper deck, as, stimulated by spectators, they bent to their work with a will; the muscles on their bronzed limbs swelled and strained, their blue draperies fluttered in the wind, the red blades of the oars flashed and sprung, "churning the black water white," and the boat quivered responsively at every stroke, while the deep-mouthed galley-song rose from twelve strong throats.

Meanwhile, as the dahabeeyeh goes northward the air grows softer and balmier — the Egyptian summer is at hand; temples and towns seen on the upward journey reappear, favorite sites are revisited, as we glide over the magic mirror of the Nile. Then there are golden days of delicious idleness, when mere respiration is a delight, and the simple consciousness of existence an abiding pleasure — days filled with an indescribable charm that is most potent in this land of wonders. For Egypt is full of glamour; the Nile water is Nepenthe, and the desert air a philter; care floats away in the softly flowing current of the river; the little *bourgeois* frets and worries vanish, and a genial optimism takes their place. As we sip the enchanted potion day by day, something of the old Greek joy in existence, and deep, though unconscious, sympathy with nature returns; the Oriental's delight in green fields and rustling branches and the murmur of running water is insensibly acquired. Life ceases to be dramatic, and becomes contemplative; many mysteries are made clear, and we feel the strange charm that drew the cenobites to these glowing solitudes. New sensibilities awake, the perceptions are quickened and refined, the eye, resting day after day on the same objects, becomes susceptible to the slightest gradations of tint, the subtlest effects of light, or diversities of line. The elements of the landscape are always the same, just as are the bits of glass in the kaleidoscope, but how infinitely varied are the compositions they form. There are golden stretches of wheat, or velvet fields of clover; the river, now lying in lake-like pools, or running swift and brown under high banks, washing the feet of the limestone cliffs, or skirting a reach of burning sand, bubbling in shallows or foaming in the Cataract; the mountains, ever present, now close at hand, now rising in the distance; here white as though the snow had fallen on their summits, there red as though they flushed under the fires of sunset, towering in buttresses, and wave-worn peaks and pinnacles, or lying in long, flat-topped, terraced walls; the palms, fitting attribute of this martyred land, their rough-scaled trunks gold in the sun, bronze in the shade, their grayish-green leaves delicately powdered with dust; the river-towns high on the banks, their battlemented and crenellated towers enveloped in a whirling, circling cloud of white pigeons, or lying flat on the plain like an army with spears, the lance-like minarets quivering in the hot air — all these things glide by, familiar, yet ever new and ever beautiful.

Nights there were, too, full of enchantment — such nights as Cleopatra once outwatched on some wave-washed Alexandrian terrace—when the moon, burning with a white fire unknown to the North, hung over her own perfect image in the water; or when the sky, "clad in the beauty of a thousand stars," was mirrored in the still river below, and we seemed to float through a starry world. In the crystal-clear air the great constellations flamed with unwonted splendor; above, Orion blazed; the Hyades and Pleiades glittered like diamond fibulæ in night's dark cloak; Canopus's great lamp burned with a mellow light; Berenice's shining locks hung on the vault like a votive offering; Cassiopeia queened it in her silver chair, while Gemini's twin beacons flared and paled.

Under such a sky, from the terraces of the Alexandrian Museum, King Ptolemy's astronomers watched these gleaming worlds in their ordered march through space, seeing in each planet a divine chorister in the infinite symphony, and hearing faintly the prelude of the celestial harmony centuries before it thundered in Galileo's ears as he stood at midnight on the brown Tuscan tower among the olives.

Most precious of all these experiences is the remembrance of the hours spent on deck at what the Arabs call "the time of evening prayer," when the sun dipped behind the Lybian chain, and Mustapha's fire rose in pale yellow flame against the violet water. The mountain-tops still glowed, the desert was ashes of roses, the high bank turned to bitumen, the sky to molten gold, and darkly silhouetted against its splendor, a frieze of living bronze against a golden wall, the ever-charming figures of the Egyptian pastoral—Canephoræ, on their stately march; Chloe, lithe and slender, driving home her sheep; Daphnis herding his goats; the gleaners of Virgil; the husbandmen of Theocritus; the loves and nymphs of Anacreon, passed before us in the glamour of the evening light; every low-browed profile outlined in sharpest relief against the glowing west. As the villagers filed homeward, the sun sank, and the rosy flush faded; on the after-deck men bowed and knelt with faces turned toward Mecca; from the distant town the cry of the muezzin came faintly, "There is no God but God," and, like the sacred crescent of Islam, a new moon shone in the clear sky.

THE OAK OF GEISMAR.

By Henry van Dyke.

THROUGH the wide forest which rolled over the hills of central Germany, nearly twelve centuries ago, on the day before Christmas, a little company of pilgrims was journeying northward.

At the head of the band was a man about forty years of age, fair and slight, with eyes as blue as the sky and full of kindness, yet flashing with the fire of a will that knew no weakness and no fear. His thick garments of fur were covered with a coarse black robe, girt high about his waist, so that it might not hinder his quick stride; and in his right hand he carried a strong staff, fashioned at the upper end into the semblance of a cross. It was Winfrid of England, who had left his fair patrimony and noble estate in Wessex to bring the Gospel to his heathen kinsmen in the woodland of Thuringia and Hesse.

Close beside him, and keeping step with him like an inseparable companion, was the young Prince Gregor, whose heart Winfrid had won three years before in the cloister of Pfalzel. "Grandmother," cried the lad to the Abbess Addula, the daughter of King Dagobert, "if thou wilt not give me a horse, I will follow my master afoot." And the prince had kept his word. Long journeys through the wilderness had made a man of him in strength as

well as in spirit; and now he marched with Winfrid, a sturdy, resolute figure, in woodman's dress, with short cloak and cap of wolf's skin, carrying on his shoulder a mighty axe, to cut away the fallen trees which here and there blocked the way.

Behind these leaders followed a group of foresters and servants; then two sledge-horses blowing thick clouds of steam from their frosty nostrils; and last of all came the rear-guard, armed with bows and javelins. For it was no light adventure, in those days, to pass through the weird woodland, haunted by bear and wolf, lynx and boar, and sheltering in its gloomy recesses men who were fiercer than beasts of prey—outlaws and sturdy robbers and mad were-wolves.

The travellers were surrounded by an ocean of trees, so vast, so full of endless billows, that it seemed to be pressing on every side to overwhelm them. Gnarled oaks, with branches twisted and knotted as if in rage, rose in groves like tidal waves. Smooth forests of beech-trees, round and gray, swept over the knolls and slopes of land in a mighty ground-swell. But most of all, the multitude of pines and firs, innumerable and monotonous, with straight, stark trunks, and branches woven together in an unbroken flood of darkest green, crowded through the valleys and over the hills, rising on the highest ridges into ragged crests, like the foaming edge of breakers. Through this sea of shadows ran a narrow stream of shining whiteness—an ancient Roman road, covered with snow—and along this open track the travellers held their way; heavily, for the drifts were deep; warily, for the hard winter had driven many packs of wolves down from the mountains.

The steps of the pilgrims were noiseless; but the sledges creaked over the dry snow, and the panting of the horses echoed through the still, cold air. The pale-blue shadows on the western side of the road grew longer. The sun, declining through its shallow arch dropped behind the tree-tops. Darkness followed swiftly, as if it had been a bird of prey waiting for this sign to swoop down upon the world.

"Father," said Gregor to the leader, "surely this day's march is done. It is time to rest, and eat, and sleep. If we press onward now, we cannot see our steps; and will not that be against the word of the psalmist David, who bids us not to put confidence in the legs of a man'"

Winfrid laughed silently, in the manner of those who have lived long in the woods. "Nay, my son Gregor," said he, "thou hast tripped, even now, upon thy text. For David said only, 'I take no pleasure in the legs of a man.' And so say I, for I am not minded to spare thy legs or mine, until we come farther on our way, and do what must be done this night. Draw thy belt tighter, my son, and hew me out this little fir that bars the road, for our camp-ground is not here."

The youth obeyed; and while two of the foresters sprang to help him, and the soft fir-wood yielded to the stroke of the axes, and the snow flew from the bending branches, Winfrid turned and spoke to his followers in a cheerful voice that refreshed them like wine.

"Courage, brothers, and forward yet a little. God's moon will light us presently, and the path is plain. Well know I that ye are weary; and my own heart wearies also for the home in England, where those I love so dearly are keeping feast this Christmas-eve. Oh, that I might escape from this wild, storm-tossed sea of Germany into the peaceful haven of my fatherland! But we have work to do before we feast to-night. For this is the Yule-tide, and the heathen people of the forest have gathered at the Oak of Geismar to worship their god, Thor; and strange things will be seen there, and deeds which make the soul black. But we are sent to lighten their darkness; and we will teach our kinsmen to keep a Christmas with us such as the woodland has never known. Forward, then, in God's name!"

A murmur of assent came from the men. Even the horses seemed to take fresh heart. They flattened their backs to draw the heavy loads, and blew the frost from their nostrils as they pushed ahead. The night grew broader and less oppressive. A gate of brightness was opened secretly somewhere in the

sky; higher and higher swelled the clear moon-flood, until it poured over the eastern wall of forest into the road. A drove of wolves howled faintly in the distance, but they were receding, and the sound soon vanished. The stars sparkled merrily through the stringent air; the small, round moon shone like silver; and little breaths of the dreaming wind wandered whispering across the pointed fir-tops, as the pilgrims toiled bravely onward, following their clue of light through a labyrinth of darkness.

After a while the road began to open out a little. There were spaces of meadow-land, fringed with alders, behind which a boisterous river ran, clashing through spears of ice. Rude houses of hewn logs appeared in the openings, each one casting a patch of inky blackness upon the snow. Then the travellers passed a larger group of dwellings, all silent and unlighted; and beyond, they saw a great house, with many outbuildings and enclosed courtyards, from which the hounds bayed furiously, and a noise of stamping horses came from the stalls. But there was no other sound of life. The fields around lay bare to the moon. They saw no man, except once, on a path that skirted the farther edge of a meadow, three dark figures passed them, running very swiftly.

Then the road plunged again into a dense thicket, traversed it, and climbing to the left, emerged suddenly upon a glade, round and level except at the northern side, where a swelling hillock was crowned with a huge oak-tree. It towered above the heath, and stood like a giant with contorted arms, leading on the host of lesser trees. "Here," cried Winfrid, as his eyes flashed and his hand lifted his heavy staff, "here is the Thunder-oak; and here the cross of Christ shall break the hammer of the false god Thor."

In front of the tree a blazing fire of resinous wood sent its tongues of flame and fountains of sparks far up into the sky, and a great throng of people were gathered around it in a half-circle. The aspect of the multitude, seen against that fierce illumination, was like the silhouette of a crowd, black and mysterious. As the travellers left their sledges in the edge of the thicket and crossed the glade, none turned to notice them; all the people were looking intently toward the fire at the foot of the oak.

Then Winfrid's voice rang out. "Hail, ye sons of the forest! A stranger claims the warmth of your fire in the winter night."

Swiftly, and as with a single motion, a thousand eyes were bent upon the speaker. The semicircle opened silently in the middle; Winfrid entered with his followers; it closed again behind them. Then, as they looked round the curving ranks, they saw that the hue of the assemblage was not black, but white—dazzling, radiant, solemn, death-like. White, the robes of the women clustered together at the points of the wide crescent; white, the glittering byrnies of the warriors standing in close ranks; white, the fur mantles of the aged men who held the central place in the circle; white, with the shimmer of silver ornaments and the snowy purity of lamb's-wool, the raiment of a little group of children who stood close by the fire; white in the pallor of awe and fear, the faces of all who looked at them; white as drifts of snow the long beard of the old priest, Hunrad, who advanced to meet the travellers.

"Who are you? Whence come you, and what seek you here?" His voice was heavy and toneless as a muffled bell.

"Your kinsman am I, of the German brotherhood," answered Winfrid, "and from Wessex, beyond the sea, have I come to bring you a greeting from that land, and a message from the All-Father, whose servant I am."

"Welcome, then," said Hunrad, "welcome, kinsman, and be silent; for what passes here is too high to wait, and must be done before the moon crosses the middle heaven, unless, indeed, thou hast some sign or token from the gods. Canst thou work miracles?"

The question came sharply, as if a sudden gleam of hope had flashed through the tangle of the old priest's mind. But Winfrid's voice sank lower and a cloud of disappointment passed over his face as he replied: "Nay, miracles have

I never wrought, though I have heard of many; but the All-Father has given no power to my hands save such as belongs to common man."

"Stand still, then, thou common man," said Hunrad, scornfully, "and behold what the gods have called us hither to do. This night is the death-night of the sun-god, Baldur the Beautiful, beloved of gods and men. This night is the hour of darkness and the power of winter, of sacrifice and mighty fear. This night the great Thor, the god of thunder and war, to whom this oak is sacred, is grieved for the death of Baldur, and angry with this people because they have forsaken his worship. Long is it since an offering has been laid upon his altar, long since the roots of his holy tree have been fed with blood. Therefore its leaves have withered before the time, and its boughs are heavy with death. Therefore the Slavs and the Saxons have beaten us in battle. Therefore the harvests have failed, and the wolf-hordes have ravaged the folds, and the strength has departed from the bow, and the wood of the spear has broken, and the wild boar has slain the huntsman. Therefore the plague has fallen on your dwellings, and the dead are more than the living in all your villages. Answer me, ye people, are not these things true?"

A hoarse sound of approval ran through the circle. A chant, in which the voices of the men and women blended, like the shrill wind in the pine-trees above the rumbling thunder of a waterfall, rose and fell in rude cadences.

O Thor, the Thunderer,
Mighty and merciless,
Spare us from smiting!
Heave not thy hammer,
Angry, against us;
Plague not thy people.
Take from our treasure
Richest of ransom.
Silver we send thee,
Jewels and javelins,
Goodliest garments,
All our possessions,
Priceless, we proffer.
Sheep will we slaughter,
Steeds will we sacrifice;
Bright blood shall bathe thee,
O tree of Thunder,
Life-floods shall lave thee,
Strong wood of wonder.
Mighty, have mercy,
Smite us no more,
Spare us and save us,
Spare us, Thor! Thor!

With two great shouts the song ended, and a stillness followed so intense that the crackling of the fire was heard distinctly. The old priest stood silent for a moment. His shaggy brows swept down over his eyes like snow-drifts quenching flame. Then he lifted his face and spoke.

"None of these things will please the god. More costly is the offering that shall cleanse your sin, more precious the crimson dew that shall send new life into this holy tree of blood. Thor claims your dearest and your noblest gift."

Hunrad moved nearer to the handful of children who stood watching the red mines in the fire and the swarms of spark-serpents darting upward. They had heeded none of the priest's words, and did not notice now that he approached them, so eager were they to see which fiery snake would go highest among the oak branches. Foremost among them, and most intent on the pretty game, was a boy like a sun-ray, slender and quick, with blithe brown eyes and hair of spun silk. The priest's hand was laid upon his shoulder. The boy turned and looked up in his face.

"Here," said the old man, with his voice vibrating as when a thick rope is strained by a ship swinging from her moorings, "here is the chosen one, the eldest son of the Prince, the darling of the people. Hearken, Asulf, wilt thou go to Valhalla, where the heroes dwell with the gods, to bear a message to Thor?"

The boy answered, swift and clear:

"Yes, priest, I will go if my father bids me. Is it far away? Shall I run quickly? Must I take my bow and arrows for the wolves?"

The boy's father, Duke Alvold, standing among his bearded warriors, drew his breath deep, and leaned so heavily on the handle of his spear that the wood cracked. And his wife, Thekla, bending forward from the ranks of women, pushed the golden hair from her forehead with one hand, and with the other dragged at the silver chain about her neck until the rough links pierced her flesh, and the red drops fell unheeded

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

"It poised for an instant above the child's fair head—death cruel and imminent."—Page 686.

on the snow of her breast. A sigh passed through the crowd, like the murmur of the forest before the storm breaks. Yet no one spoke save Hunrad:

"Yes, my Prince, both bow and spear shalt thou have, for the way is long, and thou art a brave huntsman. But in darkness thou must journey for a little space, and with eyes blindfolded. Fearest thou?"

"Naught fear I," said the boy, "neither darkness, nor the great bear, nor the were-wolf. For I am Alvold's son, and the defender of my folk."

Then the priest led the child in his raiment of lamb's-wool to a broad stone in front of the fire, and gave him his little bow tipped with silver, and his spear with shining head of iron; he bound the child's eyes with a white cloth, and bade him kneel beside the stone with his face to the east. Unconsciously the wide arc of spectators drew inward toward the centre, as the ends of the bow draw together when the cord is stretched. Winfrid moved noiselessly until he stood close behind the priest.

The old man stooped to lift a black hammer of stone from the ground—the sacred hammer of the god Thor. Summoning all the strength of his withered arms, he swung it high in the air. It poised for an instant above the child's fair head—death cruel and imminent—then turned to fall.

One keen cry shrilled out from where the women stood, "Me! not Asulf!" Winfrid's heavy staff thrust mightily against the hammer's handle as it fell. Sideways it glanced from the old man's grasp, and the black stone, striking on the altar's edge, split in twain. A shout of awe and joy rolled along the living circle; and the branches of the oak shivered; and the flames leaped higher; and as the shout died away the people saw the lady Thekla, with her arms clasped round her child, and above them, on the altar-stone, Winfrid, his face shining like an angel's.

"Hearken, ye sons of the forest! No blood shall flow this night save that which pity has drawn from a mother's breast. For this is the birth-night of the white Christ, the son of the All-Father, the Saviour of mankind. Fairer is he than Baldur the Beautiful, greater than Odin the Wise, kinder than Freya the Good. Since he has come sacrifice is ended. The dark Thor, on whom ye have vainly called, is dead. Deep in the shades of Niffelheim he is lost forever. And now on this Christ-night ye shall begin to live. This Blood-tree shall darken your land no more. In the name of the Lord I will destroy it."

He grasped the broad axe from the hand of Gregor, and striding to the oak began to hew against it. Then the sole wonder in Winfrid's life came to pass. For, as the bright blade circled above his head, and the flakes of wood flew from the deepening gash in the body of the tree, a whirling wind passed over the forest. It gripped the oak from its foundations. Backward it fell like a tower, groaning as it split asunder in four pieces. But just behind it, and unharmed by the ruin, stood a young fir-tree, pointing a green spire toward the stars.

Winfrid let the axe drop, and turned to speak to the people.

"This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree to-night. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of the fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are ever green. See how it points upward to heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ-child; gather about it, not in the wild wood, but in your own homes; there it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts and rites of kindness."

So they took the fir-tree from its place, and carried it in joyful procession to the edge of the glade, and laid it on one of the sledges. The horse tossed his head and drew bravely at his load, as if the new burden had lightened it. When they came to the village, Alvold bade them open the doors of his great hall and set the tree in the midst of it. They kindled lights among its branches, till it seemed to be tangled full of stars. The children encircled it wondering, and the sweet smell of the balsam filled the house.

Then Winfrid stood up on the dais at the end of the hall, with the old priest sitting at his feet near by, and told the story of Bethlehem, of the babe in the manger, of the shepherds on the hillside, of the host of angels and their

strange music. All listened, even the children, charmed into stillness.

But the boy Asulf, on his mother's knees, folded warm by her soft arms, and wondering a little at the stains on her breast, put up his lips to her ear and whispered, "Mother, listen now, for I hear those angels singing again behind the tree."

And some say that it was true; but others say that it was the Prince Gregor and his companions, at the lower end of the hall, softly chanting their Christmas hymn:

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.

"The same old gondola-landing blue poles, bridge, and all."

ESPERO GORGONI, GONDOLIER.

By F. Hopkinson Smith.

I.

POOR old Ingenio—my gondolier of five years before—dear old Ingenio, with his white hair and gentle voice; Ingenio with the little, crippled daughter and the sad-faced wife, who lived near the church behind the Rialto, had made his last crossing. At least the sacristan shook his head and pointed upward when I sought tidings of him; and the old, familiar door with the queer gratings was locked, and the windows cobwebbed and dust-begrimed.

None of the gondoliers at the Rialto landing knew, nor did any of the old men at the water-steps—the men with the hooked staffs who steady your boat while you alight. Five years was so very long ago, they said, and then there had been the plague.

So I looked up wistfully at the windows of the old palace where I had called to him so often—I can see him now, with little Giuliétta in his arms, peering at me through the gay, climbing flowers which she watered so carefully—looked long and wistfully, as if he must surely answer back, "*Si, signor, immediatiménte,*" and turned sadly away.

But then there was the same old gondola-landing, blue poles, bridge, and

all, with its flock of gondolas hovering around, and a dozen lusty fellows ready to spring to their oars and serve me night and day for a pittance that elsewhere a man would starve on. My lucky star once sent me Ingenio, who, floating past in his boat, caught my signal; why not another?

"Next to these stand a row of poles to which are fastened the huge wicker crab and fish baskets."—Page 692.

This is why I am on the quay near the Rialto this lovely morning, in Venice, overlooking the gondolas curving in and out, and watching the faces of the gondoliers as with uplifted hands, like a row of whips, they call out their respective numbers and qualifications.

In my experience there is nothing like a gondola to paint from, especially in the summer—and it is the summer time. Then all these Venetian cabs are gay in their sunshiny attire, and have laid aside their dark, hooded cloaks, their rainy-day mackintoshes — their *felsi*—and have pulled over their shoulders a frail awning of creamy white, perched upon a delicate iron framework, with snowy curtains at sides and back, under which you paint in state or lounge luxuriously, drinking in the beauty about you.

I have in my wanderings tried all sorts of moving things to paint from; *tartanas* in Spain, *volantes* in Cuba, broad-sailed luggers in Holland, mules in Mexico, and cabs everywhere. One I remember with delight—an old night-hawk in Amsterdam—that offered me not only its front-seat for my easel, its arm-rest for my water-bottle, and a pocket in the door-flap for brushes (I am likely to expect all these conveniences in even the most disreputable of cabs), but insisted on giving me the additional luxury of a knot-hole in its floor for waste water.

But with all this a cab is not a gondola.

In a gondola you are never shaken by the tired beast resting his other leg, nor by the small boy who looks in at the window, nor by the cabby, who falls asleep on the box and awakes periodi-

DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

Venetian Fishing Boats.

ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

cally with a start that repeats a shiver through your brush hand, and a corresponding wave-line across your sky.

In place of this there is a cosy curtain-closed nest—a little boudoir with down cushions, and silk fringes and soft mo-

A Gondola Boat Yard.

rocco coverings; kept afloat by a long, lithe, swan-like, moving boat, black as an Inquisitor's gown save for the dainty awning. A something bearing itself proudly with head high in air—alive or still, alert or restful, and obedient to your lightest touch—half sea-gull revelling in the sunlight, half dolphin cutting the dark water.

If you are hurried, and the plash of the oar comes quick and strong, in an instant your gondola quivers with the excitement of the chase. You feel the thrill through its entire length as it strains every nerve; the touch of the oar, like the touch of the spur, urging it to its best. If you would rest, and so slip into some dark waterway under the shadow of overhanging balcony or mouldy palace wall, your water-swallow becomes a very *lasagnone*, and will go sound asleep, and for hours, or loll lazily, the little waves lapping about its bow.

In Venice my gondola is always my home, and my gondolier always my best friend; and so when my search for Ingenio ended only in a cobwebbed door and an abandoned balcony, and that mournful shake of the sacristan's head, and I stood scanning anxiously the upturned faces below me, it was some minutes before I selected his successor and returned Espero's signal.

I cannot say why I singled him out except, perhaps, that he did not press forward with the rest, rushing his bow ahead; but rather held back, giving his place to a gray-headed old gondolier, who in his haste had muffed his oar awkwardly, at which the others laughed.

Perhaps, too, it might have been his frank, handsome, young face, with its merry, black eyes; or the inviting look of his cushions beneath the white awning, with the bit of a rug on the floor; or the picturesque effect of the whole; or all of them together, that caught my eye. Or it might have been the perfect welding together of man and boat. For, as he stood erect in the sunlight, twisting the gondola with his oar, his loose shirt, with throat and chest bare in highest light against the dark water, his head bound with a red kerchief, his well knit, graceful figure swaying in the movement of the whole—blending with and yet controlling it—both man and boat seemed but parts of one organism, a sort of marine Centaur, as free and fearless as that wonderful myth of the olden time. Whatever it was, my lucky star peeped out at the opportune moment, and the next instant my sketch-traps were tumbled in.

"To the Salute!"

The gondolier threw himself on his oar, the sensitive craft quivered at the touch, and we glided out upon the broad waters of the Grand Canal.

Nowhere else in the wide world is there such a sight. A double row of creamy white palaces tiled in red and topped with quaint chimneys. Overhanging balconies of marble bursting with flowers, with gay awnings above and streaming shadows below. Two lines of narrow quays crowded with people flashing bright bits of color in the blazing sun. Swarms of gondolas, barcos, and lesser water-spiders darting in and out. Lazy red-sailed luggers melon-loaded with crinkled green shadows crawling beneath their bows; while at the far end over the glistening high-water, until the edge of her steel blade touched the water-stairs of the Salute.

This beautiful church is always my rendezvous. It is half-way to everything: to the Public Garden; across the Guidecca; away over to the Lagoon where the fishermen live; to the Rialto and beyond.

In the freshness of the morning, when its lovely dome throws a cool shadow across its plaza, there is no better place for a painter to make up his mind in. Mine required but a few minutes: I would paint near the Fondimenta della Pallada; a narrow, short canal where the fishermen moor their boats.

"What is your name, gondolier?"

"Espero Gorgoni."

The voice was sweet and musical, and

The Rialto, Venice.

way, beaded with people, curves the beautiful bridge—an ivory arch against a turquoise sky.

Espero ran the gauntlet of the skimming boats, dodging the little steamers puffing away all out of breath with their run from the Lido, shot his boat into a narrow canal, out again upon the broad

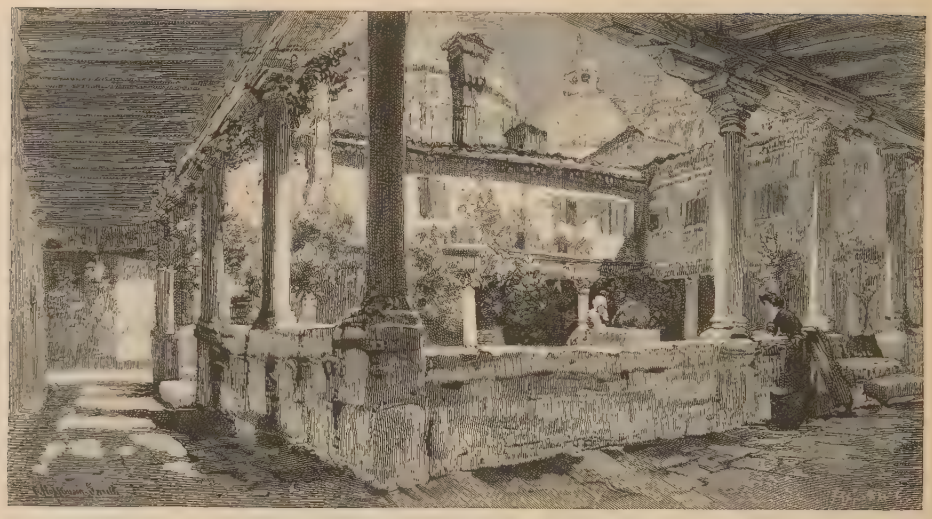
the answer was given with a turn of the head as graceful as it was free.

"Do you know the Pallada?"

"Perfectly."

"Stop, then, near the crab baskets that are moored to the poles."

A turn of the wrist, a long, bending sweep of the oar across the Guidecca,



"We stepped into an abandoned cloister, once the most beautiful Cortile in Venice."—Page 696.

and we enter a waterway leading to the Lagoon. Here live the fishermen, in great, rambling houses three and four stories high — warehouses probably in the old days — running sheer into the water. Outside of the lower windows lie their boats, with gay-colored sails, and next to these stand a row of poles anchoring the huge wicker crab and fish baskets filled with their early morning catch.

Espero ran the gondola behind a protecting sail, and in five minutes I was at work.

The experience was not new to him. I saw that from the way he opened the awning on the proper side, unstrapped my easel, and spread out the contents of my trap on the cushions, which he reversed to protect from waste water ; and from the way he stepped ashore, so that my gondola should lie perfectly still, joining later a group of children who were watching me from the doorway above. (Half an hour after they were laughing at his stories, the two youngest in his lap.) A considerate, good-natured fellow, I thought—this gondolier of mine—and fond of children ; and I kept at work.

When the fisherman awoke and came down to make ready his boat for the morning, and I began the customary protest about the lowering of the sail, thus spoiling my sketch, Espero sprang up, locked his arm through the intruder's and led him gently back into the house, calling to me, five minutes thereafter from across the canal, to keep at work and not to hurry, as the fisherman and he were about to have a mouthful of wine together. And a man of tact, too! Really, if my gondolier develops like this, I shall not miss Ingenio so much.

The next day we were across the Lagoon, and the day following up the Guidecca by the storehouses where the lighters unload, and before the week was out I had fallen into my old habits and was sharing my breakfast and my cigarette-case with my gondolier, who, day by day, won his way by some new trait of usefulness or some new charm of manner.

Oh, these breakfasts in the gondola in the early morning ; the soft, fresh air of the sea in your face, the cool plash of the water in your ears! On the floor of the boat, smoking hot, rests the little copper coffee-pot, and above, in the wooden side-pockets, your store of fruit and rolls. With what a waste and recklessness is the melon split and quartered, and the half-eaten crescents thrown overboard! What savory fish! What delicious bread! And yet Espero had gathered them up at a caffè, a fruit-stand, and a baker's ; and a bit of silver no larger than my thumb-nail had paid for it all.

When the wind freshens and the boats from Chioggia begin spreading their sails, Espero turns his prow toward the Public Garden—their mooring-ground—and we follow them out over the broad water until my sketch-book is filled with their varying forms and colors. On our way back we board the wood boats, drifting in with the tide, or land under the old garden-walls which Espero scales, regaining the gondola loaded with flowers, which he festoons over the awning, trailing the blossoming vines in the water behind. Or we circle about the Salute, composing it now on the right with some lighter boats in the distance; now on the left, with the Dogana and the stretch of palaces beyond. Or we haunt the churches, listening to the music, or follow with our eyes the slender, graceful Venetians who come and go.

In all these rambles there was one little, crooked canal near the Salute that, whatever our course, Espero always dodged into. Long way around or short way over, it was always the same. Somehow Espero must get into this waterway to get out somewhere else. At last I caught him. She wore a yellow silk handkerchief tied under her pretty chin, and was waving her hand from a balcony filled with oleanders high up on the wall of a crumbling old palace. These were our days!

Then came the twilights, with palace, tower, and dome purple against the fading light, and the canal all molten gold, through which the gondolas, with lamps alight, glided like fire-flies.

On one of these purple-laden twilights we had floated over to San Giorgio, moored the gondola to a great iron ring in the water-soaked steps that might once have held a slave-laden galley, and had sat down to watch the darkness slowly settle over the dreaming city. Away off to the right stood the Campanile, its cone-shaped top pink and gold, while behind, against the deepening blue, rose its almost twin tower.

The scene awoke all the old memories of the place, and I began talking to Espero, who was stretched out on the marble steps below me, of the olden times when this same harbor was full of ships of every clime, with sails of gold and cargoes of spice, and of the great regattas, and the two-decked war barges, with slaves double-banked rowing beneath; and from this to the wonderful Bucentaur, the Doge's barge, encrusted with gold like the model we had seen at the Arsenal the day before, rowed by members of the Arsenalotti—a sort of guild or corporation formed of the workmen at the Arsenal. How, every year, occurred the ceremony of the Espousal of the Adriatic, and how, when the Bucentaur returned there was a grand banquet, at which the Arsenalotti dined at public expense, with the privilege of carrying off everything on the table—even the linen, vessels, and glass.

Espero's attitude and face, as he listened, led me on. He had an odd way of lifting his eyebrows quickly when I told him something that interested him—a questioning, yet deferential expression, which I generally accepted as a tribute to my superior intelligence. He never formulated it in words. It was only one of the many flashes that swept over his face, but it was always a grateful encouragement.

And so, with the glamour of the scene about me, and with Espero's eyes fastened on mine, his well-shaped head clear cut against the fading sky, I rambled on, telling him of those things I thought would please him the most. Of how these Arsenalotti became gondoliers, joining the Castellani—the gondoliers at that time being divided into two parties, the Castellani, who wore red hoods, and the Nicolletti, who wore black hoods. Of how these Castellani were aristocrats and had portioned out to them the eastern part of the city where the Doge lived, his residence being in the Plaza of San Marco; while the Nicolletti were publicans. That, besides attending to the Doge in public, many of these Castellani had served him in private, thus being of great service to the state.

Espero listened to every word, raising his head and looking at me curiously when I mentioned the Castellani, and laughing outright at my description of the banquet tables in the hands of the Arsenalotti. Nothing else dropped from his lips except the grim remark that if he had lived in those days he would, perhaps, have owned his own gondola, and

not have had to use his grandfather's, who was now too old to row. I remembered afterward a certain thoughtful expression overspread his face, as if my talk had awakened some memory of his own.

A passing music boat cut short my dissertation, and in a moment more we were following in its wake, threading our way in and out of the tangle of gondolas massed about it. Then a twist of the oar, and Espero glided alongside the lantern-hung barge and leaned over to speak to the leader. The musicians were going to the Piazza, would I care to hear them sing under the Bridge of Sighs?

In five minutes we had picked our way through the labyrinth of surrounding gondolas, and in five more had entered the close, narrow canal, where the beautiful bridge, buttressed by two great masses of gloom — the palace and the prison — overhung the sluggish, sullen water.

There is never a lantern now along this weird and grewsome waterway. One only sees the twinkling lamps of the gondolas, like will-o'-the-wisps, drift past—the boats themselves lost in the blackness of the shadows — the glimmer of the pale light of some slow-moving barge, or the reflection of the stars above. All else is dark and ghostly.

The music boat drifted sideways, and the bass viol, who was standing, twisted a light cord through an iron ring in the slimy, ooze-colored palace. Espero drifted against the opposite wall—the prison.

"What shall they sing, signor?"

"As you please, Espero."

I have heard the Miserere chanted at dead of night in the streets of an old Italian town, the flare of the torches lighting the upturned face of the ghastly dead; my eyes have filled when, with knee to marble floor, I have listened to the pathos of its harmonies as they sighed through the many-pillared mosque of Cordova; I have drunk in its cadences in curtained alcoves with the breath of waving fans and flash of gems about me; but never has its grandeur and majesty so stirred my imagination and entranced my soul as on this night in Venice, under the deep blue of the soft Italian sky, the frowning, blood-stained palace above, the treacherous silent water beneath.

I could stretch out my hand and touch the very stones that had coffined the living dead. I could look down into the same depths along the edge of the water-soaked marble where had lain the headless body, with sack and cord, awaiting the sure current of the changing tide; and from my cushions in the listening gondola I could see, high up against the blue in the starlight, the same narrow window in the fatal arch, through which the hopeless had caught their last glimpse of light and life.

When the last low strains had died away, Espero raised himself erect, walked slowly the length of the gondola, and, bending down, said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Signor, did you hear the tramp of the poor fellows over the bridge, and the moans of the men dying under the wall? Holy God! Was it not terrible?"

At that instant the barge floated past. I looked at him in wonder—Espero's eyes were full of tears!

II.

This man began to interest me intensely. Only a plain, every-day, Venetian gondolier, in a blue shirt, and patched at that, with hardly a franc he could call his own—and yet there was something about him that made his presence a delight. It was not the graceful swing of his beautiful body, nor his musical laugh, nor his honest kindness to every human being. It was rather an undefined, courteous, well-bred independence.

When it came to rowing a gondola, it never seemed to me that he rowed because it was his duty and his livelihood. He rowed because he loved it, and because he loved the sunshine across his face, and the flash of the water on his oar-blade, and the swing and freedom of it all. My happening to be a passenger was but one of those necessary evils attending the earning and payment of five francs a day. And yet, not altogether an evil; for he loved me, too, as he did everything else that brought him

companionship and air and light and life.

Nothing seemed to tire him. Day or night, or all night, if I wished it—for often we were whole nights together in the soft summer air, floating back to the sleeping city in the gray dawn, stopping to listen to early mass at the Pieta, or following the fruit boats or fishermen in from the Lido.

And thus it was that we ransacked Venice together from San Giorgio to Murano; and thus it was that every day I caught some fresh glimpse of the sweetness of his inner nature, and every day loved him the better. Nobody could have helped it. There was that touch about him one could not resist. Once on the Guidecca, when the sea was polished steel and the tide turning ebb, Espero ran the gondola up under the lee of a melon-boat, its sail limp and useless in the breathless air, sprang over her rail, caught the oar from the captain—fagged out with the long pull from the Lido—and threw his weight against the drooping blade. And all this with a laugh and a twist of his foot in pirouette, as if it was the merriest fun in the world to save a tide and a market for a man he had never seen in his life before.

On another morning he was just in time to save Beppo from a plunge overboard — old Beppo who for centuries (nobody knows how old Beppo is) has hooked his staff into myriads of gondolas landing at the Salute steps. It had happened that some other mediæval ruin, a few years Beppo's junior, had crowded the old man from his place, and Espero's righteous wrath was not appeased until he had driven the usurper from the plaza of the church, with the parting reminder that he would break every bone in his withered old skin if he ever caught him there again.

And yet, with all my opportunities for intimacy, I really got no nearer to the inner side of Espero than the day I hired him. To him I was still only the painter from over the sea, his patron, to whom he was loyal, good-natured, happy-hearted, and obliging; but nothing more. Nothing more was for sale for five francs a day. What his home or life might be outside the hours I called my own, I knew no more than of the hundred other gondoliers who filled the canal with their cries and their laughter. The one sole connecting link was the pretty Venetian of the little crooked canal, who waved her hand whenever we passed, and who once tossed down a spray of oleander which fell at his feet; and yet I could not even have found her doorway, much less have told her name.

This troubled me. It did not seem like an equal exchange of confidences.

One beautiful, bright Sunday morning this idea took possession of me. Espero and I would breakfast together —blue shirt, patch, and all! Not as we had often breakfasted before in the gondola under the shadow of a palace, or down by the stalls of the fruit market; but at the great Caffè Florian, in the Piazza of San Marco, at twelve o'clock, high noon, in the midst of gold embroidered officers with clanking swords and waxed mustaches, and ladies of high degree in dainty gowns and veils.

"Leave the gondola, Espero, in charge of somebody, and come with me!"

We twisted our way through the narrow slits of streets, choked with awnings shading groups of Venetians sipping their coffee, dodged under an archway, across a narrow bridge, and so out upon the blinding, baking piazza, dotted here and there with hurrying figures, dogged by ink-spilled shadows.

"Breakfast for two!" I said to the startled waiter. "Take the seat by the window, Espero!"

His face lighted up, and an expression of the greatest happiness and good-humor overspread it. But that was all. There was no sign of humility about him; nothing indicating that I had done him a kindness, or had conferred upon him any special favor. He merely pointed to himself, and then to the seat, as if making quite sure, saying, "Me, signor?" and then sat himself down, spreading his napkin, and all with the air of a man accustomed to that sort of thing every day of his life.

I ordered nearly everything on the bill of fare. Fish, eggs, salad, broiled cutlet, fruit, even a bottle of Chianti, with silk tassels on its neck. Espero took each in its course with the man-

ners of a Chesterfield, and the quiet refinement of a man of the world.

The only person who put his astonishment into words was the head-waiter, who caught his breath when I lighted Espero's cigarette myself, recounting to his assistant and adding, "*Ma foi*, what funny people these painters!"

An hour later we were again afloat, embarking at the water-steps of the Piazza.

Just here, and for the first time in all our intercourse, I noticed a change in Espero's bearing. The touch of humility—it had been only a trace, and, as I always knew, only assumed that I might see he recognized the obligation of five francs—even that slight trace was gone.

The change was not one that betokened presuming familiarity, as if all social barriers having now been swept away he would insist upon sharing with me everything I owned. It was more the manner of a man clothed with the responsibilities of a host; a welcoming, generous, appropriating manner. Heretofore, when I had stepped into the gondola, Espero invariably offered me his bent elbow to steady myself; but now he gave me his hand.

Furthermore, he did not wait for instructions as to where the prow of the gondola should be pointed. He said instead:

"There is a famous old Cortile that I must show you. All the artists paint it. We will go now!"

With this he shot past our customary landing-place, entered the little, crooked canal, and rounded the gondola in front of an old marble archway curiously carved.

I began to wonder at the change that had come over him. What was there about this Cortile? If everybody had painted it, why should he have kept it hidden all summer from me?

Espero's manner at this landing was, if anything, more expressive than at the last; for, after securing the gondola, he waved his hand graciously and led me along a damp, tunnel-like passage, until we stepped into an abandoned cloister, once the most beautiful Cortile in Venice.

When we entered the sun was blazing against the opposite wall, the nearer columns standing out strong and dark. In the square, bounded by the low wall supporting the pillars, which in turn supported the living rooms above, climbing vines and grasses ran riot, while in the centre of the tangled mass of weeds stood an old covered well, at which a girl was filling her copper water-pail.

Espero watched my delight at its picturesqueness, laughing outright at my determination to begin work at once, and then, with great deference, led me to a doorway level with the flagging of the mouldy pavement. Here he rang a bell hung on the outside. The next instant a shutter opened above and a pair of black eyes peered out from between some pots of oleanders. It was the same face I had seen so often smiling at Espero from an upper balcony! The cloister evidently abutted on the little, crooked canal. This, then, was what he was hiding! But surely he could not have thought that I——

Another moment and the door was opened by the same pretty Venetian, who ushered us into a square hall having a broad staircase which led to the floor above. Here, on the wainscoted walls, half-way to the ceiling, hung a collection of old portraits, each one a delight to the eye of a painter. They were of men, costumed in the time of the later Doges—one in scarlet and black, another in a robe of deep blue, while a third wore a semi-military uniform and carried a short sword.

They all had one distinguishing feature—each head was covered by a bright red hood.

Espero never took his eyes from my face as I looked about in astonishment, not even long enough to salute the pretty Venetian who stood smiling at his side.

"Who lives here, Espero?"

"My grandfather, signor, who is very old, lives on this floor. My little wife, Mariana," turning to the pretty Venetian, "and I live on the floor above;" and he kissed the girl on the forehead and laid her hand in mine.

"And these portraits——"

"Are some of the famous gondoliers of old. This one was chief of the Arsenalotti, and an intimate friend of the Doge."

"And the others?"

Espero's eyes twinkled, and a quizzical, half-triumphant smile broke over his face.

"These are all my ancestors, signor. We have been gondoliers for two hundred years. I am a Castellani!"

A CHARGE FOR FRANCE.

By John Heard, Jr.

I.

DURING his stay in the United States Maurice de Saint Brissac was a great favorite among women; among men he was correspondingly disliked. The former believed that the mask represented the man, a kind of man they did not often meet among homespun Americans, and to the more romantic he seemed to be a *grand seigneur* of the race Vandyck painted so well, and who had stepped down from his frame in some national gallery to criticise the progress of the world since his day. The latter envied his success, and, because of it, resented the superiority evinced in many ways by this man who was so different from themselves. In a way it soothed their wounded pride to call him a prig. But he was better than that. He did not believe in the stage business of his time. It was antiquated and often ridiculous. It was insincere. It was very largely "pose." At the same time family traditions, the "honor of the name," the prestige of nobility, combined with wealth, demanded this sacrifice, against which all the finer instincts of the man rebelled. For Saint Brissac was a good man, as good men go nowadays, and a good deal of a man. Had he belonged to the family of Smith, Jones, or Robinson, and been compelled to work for his living, he might have achieved even more than were enough to satisfy himself, and make him one of *the* few Smiths, Joneses, or Robinsons whose success has proved an incentive to subsequent generations of that name. Unfortunately he was reared as a hot-house plant, and he respected the responsibilities of his position too highly to sacrifice them to a better sense of right and wrong, inherited, at second hand, from a New-England grandmother. Indeed there was in his composition just enough of the old Puritan granite to leaven the enjoyment which might have followed his apparently easy successes in more than one field.

The life of such men is certainly not an enviable one. Their *ego* counts for naught until they are released from the bondage of training, and then it is too late for the natural and healthy development of the man that might have been. Saint Brissac's father admired the type of which M. de Camors is the literary exponent, and, *coûte que coûte*, his son should be such a *parfait gentilhomme*.

Maurice was nearly twenty-two when the old gentleman retired from this stage, and the prison-door was open. He looked out, and to his amazement looked out upon a world of men and women—a species to which he would fain belong, yet one whose life was incompatible with his training.

"It is a crime," he said to himself; "and I feel like a Chinese woman whose feet have been so long compressed that she cannot walk. I have been brought up for a world that ceased to exist in '89. Shall I go on? *Can* I go back?"

In his *milieu* it was impossible to go back, so he drifted along, taking infinite pains to accomplish, in the most correct manner, many things which he despised. It was nineteenth century to be bad, and he made people believe that he *was* bad. After his emancipation he travelled through Europe and learned something, viz., that the perfection at which his father aimed, and to which he had endeavored to educate his son, was a very second-rate perfection, entirely out of date, and more often to be condemned

than praised. One day this conviction became enough of a certainty to warrant immediate action. Several young men were writing a collective letter of invitation at the club, and there arose some slight discussion as to the use of the subjunctive.

"I may be wrong, *très cher*," said his contestant, "but Musset's apology is good enough for me. A gentleman should never write French well enough to be mistaken for a professional."

"Our code of honor is written in French," retorted Saint Brissac. "Perhaps you think a gentleman has the same inherited privilege of ignorance in that field."

"The grammar of honor is written in blood, not in ink. Heraldry, sir, is a fine science," replied his opponent.

"Then, if it meet your pleasure," Saint Brissac answered, bowing low, "we will compare arms on a field *vert*, under a bend *azur*."

"What nonsense, what nonsense!" he said to himself, as he left the club. "And to think that for such absolute inanities two human beings *must* stand against one another, sword in hand, and each endeavor, as a duty, to cut the other's throat. Pshaw!"

The next step was obvious, with the result that Saint Brissac, though one of the best swordsmen in Paris, blundered to the extent of fatally wounding his adversary. Publicly he could not afford to be more than annoyed at his carelessness; at bottom, however, he was sincerely grieved, and made a vow never again to use weapons except in self-defence or in service of his country; and he then resolved to visit America, where a discussion about spelling did not necessarily involve a funeral.

At the club, as in society, the decision was received with consternation. Maurice made pretty speeches; the *Figaro* repeated them and quoted the admiring answers and comments of that exceedingly self-complacent *coterie* commonly called *Tout Paris*, an epithet which, in their ignorance of foreign idioms, they fondly believe to mean the whole intellectual world. There were farewell dinners of course; the most brilliant being that given by the Junior Jockey, where Saint Brissac made his last and best speech. To an audience of a certain character the occasion was an impressive one. The majority of the guests still thought of America as their ancestors had thought of Louisiana, and to them Saint Brissac was a modern La Salle. They toasted him, bespeeched him, cheered him, mourned him; and so prone are we to allow our desires the gratification of prettily worded well-wishes run amuck, that he was really moved, despite the more sane criticism of his reason. He went away early, and one of the guests of the evening, a young American, named Joe Sargent, overtook him on the stairs. The men knew each other slightly, and sauntered together down the rue de Rivoli.

"Ah! my dear friend," the Frenchman said, with a sigh, "it is very hard to say good-by without showing one's emotions!"

There was an amused look in Sargent's eyes, and for a moment he checked himself. Then turning suddenly, as though the temptation were too great to resist:

"I should think so," he answered, smiling. "But it seems impossible to do so without creating the impression of being either a damned fool or a humbug—at least according to our ideas."

Saint Brissac stopped and looked up with a puzzled frown into the honest, laughing face a few inches above his own.

"Well," he said, after a pause, and holding out his hand, "it is a new sensation to have the truth told one in that way; but I believe you meant it right. Indeed I believe you *are* right. I am going to your country, and it is well I should become accustomed to your ways. I suppose," he continued, interrogatively, "that I shall often hear the truth as frankly expressed?"

"Why," Sargent replied, laughing, "if you are going to the Rocky Mountains, as you said this evening, you will probably hear plenty of plain talk—if that's what you mean. I am on my way there myself for a couple of months' shooting," he added, after a few reflective puffs at his cigar. "Won't you join our party? I might put you up to a thing or two—and, frankly, I think you need it."

To all outward appearances two more dissimilar men never shook hands, yet this dissimilarity was largely one of manner. At bottom they had much in common. Both were men; both were gentlemen, and both believed that whatever a gentleman attempted he should carry out well, and without evident effort. There was much in the behavior of the one that astonished the other and delighted his sense of humor. But, after all, if the Saxon did occasionally laugh at the Latin, and *vice versa*, they were merely doing as individuals what their respective races had done for centuries, and this did not in any way prevent them from becoming close friends as they came to know each other better.

II.

A YEAR later, in July, 1870, Joe Sargent was seated before the black, empty fireplace in his New York rooms, gloomily pulling at his pipe. The last comic papers and a couple of railroad novels littered the floor around his chair, and before him a large map of Mexico, half on his knees, half on the carpet, concealed a pile of crumpled papers—chiefly notes written on dainty sheets of various tints. It was dusk already, and through the open screened windows the vulgar noises of the city came up more softly, in jerks, like the last lapping of an ebb-tide; for the hours of business were over, and the city business of pleasure is dull at midsummer.

In the square below, an Italian organ-grinder was massacring "Santa Lucia" for the twentieth time, and a weary, perfunctory sort of an execution it was. But of all this Sargent was oblivious, as he had been of the more angry, irritating, noon-day street sounds; and he continued to pull at his brier mechanically, as though it were still alight. In his left hand, that hung over the arm of the chair, he held a flat, Russia-leather case, perhaps a photograph-frame, which he quietly slipped into his pocket as his bell rang.

"Come in!" he cried out, jumping up and moving a few steps toward the door. "Ah! Maurice, is it you? I am glad to see you."

"*Ce cher* Joe!" the other answered, running up and embracing him. "I have only just arrived in town, this noon in fact, and heard at the club that you were here. I came at once, as you see; to say *bon jour* first, amuse you for half an hour, and bid you good-by—probably forever."

"Probably forever?"

"Yes; Napoleon has declared war against Bismarck; the news is not known yet, but I have been privately advised, and sail by the next steamer. Joe, what I am going to say will sound very foolish, even unmanly, to you. I know that a great many men come back from the war, but not as many as go into it—except perhaps on the pension-lists; and I have a feeling that I shall be buried on my first battle-field. Don't laugh at me for the presentiment. Under other circumstances I know it would not sound well. But father and son for many generations, in fact, from Agincourt to Inkermann, every Saint Brissac has died in the field — generally in his first engagement, always in his first campaign."

"Well, that's a fine record," his friend interrupted. "*Dulce et decorum*, . . ."

"To be sure!" the other answered, in his usual trenchant way. "It is an eminently correct sentiment, and proves that the gay poet was a gentleman as well as a philosopher. Give me a cigar, will you, Joe? To tell you the honest truth, *mon ami*," he continued, after a short pause, and walking slowly from one end of the room to the other, "I am more deeply moved by the news of this war than I can express to you in words. I have lived in Germany, as you know, and have looked into their military resources—superficially, of course, as an amateur like myself naturally would. But I saw enough to make me feel that France is going to be overwhelmed by one of the most appalling disasters ever recorded in history. It is that conviction that takes me over there; for, it goes without saying, I have no great sympathy with the Bonapartists. *We* owe them nothing. But France will need every arm in the Empire, mine among the rest. I tell you, Joe, this declaration of war is the most stupendous of all the follies that have

distinguished this glorious Second Empire. It is *Napoléon le Petit*, whose glory is a little moonshine reflected from the sun of Austerlitz, against Bismarck the Great. I wish all Frenchmen had studied and remembered the meaning of Sadowa as well as I have! However, Joe," he continued, resuming his lighter manner, "all this interests you only as an outsider, and it is puerile of me to talk in this strain. My place is a horse's length ahead of my men. I will not say good-by now, for you must come and see me off—day after to-morrow, at ten in the morning—the Provence. *Au revoir*, then."

After his friend's departure Sargent lighted another pipe and sat down to think. Once or twice he glanced inquiringly at the little leather case, but without opening it. When the pipe was smoked out, he rose with a jump, swept all his letters into a drawer, threw the leather case on top of them all, and turned the key. He glanced at the clock. "By Jove!" he exclaimed "after nine. I must get a bite of something."

At the club, and while waiting for his dinner, he scribbled down memoranda on the back of the bill of fare, an occupation which he kept up between courses and while smoking his cigar over his coffee. Someone looked in at the door and called out to him.

"Hello, Sargent! Will you join us to-night?" and he made a gesture as though dealing cards.

"Come over here a minute, Durand," he answered. "No, I shall not join you to-night, I have lots to do. But I'll match you for a dollar."

The coins spun and Sargent lost.

"I thought so!" he said aloud as he stared at the silver piece. "Well, Durand, old man, the devil always gets his due—one way or another." He rose, slapped him on the shoulder and laughed bitterly as he left the room, while the other said to himself:

"I never saw Sargent drunk before. Something must have gone wrong, surely. I wonder what it was."

A few hours later the big steamer swung clear of the dock, and Saint Brissac stood at the rail scanning the line of waving handkerchiefs through his single eyeglass. Sargent had not appeared, and his friend felt deeply disappointed. Joe was his only American friend—the only person in fact to whom he had confided his intention of sailing. In the promiscuous mob of travellers he seemed to be the sole one whom nobody had come to bid "God-speed," and he felt both lonely and depressed.

They were in mid-stream now, headed for the ocean, and the Palisades of the Hudson, half-screened by a veil of golden mist, receded gradually into the horizon. The harbor, alive with screaming tugs and ferry-boats, looked its loveliest. The slow quivering of the floating city, freshly painted, and gleaming red, white, black, and gold, in the wet sunlight, lulled one agreeably into a state of poetic contemplation. But on Saint Brissac these soothing influences were lost, and he said to himself bitterly:

"*C'est toujours la même rengaîne!* And friendship is the same the world over—a matter of convenience or opportunity—just as love is a matter of juxtaposition. This fellow whom . . ."

Someone touched him on the shoulder, and he turned to look into the pleasant smiling face of the man he was reviling.

"Joe!" he cried out, joyfully, "*C'est toi!*" And somewhat to the edification of the surrounding groups of passengers he embraced him joyfully.

"You were late and got left?" he asked as they sat down on the wet rail-bench.

Sargent shook his head and held out his brawny right arm. "For France!" he said, smiling.

"Do you really mean it?"

"Why not, Maurice? You said France needed every arm she could get. Well, here is one. What on earth have I got to do in the world? A man cannot always be hunting, or fishing, or travelling, dining at the club and going to the theatre."

"Or into society?"

"Isn't it much the same thing?"

It was so unlike Sargent to make a remark that smacked ever so little of bitterness that Saint Brissac looked up quickly, and before his sharp, intelligent scrutiny the other turned away with an awkward smile. After a mo-

ment of silence the Frenchman laid his hand on Sargent's arm, and said, very gently, in a voice that expressed his sympathy more perfectly than could any words:

"An arm for France, . . . Joe? France is sometimes typified by an eagle, sometimes by a flag, and sometimes by a goddess. There is always a woman in the case."

Sargent made no answer, and neither again alluded to the subject.

III.

A FEW weeks later, on the morning of the famous 6th of August, the two friends were riding side by side through the cool, green shade of the Haguenau forest. In their search for General Duhesme they had passed around the extreme right of the French army and were continuing their quest in a somewhat aimless way through a country already occupied by the enemy. Now and then, as they peered into the green depths of foliage they caught the glint of a rifle barrel and a glimpse of a *franc-tireur's* blouse. Sometimes the color of their amaranth breeches, for they wore undress staff uniform, seemed to reassure their would-be slayer, and he stepped on to the road to ask what might be the news of the day; and in turn they asked information as to their way. Positive advice they never received. "It might be this, it might be that, . . . but again—" and everywhere they were confronted by the fatal ignorance of facts and places, which contributed as much as any other cause to the misfortunes culminating at Sedan.

The shadow of impending disaster lay heavy on the land, and the nearer they approached the seat of war, the darker it grew.

In Paris all was confusion. A hundred conflicting despatches were received daily at the War Department, but only the most encouraging were sent out for publication. The probability of an invasion had never been contemplated, and all the plans of the French were drawn up on the basis of a march to Berlin. A defensive campaign was such an improbability that the French had never considered it as a possible contingency. The classes in Paris knew enough to be anxious, but the masses interpreted such news as was doled out to them according to their own desires, and studied the map of Germany with pathetic ignorance. Many a *concierge* and his wife invested a few laboriously saved francs in a large map of Prussia, and planted red-headed pins where they believed their son ought now to be. Wissembourg had not been fought, and in the story of the first skirmishes the facts had been colored with more than poetical license. The axiom of the day was simply that France was invincible. Hence, if a battle had been fought, the enemy must have been routed; if not routed, at least defeated; if not defeated, and this interpretation of the news was improbably conservative, the Prussians had been checked. Such a neutral result aroused the contempt of the disputatious plebs. In the *cafés*, in the *brasseries*, on extemporized platforms, the long down-trampled hydra of republicanism raised its heads, snarled loudly, angrily, at the evident degeneracy of the French army, and predicted—nay, clamored for—the fall of the Empire. And they builded better than they knew, for the *dégringolade* was at hand.

Arriving in the midst of such confusion, Saint Brissac had experienced no difficulty in securing a pass for his friend Sargent's American weapons and ammunition; still less in obtaining for both a staff appointment at large, which would allow them to choose their own fighting ground. This was totally at variance with any existing army regulations, but Saint Brissac had such influential friends that the favors he requested were conferred with a celerity that implied a fear of non-acceptance on his part. Good men seemed suddenly to have become scarce in France.

On the eve of their departure from Paris Saint Brissac went up to Sargent's room and brought him his uniform. Joe looked up from the map he was studying and noticed that his friend was very pale.

"Any news?" he asked, in his characteristically careless way.

"Yes; we start at eight in the morning; staff officers. I'll tell you about it

on the way," Saint Brissac answered. Then he added, after a pause, during which he nervously paced the room: "The enemy is in France. But, Joe, I suppose you cannot understand what that means to me."

Sargent replied, phlegmatically: "Well, if the enemy is in France, the next thing to do is to drive him out." As he raised his eyes he was struck with the expression of anguish on Saint Brissac's face. "Come, Maurice," he said, rising and laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, "things always seem worse on the day before. When we are out there and get to work, you'll see everything in a different light. Brace up, old man! If it comes to the worst, why, we can continue this little trip together, shoulder to shoulder, away into the happy hunting-grounds."

"What a blessing you are, Joe," the other answered, suddenly smiling and looking up at the square, rugged face of his companion. "The indifference and carelessness which we learn to assume are perfectly natural to you; and what a difference there is between the genuine and the imitation article! I assure you it does me more good to listen to you for five minutes than to spend an hour at the War Department and hear the—I suppose you would call it hurrahing—of a lot of men, clever men too, who are trying to hide the truth behind a screen of traditional conventionalities and phrases. Have you ever seen any fighting, Joe?"

"You would hardly call it fighting, I suppose," Sargent answered, laughing. "I served through a couple of Apache campaigns, for the fun of it, and so I do know what a bullet sounds like when it passes an inch or two away—and that is a trick those Apache bullets have. I guess I'll do well enough, Maurice, because," he continued, with a drop in his voice, "because as far as I am concerned I don't care a d—— how it all turns out. In a tight corner it helps a man to know that he has no family responsibilities; no letters to read over at the last minute, and all that sort of thing. Johnny Steens, who, by the way, was killed in one of our brushes with the Indians, used to say that he should prefer to start out as a foundling, with just money enough to make a start as a Gil Blas or some such *picaro*. I guess there is something in that. A fellow could afford to take big chances then and have lots of fun. Well, you say we're off in the morning, eh? Suppose, then, we quit swapping lies and get ready."

Their journey from Paris to the front was a horrible nightmare to Saint Brissac; a stern disillusion to Sargent. For, though he modestly alluded to his campaigns in Arizona and Sonora as mere hunting trips, he had there received such training and such correct critical insight as well-organized campaigns often fail to give. It was apparent to him that disorder was everywhere the order of the day; confusion and ignorance the watchwords. Saint Brissac bit his mustache in despair. Joe smoked grimly; but neither spoke. They understood each other and there was nothing to say.

The morning was wellnigh noon before they found the old general, seated under a tree on a knoll overlooking a part of the battle-field. In a little hollow behind, the Eighth and Ninth Cuirassiers stood dismounted by their horses, and still further back two squadrons of the Sixth Lancers halted at ease. A mile and a half away the picturesque little village of Morsbronn lay across the plain, like a brown lizard, quivering in the intense heat. To the left the deep booming of the artillery alternated with the sharp, snarling tattoo of the musketry. The distant clumps of woods were cushioned with rounded clouds of smoke that dissolved slowly, and hung in shreds across the tree-tops. Here and there, through the fields of hops, broken black lines advanced and patches of red receded. Fifty thousand Frenchmen were losing a battle against one hundred and eighty thousand Germans. But the fight was yet only at its height, and, though the result was a foregone conclusion, the defeated were not yet beaten, nor the conquerors victorious.

Just outside of the circle of staff officers Saint Brissac and Sargent dismounted, threw their reins to an orderly, and stepped up to where the general stood.

"Do you bring orders?" he asked, without taking his field-glass from his eyes.

"No, sir; we come to take them,"

Saint Brissac answered, as he handed a letter to the general.

"Why, Maurice, is it you?" the old gentleman exclaimed as he wrung the soldier's hand. "How glad I am to see you! What can I do for you?"

"My friend Mr. Sargent and I, general, crave the honor of a charge with you."

"Charge?" the old soldier answered, testily. "Who the devil told you we were going to charge?"

"Excuse me, general. What else were cuirassiers made for?"

"Quite right, my boy, quite right. It was so up to Waterloo; but everything seems to be wrong to-day. Later, perhaps, we may have the pleasure of doing our duty." Then calling to his chief staff officer he said to him, "These gentlemen will ride with the Eighth."

"In what capacity, general?"

"Privates," answered Saint Brissac, promptly.

The general waved his hand in acquiescence and said kindly: "*Nous nous reverrons—peut-être!*"

As they were about to move away a couple of bullets sang through the trees above them, and their attention was drawn to a group of Prussians emerging from an apple orchard about six hundred yards away. A mounted officer, a few steps ahead of his men, examined the French through his glasses and directed the fire of the sharpshooters. Somewhat to the contemptuous astonishment of the French officers Sargent had dropped behind a rock as the first bullet pinged above him, and a second later the sharp, stinging report of his 45–90 rang out twice. When the smoke had cleared they saw a riderless horse galloping away, and before the suddenly deserted orchard wall, two dark things lying on the road. Sargent had raised himself on one knee and was quietly replacing his two spent cartridges.

"*Mâtin!* Monsieur Sargent," the general exclaimed. "You do not speak often, but, when you do, your words are to the point!"

Joe laughed as he straightened himself, still cautiously scanning the woods ahead. "If those fellows had been Apaches, general," he said in his frank, familiar way, "you would be snug behind that tree-trunk, or a dead man in front of it, and I wouldn't be such a fool as to stand out of the shadow of that rock for better than half an hour."

"*Voyez-vous cela!*" exclaimed one of the officers. "*Ces Américains sont impayables!*"

"I bet, general," interrupted Saint Brissac, "you thought he was afraid when he dropped like the ace of clubs behind that rock. 'Pon my honor, if I hadn't seen him at work after big game I'd have thought so myself."

Duhesme was looking approvingly at Sargent's large, careless figure. "I shall never think so again," he said, quietly. "Now, gentlemen, to your posts! Monsieur de Satory will look after you. Ah! Satory! one moment, please," he added as they moved away. "Put that young Goliath somewhere near the flag."

In the little ravine below, the men were listening anxiously to the rumbling of the battle. Half-way between them and the group of staff officers an old bugler, erect on his white horse, waited eagerly for orders. Now and then a lost shell dropped among the compact crowd and created a momentary confusion. Then the wounded were carried away, and the dead laid against the green bank, face upward, gazing, with sightless eyes at the blue eternity above. On the edge of the road a few frightened peasants leaned on their shovels and gaped, open-mouthed, at the magnificent soldiers before them. As long as there remained such men to fight for her, France—and they—must be safe.

From time to time a false alarm caused a passing flurry in this mass of iron-clad men, as would a breeze rippling through a grove of poplars. The troopers cursed under their breath, the officers grumbled, and then all dropped back again into a semblance of apathy. But nevertheless the suspense was intolerable, and even the steadiest trembled with suppressed excitement.

As de Satory, Saint Brissac, and Sargent came toward them the soldiers moved nearer to their horses, ready to mount, and a couple of officers rode forward to meet them.

"Well, at last?" they cried out.

"No, there is nothing!" Satory an-

swered curtly. "Here, put those dead men underground with each a sword-handle for a cross. Take off their armor. These gentlemen will charge with the Eighth and need accoutrements. Get those peasants to work, and send Captain Moirac to me at once. Captain," he continued, as that officer rode up, "I present you Mr. Sargent, an American, and the Comte de Saint Brissac. They will ride next to the flag-bearer. The general requests that they be properly armed."

"Saint Brissac here!" the captain exclaimed, holding out his hand. "I thought you were in America. It is delightful to see you again . . . gambling as usual; . . . it is *rouge et noir* this deal, preceded by a little *picquet*, . . ."

"*Parbleu!*" answered Maurice, in the same light-hearted tone; "we lead hearts!"

"Good! against the clubs of Prussia and the diamonds of Bavaria."

"But black will take the stake," broke in de Satory. "Mark my words, gentlemen, spades will cover hearts and diamonds and clubs alike; spades will be trumps this evening," he repeated, riding away.

"Our friend is lugubrious," cried Saint Brissac, laughing, as he watched the other moving off.

"And no wonder," remarked a young lieutenant who had joined the party; "we have not had a decent bottle of wine for ten days."

Accoutred in dead men's armor the friends waited in the saddle on either side of the stalwart flag-bearer. The lines were not very straight, and whenever a shell dropped among them they swung to and fro, or fronted about to make room for the dismal processions of dead or wounded that passed between them to the rear. The horses fretted and champed their bits; the men played with their swords and cursed at their enforced inactivity. All around, the deafening din of the battle swayed back and forth, now fainter, now louder, as the breeze blew this way or that; and yet no news, no orders, reached them. Then suddenly the firing seemed to grow more brisk on the right.

Saint Brissac leaned forward and listened. "It will be our turn soon," he said, and, leaning over, he held out a blank sealed package to Sargent. "If I don't come back, Joe," he asked, "will you deliver this in person?"

Sargent nodded, and put the envelope away. In the nervous, excited throng he was the coolest man present. His training in the desert, where, of all places, patience is a virtue, now stood him in good stead. While other men jumped on and off their horses, he sat so perfectly still and apparently unmoved that the veteran flag-bearer said to him:

"You have seen much service, monsieur?"

"It is my first battle," Joe answered, quietly.

"Well, young man," the other replied, "my compliments to you! You will go far. It seems hardly right to entrust the flag to a foreigner, but, if I fall you take it. There isn't a man of your size in the regiment."

Suddenly, shrill and clear, the bugle sounded the *Garde à vous*, and a tremor shook the two regiments. The swearing and grumbling ceased, and a dead silence seemed to fall on the ranks. The men swung themselves into the saddle, reined their horses into line, and waited. A few officers galloped along the front, an order passed down the line, and the mounted iron-breasted mass moved forward out of the shadow into the sun. As of their own accord the squadrons deployed and again waited. A staff officer rode down the front and waved his *képi*.

"Boys!" he cried, "the country needs you. You are going to charge. Ahead of you are ten thousand bayonets, glory, and death. Behind you, our shattered right wing. You must save them, cost what it may. Good-by, boys! Go it as your fathers did at Waterloo!"

A voice answered from the ranks, "All right, general! We haven't forgotten how the old fellows charged." The next moment the hoarse cry of *Vive la France!* rang from twelve hundred throats.

And then again there was a pause. Several horsemen wheeled into place in their respective positions. A half-intelligible order rippled through the

DRAWN BY L. MARCHETTI.

"Who the devil told you we were going to charge?"—Page 703.

ranks. The bugle sounded. The lines oscillated, and instinctively the squadrons chose their ground. The front moved ahead, and the long diagonal shrank into column. Then again they halted for a moment, and the first bullets, fired from too great a distance to do any harm, rang against the steel cuirasses with a dull, swinging, melancholy sound.

Saint Brissac reached over and shook Sargent's hand — and they were off. Twelve hundred swords flashed from their scabbards and cast a bar sinister of shadow across the golden shield of the burnished cuirasses ; and the long horse-tails streamed out behind the star of light that sat upon each man's helmet.

The ground was very bad—sunken roads between high embankments ; stone walls, orchards, and hop fields, crowded with sharp-shooters. But more terrible than all were the eight batteries of Gunstett sending their irresistible death ploughs through the gallant galloping mass of cannon-meat. From the right, from the left, from the front, sheets of leaden hail swirled, and whisked, and whistled, and shrieked at them, sinking into the quivering flesh with a dull, sodden sound, puncturing helmet and cuirass alike to deliver their direct death-message ; or, coming aslant, brushing over the keen blades, were shattered into angry, fluid fragments against the bright armor that gave forth a curiously muffled ring. The ranks opened and closed again with that ghastly lozenge-shaped motion that means death or suffering, a tomb or a wound, for each divergence. And, strange to say, not a human, not a living sound was heard. The rumble of the clattering hoofs, the sombre drumming accompaniment of the musketry, the harsh clang-clanging of the lead pouring in fierce gusts on the advancing line of steel, the deep bass rolling of the heavy guns, drowned all animate sounds. No death-cries were heard ; the wounded fell dumb ; no horses neighed ; no riders yelled. Twelve hundred started ; eleven—ten—eight—six—four hundred reached the village. Into it, into it, flags ahead ! like a human torrent, the quarters of the horses dancing a staccato death-dance cadence like the crested flow of a rushing stream, rising and falling and disappearing ; rising and falling again, and falling, as a torrent, smoothing itself out into a bank of rapids. And at the end of the long crooked street, suddenly, a barricade and a human whirlpool ! From above, from every roof and window and balcony and shutter the death-hail rattles down. And again a lull ; a vision of dismounted men tearing away at the dam ; and once more released the stream rushes on with a bound into the great orchard beyond.

In such a race there are no incidents, no personalities. A man is as a drop of water, a human atom whirled along by a rushing current and emptied out beyond, dizzy and half-stunned. Four hundred had reached the village ; sixty rode out of it. In his left hand Saint Brissac grasped the flag, in his right a broken sword. Beside him Sargent, whose helmet had been shot off, was binding a handkerchief around his forehead. Six cuirassiers, panting and mostly wounded, sat on their horses behind them ; and that was all. The main body had diverged to the south and left these eight men stranded on a little knoll, a stone's throw from the road. How they reached it, why they remained on it, not one of them understood.

Sargent looked around and laughed hysterically. "I feel as though I had been through the rapids at Niagara," he said. "How long do you suppose that business lasted, Maurice ! Hullo ! where did you get that flag ?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you, Joe. Are you hurt ?"

"Not to speak of. By Jove ! here is my flask full and unbroken. Here's luck for you ! Let's have a nip all round ; I guess we've earned it. There, that's good ; now, what's the next thing to do ?"

"*Ma foi, mon capitaine,*" cried out one of the men, "just look around you ! there's nothing left but to die !"

"Well," Sargent answered, good-humoredly, "after what we have been through that don't seem quite as easy as it looks. Come ; jump off your horses, boys, and unsling your carbines. There are a couple of dead fellows in that ditch who'll fix us out with car-

tridges. Why, Maurice, old man, you look played out; what's the matter? There's plenty of fight in us yet. Cheer up, boys! If we've got to die, let us die like good men!"

And here the difference of character of the two men showed itself. In the attack the reckless, dashing young Frenchman led the way, fearless, undaunted, always in the front rank. But now that the battle was lost, and the fight had become a purely defensive one—a pushing away of death as it were—his grip was gone, and the solid, staying qualities of the New Englander came out in strong contrast. The men at once recognized him as their leader, and whether by influence of the brandy, or of his cheeriness, they buckled heartily to the task before them. Sargent understood this as well as they, and acted accordingly.

"Tear the silk off that staff, Maurice, and put it inside your jacket. We must not lose the flag. Now, boys, look to your arms again; it is time for those pork-eaters to be at us—and here they come sure enough! Lie low, boys, and aim quietly, each mark his man!"

A moment later a volley crashed over them.

"On to your horses and charge!" Sargent yelled—and it seemed that his words had barely died away before they were back again—three men, Saint Brissac, and Sargent. "My God, Maurice," the latter said, "I haven't a cartridge left."

"Nor I," the other answered, doggedly. The men shared with them and they waited. They were too weak to charge again, but stood gallantly at bay. Three times the little band repulsed their assailants until all their ammunition was exhausted; and again they waited. The black uniforms were all around them.

Then some hussars came forward and Sargent rode out alone, a bloody handkerchief around his forehead, and his long, straight blade before him. The German officer advanced and gruffly demanded their surrender.

"Come and take us!" was the quiet answer; and Joe urged his horse onward. The soldier laughed and cocked his pistol. "Another step, my friend, and you are carrion." But Sargent still moved toward him. Sabre and pistol flashed at the same moment; and Joe disengaged himself from his fallen horse, the hussar dropped out of his saddle on to the grass, and the little band cheered, as even desperate men will do when they see a brave deed nobly done. Even the Germans seemed ashamed to attack again. After a few moments of deliberation another officer rode forward, with a handkerchief on the end of his sword, and Sargent met him half-way.

"Will you surrender?" he asked, courteously. "You have done all that brave men can do. You know the laws of war—we shall have to close in on you, and if you do not surrender, . . . well, you know what must happen as well as I do. . . . Think on it a moment, sir. You have no ammunition, no chance of escape. You are alone in the midst of our army. Surrender is the only course open to you."

Sargent glanced around, and, to his amazement, he saw the four cuirassiers mounted, and in line, erect as on parade. Three of them held their broken swords, presenting arms. A step to the front, his shattered right arm limp by his side, with head thrown back and chest expanded, the bugler was playing the grand old hymn:

> Mourir pour la patrie,
> C'est le sort le plus beau,
> Le plus digne d'envie. . . .

And as the notes sprang from the dented instrument, pathetically broken and husky, the men straightened themselves in their saddles. "Perfectly insane!" Sargent said to himself; "but it is devilish fine all the same;" and turning to the Prussian officer he added, with a wave of the hand toward the little group he commanded:

"You see, sir, surrender is out of the question. I must go back to them." The officer raised his cap in token of admiration, and Sargent walked slowly back to his men.

For a moment the enemy seemed embarrassed. Had they been Anglo-Saxons they would have given those five heroes a rousing cheer; but being merely Saxons the folly of the action

DRAWN BY L. MARCHETTI.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

"You see, sir, surrender is out of the question."—Page 707.

outweighed its grandeur. Before the generous officer could prevent it, a last volley was poured into the little clump of human wreckage that had drifted and hung on that fatal knoll. It seemed more like an execution than a fight, and for a few seconds the assailants held back waiting for the smoke to clear.

By some miracle Sargent had not been touched. Looming up through the mist of smoke they saw his giant figure rise from the grass, on to which he had flung himself, saw him snap his sword across his knee and hurl the fragments at them, watched him bend over the body of his dying friend and raise it with tender care in his mighty arms, as a mother might bear her child, and slowly walk down toward them with his burden, their bloody work.

On either side the ranks parted in solemn silence as he passed between them, and so great was the prestige that enmantled the solitary survivor, that instinctively the officers saluted as he walked down the line to the road. There, unconscious of his surroundings, he turned toward the village. A large body of staff officers had gathered on a little eminence near by, whence they had watched the last phases of the fight, and as the big cuirassier passed, bearing in his arms the body of his comrade the commanding general rode forward.

Without realizing to whom he was speaking, Sargent looked up and asked, in his simple, quiet way: "Can you tell me, sir, where I shall find some water? I am afraid my friend is dying."

There was something so gentle, so absolutely oblivious of self, in the stalwart young fellow's manner that the veteran's eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"You poor boy," he said, kindly, "he is not dying—he is dead."

"Dead?"

At that moment a burly Rittmeister rushed from the ranks and hit Sargent on the shoulder. "You —— French dog of a prisoner," he said, "how dare you speak to a general. Come off here with your carrion."

"*Kreuz Granaten Donner Keil!*" the old general fairly yelled, as he smote the brute across the back with the flat of his sword. "Get back to the ranks, you hound!"

Sargent had not even noticed the incident. "Are you sure, sir, that he is dead?" he asked, in a hopeless, cruelly quiet voice.

The other merely nodded, and side by side they went down the road a little way, without apparent object, while the men made way for them to right and left. Presently they passed a group of sappers, and the sight of their picks and shovels seemed to rouse Sargent from his apathy. He stopped and looked up again.

"May I bury him, sir?" he asked, in the same dull voice.

The general gave some orders, and a few men fell to digging a hole under a gnarled old apple-tree. When they were done, Sargent bent forward and laid his friend down; and they covered him in silence. After it was over he planted the broken sword above his head and kneeled by the rough little mound. He was vaguely conscious of the necessity of a prayer, but for all his efforts he could think of none but the little jingle we have all babbled as children at our mothers' bedside. So, folding his hands, he repeated, slowly, the old familiar verses:

> Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

Then his voice broke, and he stopped. The white-haired old general removed his cap and muttered between his teeth, as the other officers present uncovered at his example, "A strong hand, and a tender heart. If my Fritz had lived I wish he had grown to be like you!" Then there was a long, awkward silence. Sargent rose and looked around. For the first time since the last volley was fired he realized where he was, and recognized the rank of the officer beside him. By way of apology for the liberties he felt he must have taken, he bowed low, then drew himself up.

"General," he said, quietly, "where shall I join my fellow-prisoners?"

IV.

A few months later Sargent arrived in New York. The long, dreary period of captivity was over, and once more he

was a free man; for although he might have availed himself of his commission as staff officer, and been liberated on parole, he preferred to take his full punishment alongside of the men with whom, as a private, he had ridden, verily, into the jaws of death. At the frontier he opened the sealed package entrusted to him by Saint Brissac just before the charge, and his heart stood still as he read the address of the enclosed letter: "To Miss Edith Thomas." She was the girl he loved, the girl who had rejected him. It was all clear to him then; she had loved Saint Brissac—possibly they were engaged—and of all men in the world he had been chosen for the solemn duty of breaking the news of his friend's death to her. For, of course, the official despatches had never mentioned the names of the two volunteers. "Poor girl," he said to himself, and laughed. "She wrecked my happiness, and now I am obliged to do the same to her. It is indeed a bitter world."

The steamer arrived in the morning, and he called in the afternoon. As he walked up Fifth Avenue none of his former friends recognized him, for indeed he had grown very brown and gaunt during the long months of privation when he worked as a day-laborer in the German prison. Then the broad scar across his forehead had changed the frank, boyish expression of his face, so that, although many stared at him in an undecided sort of way, as he made no sign of recognition no one spoke to him.

Miss Thomas was alone, for he had come early, and in the somewhat gloomy, conventional room, furnished according to the most expensive New York taste, Sargent felt ill at ease. It was as though the prison walls he had barely left again enclosed him. They shook hands rather stiffly, and Joe retreated to the mantelpiece; from there he could retreat no further and must advance.

"And where have you been, pray, during the last year, Mr. Sargent?" she asked, with an assumption of light-heartedness.

"On a serious errand, Miss Thomas," he answered, much embarrassed. "I was in France with M. de Saint Brissac during the campaign; and—and afterward, alone, . . . in Germany, a prisoner. And . . . please take this; . . . he gave it to me just before the charge where . . . where we were all killed . . . I mean——" Then he handed the letter to her, strode to the window, and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

A few minutes passed in silence before she called to him.

Apparently she had not moved; he glanced up furtively at her face and saw that she had been weeping.

"Tell me about it," she said, gently, holding the letter in her clasped hands. And the poor boy did. He told how Saint Brissac had left at once for France on receipt of the bad news; of his energy in Paris; of his suffering at the disaster which he felt must overwhelm his country; of his valiant charge, always in the front rank; of his gay and gallant behavior throughout; of his brave death; of his gloriously simple funeral before the enemy's host. He glorified his friend, and in doing so before the woman he believed that friend had loved, he grew enthusiastic and eloquent. While he talked he did not dare look up at her, but he heard her sobbing softly and his heart yearned with sympathy for her and bled with grief for his brilliant friend—for he remembered now—ah so distinctly! that last glimpse of him, erect and undaunted in the face of death.

But when he had finished a horrible feeling of nothingness came over him. His last duty was done, and life seemed to him like a deserted race-course.

"Well," he said, rising after a pause, "I think I must go," and he looked up.

The girl had also risen from her chair and was holding Maurice's letter toward him.

"Am I to read it?" he asked. "Thank you."

It was short, but characteristic, and ran thus:

"MADEMOISELLE: I regret that our very slight and formal acquaintance compels me to apologize for the liberty of addressing you. Nor would I dare, mademoiselle, to do so were it not for the knowledge that if this letter reaches your hands I shall no longer be of this

world. I intrust it to one of the bravest, the noblest, the most unselfish, the most loving of men—my friend Joe Sargent. Ah, mademoiselle, can I say more? May your noble heart teach you to read between the lines of your admiring and devoted servant,

"CHARLES MAURICE,
Comte de Saint Brissac."

"Why, . . . but what does it all mean?" Sargent exclaimed as he looked up from the paper at the graceful girl before him. I thought he . . . . you . . ."

"Ah, Joe," she interrupted, blushing bewitchingly, and smiling at him through her tears. "Joe, can't *you* read between the lines?"

WINTER LILACS.

By Annie Fields.

A BUNCH of lilacs there by the door,
These and no more!
Delicate, lily-white, like the new snow
Falling below;
A friend saw the flowers and brought them to me,
As one who should see
A trifle, a glove, just dropped and returned
While a loving thought burned.

Dark all day was that room of mine
Till those flowers divine
Into my darkness brought their own light,
And back to the sight
Of my spirit the fairest days of June
And the brooklet's tune;
Where the garden-door was left open wide,
While by my side
One sat, who, raising his eyes from the book
With the old fond look,
Asked if I loved not indeed that page
And the words of the sage.
And as we spoke the cool blue sky,
The robin nigh,

The drooping blossoms of locust-trees
Humming with bees,
The budding garden, the season's calm,
Dropt their own balm.

All these, my friend, were brought back to me,
Like a tide of the sea,
When out of winter and into my room
Came summer's bloom;
The flowers reopened those shining gates
Where the soul waits
Many and many a day in vain,
While in the rain
We stand, and, doubting the future, at last
Forget the past!

So you will believe what a posy may do,
When friends are true,
For the sick at heart in the wintry days,
When nothing allays
The restless hunger, the tears that start,
The weary smart,
But the old, old love and the summer hush,
And the lilac bush.

A PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

By Harold Frederic.

THERE is an irresistible bent in human nature toward the establishment of orthodoxies. Fifteen years ago a convention was held in Philadelphia to protest against sundry existing manifestations of this tendency. Nominally the main purpose of this gathering was to resist some threatened effort to insert a religious clause in the Constitution of the United States; in practice it was an assemblage of enthusiastic people from all parts of the Union, each of whom was filled with resentment at a particular phase of the general disposition of humanity to mind someone else's business. They did not find many subjects upon which to agree, but there came up one point upon which they held a common view. A man from Camden, N. J., without a shirt-collar, rose to address the convention. The presiding officer promptly interfered, and the delegates declined to listen to the man. They burned with zeal to establish universal freedom of thought and action, but they drew the line at going about without shirt-collars.

Academic bodies are peculiarly prone

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE. ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

Roseleaves (1880)

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE. ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

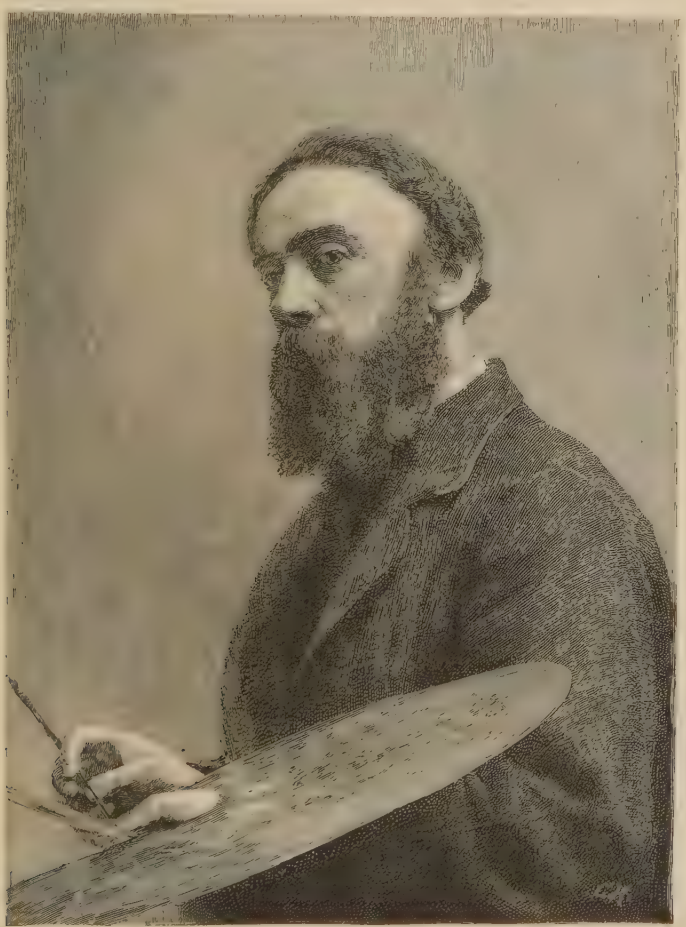
Midsummer.

to this creation of arbitrary standards. It matters little whether they are endowed or free — whether they dispense other people's money and power or their own. "Heresy hunts" proceed in independent communions not less than in established churches. There are, if we leave the savage medicine-man and fetish doctor out of the question, only two or three orthodox ways of curing bodies, as against several hundreds of curing souls, but the lines of cleavage are as sternly drawn in one as in the other. The Royal Academy in London holds as set opinions about how pictures should be painted as does the Republican Academy in Paris about the permissible in literature. This has always been going on since the first man scratched a rude geometric figure on the face of a rock. Our history is almost wholly a record of the battles which the Commonplace has fought with the Unconventional in the sacred name of uniformity.

Those superb Philistines of primitive art, the sculptors of Nineveh, reduced the thing to its elements when they portrayed all the kings of five centuries with precisely the same face, each with

his curled beard containing the same number of ringlets. In what way they suppressed the artist who bothered them with views about the variety in actual royal countenances is now past finding out. They were a people of simple and direct methods, and most probably they fed him *au naturel* to the lions in the cages of the king. We do things in a more roundabout manner.

The English Royal Academy is the present home of the idea that a picture must necessarily tell a story. Traces of this notion are also to be found among some tribes of the Sioux Indians, who paint nothing but totems on the insides of their buffalo-skins, and it survives, under a highly commercial form of



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

Albert Moore.

Our plan with this troublesome person is to keep him out of the Academy. Very likely succeeding generations will chiefly remember us because we did thus keep him out, and will muse upon our stupidity the while they are not engaged in hamstringing the genius of

adaptation, in certain places in South Germany. Formerly it enjoyed quite a general hold upon the human brain, but the dawn and spreading of the thought that pictures might be pictorial gradually drove it from one centre of population after another, until it found

refuge in the island fastnesses of Burlington House. Here it still defies its enemies, and is supported cordially, and more or less satisfactorily, by the husband of the British matron.

Thus securely housed, this idea has expanded itself. Under its ruling impulse a number of acres of painted canvas are annually produced and exhibited to the faithful. There is a story—or a title indicating a story—for each canvas, big and little alike. A considerable majority of the tales thus told or suggested breathe the innocuous air of domesticity — or would do so if they were alive—and for the most part are set forth through the medium of a baby and a dog. This theme admits of much more variety than might at first blush be imagined. The range of possible effects is really wonderful. Emotions of terror are secured by painting the baby small and the dog very large, and with red eyes; envy, covetousness, and even the finer feelings of wounded affection may be portrayed by letting the baby hold a thick slice of bread and butter which the dog wants, but is either afraid, or too much of a gentleman, to seize upon; as for humor, the subject fairly reeks with it. England still grins joyously over the pictured puppy dog which has been fed by the baby from the mustard-pot, and the variety of other combinations, with such simple adjuncts as scalding shaving-water, tails and tin cans, inadvertent butter on the baby's nose, etc., opens a limitless vista of innocent British fun.

In the more exacting and complicated field of adult action the stories to be told have a wider scope. There is, first of all, the old, old story — the very phrase is a title in itself not to be despised — of the young woman and the young man. How endless are the possible combinations here! They may be looking at each other, which means "Till Death do Us Part!" They can have turned their backs on each other, with the legend "The Waning Honeymoon." He may look hopeful and she unrelenting, or *vice versa*, and at so many different angles that one can hardly think how many separate interpretations are not to be thus wrought out. Then as to accessories and periods, the young couple can traverse the whole gamut of academic properties; now with a marble slab behind them, and togas and sandals; now with solid satin trains, plumed hats, and lutes and harpsichords; now beside a piano, or in riparian costume with the house-boats of Henley as a background, or in an orchard under neatly painted leaves and hanging fruit. Sometimes the artist yields to the temptation to depict this young woman without any clothes, and then, after some literary research, he calls her "Andromeda," or "An Early Christian Martyr," or even "St. Elizabeth of Hungary." In such cases the young man has to be done over into a Gorgon, or a Royal Bengal Tiger, or a cowled and scowling Conrad of Marburg. Unless the nude young woman thus told a story, the British matron would cry out upon her for a shameless hussy; but as a labelled goddess or saint she is all right, and the husband of the matron aforesaid may scrutinize this symbolical art with none to make him afraid. He is not encouraged, however, to buy this variety of picture, and here a certain awkward hitch in the machinery might arise if it were not for the Chantrey Bequest.

There are historical stories to tell, too, world without end. The favorite form taken by these is that of a galloping horse and a man. This one year may typify Henry V. at Agincourt, and the next stand for Murat at Borodino. The substitution of a camel for a horse will give you Gordon. Variety is obtained by sometimes painting the man as having fallen off the horse; then it may be "The Death of the Blind King of Bohemia," or, if a good many other fellows are showing historical pictures that year, a few hounds in the distance and a pink jacket will make it "Coming a Cropper." A swarthy-faced young man in an oak-tree, with a beautifully clad peasant girl underneath, used to annually convey much historical information to the British mind, but just now our taste is formed upon more exemplary models among sovereigns. To a moderate extent stories needing satyrs and harpies for their complete elucidation are allowable; but these should be accompanied by succinct explanatory

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE.

Riverside (1888).

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

notes in the catalogues. At all hazards your picture must tell a story, and spectators must be enabled to comprehend readily what your story is.

On the outside of the Academy there is an English painter, now fifty years old, who laughs at all this. He does not believe that pictures should tell stories at all. He does believe that art means beauty, and he has devoted much more than half of his life to the exemplification of this belief in a series of exquisitely wrought and tenderly imagined pictures, which charm for themselves alone. To the great outside world he is scarcely known by name. In academic circles they have striven for years to pretend a similar ignorance—with a pretence increasingly burdened by the consciousness that his pictures are always sold before they are finished, and that perverse people are declaring that his work will live after all the annual output of Burlington House is forgotten.

Albert Moore was born in York, in 1841, and could draw before most children learn their alphabet. As in so many other cases, the limning instinct was clearly a matter of heredity. His father, William Moore, was a portrait-painter of considerable North Country repute, and of his two painter brothers, one is Henry Moore, A.R.A. He came up to London at the age of fourteen, as a working draughtsman for architects, and supported himself in this way while he studied the beginnings of a broader art. He was a pupil at the Royal Academy for a short time. Of actual tutelage he had little from that or any other source. No great painter was ever more nearly self-taught.

I have been privileged to secure for reproduction copies of some few of his pictures. They can scarcely be spoken of as a selection, since they represent simply those of which he happened to have photographs at hand. Some of his most valuable works have never been photographed at all. None, I believe, has been published. The canvases are in the homes of wealthy and appreciative amateurs in England, Scotland, and America, each the gem *par excellence* of a collection. To speak at length, or critically, of the pictures here reproduced, would be a work of supererogation. They are their own most eloquent commentators. There is excuse, perhaps, for the solitary remark that they lose more by the absence of color than do the black-and-white copies of the work of most living painters. In many cases the titles carelessly given to them by the artist relate to some delicately measured color-key, expressed most often by means of flowers, as in the case of "Marguerites" and "Roseleaves," which, in the monochromatic reproduction, hardly explains itself.

It is of more interest to get at Mr. Moore's own theories concerning his art. He has more of importance than I could hope to set down in a book, much less within magazine limits. He himself has long dallied with the temptation to clothe them in printer's ink, and has been restrained only by the perception that this is an age of specialists, and that if a man secures time and chance now to do even one thing well he ought to thank God and be content. Some few of these thoughts of his, filtered through the doubtful medium of casual talks, I venture to present.

He is frankly an idealist. He holds that the ideal form of things is the ascertained best form of Nature, the tradition of which has been handed down by little groups of devoted men from the time when the artist came into closest touch with what was finest and most beautiful in form. Even in that golden age the Greek masters had traditional ideals which transcended the wonderful nature they knew. The central group in the Parthenon frieze shows gods and goddesses dressed differently from the procession of people who wear the costume of the period. The dreams of Phidias were loftier and better than the best that even his informed eye could see in the chosen models of Athens.

Art has touched no other mark so high as that of Greece, even in the best days of the Renaissance. Mr. Moore will explain this upon the ground that when art reappeared in Europe, after the crash and darkened desolation of the barbaric conquests, it emerged as the slave of Church and kingcraft, and was set to the task of depicting stories

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE.

Waiting to Cross (1888).

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

for unlettered generations. For ages its work was to paint scriptural scenes for the churches and abbeys, and portraits and processions for the palaces. The Old Masters carried their art — wonderful as it was in its highest expressions, and inspiring as it must be for all time—to its acme of effectiveness in the days preceding the diffusion of printed books, and when the painter was still essentially a teller of stories. When men began to read their stories instead, painting sank to lower levels wherever it was not emancipated from the story-telling theory.

The modern revival has been vastly hampered and retarded — in England more than elsewhere—by the perpetuation of the old popular theory that art must of necessity deal with stories. Every artist remembers drawing an ideal head in his school-days, and being asked by all the non-artistic boys "Who is that meant for?" The commonplace mind instinctively seeks to identify pictures with things familiar to it. The great painters, in the days when there was no printing-press rival, could afford to bully or ignore this instinct, and forced the wondering and untutored masses, for sheer need of a story of some sort, to stare at their work and marvel over it, and so to, in some vague little measure, follow after them in their upward flight. But to-day the academic painter may not venture upon any flight at all. In pursuit of his hereditary misconception of his art as purely that of the narrator, he must tell a story which the commonplace mind will easily lay hold of and like. That means painting down, instead of up. It means the lowering of both artist and public. It means the Royal Academy.

There are, of course, a certain number of painters in the Academy who are artists as well, with a high sense of beauty and an honest shame in the necessity of the narrative pot-boiler, and their President is even a poet, who dares much in his efforts to escape the burden of Philistinism. But the weight of the Academy as a whole presses so heavily upon the other side that these enlightened few are powerless to shape either its precepts or its example, and their diminishing group is under no circumstances recruited from without.

The revolts in England against this orthodoxy of story-telling mediocrity have been many, but their history contains the record of few successes, and is not very comforting reading. It is not much to be able to say that Whistler is the foremost painter in England, if people will not buy his pictures, and if the young men who profess to follow him think more of being unlike the Academy than of being like their master. The revolts have been more fertile in astonishing extravagances than in substantial and hopeful work. Too often, where genius has been planted, only bald eccentricity has come up.

Albert Moore has made no revolt, because he has never owned allegiance, and because he has luckily commanded from the outset a success sufficient for independence. When he first began to look at things Britain was wrapped as with a mantle in ugliness. The sense of beauty in form had been dead for years. The horrors of Georgian architecture had been succeeded by the despair of frantic imitations of the worst that other people could do, as witness the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. Women wore crinolines, and men cased their legs in peg-tops. People sat on black horse-hair furniture, and the Pavilion at Brighton was supposed to be a vision of artistic perfection. It was a great deal that young Moore, in this barren environment should have dreamed a dream of what beauty was. It is vastly more that, having wakened to a mastery of his powers, he should have toiled unweariedly, steadfastly, turning neither to the right nor the left, after the realization of this dream.

Although one of the most facile and skilled of draughtsmen, Moore has only painted two portraits in his life, and has resisted with equal firmness every attempt to induce him to draw for publication. All the labor of his life has been scrupulously devoted to his paintings, and to the mass of charcoal studies, pastel cartoons, and painstaking drawings of minute details which led the way to these finished works. No painter was ever a severer self-critic. Oftentimes the drapery of a single fig-

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE.

Yellow Marguerites (1881)

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

ure — that strangely beautiful drapery in which he perpetuates the flowing lines of the Greek ideal, and which he obtains from robes of Chinese silk, never touching a fold with his hands, but having the model move again and again till he catches the desired effect —represents the toil of months. As has been said before, his pictures are sold on the easel, while they are still unfinished. The purchaser has time to saturate himself with the joys of anticipation before the painter will consent to release his work. He hangs over it in loving anxiety, perfecting this detail, altering another, bringing everything to the highest imaginable point of completion.

Albert Moore enters upon the plan of a picture, almost, one might say, in a spirit of consecration. It is always to be his best. He dreams over it, devises it through the laborious ordeal of many cartoons, makes exhaustive sketches of all its component parts. To skilful use of selected models the figures in his pictures are obviously indebted, for they palpitate with that life which lay-figure never yet gave. But the faces are those of women Moore never saw— the low-browed, broad-templed, sweetly gentle and tenderly grave faces that the nameless sculptor knew and loved and handed down to us through the Aphrodite found at Milo.

The titles which, in deference to cataloguing custom, these pictures bear, are purely adventitious. They need names no more than do the individual jewels in the necklace of a queen. They are things of restful beauty, and describe themselves. They are as mute and impersonal as a sunrise over the hill-tops. You could never dream of such a thing as asking them for a story.

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE. Reading Aloud. ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER XII.

THE "NORAH CREINA."

LOVE to recall the glad monotony of a Pacific voyage, when the trades are not stinted, and the ship, day after day, goes free. The mountain scenery of trade-wind clouds, watched (and in my case painted) under every vicissitude of light — blotting stars, withering in the moon's glory, barring the scarlet eve, lying across the dawn collapsed into the unfeatured morning bank, or at noon raising their snowy summits between the blue roof of heaven and the blue floor of sea; the small, busy, and deliberate world of the schooner, with its unfamiliar scenes, the spearing of dolphin from the bowsprit end, the holy war on sharks, the cook making bread on the main hatch; reefing down before a violent squall, with the men hanging out on the foot-ropes; the squall itself, the catch at the heart, the opened sluices of the sky; and the relief, the renewed loveliness of life, when all is over, the sun forth again, and our out-fought enemy only a blot upon the leeward sea. I love to recall, and would that I could reproduce that life, the unforgetable, the unrememberable. The memory, which shows so wise a backwardness in registering pain, is besides an imperfect recorder of extended pleasures; and a long-continued well-being escapes (as it were, by its mass) our petty methods of commemoration. On a part of our life's map there lies a roseate, undecipherable haze, and that is all.

Of one thing, if I am at all to trust my own annals, I was delightedly conscious. Day after day, in the sun-gilded cabin, the whiskey-dealer's thermometer stood at 84. Day after day, the air had the same indescribable liveliness and sweetness, soft and nimble, and cool as the cheek of health. Day after day the sun flamed; night after night the moon beaconed, or the stars paraded their lustrous regiment. I was aware of a spiritual change, or, perhaps, rather a molecular reconstitution. My bones were sweeter to me. I had come home to my own climate, and looked back with pity on those damp and wintry zones, miscalled the temperate.

"Two years of this, and comfortable quarters to live in, kind of shake the grit out of a man," the captain remarked; "can't make out to be happy anywhere else. A townie of mine was lost down this way, in a coal ship that took fire at sea. He struck the beach somewhere in the Navigators; and he wrote to me that when he left the place, it would be feet first. He's well off, too, and his father owns some coasting craft Down East; but Billy prefers the beach, and hot rolls off the bread-fruit trees."

A voice told me I was on the same track as Billy. But when was this? Our outward track in the *Nora Creina* lay well to the northward; and perhaps it is but the impression of a few pet days which I have unconsciously spread longer, or perhaps the feeling grew upon me later, in the run to Honolulu. One thing I am sure: it was before I had ever seen an island worthy of the name that I must date my loyalty to the South Seas. The blank sea itself grew desirable under such skies; and wherever the trade-wind blows, I know no better country than a schooner's deck.

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"She lay head to the reef, where one huge blue wall of rollers was forever ranging up and crumbling down."
—Page 732.

But for the tugging anxiety as to the journey's end, the journey itself must thus have counted for the best of holidays. My physical well-being was overproof; effects of sea and sky kept me forever busy with my pencil; and I had no lack of intellectual exercise of a different order in the study of my inconsistent friend, the captain. I call him friend, here on the threshold; but that is to look well ahead. At first, I was too much horrified by what I considered his barbarities, too much puzzled by his shifting humors, and too frequently annoyed by his small vanities, to regard him otherwise than as the cross of my existence. It was only by degrees, in his rare hours of pleasantness, when he forgot (and made me forget) the weaknesses to which he was so prone, that he won me to a kind of unconsenting fondness. Lastly, the faults were all embraced in a more generous view: I saw them in their place, like discords in a musical progression; and accepted them and found them picturesque, as we accept and admire, in the habitable face of nature, the smoky head of the volcano or the pernicious thicket of the swamp.

He was come of good people Down East, and had the beginnings of a thorough education. His temper had been ungovernable from the first; and it is likely the defect was inherited, and the blame of the rupture not entirely his. He ran away at least to sea; suffered horrible maltreatment, which seemed to have rather hardened than enlightened him; ran away again to shore in a South American port; proved his capacity and made money, although still a child; fell among thieves and was robbed; worked back a passage to the States, and knocked one morning at the door of an old lady whose orchard he had often robbed. The introduction appears insufficient; but Nares knew what he was doing. The sight of her old neighborly depredator shivering at the door in tatters, the very oddity of his appeal, touched a soft spot in the spinster's heart. "I always had a fancy for the old lady," Nares said, "even when she used to stampede me out of the orchard, and shake her thimble and her old curls at me out of the window as I was going by; I always thought she was a kind of pleasant old girl. Well, when she came to the door that morning, I told her so, and that I was stone-broke; and she took me right in, and fetched out the pie." She clothed him, taught him, had him to sea again in better shape, welcomed him to her hearth on his return from every cruise, and when she died, bequeathed him her possessions. "She was a good old girl," he would say. "I tell you, Mr. Dodd, it was a queer thing to see me and the old lady talking a *pasear* in the garden, and the old man scowling at us over the pickets. She lived right next door to the old man, and I guess that's just what took me there. I wanted him to know that I was badly beat, you see, and would rather go to the devil than to him. What made the dig harder, he had quarrelled with the old lady about me and the orchard: I guess that made him rage. Yes, I was a beast when I was young. But I was always pretty good to the old lady." Since then he had prospered, not uneventfully, in his profession; the old lady's money had fallen in during the voyage of the *Gleaner*, and he was now, as soon as the smoke of that engagement cleared away, secure of his ship. I suppose he was about thirty: a powerful, active man, with a blue eye, a thick head of hair, about the color of oakum and growing low over the brow; clean-shaved and lean about the jaw; a good singer; a good performer on that sea-instrument, the accordion; a quick observer, a close reasoner; when he pleased, of a really elegant address; and when he chose, the greatest brute upon the seas.

His usage of the men, his hazing, his bullying, his perpetual fault-finding for no cause, his perpetual and brutal sarcasm, might have raised a mutiny in a slave galley. Suppose the steerman's eye to have wandered: "You—, —, little, mutton-faced Dutchman," Nares would bawl; "you want a booting to keep you on your course! I know a little city-front slush when I see one. Just you glue your eye to that compass, or I'll show you round the vessel at the but-end of my boot." Or suppose a hand to linger aft, whither he had perhaps been summoned not a minute be-

fore. "Mr. Daniells, will you oblige me by stepping clear of that main sheet?" the captain might begin, with truculent courtesy. "Thank you. And perhaps you'll be so kind as to tell me what the hell you're doing on my quarter-deck? I want no dirt of your sort here. Is there nothing for you to do? Where's the mate? Don't you set *me* to find work for you, or I'll find you some that will keep you on your back a fortnight." Such allocutions, conceived with a perfect knowledge of his audience, so that every insult carried home, were delivered with a mien so menacing and an eye so fiercely cruel, that his unhappy subordinates shrank and quailed. Too often violence followed; too often I have heard and seen, and boiled at the cowardly aggression; and the victim, his hands bound by law, has risen again from deck and crawled forward stupefied—I know not what passion of revenge in his wronged heart.

It seems strange I should have grown to like this tyrant. It may even seem strange that I should have stood by and suffered his excesses to proceed. But I was not quite such a chicken as to interfere in public; for I would rather have a man or two mishandled than one-half of us butchered in a mutiny and the rest suffer on the gallows. And in private, I was unceasing in my protests.

"Captain," I once said to him, appealing to his patriotism, which was of a hardy quality, "this is no way to treat American seamen. You don't call it American to treat men like dogs?"

"Americans?" he said grimly. "Do you call these Dutchmen and Scattermouches* Americans? I've been fourteen years to sea, all but one trip under American colors, and I've never laid eye on an American foremast hand. There used to be such things in the old days, when thirty-five dollars were the wages out of Boston; and then you could see ships handled and run the way they want to be. But that's all past and gone; and nowadays the only thing that flies in an American ship is a belaying pin. You don't know; you haven't a guess. How would you like to go on deck for your middle watch, fourteen months on end, with all your duty to do and every one's life depending on you, and expect to get a knife ripped into you as you come out of your state-room, or be sandbagged as you pass the boat, or get tripped into the hold, if the hatches are off in fine weather? That kind of shakes the starch out of the brotherly love and New Jerusalem business. You go through the mill, and you'll have a bigger grudge against every old shellback that dirties his plate in the three oceans, than the Bank of California could settle up. No; it has an ugly look to it, but the only way to run a ship is to make yourself a terror."

"Come, Captain," said I, "there are degrees in everything. You know American ships have a bad name; you know perfectly well if it wasn't for the high wage and the good food, there's not a man would ship in one if he could help; and even as it is, some prefer a British ship, beastly food and all."

"Oh, the lime-juicers?" said he. "There's plenty booting in lime-juicers, I guess; though I don't deny but what some of them are soft." And with that he smiled like a man recalling something. "Look here, that brings a yarn in my head," he resumed; "and for the sake of the joke, I'll give myself away. It was in 1874, I shipped mate in the British ship *Maria*, from 'Frisco for Melbourne. She was the queerest craft in some ways that ever I was aboard of. The food was a caution; there was nothing fit to put your lips to—but the lime-juice, which was from the end bin, no doubt: it used to make me sick to see the men's dinners, and sorry to see my own. The old man was good enough, I guess; Green was his name; a mild, fatherly old galoot. But the hands were the lowest gang I ever handled; and whenever I tried to knock a little spirit into them, the old man took their part! It was Gilbert and Sullivan on the high seas; but you bet I wouldn't let any man dictate to me. 'You give me your orders, Captain Green,' I said, 'and you'll find I'll carry them out; that's all you've got to say. You'll find I do my duty,' I said; 'how I do it is my lookout; and there's no man born that's going to give me lessons.' Well, there was plenty dirt on

* In sea-lingo (Pacific) *Dutchman* includes all Teutons and folk from the basin of the Baltic; *Scattermouch*, all Latins and Levantines.

board that *Maria* first and last. Of course, the old man put my back up, and, of course, he put up the crew's; and I had to regular fight my way through every watch. The men got to hate me, so's I would hear them grit their teeth when I came up. At last, one day, I saw a big hulking beast of a Dutchman booting the ship's boy. I made one shoot of it off the house and laid that Dutchman out. Up he came, and I laid him out again. 'Now,' I said, 'if there's a kick left in you, just mention it, and I'll stamp your ribs in like a packing-case.' He thought better of it, and never let on; lay there as mild as a deacon at a funeral; and they took him below to reflect on his native Dutchland. One night we got caught in rather a dirty thing about 25 south. I guess we were all asleep; for the first thing I knew there was the fore-royal gone. I ran forward, bawling blue hell; and just as I came by the foremast, something struck me right through the forearm and stuck there. I put my other hand up, and by George! it was the grain; the beasts had speared me like a porpoise. 'Cap'n!' I cried. —'What's wrong?' says he.—'They've grained me,' says I.—'Grained you?' says he. 'Well, I've been looking for that.'——'And by God,' I cried, 'I want to have some of these beasts murdered for it!'—'Now, Mr. Nares,' says he, 'you better go below. If I had been one of the men, you'd have got more than this. And I want no more of your language on deck. You've cost me my fore-royal already,' says he; 'and if you carry on, you'll have the three sticks out of her.' That was old man Green's idea of supporting officers. But you wait a bit; the cream's coming. We made Melbourne right enough, and the old man said: 'Mr. Nares, you and me don't draw together. You're a first-rate seaman, no mistake of that; but you're the most disagreeable man I ever sailed with; and your language and your conduct to the crew I cannot stomach. I guess we'll separate.' I didn't care about the berth, you may be sure; but I felt kind of mean; and if he made one kind of stink, I thought I could make another. So I said I would go ashore and see how things stood; went, found I was all right, and came aboard again on the top rail.—'Are you getting your traps together, Mr. Nares?' says the old man.—'No,' says I; 'I don't know as we'll separate much before 'Frisco; at least,' I said, 'it's a point for your consideration. I'm very willing to say good-by to the *Maria*, but I don't know whether you'll care to start me out with three months' wages.' He got his money-box right away. 'My son,' says he, 'I think it cheap at the money.' He had me there."

It was a singular tale for a man to tell of himself; above all, in the midst of our discussion; but it was quite in character for Nares. I never made a good hit in our disputes, I never justly resented any act or speech of his, but what I found it long after carefully posted in his day-book and reckoned (here was the man's oddity) to my credit. It was the same with his father, whom he had hated; he would give a sketch of the old fellow, frank and credible, and yet so honestly touched that it was charming. I have never met a man so strangely constituted: to possess a reason of the most equal justice, to have his nerves at the same time quivering with petty spite, and to act upon the nerves and not the reason.

A kindred wonder in my eyes was the nature of his courage. There was never a braver man: he went out to welcome danger; an emergency (came it never so sudden) strung him like a tonic. And yet, upon the other hand, I have known none so nervous, so oppressed with possibilities, looking upon the world at large, and the life of a sailor in particular, with so constant and haggard a consideration of the ugly chances. All his courage was in blood, not merely cold, but icy with reasoned apprehension. He would lay our little craft rail under, and "hang on" in a squall, until I gave myself up for lost, and the men were rushing to their stations of their own accord. "There," he would say, "I guess there's not a man on board would have hung on as long as I did that time; they'll have to give up thinking me no schooner sailor. I guess I can shave just as near capsizing as any other captain of this vessel, drunk or sober." And then he would fall to repining and wishing himself well out of the enterprise, and dilate on the peril of the seas, the

particular dangers of the schooner rig, which he abhorred, the various ways in which we might go to the bottom, and the prodigious fleet of ships that have sailed out in the course of history, dwindled from the eyes of watchers, and returned no more. "Well," he would wind up, "I guess it don't much matter. I can't see what any one wants to live for, any way. If I could get into some one else's apple-tree, and be about twelve years old, and just stick the way I was, eating stolen apples, I won't say. But there's no sense to this grown-up business—sailorising, politics, the piety mill, and all the rest of it. Good clean drowning is good enough for me." It is hard to imagine any more depressing talk for a poor landsman on a dirty night; it is hard to imagine anything less sailor-like (as sailors are supposed to be and generally are) than this persistent harping on the minor.

But I was to see more of the man's gloomy constancy ere the cruise was at an end.

On the morning of the seventeenth day I came on deck, to find the schooner under double reefs, and flying rather wild before a heavy run of sea. Snoring trades and humming sails had been our portion hitherto. We were already nearing the island. My restrained excitement had begun again to overmaster me; and for some time my only book had been the patent log that trailed over the taffrail, and my chief interest the daily observation and our caterpillar progress across the chart. My first glance, which was at the compass, and my second, which was at the log, were all that I could wish. We lay our course; we had been doing over eight since nine the night before; and I drew a heavy breath of satisfaction. And then I know not what odd and wintry appearance of the sea and sky knocked suddenly at my heart. I observed the schooner to look more than usually small, the men silent and studious of the weather. Nares, in one of his rusty humors, afforded me no shadow of a morning salutation. He, too, seemed to observe the behavior of the ship with an intent and anxious scrutiny. What I liked still less, Johnson himself was at the wheel, which he span busily, often with a visible effort; and as the seas ranged up behind us, black and imminent, he kept casting behind him eyes of animal swiftness, and drawing in his neck between his shoulders, like a man dodging a blow. From these signs, I gathered that all was not exactly for the best; and I would have given a good handful of dollars for a plain answer to the questions which I dared not put. Had I dared, with the present danger signal in the captain's face, I should only have been reminded of my position as supercargo—an office never touched upon in kindness—and advised, in a very indigestible manner, to go below. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to entertain my vague apprehensions as best I should be able, until it pleased the captain to enlighten me of his own accord. This he did sooner than I had expected; as soon, indeed, as the Chinaman had summoned us to breakfast, and we sat face to face across the narrow board.

"See here, Mr. Dodd," he began, looking at me rather queerly, "here is a business point arisen. This sea's been running up for the last two days, and now it's too high for comfort. The glass is falling, the wind is breezing up, and I won't say but what there's dirt in it. If I lay her to, we may have to ride out a gale of wind and drift God knows where—on these French Frigate Shoals, for instance. If I keep her as she goes, we'll make that island to-morrow afternoon, and have the lee of it to lie under, if we can't make out to run in. The point you have to figure on, is whether you'll take the big chances of that Captain Trent making the place before you, or take the risk of something happening. I'm to run this ship to your satisfaction," he added, with an ugly sneer. "Well, here's a point for the supercargo."

"Captain," I returned, with my heart in my mouth, "risk is better than certain failure."

"Life is all risk, Mr. Dodd," he remarked. "But there's one thing; it's now or never; in half an hour, Archdeacon Gabriel couldn't lay her to, if he came down stairs on purpose."

"All right," said I. "Let's run."

"Run goes," said he; and with that he fell to breakfast, and passed half an

hour in stowing away pie and devoutly wishing himself back in San Francisco.

When we came on deck again, he took the wheel from Johnson—it appears they could trust none among the hands—and I stood close beside him, feeling safe in this proximity, and tasting a fearful joy from our surroundings and the consciousness of my decision. The breeze had already risen, and as it tore over our heads, it uttered at times a long hooting note that sent my heart into my boots. The sea pursued us without remission, leaping to the assault of the low rail. The quarter-deck was all awash, and we must close the companion doors.

"And all this, if you please, for Mr. Pinkerton's dollars!" the captain suddenly exclaimed. "There's many a fine fellow gone under, Mr. Dodd, because of drivers like your friend. What do they care for a ship or two? Insured, I guess. What do they care for sailors' lives alongside of a few thousand dollars? What they want is speed between ports, and a damned fool of a captain that'll drive a ship under as I'm doing this one. You can put in the morning, asking why I do it."

I sheered off to another part of the vessel as fast as civility permitted. This was not at all the talk that I desired, nor was the train of reflection which it started anyway welcome. Here I was, running some hazard of my life, and perilling the lives of seven others; exactly for what end, I was now at liberty to ask myself. For a very large amount of a very deadly poison, was the obvious answer; and I thought if all tales were true, and I were soon to be subjected to cross-examination at the bar of Eternal Justice, it was one which would not increase my popularity with the court. "Well, never mind, Jim," thought I. "I'm doing it for you."

Before eleven, a third reef was taken in the mainsail; and Johnson filled the cabin with a storm-sail of No. 1 duck and sat cross-legged on the streaming floor, vigorously putting it to rights with a couple of the hands. By dinner I had fled the deck, and sat in the bench corner, giddy, dumb, and stupefied with terror. The frightened leaps of the poor *Norah Creina*, spanking like a stag for bare existence, bruised me between the table and the berths. Overhead, the wild huntsman of the storm passed continuously in one blare of mingled noises; screaming wind, straining timber, lashing rope's end, pounding block and bursting sea contributed; and I could have thought there was at times another, a more piercing, a more human note, that dominated all, like the wailing of an angel. I could have thought I knew the angel's name, and that his wings were black. It seemed incredible that any creature of man's art could long endure the barbarous mishandling of the seas, kicked as the schooner was from mountain side to mountain side, beaten and blown upon and wrenched in every joint and sinew, like a child upon the rack. There was not a plank of her that did not cry aloud for mercy; and as she continued to hold together, I became conscious of a growing sympathy with her endeavors, a growing admiration for her gallant staunchness, that amused and at times obliterated my terrors for myself. God bless every man that swung a mallet on that tiny and strong hull! It was not for wages only that he labored, but to save men's lives.

All the rest of the day, and all the following night, I sat in the corner or lay wakeful in my bunk; and it was only with the return of morning that a new phase of my alarms drove me once more on deck. A gloomier interval I never passed. Johnson and Nares steadily relieved each other at the wheel and came below. The first glance of each was at the glass, which he repeatedly knuckled and frowned upon; for it was sagging lower all the time. Then, if Johnson were the visitor, he would pick a snack out of the cupboard, and stand, braced against the table, eating it, and perhaps obliging me with a word or two of his hee-haw conversation: how it was "a son of a gun of a cold night on deck, Mr. Dodd" (with a grin); how "it wasn't no night for panjammers, he could tell me;" having transacted all which, he would throw himself down in his bunk and sleep his two hours with compunction. But the captain neither ate nor slept. "You there, Mr. Dodd?" he would say,

after the obligatory visit to the glass. "Well, my son, we're one hundred and four miles" (or whatever it was) "off the island, and scudding for all we're worth. We'll make it to-morrow about four, or not, as the case may be. That's the news. And now, Mr. Dodd, I've stretched a point for you; you can see I'm dead tired; so just you stretch away back to your bunk again." And with this attempt at geniality, his teeth would settle hard down on his cigar, and he would pass his spell below staring and blinking at the cabin lamp through a cloud of tobacco-smoke. He has told me since that he was happy, which I should never have divined. "You see," he said, "the wind we had was never anything out of the way; but the sea was really nasty, the schooner wanted a lot of humoring, and it was clear from the glass that we were close to some dirt. We might be running out of it or we might be running right crack into it. Well, there's always something sublime about a big deal like that; and it kind of raises a man in his own liking. We're a queer kind of beasts, Mr. Dodd."

The morning broke with sinister brightness; the air alarmingly transparent, the sky pure, the rim of the horizon clear and strong against the heavens. The wind and the wild seas, now vastly swollen, indefatigably hunted us. I stood on deck, choking with fear; I seemed to lose all power upon my limbs; my knees were as paper when she plunged into the murderous valleys; my heart collapsed when some black mountain fell in avalanche beside her counter, and the water, that was more than spray, swept round my ankles like a torrent. I was conscious of but one strong desire, to bear myself decently in my terrors, and whatever should happen to my life, preserve my character: as the captain said, we are a queer kind of beasts. Breakfast time came, and I made shift to swallow some hot tea. Then I must stagger below to take the time, reading the chronometer with dizzy eyes, and marvelling the while what value there could be in observations taken in a ship launched (as ours then was) like a missile among flying seas. The forenoon dragged on in a grinding monotony of peril; every spoke of the wheel a rash, but an obliged experiment—rash as a forlorn hope, needful as the leap that lands a fireman from a burning staircase. Noon was made; the captain dined on his day's work, and I on watching him; and our place was entered on the chart with a meticulous precision which seemed to me half pitiful and half absurd, since the next eye to behold that sheet of paper might be the eye of an exploring fish. One o'clock came, then two; the captain gloomed and chafed, as he held to the coaming of the house, and if ever I saw dormant murder in man's eye, it was in his. God help the hand that should have disobeyed him.

Of a sudden, he turned toward the mate, who was doing his trick at the wheel.

"Two points on the port bow," I heard him say. And he took the wheel himself.

Johnson nodded, wiped his eyes with the back of his wet hand, watched a chance as the vessel lunged up hill, and got to the main rigging, where he swarmed aloft. Up and up, I watched him go, hanging on at every ugly plunge, gaining with every lull of the schooner's movement, until, clambering into the cross-trees and clinging with one arm around the masts, I could see him take one comprehensive sweep of the southwesterly horizon. The next moment, he had slid down the backstay and stood on deck, with a grin, a nod, and a gesture of the finger that said, "yes;" the next again, and he was back sweating and squirming at the wheel, his tired face streaming and smiling, and his hair and the rags and corners of his clothes lashing round him in the wind.

Nares went below, fetched up his binocular, and fell into a silent perusal of the sea-line; I also, with my unaided eyesight. Little by little, in that white waste of water, I began to make out a quarter where the whiteness appeared more condensed: the sky above was whitish likewise, and misty like a squall; and little by little there thrilled upon my ears a note deeper and more terrible than the yelling of the gale—the long, thundering roll of breakers. Nares

wiped his night glass on his sleeve and passed it to me, motioning, as he did so, with his hand. An endless wilderness of ranging billows came and went and danced in the circle of the glass; now and then a pale corner of sky, or the strong line of the horizon rugged with the heads of waves; and then of a sudden—come and gone ere I could fix it, with a swallow's swiftness—one glimpse of what we had come so far and paid so dear to see: the masts and rigging of a brig pencilled on heaven, with an ensign streaming at the main, and the ragged ribbons of a topsail thrashing from the yard. Again and again, with toilful searching, I recalled that apparition. There was no sign of any land; the wreck stood between sea and sky, a thing the most isolated I had ever viewed; but as we drew nearer, I perceived her to be defended by a line of breakers which drew off on either hand and marked, indeed, the nearest segment of the reef. Heavy spray hung over them like a smoke, some hundred feet into the air; and the sound of their consecutive explosions rolled like a cannonade.

In half an hour we were close in; for perhaps as long again, we skirted that formidable barrier toward its farther side; and presently the sea began insensibly to moderate and the ship to go more sweetly. We had gained the lee of the island as (for form's sake) I may call that ring of foam and haze and thunder; and shaking out a reef, wore ship and headed for the passage.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ISLAND AND THE WRECK.

All hands were filled with joy. It was betrayed in their alacrity and easy faces; Johnson smiling broadly at the wheel, Nares studying the sketch chart of the island with an eye at peace, and the hands clustered forward, eagerly talking and pointing; so manifest was our escape, so wonderful was the attraction of a single foot of earth after so many suns had set and risen on an empty sea. To add to the relief, besides, by one of those malicious coincidences which suggest for fate the image of an underbred and grinning schoolboy, we had no sooner worn ship than the wind began to abate.

For myself, however, I did but exchange anxieties. I was no sooner out of one fear than I fell upon another; no sooner secure that I should myself make the intended haven, than I began to be convinced that Trent was there before me. I climbed into the rigging, stood on the board, and eagerly scanned that ring of coral reef and bursting breaker, and the blue lagoon which they enclosed. The two islets within began to show plainly —Middle Brooks and Lower Brooks Island, the Directory named them: two low, bush-covered, rolling strips of sand, each with glittering beaches, each perhaps a mile or a mile and a half in length, running east and west, and divided by a narrow channel. Over these, innumerable as maggots, there hovered, chattered, screamed and clanged, millions of twinkling sea-birds: white and black; the black by far the largest. With singular scintillations, this vortex of winged life swayed to and fro in the strong sunshine, whirled continually through itself, and would now and again burst asunder and scatter as wide as the lagoon; so that I was irresistibly reminded of what I had read of nebular convulsions. A thin cloud overspread the area of the reef and the adjacent sea —the dust, as I could not but fancy, of earlier explosions. And a little apart, there was yet another focus of centrifugal and centripetal flight, where, hard by the deafening line of breakers, her sails (all but the tattered topsail) snugly furled down, and the red rag that marks Old England on the seas beating, union down, at the main—the *Flying Scud*, the fruit of so many toilers, a recollection in so many lives of men, whose tall spars had been mirrored in the remotest corners of the sea—lay stationary at last and forever, in the first stage of naval dissolution. Toward her, the taut *Norah Creina*, vulture-wise, wriggled to windward; come from so far to pick her bones. And, look as I pleased, there was no other presence of man or of man's handiwork; no Honolulu schooner lay there crowded with armed rivals, no smoke rose from the fire at which I fancied Trent cooking a meal of sea-birds.

It seemed, after all, we were in time, and I drew a mighty breath.

I had not arrived at this reviving certainty before the breakers were already close aboard, the leadsman at his station, and the captain posted in the fore cross-trees to con us through the coral lumps of the lagoon. All circumstances were in our favor, the light behind, the sun low, the wind still fresh and steady, and the tide about the turn. A moment later we shot at racing speed betwixt two pier heads of broken water; the lead began to be cast, the captain to bawl down his anxious directions, the schooner to tack and dodge among the scattered dangers of the lagoon; and at one bell in the first dog watch, we had come to our anchor off the northeast end of Middle Brooks Island, in five fathoms of water. The sails were gasketted and covered, the boats emptied of the miscellaneous stores and odds and ends of sea-furniture, that accumulate in the course of a voyage, the kedge sent ashore, and the decks tidied down: a good three-quarters of an hour's work, during which I raged about the deck like a man with a strong toothache. The transition from the wild sea to the comparative immobility of the lagoon had wrought strange distress among my nerves: I could not hold still whether in hand or foot; the slowness of the men, tired as dogs after our rough experience outside, irritated me like something personal; and the irrational screaming of the sea-birds saddened me like a dirge. It was a relief when, with Nares, and a couple of hands, I might drop into the boat and move off at last for the *Flying Scud*.

"She looks kind of pitiful, don't she?" observed the captain, nodding toward the wreck, from which we were separated by some half a mile. "Looks as if she didn't like her berth, and Captain Trent had used her badly. Give her ginger, boys!" he added to the hands, "and you can all have shore liberty to-night to see the birds and paint the town red."

We all laughed at the pleasantry, and the boat skimmed the faster over the rippling face of the lagoon. The *Flying Scud* would have seemed small enough beside the wharves of San Francisco, but she was some thrice the size of the *Norah Creina*, which had been so long our continent; and as we craned up at her wall-sides, she impressed us with a mountain magnitude. She lay head to the reef, where the huge blue wall of the rollers was forever ranging up and crumbling down; and to gain her starboard side, we must pass below the stern. The helm was hard aport, and we could read the legend:

FLYING SCUD

HULL

On the other side, about the break of the poop, some half a fathom of rope ladder trailed over the rail, and by this we made our entrance.

She was a roomy ship inside, with a raised poop standing some three feet higher than the deck, and a small forward house, for the men's bunks and the galley, just abaft the foremast. There was one boat on the house, and another and larger one, in beds on deck, on either hand of it. She had been painted white, with tropical economy, outside and in: and we found, later on, that the stanchions of the rail, hoops of the scuttle but, etc., were picked out with green. At that time, however, when we first stepped aboard, all was hidden under the droppings of innumerable sea-birds.

The birds themselves gyrated and screamed meanwhile among the rigging; and when we looked into the galley, the outrush drove us back. Savage-looking fowl they were, savagely beaked, and some of the black ones great as eagles. Half-buried in the slush, we were aware of a litter of kegs in the waist; and these on being somewhat cleaned, proved to be water beakers and quarter casks of mess beef with some colonial brand, doubtless collected there before the *Tempest* hove in sight, and while Trent and his men had no better expectation than to strike for Honolulu in the boats. Nothing else was notable on deck, save where the loose topsail had played some havoc with the rigging, and there hung, and swayed, and sang in the declining wind, a raffle of intorted cordage.

With a shyness that was almost awe,

Nares and I descended the companion. The stair turned upon itself and landed us just forward of a thwart-ship bulkhead that cut the poop in two. The fore part formed a kind of miscellaneous store-room, with a double-bunked division for the cook (as Nares supposed) and second mate. The after part contained, in the midst, the main cabin, running in a kind of bow into the curvature of the stern; on the port side, a pantry opening forward and a state-room for the mate; and on the starboard, the captain's berth and water-closet. Into these we did but glance: the main cabin holding us. It was dark, for the sea-birds had obscured the skylight with their droppings; it smelt rank and fusty; and it was beset with a loud swarm of flies that beat continually in our faces. Supposing them close attendants upon man and his broken meat, I marvelled how they had found their way to Midway reef; it was sure at least some vessel must have brought them, and that long ago, for they had multiplied exceedingly. Part of the floor was strewn with a confusion of clothes, books, nautical instruments, odds and ends of finery, and such trash as might be expected from the turning out of several seaman's chests, upon a sudden emergency after a long cruise. It was strange in that dim cabin, quivering with the near thunder of the breakers and pierced with the screaming of the fowls, to turn over so many things that other men had coveted, and prized, and worn on their warm bodies—frayed old underclothing, pyjamas of strange design, duck suits in every stage of rustiness, oil skins, pilot coats, bottles of scent, embroidered shirts, jackets of Pongee silk—clothes for the night watch at sea or the day ashore in the hotel verandah; and mingled among these, books, cigars, fancy pipes, quantities of tobacco, many keys, a rusty pistol, and a sprinkling of cheap curiosities—Benares brass, Chinese jars and pictures, and bottles of odd shells in cotton, each designed no doubt for somebody at home—perhaps in Hull, of which Trent had been a native and his ship a citizen.

Thence we turned our attention to the table, which stood spread, as if for a meal, with stout ship's crockery and the remains of food—a pot of marmalade, dregs of coffee in the mugs, a basin of gulls' eggs, bread, some toast, and a tin of condensed milk. The tablecloth, originally of a red color, was stained a dark brown at the captain's end, apparently with coffee; at the other end, it had been folded back, and a pen and ink-pot stood on the bare table. Stools were here and there about the table, irregularly placed, as though the meal had been finished and the men smoking and chatting; and one of the stools lay on the floor, broken.

"See! they were writing up the log," said Nares, pointing to the ink-bottle. "Caught napping, as usual. I wonder if there ever was a captain yet, that lost a ship with his log-book up to date? He generally has about a month to fill up on a clean break, like Charles Dickens and his serial novels.—What a regular, lime-juicer spread!" he added, contemptuously. "Marmalade—and toast for the old man! Nasty, slovenly pigs!"

There was something in this criticism of the absent that jarred upon my feelings. I had no love indeed for Captain Trent or any of his vanished gang; but the desertion and decay of this once habitable cabin struck me hard: the death of man's handiwork is melancholy like the death of man himself; and I was impressed with an involuntary and irrational sense of tragedy in my surroundings.

"This sickens me," I said. "Let's go on deck and breathe."

The captain nodded. "It *is* kind of lonely, isn't it?" he said. "But I can't go up till I get the code signals. I want to run up 'Got Left' or something, just to brighten up this island home. Captain Trent hasn't been here yet, but he'll drop in before long; and it'll cheer him up to see a signal on the brig."

"Isn't there some official expression we could use?" I asked, vastly taken by the fancy. "'Sold for the benefit of the underwriters: for further particulars, apply to J. Pinkerton, Montana Block, S.F.'"

"Well," returned Nares, "I won't say but what an old navy quartermaster might telegraph all that, if you gave him a day to do it in and a pound of tobacco for himself. But it's above my register.

I must try something short and sweet: KB, urgent signal, 'Heave all aback;' or LM, urgent, 'The berth you're now in is not safe;' or what do you say to PQH?—'Tell my owners the ship answers remarkably well.'"

"It's premature," I replied; "but it seems calculated to give pain to Trent. PQH for me."

The flags were found in Trent's cabin, neatly stored behind a lettered grating; Nares chose what he required and (I following) returned on deck, where the sun had already dipped, and the dusk was coming.

"Here! don't touch that, you fool!" shouted the captain to one of the hands, who was drinking from the scuttle butt. "That water's rotten!"

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the man. "Tastes quite sweet."

"Let me see," returned Nares, and he took the dipper and held it to his lips. "Yes, it's all right," he said. "Must have rotted and come sweet again. Queer, isn't it, Mr. Dodd? Though I've known the same on a Cape-Horner."

There was something in his intonation that made me look him in the face; he stood a little on tiptoe to look right and left about the ship, like a man filled with curiosity, and his whole expression and bearing testified to some suppressed excitement.

"You don't believe what you're saying!" I broke out.

"Oh, I don't know but what I do!" he replied, laying a hand upon me soothingly. "The thing's very possible. Only, I'm bothered about something else."

And with that he called a hand, gave him the code flags, and stepped himself to the main signal halliards, which vibrated under the weight of the ensign overhead. A minute later, the American colors, which we had brought in the boat, replaced the English red, and PQH was fluttering at the fore.

"Now, then," said Nares, who had watched the breaking out of his signal with the old-maidish particularity of an American sailor, "out with those handspikes, and let's see what water there is in the lagoon."

The bars were shoved home; the barbarous cacophony of the clanking pump rose in the waist; and streams of ill-smelling water gushed on deck and made valleys in the slab guano. Nares leaned on the rail, watching the steady stream of bilge as though he found some interest in it.

"What is it that bothers you?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing, shortly," he replied. "But here's another. Do you see those boats there, one on the house and two on the beds? Well, where is the boat Trent lowered when he lost the hands?"

"Got it aboard again, I suppose," said I.

"Well, if you'll tell me why?" returned the captain.

"Then it must have been another," I suggested.

"She might have carried another on the main hatch, I won't deny," admitted Nares; "but I can't see what she wanted with it, unless it was for the old man to go out and play the accordion in, on moonlight nights."

"It can't much matter, anyway," I reflected.

"Oh, I don't suppose it does," said he, glancing over his shoulder at the spouting of the scuppers.

"And how long are we to keep up this racket?" I asked. "We're simply pumping up the lagoon. Captain Trent himself said she had settled down and was full forward."

"Did he?" said Nares, with a significant dryness. And almost as he spoke the pumps sucked, and sucked again, and the men threw down their bars. "There, what do you make of that?" he asked. "Now, I'll tell, Mr. Dodd," he went on, lowering his voice, but not shifting from his easy attitude against the rail, "this ship is as sound as the *Norah Creina*. I had a guess of it before we came aboard, and now I know."

"It's not possible!" I cried. "What do you make of Trent?"

"I don't make anything of Trent; I don't know whether he's a liar or only an old wife; I simply tell you what's the fact," said Nares. "And I'll tell you something more," he added: "I've taken the ground myself in deep-water vessels; I know what I'm saying; and I say that, when she first struck and before she

bedded down, seven or eight hours' work would have got this hooker off, and there's no man that ever went two years to sea but must have known it."

I could only utter an exclamation.

Nares raised his finger warningly. "Don't let *them* get hold of it," said he. "Think what you like, but say nothing."

I glanced round; the dusk was melting into early night; the twinkle of a lantern marked the schooner's position in the distance; and our men, free from further labor, stood grouped together in the waist, their faces illuminated by their glowing pipes.

"Why didn't Trent get her off?" inquired the captain. "Why did he want to buy her back in 'Frisco for these fabulous sums, when he might have sailed her into the bay himself?"

"Perhaps he never knew her value until then," I suggested.

"I wish we knew her value now," exclaimed Nares. "However, I don't want to depress you; I'm sorry for you, Mr. Dodd; I know how bothering it must be to you; and the best I can say's this: I haven't taken much time getting down, and now I'm here I mean to work this thing in proper style. I just want to put your mind at rest: you shall have no trouble with me."

There was something trusty and friendly in his voice; and I found myself gripping hands with him, in that hard, short shake that means so much with English-speaking people.

"We'll do, old fellow," said he. "We've shaken down into pretty good friends, you and me; and you won't find me working the business any the less hard for that. And now let's scoot for supper."

After supper, with the idle curiosity of the seafarer, we pulled ashore in a fine moonlight, and landed on Middle Brook's Island. A flat beach surrounded it upon all sides: and the midst was occupied by a thicket of bushes, the highest of them scarcely five feet high, in which the sea-fowl lived. Through this we tried at first to strike; but it were easier to cross Trafalgar Square upon a day of demonstration than to invade these haunts of sleeping sea-birds; the nests sank, and the eggs burst under footing; wings beat in our faces, beaks menaced our eyes, our minds were confounded with the screeching, and the coil spread over the island and mounted high into the air.

"I guess we'll saunter round the beach," said Nares, when we had made good our retreat.

The hands were all busy after sea-birds' eggs, so there were none to follow us. Our way lay on the crisp sand by the margin of the water: on one side, the thicket from which we had been dislodged; on the other, the face of the lagoon, barred with a broad path of moonlight, and beyond that, the line, alternately dark and shining, alternately hove high and fallen prone, of the external breakers. The beach was strewn with bits of wreck and drift: some redwood and spruce logs, no less than two lower masts of junks, and the stern-post of a European ship; all of which we looked on with a shade of serious concern, speaking of the dangers of the sea and the hard case of castaways. In this sober vein we made the greater part of the circuit of the island; had a near view of its neighbor from the southern end; walked the whole length of the westerly side in the shadow of the thicket; and came forth again into the moonlight at the opposite extremity.

On our right, at the distance of about half a mile, the schooner lay faintly heaving at her anchors. About half a mile down the beach, at a spot still hidden from us by the thicket, an upboiling of the birds showed where the men were still (with sailor-like insatiability) collecting eggs. And right before us, in a small indentation of the sand, we were aware of a boat lying high and dry, and right side up.

Nares crouched back into the shadow of the bushes.

"What the devil's this?" he whispered.

"Trent," I suggested, with a beating heart.

"We were damned fools to come ashore unarmed," said he. "But I've got to know where I stand." In the shadow, his face looked conspicuously white, and his voice betrayed a strong excitement. He took his boat's whistle from his pocket. "In case I might

want to play a tune," said he, grimly, and thrusting it between his teeth, advanced into the moonlit open; which we crossed with rapid steps, looking guiltily about us as we went. Not a leaf stirred; and the boat, when we came up to it, offered convincing proof of long desertion. She was an eighteen-foot whaleboat of the ordinary type, equipped with oars and tholè-pins. Two or three quarter-casks lay on the bilge amidships, one of which must have been broached, and now stank horribly; and these, upon examination, proved to bear the same New Zealand brand as the beef on board the wreck.

"Well, here's the boat," said I. "Here's one of your difficulties cleared away."

"H'm," said he. There was a little water in the bilge, and here he stooped and tasted it.

"Fresh," he said. "Only rain-water."

"You don't object to that?" I asked.

"No," said he.

"Well, then, what ails you?" I cried.

"In plain United States, Mr. Dodd," he returned, "a whaleboat, five ash sweeps, and a barrel of stinking pork."

"Or, in other words, the whole thing?" I commented.

"Well, it's this way," he condescended to explain. "I've no use for a fourth boat at all; but a boat of this model tops the business. I don't say the type's not common in these waters; it's as common as dirt; the traders carry them for surf-boats. But the *Flying Scud?* a deep-water tramp, who was lime-juicing around between big ports, Calcutta and Rangoon, and 'Frisco and the Canton River? No; I don't see it."

We were leaning over the gunwale of the boat as we spoke. The captain stood nearest the bow, and he was idly playing with the trailing painter, when a thought arrested him. He hauled the line in hand over hand, and stared, and remained staring, at the end.

"Anything wrong with it?" I asked.

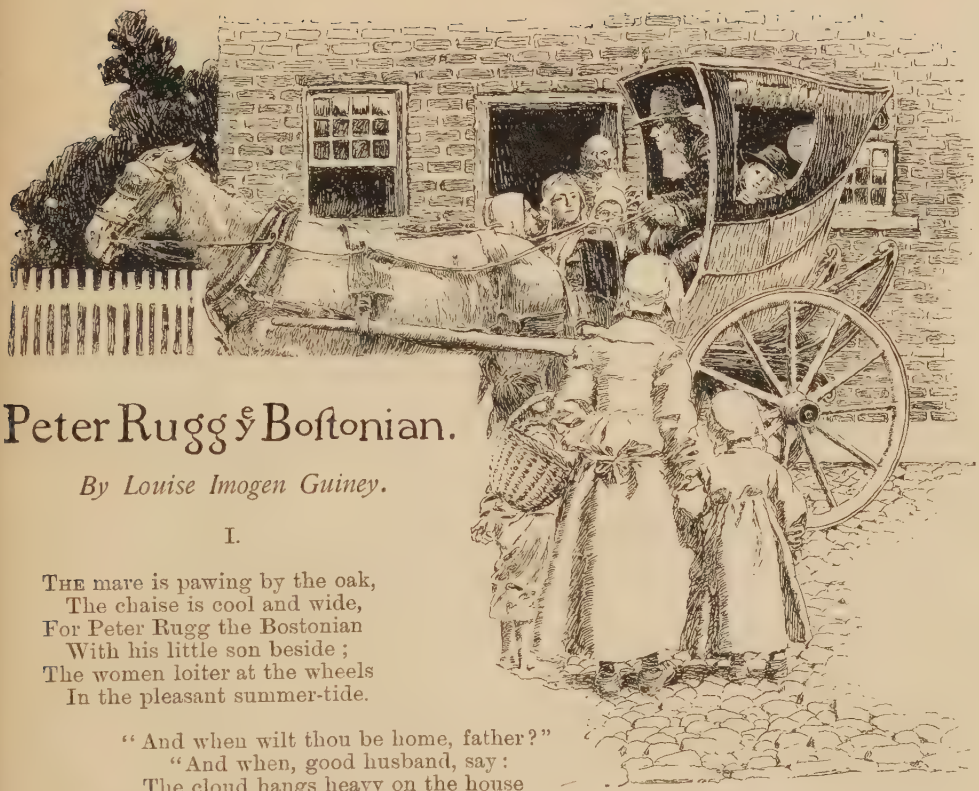
"Do you know, Mr. Dodd," said he, in a queer voice, "this painter's been cut? A sailor always worms a rope's end, but this is sliced off with the cold steel. This won't do at all for the men," he added. "Just stand by till I fix it up more natural."

"Any guess what it all means?" I asked.

"Well, it means one thing," said he. "It means Trent was a liar. I guess the story of the *Flying Scud* was a sight more picturesque than he gave out."

Half an hour later, the whaleboat was lying astern of the *Norah Creina;* and Nares and I sought our bunks, silent and half bewildered by our late discoveries.

(To be continued.)



Peter Rugg & y Bostonian.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

I.

THE mare is pawing by the oak,
The chaise is cool and wide,
For Peter Rugg the Bostonian
With his little son beside;
The women loiter at the wheels
In the pleasant summer-tide.

"And when wilt thou be home, father?"
"And when, good husband, say:
The cloud hangs heavy on the house
What time thou art away."
He answers straight, he answers short,
"At noon of the seventh day."

"Fail not to come, if God so will,
And the weather be kind and clear."
"Farewell, farewell! But who am I,
A blockhead rain to fear?
God willing or God unwilling,
I have said it, I will be here."

He gathers up the sunburnt boy,
And from the gate is sped;
He shakes the spark from the stones below,
The bloom from overhead,
Till the last roofs of his own town
Pass in the morning-red.

Upon a homely mission
North unto York he goes,
Thro' the long highway broidered thick
With elder-blow and rose;
And sleeps in sound of breakers
The second twilight's close.

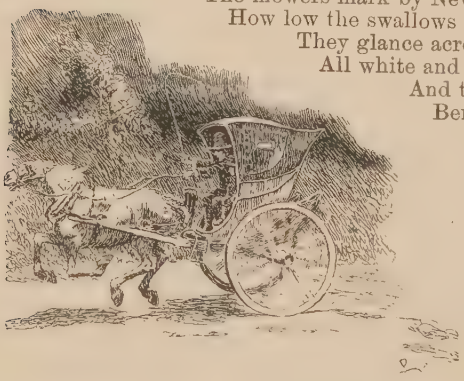
Intense upon his heedless head
Frowns Agamenticus,
Knowing of Heaven's challenger
The answer: even thus
The Patience that is hid on high
Doth stoop to master us.

II.

Full light are all his parting dreams,
Desire is in his brain;
He tightens at the tavern post
The fiery creature's rein;
"Now eat thine apple, six years' child!
We face for home again."

They had not gone a many mile,
With nimble heart and tongue,
When the lone thrush grew silent
The walnut woods among;
And on the lulled horizon
A premonition hung.

The babes at Hampton school-house,
The wife with lads at sea,
Search with a level-lifted hand
The distance bodingly;
And farmer folk bid pilgrims in
Under a safe roof-tree.



The mowers mark by Newbury
How low the swallows fly;
They glance across the southern roads
All white and fever-dry,
And the river anxious at the bend
Beneath a thinking sky.

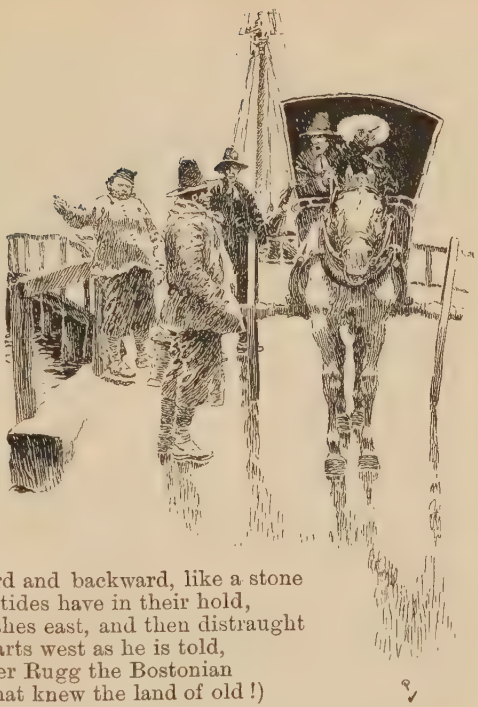
But there is one abroad was born
To disbelieve and dare!
Along the highway furiously
He cuts the purple air:
The wind leaps on the startled world
As hounds upon a hare;

With brawl and glare and shudder ope
The sluices of the storm;
The woods break down, the sand upblows
In blinding volleys warm;
The yellow floods in frantic surge
Familiar fields deform.

From evening until morning
His skill will not avail,
And as he cheers his youngest-born
His cheek is spectre-pale,
For the bonny mare from courses known
Has drifted like a sail.

III.

On some wild crag he sees the dawn
Unsheathe her scimitar,
"Oh, if it be my mother-earth,
And not a foreign star,
Tell me the way to Boston,
And is it near or far?"



One watchman lifts his lamp and laughs:
"Ye've many a league to wend,"
The next doth bless the sleeping boy
From his mad father's end;
A third upon a drawbridge growls:
"Bear ye to larboard, friend."

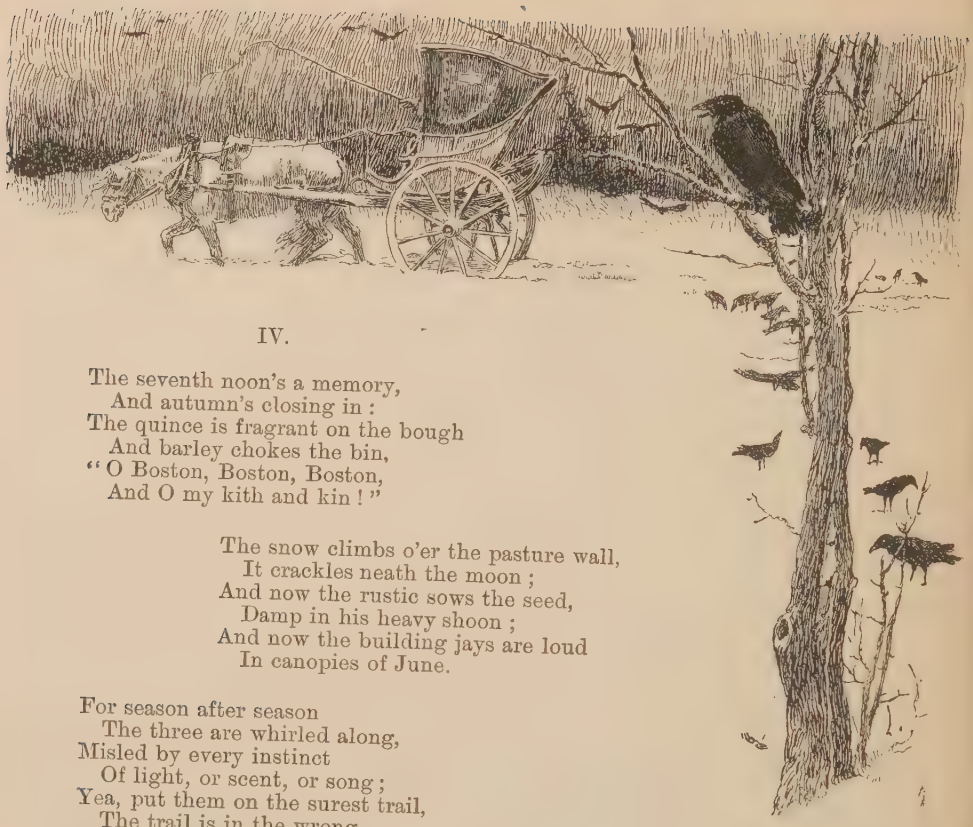
Forward and backward, like a stone
The tides have in their hold,
He dashes east, and then distraught
Darts west as he is told,
(Peter Rugg the Bostonian
That knew the land of old!)

And journeying, and resting scarce
A melancholy space,
Turns to and fro, and round and round,
The frenzy in his face,
And ends alway in angrier mood,
And in a stranger place.

Lost! lost in bayberry thickets
Where Plymouth plovers run,
And where the masts of Salem
Look lordly in the sun;
Lost in the Concord vale, and lost
By rocky Wollaston!

Small thanks have they that guide him,
Awed and aware of blight;
To hear him shriek denial
It sickens them with fright;
"They lied to me a month ago
With thy same lie to-night!"

To-night, to-night, as nights succeed,
He swears at home to bide,
Until, pursued with laughter,
Or fled as soon as spied,
The weather-drenchèd man is known
Over the country side!



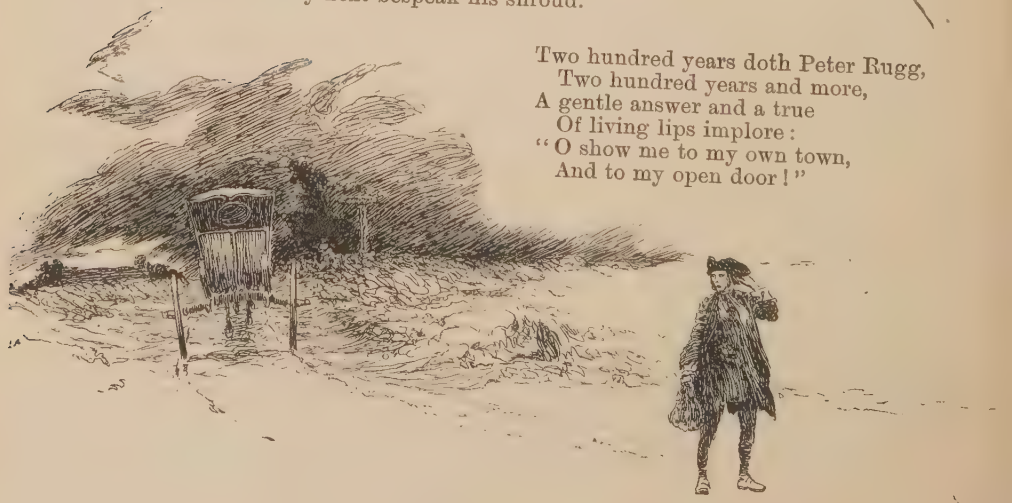
IV.

The seventh noon's a memory,
And autumn's closing in:
The quince is fragrant on the bough
And barley chokes the bin,
"O Boston, Boston, Boston,
And O my kith and kin!"

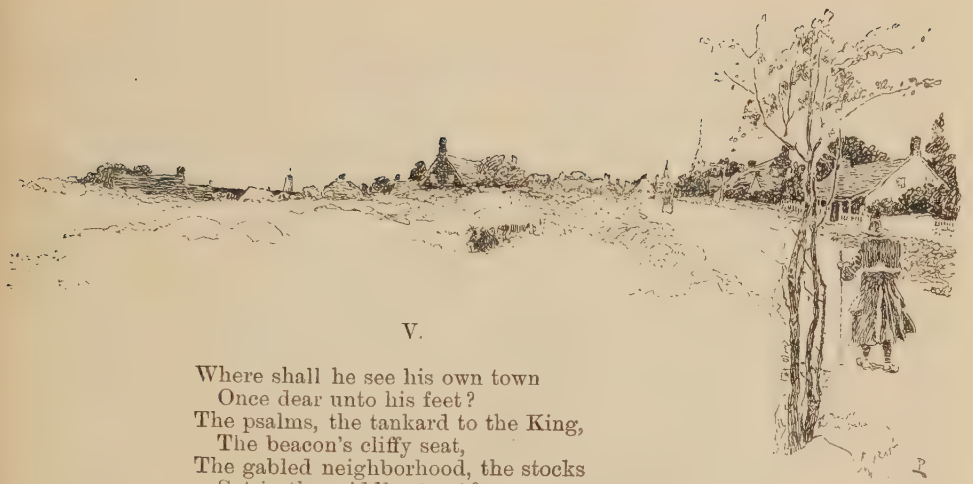
The snow climbs o'er the pasture wall,
It crackles neath the moon;
And now the rustic sows the seed,
Damp in his heavy shoon;
And now the building jays are loud
In canopies of June.

For season after season
The three are whirled along,
Misled by every instinct
Of light, or scent, or song;
Yea, put them on the surest trail,
The trail is in the wrong.

Upon those wheels in any path
The rain will follow loud,
And he that meets that ghostly man
Will meet a thunder-cloud,
And whosoever speaks with him
May next bespeak his shroud.



Two hundred years doth Peter Rugg,
Two hundred years and more,
A gentle answer and a true
Of living lips implore:
"O show me to my own town,
And to my open door!"



V.

Where shall he see his own town
  Once dear unto his feet?
The psalms, the tankard to the King,
  The beacon's cliffy seat,
The gabled neighborhood, the stocks
  Set in the middle street?

How shall he know his own town
  If now he clatters thro'?
Much men and places change that have
  Another love to woo,
And things occult, incredible,
  They find to think and do.

With such new wonders since he went
  A broader gossip copes,
Across the crowded triple hills,
  And up the harbor slopes,
Tradition's self for him no more
  Remembers, watches, hopes.

But ye, O unborn children!
  (For many a race must thrive
And drip away like icicles
  Ere Peter Rugg arrive,)
If of a sudden to your ears
  His plaint is blown alive;

If nigh the city, folding in
  A little lad that cries,
A wet and weary traveller.
  Shall fix you with his eyes,
And from the crazy carriage lean
  To spend his heart in sighs:—

"That I may enter Boston,
  O help it to befall!
There would no fear encompass me,
  No evil craft appall;
Ah, but to be in Boston
  GOD WILLING! after all,"—

Ye children, tremble not, but go
  And lift his bridle brave,
In the one Name, the dread Name,
  That can forgive and save,
And lead him home to Copp's Hill ground,
  And to his fathers' grave.

THE END.

DRAWN BY HERBERT DENMAN.

"She was only making an excuse of the brushing to linger with him a little while."—Page 748.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

A LITTLE CAPTIVE MAID.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.

I.

THE early winter twilight was falling over the town of Kenmare, a heavy open carriage with some belated travellers bounced and rattled along the smooth highway, hurrying toward the inn and a night's lodging. Two slender young figures drew back together into the leafless hedge by the roadside and stood there, whispering and keeping fast hold of hands after the simple fashion of children and lovers. There was an empty bird's nest close beside them, and they looked at that, and after they had watched the carriage a moment, and even laughed because Dinny Killoren, the driver, had recognized their presence by a loud snap of his whip, they still loitered. The girl turned away from her lover who only looked at her, and felt the soft lining of the nest with the fingers of her left hand. Johnny Morris's handsome young face looked pinched and sad in the gray dampness of the dusk.

"The poor tidy cr'atures!" said Nora Connelly. "Look now at their little house, Johnny, how nate it is, and they gone from it. I mind the birds singing in the hedge one day last summer, and I walking by in the road."

"Wisha, 'tis our own tidy house I'm thinking of," said Johnny, reproachfully; "I've long dr'amed of it, and now whatever will I do and you gone away to Ameriky? Faix, it's too hard for us, Norry dear, we'll get no luck from your goin'; 'twas the Lord mint us for 'ach other!"

"I'm safe to come back, darling," said Nora, troubled by her lover's lamentations. "'Tis for the love of you I'm going, sure, Johnny dear! I suppose 'tis yourself won't want me then aither whin I come back; sure they says folks dries all up there and gets brown and small with the heat that's in it. Promise now that you'll say nothing so long as I'm fine an' rich coming home!"

"Don't break me heart, Nora, with your wild talk; who else but yourself would be joking, and our hearts breaking with the parting, and this our last walk together," mourned the young man. "Come, darling, we must be going on. 'Tis a good way yet through the town, an' your aunt ready to have my life now for not sinding you back at t'ree o'clock."

"Let her wait!" said Nora, scornfully. "I'll be free of her, then, this time to-morrow. 'Tis herself 'll be keenin' after me as if 'twas wakin' me she was, and the heart of stone that's inside her and no tears to her eyes. They might be glass buttons in her old head, they might then! I'd love you to the last day I lived, John Morris, if 'twas only to have the joke on her," and Nora's eyes sparkled with fun. "I'd spite her if I could, the old crow! Sorra a bit of l'ave takin' have I got from her yet, but to say I must sind her home my passage-money inside the first month I'm out. Oh, but, Johnny, I'll be so lonesome there; 'tis a cold home I had since me mother died, but God

"And Dinny Killoren laughed aloud on the side-car."—Page 759.

help me when I'm far from it." The girl and her lover were both crying now; Johnny kissed her and put his arm tenderly about her, there where they stood alone by the roadside; both knew that the dreaded hour of parting had come.

Presently, as if moved by the stern hand of fate rather than by their own will, they walked away along the road, still weeping. They came into the town where lights were bright in the houses. There was the usual cheerful racket about the inn. The Lansdowne Arms seemed to be unusually populous and merry for a winter night. Somebody called to Johnny Morris from a doorway, but he did not answer. Close by were the ruins of the old abbey, and he drew Nora with him between the two stones which made a narrow entrance-way to the grounds. It was dreary enough there among the wintry shadows, the solemn shapes of the crumbling ruin, and the rustling trees.

"Tell me now once more that you love me, darlin'," sobbed the poor lad; "you're goin' away from me, Nora, an' 'tis you'll find it aisy to forget. Everything you l'ave will be spakin' to me of you. Oh, Nora, Nora! howiver will I l'ave you go to Ameriky; I was no man at all, or why didn't I forbid it? 'Tis only I was too poor to keep you back, God help me!"

"Be quiet now," said Nora. "I'll not forget you. I'll save all my money till I'll come back to you. We're young, dear lad, sure; kiss me now an' say good-by, my fine gay lad, and then walk home quiet wid me through the town. I call the holy saints to hear me that I won't forget."

And so they kissed and parted, and walked home quiet through the town as Nora had desired. She stopped here and there for a parting word with a friend, and there was even a sense of dignity and consequence in the poor child's simple heart because she was going to set forth on her great journey the next morning, while others would ignobly remain in Kenmare. Thank God, she had no father and mother to undergo the pain of seeing her disappear forever from their eyes. The poor heart-broken Irish folk who let their young sons and daughters go away from them to America, who of us has stopped half long enough to think of their sorrows and to pity them? What must it be to see the little companies set forth on their way to the sea, knowing that they will return no more? The fever for emigration is a heart-rending sort of epidemic, and the boys and girls who dream of riches and pleasure until they are impatient of their homes in poor, beautiful Ireland! alas, they sail away on the crowded ships to find hard work and hard fare, and know their mistakes about finding a fairy land, too late, too late! And Nora Connelly's aunt had hated Johnny Morris, and laid this scheme for separating them, under cover of the furtherance of Nora's welfare. They had been lovers from their childhood, and Johnny's mother, from whom Nora had just parted on that last sad evening, was a sickly woman and poor as poverty. Johnny was like son and daughter both, he could never leave her while she lived; they had needed all of Nora's cheerfulness and love, and now they were going to lose her, perhaps forever. Everybody knew how few came back from America, no wonder that these Irish hearts were sad with parting.

On the morrow there was little time for leave-takings. Some people tried to make it a day of jokes and festivities when such parties of emigrants left the country-side, but there was always too much sadness underneath the laughter; and the chilly rain fell that day as if Ireland herself wept for her wandering children—poor Ireland, who gives the best of them to the great busy countries over seas, and longs for the time when she can be rich and busy herself, and keep the young people at home and happy in field and town. What does the money cost that comes back to the cottage households broken as if by death? What does it cost to the aching hearts of fathers and mothers, to the homesick lads and girls in America, with the cold Atlantic between them and home?

II.

THE winter day was clear and cold, with a hint of coming spring in the blue sky. As you came up Barry Street, the

main thoroughfare of a thriving American town, you could not help noticing the thick elm-branches overhead and the long rows of country horses and sleighs before the stores, and a general look of comfortably-mingled country and city life.

The high-storied offices and warehouses came to an end just where the hill began to rise, and on the slope, to the left, was a terraced garden planted thick with fruit-trees and flowering shrubbery. Above this stood a large old-fashioned white house close to the street. At first sight one was pleased with its look of comfort and provincial elegance, but, as you approached, the whole lower story seemed unused. If you glanced up at a window of the second story you were likely to see an elderly gentleman looking out, pale and unhappy, as if invalidism and its enforced idleness were peculiarly hard for him to bear. Sometimes you might catch sight of the edge of a newspaper, but there was never a book in his hand, there was never a child's face looking out to companion the old man. People always spoke of poor old Captain Balfour nowadays, but only a few months before he had been the leading business man of the city, absorbed in a dozen different enterprises. A widower and childless, he felt himself to be alone indeed in this time of illness and despondency. Early in life he had followed the sea, from choice, not necessity, but for many years he had been master of the old house and garden on Barry Street, his inherited home. People always spoke of him with deference and respect, they pitied him now in his rich and pitiful old age. In the early autumn a stroke of paralysis had dulled and disabled him, and its effect was more and more puzzling and irritating beside to the captain's pride.

He more and more insisted upon charging his long captivity and uncomfortable condition at the doors of his medical advisers and the household. At first, in dark and gloomy weather, or in days of unusual depression, a running fire of comments was kept up toward those who treated him like a child, and who made an apothecary's shop of his stomach, and kept him upon such incomprehensible diet. A slice of salt beef and a captain's biscuit were indignantly demanded at these times, but it was touching to observe that the person in actual attendance was always treated with extreme consideration or even humble gratitude, while the offenders were always absent. "*They*" were guilty of all the wrongs and kept the captain miserable; *they* were impersonal foes of his peace; there never was anything but a kind word for Mrs. Nash, the housekeeper, or Reilly, the faithful attendant; there never were any personal rebukes administered to the cook; and as for the doctor, Captain Balfour treated him as one gentleman should treat another.

Until early in January, when once in a while, even the hitherto respected Mrs. Nash was directly accused of a total lack of judgment, and James Reilly could not do or say anything to suit, and the lives of these honest persons became nearly unbearable; the maid under Mrs. Nash's charge (for the household had always been kept up exactly as in Mrs. Balfour's day) could not be expected to consider the captain's condition and her own responsibilities as his older and deeply attached companions could, and, tired of the dulness and idleness of the old house, fell to that state where dismissal was inevitable. Then neither Mrs. Nash nor Reilly knew what to do next, they were not as young as they had been, and to use their own words, minded the stairs. At last Reilly, a sensible Irishman, proposed a change in the order of housekeeping. The captain might never come downstairs any more, they could shut up the dining-room and the parlors, and make their daily work much lighter.

"An' I won't say that I haven't got word for you of a tidy little girl," said Reilly, beseechingly. "She's a relation to my cousins the Donahues and as busy as a sparrow. She'll work beside you an' the cook like your own shild, she will that, Mrs. Nash, and is a light-hearted shild the day through. She's just over too, the little greenhorn!"

"Perhaps she'll be just what we want, Reilly," agreed the housekeeper, after reflection. "Send her up to see me this very evening, if you're going where she is."

So the very next day, into the desolate old house came young Nora Connelly, a true child of the old country, with a laughing gray eye and a smooth girlish cheek, and a pretty touch of gold at the edge of the fair brown hair about her forehead. It was a serious little face, not beautiful, except in its delightful girlishness. She was a friendly, kindly little creature, fond of her simple pleasures and willing to work hard the day through. The great house itself was a treasure-house of new experience, and she felt her position in the captain's family to be a valued promotion.

One morning life looked very dark to the master. Everything had been going wrong since breakfast, and the captain rang for Reilly when he had just gone out, and Mrs. Nash was busy with a messenger.

"Go up, will you, Nora?" she said, anxiously, "and say that I'll be there in a minute. Reilly's just left him——"

And Nora sped away, nothing loath; she had never taken a satisfactory look at the master, and this was the fourth day since she had come to the house.

She opened the door and saw a handsome, fretful, tired old gentleman, whose newspaper had slipped from his hand and gone out of reach. She hurried to pick it up without being told.

"Who are you?" inquired the captain, looking at her with considerable interest.

"Nora Connelly, sir," said the girl, in a delicious Irish voice. "I'm your new maid, sir, since Winsday. I feel very sorry for your bein' sick, sir."

"There's nothing the matter with me," growled the captain, unexpectedly.

"Wisha, sir, I'm glad of that!" said Nora, with a wag of her head like a bird, and a light in her eye. "Mrs. Nash'll be here at once, sir, for your ordhers. She is d'aling wid a boy below in the hall. You are looking fine an' comfortable the day, sir."

"I never was so uncomfortable in my life," said the captain. "You can open that window."

"And it snowing fast, sir? You'll let out all the fine heat; heat's very dear now and cold is cheap, so it is, with poor folks. 'Tis a great pity you've no turfs now to keep your fire in for you. 'Tis very strange there do be no turf in this foine country," and she looked at the captain with a winning smile. The captain smiled back again in spite of himself.

Nora stood looking out of the window; she seemed to be thinking of herself instead of the invalid.

"What did you say your name was?" asked the old gentleman, a moment later, frowning his eyebrows at her like pieces of artillery.

"Pl'ase, sir, I'm Nora Connelly, from the outside o' Kenmare." She made him the least bit of a curtsey, as if a sudden wind had bent her like a long-stemmed flower.

"How came you here?" His mouth straightened into a smile as he spoke, in spite of a determination to be severe.

"I'm but two weeks over, sir. I come over to me cousins, the Donahues, seeking me fortune. I'd like Ameriky, 'tis a fine place, sir, but I'm very homesick intirely. I'm as fast to be going back as I was to be coming away," and she gave a soft sigh and turned away to brush the hearth.

"Well, you must be a good girl," said the captain, with great propriety, after a pause.

"'Deed, sir, I am that," responded Nora, sincerely. "No one had a word to fling afther me and I coming away, but crying afther me. Nobody'll tell anything to my shame whin my name'll be spoke at home. My mother brought me up well, God save her, she did, then!"

This unaffected report of her own good reputation was pleasing to Nora's employer; the sight of Nora's simple, pleasant Irish face and the freshness of her youth was the most delightful thing that had happened in many a dreary day. He felt in his waistcoat pocket with sudden impulse, sure of finding a bit of money there with which Nora Connelly might buy herself a ribbon. He was strongly inclined toward making her feel at home in the old house which had grown to be such a prison to himself. But there was no money in the pocket, as there always used to be when he was well. He had not needed any before in a long time. He began to fret about this and to wonder what they had done with his pocket-book; it was

ignominious to be treated like a schoolboy. While he brooded over his wrongs, Nora heard Mrs. Nash's hurrying footsteps in the hall, but as she slipped away it was plain that she had found time enough to bestow her entire sympathy, and even affection, upon the captain in this brief interview.

"He's dull, poor gentleman — he's very sad all day by himself, and so pleasant spoken, the crathur!" she said to herself, indignantly, as she went running down the stairs.

It was not long before, to everybody's surprise, Captain Balfour gained strength, and began to feel so much better, that Nora was often posted in the room or the hall close by to run his frequent errands and pick up his newspapers as they fell. This gave Mrs. Nash and Reilly a chance to look after their other business affairs, and to take their ease after so long a season of close attendance. The captain had a gruff way of asking, "Where's that little girl?" as if he only wished to see her to scold her roundly; and Nora was always ready to come with her sewing or any bit of housework that could be carried and to entertain her master by the hour. The more irritable his temper, the more unconscious and merry she always seemed.

"I was down last night wid me cousins, so I was," she informed him one morning, while she brushed up the floor about the fireplace on her hands and knees. "You'd ought to see her little shild, sir, indade she's the darling cr'ature. I never saw anyone so crabbed and smart for the size of her. She ain't the heighth of a bee's knee, sir!"

"Who isn't?" inquired the captain, absently, attracted for the moment by the pleasing simile.

"Me cousin's little shild, sir," answered Nora, appealingly, with a fear that she had failed in her choice of a subject. "'Tis no more than the heighth of a bee's knee she is, the colleen, and has every talk to you like a little grandmother—the big words of her haves to come sideways out of her mouth. I'd like it well if her mother would dress her up prertty, and I'd go fetch her for you to see."

The captain made an expressive sound of disdain, and Nora brushed away at the rug in silence. He looked out of the window and drummed on the arm of his chair. It was a very uncomfortable morning. There was a noise in the street, and Nora pricked up her ears with her head alert like a young hare, stood up on her knees, and listened.

"I'll warrant it's me heart's darlin' tooting at the fife," she exclaimed.

"Nothing but a parcel of boys," grumbled the captain.

"Faix it's he, thin, the dacint lad!" said Nora, by this time close to the other front window. "Look at him now, sir, goin' by! He's alther b'y in the church and a lovely voice in him. Me cousins is going to have him learn music. That's 'The girl I left behind me,' he's got in the old fife now."

"Hard to tell what it is," growled the captain. "Anything for a racket, I dare say."

"Faix, sir, I was thinking meself the tune come out of him tail first," agreed Nora, with ready sympathy. "He's the big brother to the little sisther I told you of just now. 'Twas Dan Sullivan gave Johnny the old fife; himself used to play it in a company. There's a kay or two gone, I'm misthrusting, anyway there's teeth gone in the tune."

Nora was again brushing the floor industriously. The captain was listless and miserable: the silence vexed him even more than the harmless prattle.

"I used to play the flute pretty well myself when I was a young man," he said pleasantly, after a while.

"I'd like well to hear you, then," said Nora, enthusiastically. She was only making an excuse of the brushing to linger with him a little while. "Oh, but your honor would have liked to hear me mother sing. God give her rest, but she had the lovely voice for you! They'd be sinding for her from three towns away to sing with the fiddle for weddings and dances. If you'd hear her sing the 'Pride of Glencoe' 'twould take the heart out of you, it would indade."

"My wife was a most beautiful singer when she was young. I like to hear a pretty voice," said the captain, sadly.

"'Twas me dear mother had it, then," answered Nora. "I do be often minding her singing when I'm falling asleep. I hear her voice very plain sometimes. My mother was from the North, sir, and she had tunes that didn't be known to the folks about Kenmare. 'Inniskillen Dragoon' was one of the best liked, and it went lovely with the wheel when she'd be spinning. Everybody'd be calling for her to sing that tune. Strangers would come and ask her for a song that were passing through the town. There was great talk always of me mother's singing, they'd know of her for twinty miles round. Whin I see the fire gone down in red coals like this, all red like our turf at home, and it do be growing dark, I remimber well 'twas such times she'd sing like a bird for us, being through her long day's work an' all of us round the fire kaping warm if we could a winter night. Oh, but she'd sing then like a lark in the fields, God save her!"

Nora brushed away a tear and blessed herself. "You'd like well to hear me mother sing, sir, I'm telling you God's truth," she said, simply. And the old captain watched her and smiled as if he were willing to hear more.

"Folks would pay her well, too. They'd all be afraid she'd stop when she'd once begin. There was nobody but herself could sing with the fiddle. I mind she came home one morning when she'd been sint for to a great wedding—'twas a man's only daughter that owned his own land. And me mother came home to us wid a collection of twilve and eight-pince tied up in her best apron corner. We'd as good as a wedding ourselves out of it too; 'twas she had the spinding hand, the crathur; and we had a roast goose that same night and asked fri'nds to it. Folks don't have the good fun here they has in the old country, sir, so they don't."

"There used to be good times here," said the poor old captain.

"I'm thinking 'twould be a dale the better if you wint and stayed for a while over there," urged the girl, affectionately. "It'll soon be comin' green and illigant while its winther here still; the gorse'll be blooming, sir, and the little daisies thick under your two feet, and you'd be sitting out in the warm rain and sun and feeling the good of the ground. If you'd go to Glengariff I think you'd soon be well, I do, then, Captain Balfour, your honor, sir."

"I'm too old, Nora," replied the captain, dismally, but not without interest.

"Sure there ain't a boy in the town that has the spark in his eye like yourself, sir," responded Nora, with encouraging heartiness. "I'd break away from these sober old folks and the docthers and all, and take ship, and you'd be soon over the say, and live like a lord in the first cabin, and you'd land aisy on the tinder in the cove o' Cork and slape that night in the city, and go next day to the Eccles Hotel in Glengariff. Oh, wisha, the fine place it is wid the say forninst the garden wall. You'd get a swim in the clane salt wather, and be as light as a bird. Sure I wouldn't be t'ased wid so much docthoring and advising, and you none the betther wid it."

"Why couldn't I have a swim in the sea here?" inquired the captain, indulgently.

"Sure, it wouldn't be the same at all," responded Nora, with contempt. "Tis the say-shore of the old country will do you the most good. The say is very salt entirely by Glengariff, the bay runs up to it, and you'd get a strong boatman would row you up and down, and you'd walk in the green lanes and the folks in the houses would give you good day; and whin you'd be afther givin' old Mother Casey a trippence she'd down on her two little knees and pray for your honor till you'd be running home like a light horseman."

The old man laughed heartily for the first time that day. "I used to be the fastest runner of any lad in school," he said, with pride.

"Sure you might thry it again wid Mrs. Casey's kind help, sir," insisted the girl. "Now go to Glengariff this next month o' May, sir, do!"

"Perhaps I will," said the captain, decidedly. "I'm not going to keep up this sort of thing much longer, I can tell them that! If they can't do me any good they may say so, and I'll steer my own course. That's a good idea about the salt water."

The old man fell into a pleasant sleep,

with a contented smile on his face. The fire flickered and snapped, and Nora sat still looking into it; her thoughts were far away. Perhaps her unkind aunt would find means to stop the letters between Johnny Morris and herself. Oh, if her mother were only alive, if the scattered household were once more together! It would be a long time at this rate, before she could go back to Johnny with a hundred pounds.

The fire settled itself together and sent up a bright blaze. The old man opened his eyes and looked bewildered; she stepped quickly to his side. "You'll be askin' for Mr. Reilly?" she said.

"No, no," responded the captain, firmly. "What was the name of that place you were talking about?"

"Whiddy Island, sir, where me father was born?" Nora's thoughts had wandered far and wide, she was thinking that she had heard that land was cheap on Whiddy and the fishing fine. She and Johnny had often thought they might do better than in Kenmare.

"No, no," said the captain again, sternly.

"Oh, Glengariff," she exclaimed. "Yes, sir, we were talking——"

"That's it," responded the captain, complacently. "I should like to know something more about the place."

"I was never in it but twice," exclaimed Nora, "but 'twas lovely there intirely. My father had a time of fishin', and 'twas one summer we left Kenmare and went to a place, Baltimore was the name, beyond Glengariff itself, toward the illigant town of Bantry, sir. I saw Bantry, sir, when I was young. We were all alive and together then, my father and mother and all of us; the old shebeen we lived in looked like the skull of a house, it was so old, and the roof falling in on us, but thank God, we were happy in it—Oh, Ireland's the lovely country, sir."

"No bad people at all there?" asked the captain, looking at her kindly.

"Oh, sir, there are then," said the little maid, regretfully. "I have sins upon my own soul, truth I have, sir. The sin of st'aling was my black shame when I was growing up, then."

"What did you ever steal, child?" asked the captain.

"Mostly eggs, sir," said Nora, humbly.

"I dare say you were hungry," said the old man, taking up his newspaper and pretending to frown at the shipping list.

"Oh, no, captain, 'twas not that always. I used to follow an old spickled hen of my mother's and wait for the egg. I'd thrack her within the furze, and whin I'd be two days getting two eggs I'd run wid 'em to sell 'em, and 'twas to buy things to sew for me doll I'd spind the money. I'd ought to make confission for it now too. I'm shamed thinkin' of it, and the spickled hen was one that laid very large white eggs intirely, and whiles my poor mother would be missing them and thinking the old hen was no good and had best be killed, the honest cr'atur', and go to market that way when poulthry was dear. I'd like one of her eggs now to boil it myself for you, sir, 'twould be aisy 'atin' for you coming right in from some place under the green bushes. I think she's long dead, I didn't see her a long while before I was l'avin'. A woman called Johanna Spillane bought her from my aunt when my mother was dead. She was a very honest, good hen; a top-knot hen, sir."

"I dare say," said the captain, looking at his newspaper; he did not know why the simple chatter touched and pleased him so. He shrugged his shoulders and moved about in his easy chair, frowned still more at the shipping list, and so got the better of his emotion."

"I see that the old brig Miranda has gone ashore on the Florida Keys," he said, as if speaking to a large audience of retired shipmasters. "Stove her bows, rigging cut loose and washed overboard; total wreck. I suppose you never saw a wreck?"—he turned and regarded Nora affectionately.

"I did, sir, then," said Nora Connelly, flushing with satisfaction. "We got news of it one morning early, and all trooped to the shore, every grown person and child in the place, l'aving out Mother Dolan, the ould lady that had no use of her two legs, and all the women, me mother and all, took their babies to her and left them, and she en-

treatin'—you'd hear the bawls of her a mile away—that some of the folks would take her wid 'em on their backs to see what would she get wid the rest; but we left her screeching wid all the poor shilder, and I was there with the first, and the sun coming up and the ship breaking up fine out a little way in the rocks. 'Twas loaded with sweet oranges, she was, and they all comin' ashore like yellow ducklings in the high wather. I got me fill for once, I did, indeed."

"Dear, dear," said the captain. "Did the crew get ashore?"

"Well, I belave not, sir, but I couldn't rightly say. I was small, and I took no notice. I mind there were strangers round that day, but sailors or the nixt parish was one to me then. The tide was going out soon, and then we swarmed aboard, and, wisha, the old ship tipped up wid us in it, and I thought I was killed. 'Twas a foine vessel, all gilded round the cabin walls, and I thought in vain 'twould be one like her comin' to Ameriky. There was wines aboard, too, and all the men got their fill. Mesilf was gatherin' me little petticoat full of oranges that bobbed in the wather in the down-side of the deck. Wisha, sir, the min was pushin' me and the other shilder into the wather; they were very soon tight, sir, and my own father was wid 'em, God rest his soul! and his cheeks as red as two roses. Some busy-body caught him ashore and took him to the magistrate—that was the squire of our place, sir, and an illigant gentleman. The bliguards was holdin' my father, and I running along, screeching for fear he'd be going to jail on me. The old squire began to laugh, poor man, when he saw who it was, and says he, 'Is it yoursilf, Davy?' and says my father, 'It's mesilf, God save your honor, very tight intirely, and feelin' as foine as any lord in Ireland. L'ave me go, and I'll soon slape it off under the next furze-bush that'll stop still long enough for me by the roadside,' says he. The squire says, 'L'ave him go, boys, 'twas all from his 'ating the oranges!' says he, and the folks give a great laugh all round. He was doin' no harrum, the poor man! I run away again to the say, then; I forget was there any more happened that day."

"She must have been a fruiter from the Mediterranean. I can't think what she was doing up there on the west coast, out of her bearings," said the captain.

"Faix, sir, I couldn't tell you where she was from, if it's the ship you mane; but she wint no further than our parish and the Black Rocks. I heard tell of plinty other foine wrecks, but I was to that mesilf."

III.

The lengthening days of late winter went slowly by, and at last it was spring and the windows were left open all day in the captain's room. The household had accepted the fact that nobody pleased the invalid as Nora did, and there was no feeling of jealousy; it was impossible not to be grateful to anyone who could invariably spread the oil of sympathy and kindness over such troubled waters. James Reilly and Mrs. Nash often agreed upon the fact that the captain kept all the will he ever had, but little of the good judgment. Yet, in spite of this they took it upon them to argue with him upon every mistaken point. Nora alone had the art of giving a wide berth to dangerous subjects of conversation, and she could twist almost every sort of persistence or aggravation into a clever joke. She had grown very fond of the lonely old man; the instinct toward motherliness in her simple heart was always ready to shelter him from his fancied wrongs, and to quiet him in the darkest hours of fretfulness and pain.

Young Nora Connelly's face had grown thin during the long winter, and she lost the pretty color from her cheeks as spring came on. She was used to the mild air of Ireland and to an out-of-door life. She could not feel like herself in the close rooms of Captain Balfour's house on Barry Street. By the time that the first daffodils were in bloom on the south terrace, she longed inexpressibly for the open air and used to disappear from even the captain's sight into the garden, where at times she took her turn with the gardeners at spading up the rich soil, and working with a zeal which put to shame their

languid efforts. Something troubled the girl, however; she looked older and less happy; sometimes it was very plain to see that she had been crying.

One morning, when she had been delayed unusually with her downstairs work, the captain grew so impatient that he sent Reilly away to find her. Nora quickly set down a silver candlestick and wiped her powdery hands upon her apron as she ran upstairs. The captain was standing in the middle of the floor, scowling like a pirate in a picture book, and even when Nora came in, he did not smile. "I'm going out to take a walk," he said, angrily.

"Come on, then, sir," said Nora. "I'll run for your coat and hat if you'll tell me where ——"

"Pooh, pooh! child!" the pacified captain was smiling broadly. "I only want to take a couple of turns here in the hall. You forget how long I've been house-bound. I'm a good deal better; I'll have that meddling Reilly know it, too; and I won't be told what I may do and what I may not."

"'Tis thrue for you, sir," said Nora, amiably. "Steady yourself with my arrum, now, and we'll go to the far end of the hall and back again. 'Twas the docther himself said a while ago that ye'd ought to thry walking more, and 'twas your honor was like to have the life of him. You're a very conthrairy gentleman, if I may be so bold!"

The captain laughed, but the business of dragging his poor heavy foot was more serious than he had expected, in spite of all his brave determination. Nora did her best to beguile him from too much consciousness of his feebleness and disappointment.

"Sure, if you'd see ould Mother Killahan come hobbling into church, you'd think yourself as good as a greyhound," she said, presently, while the master rested in one of the chairs at the hall's end. "She's very old intirely. I saw her myself asleep at her beads this morning, but she do be very steady on her two knees, and whiles she prays and says a bead or two, and whiles she gets a bit of sleep, the poor cr'ature. She do be staying in the church a dale this cold weather, and Father Dunn is very aisy with her. She makes the stations every morning of the year, so she does, and one day she come t'rough the deep snow in a great storm there was, and she fell down with weakness in the church steps; and they told Father Dunn and said how would they get her home, and he come running himself scolding all the way and took her up in his arrums, and wint back with her to his own house. You'd thought she was his own mother, sir. 'She's one of God's poor,' says he, with the tears in his eyes. Oh, captain, sir! I wish it was Father Dunn was praste to you, I do then! I'm thinking he'd know what prayers would be right for you, and himself was born in the country forninst Glengariff, and would tell you how foine it was for your stringth. If you'd get better, sir, and we'd meet him on the street, we'd be after asking his riverence."

The captain made no answer, he was tired and spent, and sank into his disdained easy-chair, grateful for its comfortable support. The mention of possible help for his feeble frame from any source clung to his erratic memory, and after a few days one of the thoughts that haunted his mind was that Father Dunn, a kind-faced elderly man, might be of use in this great emergency. To everybody's surprise, his bodily strength seemed to be slowly returning as the spring days went by, but there was oftener and oftener an appealing childish look in his face, the firm lines of it were blurred, even while there was a steady renewing of his shattered forces. At last he was able to drive down the busy street one day, with Reilly, in his familiar chaise. The captain's old friends gathered to welcome him, and he responded to their salutations with dignity and evident pleasure; but once or twice, when someone congratulated him upon certain successful matters of business which he had planned before his illness, there was only a troubled look of dulness and almost pain for answer.

One day Nora Connelly stole out into the garden in the afternoon, and sat there idly under an old peach-tree. The green fruit showed itself thick all along the slender boughs. Nora had been crying already, and now she looked up through the green leaves at the far blue

sky, and then began to cry again. She was sadly homesick, poor child! She longed for her lover, whom she feared now never to see. Like a picture she recalled the familiar little group of thatched houses at home, with their white walls and the narrow green lanes between; she saw the pink daisies under foot and the golden gorse climbing the hill till it stood against the white clouds. She remembered the figures of the blue-cloaked women who went and came, the barefooted merry children and the dabbling ducks; then she fell to thinking lovingly of her last walk with Johnny Morris, the empty bird's nest, and all their hopes and promises the night before she left home. She had been wilful in yielding to her aunt's plans; she knew that Johnny feared her faithlessness, but it was all for love of him that she had left him. She knew how poor they were at home. She had faithfully sent a pound a month to her aunt, and though she had had angry appeals for more, the other pound that she could spare, leaving but little for herself, had been sent in secret to Johnny's mother. She always dreaded the day when her avaricious aunt should find this out and empty all the vials of her wrath of covetousness. Nora, to use her own expression, was as much in dread of this aunt as if the sea were a dry ditch. Alas! she was still the same poor Nora Connelly, though rich and busy America stretched eastward and westward from where she had made her new home. It was only by keeping her pounds in her pocket that she could gather enough to be of real and permanent use to those she loved; and yet their every day woes, real or fictitious, stole the pounds from her one by one.

So she sat crying under the peach-tree until the pale old captain came by, in the box-bordered walk, with scuffling, unsteady steps. He saw Nora and stopped, leaning on his cane.

"Come, come, Nora!" he said, anxiously. "What's the matter, my girl?"

Nora looked up at him and smiled instantly. It was as if the warm Irish sunshine had broken out in the middle of a May shower. A long spray of purple foxglove grew at her feet and the captain glanced down at it. The sight of it was almost more than she could bear, this flower that grew in the hedgerows at home. She felt as if the flower were exiled like herself and trying to grow in a strange country.

"Don't touch it, sir," she faltered as the captain moved it with his cane; "'tis very bad luck to meddle with that: they say yourself will be meddled with by the fairies. Fairy Fingers is the name of that flower, and we were niver left pick it. Oh, but it minds me of home."

"What's the matter with you to-day?" asked the captain.

"I've been feeling very sad, sir, I can't help it either, thinkin' o' me home I've left and me dear lad that I'll see no more. I was wrong to l'ave him, I was indeed."

"What lad?" asked Captain Balfour, suspiciously. "I'll have no nonsense nor lads about my place. You're too young——" He looked sharply at the tearful young face. "Mrs. Nash can't spare you either," he added, humbly, in a different tone.

"Faix, sir, it's at home he is, in the old country without me; he'll niver trouble ye, me poor Johnny," Nora explained, sadly enough. She had risen with proper courtesy, and was standing by the old man; now she ventured to take hold of his arm. He looked flushed and eager, and she forgot herself in the instinct to take care of him.

"Where do you be going so fast?" she asked, with a little laugh. "I'm afther believing 'tis running away you are."

The captain regarded her solemnly, then he laughed too. "Come with me," he said. "I'm going to make a call."

"Where would it be?" demanded the girl, with less than her usual deference.

"Come, come! I want to be off," insisted the old gentleman. "We'll go out of this little gate in the fence. I've got to see your Father Dunn on a matter of business," he said, as if he had no idea of accepting any remonstrance.

Nora knew that the doctor and al the elder members of the household approved of her master's amusing himself and taking all the exercise he could.

She herself approved his present intentions entirely ; it was not for her to battle with the head of the house, at any rate, so she dutifully and with great interest and anxiety set forth beside him down the path, on the alert for any falterings or missteps.

They went out at the gate in the high fence, the master remembered where to find the key, and he seemèd in excellent spirits. The side street led them down the hill to Father Dunn's house, but when they reached it the poor captain was tired out. Nora began to be frightened as she stole a look at him. She had forgotten, in the pride of her own youthful strength, that it would be such a long walk for him. She was anxious about the interview with Father Dunn, she had no idea how to account for their presence, but she had small opinion of the merits and ability of the captain's own parish minister, and felt confident of the good result, in some way, of the visit. Presently the priest's quick step was heard in the passage, Nora rose dutifully as he came in, but was only noticed by a kindly glance. The old captain tried to rise too, but could not, and Father Dunn and he greeted each other with evident regard and respect. Father Dunn sat down with a questioning look, he was a busy man with a great parish, and almost everyone of his visitors came to him with an important errand.

The room was stiff-looking and a little bare, everything in it was well worn. There was a fine portrait of Father Dunn's predecessor, or, it should rather be said, a poor portrait of a fine man whose personal goodness and power of doing Christian service shone in his face. Father Miles had been the first priest in that fast-growing inland town, and the captain had known and respected him. He did not say anything now, but sat looking up much pleased at the picture. This parlor of the priest's house had a strangely public and impersonal look, it had been the scene of many parish weddings and christenings, and sober givings of rebuke and kindly counsel. Nora gazed about her with awe, she had been brought up in great reverence of holy things and of her spiritual pastors and masters ; but she could not help noticing that the captain was a little astray in these first few moments. There stole in upon his pleased contemplation of the portrait a fretful sense of doing an unaccustomed thing, and he could not regain his familiar dignity and self-possession ; that conscious right to authority which through long years had stood him in such good stead. He was only a poor broken-down, sick old man ; he had never quite understood the truth about himself before, and the thought choked him, he could not speak.

"The masther was coveting to spake with your riverence about Glingarrow," ventured Nora, timidly, feeling at last that the success of the visit depended wholly upon herself.

"Oh, Glengariff, indeed!" exclaimed the good priest, much relieved. He had discovered the pathetic situation at last, and his face grew compassionate.

"This little girl seems to believe that it would set me up to have a change of air. I haven't been very well, Father Dunn." The captain was quite himself again for the moment, as he spoke. "You may not have heard that the doctors have had hold of me lately? Nora, here, has been looking after me very well, and she speaks of some sea-bathing on your Irish coast. I may not be able to leave my business long enough to do any good. It's going to the dogs, at any rate, but I've got enough to carry me through."

Nora was flushing with eagerness, but the priest saw how white the old captain's fingers were, where they clasped his walking-stick, how blurred and feeble his face had grown. The thought of the green hills and hollows along the old familiar shore, the lovely reaches of the bay, the soft air, the flowery hedgerows, came to his mind as if he had been among them but yesterday.

"I wish that you were there, sir, I do indeed," said Father Dunn. "It is nearer like heaven than any spot in the world to me, is old Glengariff. You would be pleased there, I'm certain. But you're not strong enough for the voyage, I fear, Captain Balfour. You'd best wait a bit and regain your strength a little more. A man's home is best, I think, when he's not well."

The captain and Nora both looked defeated. Father Dunn saw their sadness, and was sure that his kindest duty was to interest this poor guest and to make a pleasure for him, if possible.

"I can tell you all about it, sir, and how you may get there," he went on hastily, shaking his head to someone who had come to summon him. "Land at Queenstown, go right up to Cork and pass the night, and then by rail and coach next day—'tis but a brief journey and you're there. 'Tis a grand little hotel you'll find close to the bay—'twas like a palace to me in my boyhood, with the fine tourists coming and going; well, I wish we were there this day and I showing you up and down the length of the green country."

"Just what I want—I've been a busy man, but when I take a holiday give me none of your noisy towns," said the captain, eager and cheerful again.

"You'd be so still there that a bird lighting in the thatch would wake you," said Father Dunn. "Ah, 'tis many a long year since I saw the place. I dream of it by night sometimes, Captain Balfour, God bless it!"

Nora could not keep back the ready tears. The very thought that his reverence had grown to manhood in her own dear country side was too much for her.

"You're not thinking of going over this summer?" asked the captain, wistfully. "I should be gratified if you would bear me company, sir, I'd try to do my part to make it pleasant." But the good father shook his head and rose hastily, to stand by the window that looked out into his little garden.

"We'd make a good company," said he, presently, turning toward them and smiling, "with young Nora here to show us our way. You can't have had time yet, my child, to forget the old roads across country!" and Nora fairly sobbed.

"Pray for the likes of me, sir!" she faltered, and covered her face with her hands. "Oh, pray for the masther too, your riverence Father Dunn, sir; 'tis very wake he is, and 'tis mesilf that's very lonesome in Ameriky an' I'm afther l'aving the one I love!"

"Be quiet, now!" said the priest, gravely, checking her with a kindly touch of his hand, and glancing at Captain Balfour. The poor old man looked in a worried way from one to the other, and Father Dunn went away to fetch him a glass of wine. Then he was ready to go home, and Father Dunn got his hat and big cane, pleading that an errand was taking him in the same direction.

"If I thought it would do me any good, I would start for that place we were speaking of to-morrow," said the captain as they set forth. "You know to what I refer, the sea-bathing and all." The priest walked slowly, the captain's steps grew more and more faltering and unsteady. Nora Connelly followed anxiously. There flitted through Father Dunn's mind phrases out of the old Bible story—'a great man and honorable'—'a valiant man and rich,' 'but a leper'—the little captive maid that brought him to the man of God. Alas, Father Dunn could tell the captain of no waters of Jordan that would make him a sound man—he could only say to him: Go in peace, like the prophet of old.

When they reached home the household already sought for the captain in despair, but it happened that nobody was in the wide, cool hall as they entered.

"I hope that you will come in and take a glass of wine with me. You have treated me with brotherly kindness, sir," said the master of the house; but Father Dunn shook his head and smiled as he made the old man comfortable in a corner of the broad sofa, taking his hat and stick from him and giving them to Nora. "Not to-day, Captain Balfour, if you will excuse me."

The captain looked disappointed and childish. "I am going to send you a bottle of my father's best old madeira," he said. "Sometimes, when a man is tired out or has a friend come in to dine——" but he was too weary himself to finish the sentence. The old house was very still, there were distant voices in the garden, a door at the end of the hall opened into an arbor where flickers of light were shining through the green vine leaves. Everything was stately and handsome, there was a touch everywhere of that colonial elegance of the captain's grandfather's time which had

never been sacrificed to the demon of change, that restless American spirit which has spoiled the beauty of so many fine and simple old houses.

The priest was used to seeing a different sort of household interior, his work was among the poor. Then he looked again at the house's owner, an old man, sick, sorry, and alone. "God bless you, sir," he said, "I must be going now."

"Come and see me again," said the captain, opening his eyes. "You are a good man, I am glad to have your blessing." The words were spoken with a manly simplicity and directness that had always been liked by Captain Balfour's friends. "Nora," he whispered when Father Dunn had gone, "we'll say nothing to Mrs. Nash. I must rest a little while here before we get up the stairs."

IV.

Toward the end of the summer things had grown steadily worse, and Captain Balfour was known to be failing fast. The clerks had ceased to come for his signature long before; he had forgotten all about business and pleasure too, and slept a good deal, and sometimes was glad to see his friends and sometimes indifferent to their presence. But one day, when he felt well enough to sit in his great chair by the window, he told Mr. Barton, his good friend and lawyer, that he wished to attend to a small matter of business. "I've arranged everything long ago as an ageing man should," he said. "I don't know that there's any hurry, but I'll mention this item while I think of it. Nora, you may go downstairs," he said sharply to the girl, who had just entered upon an errand of luncheon or medicine, and Nora disappeared; she remembered afterward that it was the only time when, of his own accord and seeming impatience, he had sent her away.

Reilly and Mrs. Nash bore no ill will toward their young housemate, they were reasonable enough to regard Captain Balfour's fondness for her with approval. There was something so devoted and single-hearted about the young Irish girl that they had become fond of her themselves. They had their own plans for the future, and looked forward to being married when the captain should have no more need of them. It really hurt Mrs. Nash's feelings when she often found Nora in tears, for the desperate longing for home and for Johnny Morris grew worse in the child's affectionate heart instead of better.

One day Mr. Reilly had gone down town, leaving the captain asleep. Nora was on guard, Mrs. Nash was at hand in the next room with her sewing, and Nora sat still by the window; the captain was apt to sleep long and heavily at this time of the day. She was busy with some crocheting, it was some edging of a pattern that the sisters of Kenmare had taught Johnny Morris's mother. She gave a little sigh at last and folded her hands in her lap, her gray Irish eyes were blinded with tears.

"What's the matter, child?" asked the captain, unexpectedly; his voice sounded very feeble.

Nora started, she had forgotten him and his house.

"Will you have anything, sir?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, no, what's the matter, child?" asked the old man, kindly.

"'Tis me old story; I'm longing for me home and I can't help it if I died too. I'm like a thing torn up by the roots and left in the road. You're very good, sir, and I would never l'ave the house and you in it, but 'tis home I think of by night and by day; however will I get home?"

Captain Balfour looked at her compassionately. "You're a good girl, Nora; perhaps you'll go home before long," he said.

"'Tis sorra a few goes back; Ameriky's the same as heaven for the like o' that," answered Nora, trying to smile and drying her eyes. "There's many'd go back too but for the presents everyone looks to have; 'twould take a dale of money to pl'ase the whole road as you pass by. 'Tis a kind of fever the young ones has to be l'aving home. Some l'aves good steady work and home and friends, that might do well. There's getting to be fine chances for smart ones there with so many l'aving."

"Yes, yes," said the captain. "We'll talk that over another time, I want to go to sleep now;" and Nora flushed with shame and took up her crocheting again. "'Twas me hope of growing rich, and me aunt's tongue shaming me that gets the blame," she murmured to herself. The sick man's hands looked very white and thin on the sides of his chair; she looked at them and at his face, and her heart smote her for selfishness. She was glad to be in America, after all.

They never said anything to each other now about going to Glengariff, a good many days slipped by when the captain hardly spoke except to answer questions; but in restless evenings, when he could not sleep, people who passed by in the street could hear Nora singing her old familiar songs of love and war, sometimes in monotonous plaintive cadences that repeated and repeated a refrain, sometimes in livelier measure with strange thrilling catches and prolonged high notes, as a bird might sing to its mate in the early dawn out in the wild green pastures. The lovely weird songs of the ancient Irish folk, how old they are, how sweet they are, who can tell? but now and then a listener of this new world of the western seas hears them with deep delight, hears them with a strange golden sense of dim remembrance, a true far-descended birthright of remembrance that can only come from inheritance of Celtic blood.

When the frost had fallen on the old garden, Captain Balfour died and his year of trouble was ended. Reilly and Mrs. Nash, the cook and Nora, cried bitterly in the kitchen, where the sudden news found them. Nobody could wish him to come back, but they cried the more when they thought of that. There was a great deal said about him in the newspapers; about his usefulness in town and state, his wealth, his character, and his history; but nobody knew so well as this faithful household how comfortable he had made his lonely home for other people; and those who knew him best thought most of his kindness, his simple manliness, and sincerity of word and deed.

The evening after the funeral Nora was all alone in her little room under the high roof. She sat on the broad seat of a dormer window where she could look far out over the city roofs to a glimpse of the country beyond. There was a new moon in the sky, the sunset was clear, the early autumn weather was growing warm again.

The old house was to belong to a nephew of the captain, his only near relative, who had spent a great many years abroad with an invalid wife; it was to be closed for the present, and Mrs. Nash and Mr. Reilly were to be married and live there all winter, and then go up country to live in the spring, where Mrs. Nash owned a little farm. She was of north of Ireland birth, was Mrs. Nash; her first husband had been an American. She told Nora again and again that she might always have a home with her, but the fact remained that Nora must find herself a new place, and she sat in the window wondering with a heavy heart what was going to happen to her. All the way to the burying ground and back again in the carriage, with the rest of the household, she had sobbed and mourned, but she cried for herself as much as for the captain. Poor little Irish Nora, with her warm heart and her quick instincts and sympathies! how sadly she thought now of the old talk about going to Glengariff; she had clung long to her vain hope that the dream would come true, and that the old captain and his household were all going over seas together, and so she should get home. Would anybody in America ever be so kind again and need her so much as the captain?

Someone had come to the foot of the stairs and was calling Nora loudly again and again. It was dark in the upper entryway, however bright the west had looked just now from her window; she left her little room in confusion, she had begun already to look over her bits of things, her few clothes and treasures before she packed them to go away. Mrs. Nash seemed to be in a most important hurry and said that they were both wanted in the dining-room, and it was very pleasant somehow to be wanted and made of consequence again. She had begun to feel like such an unnecessary stray little person in the house.

The lamps were lighted in the handsome old dining-room, it was orderly and sedate; one who knew the room half expected to see Captain Balfour's fine figure appear in the doorway to join the waiting group. There were some dark portraits on the wall, and the old Balfour silver stood on the long sideboard. Mrs. Nash had set out all the best furnishings, for this day when the master of the house left it forever.

There were not many persons present and Nora sat down, as someone bade her, feeling very disrespectful as she did it. Mr. Barton, the lawyer, began to read slowly from a large folded paper; it dawned presently upon Nora that this was the poor captain's will. There was a long bequest to the next of kin, there were public gifts, and gifts to different friends, and handsome legacies to faithful Mrs. Nash and James Reilly, and presently the reading was over. There was something quite grand in listening to this talk of thousands and estates, but little Nora, who had no call, as she told herself, to look for anything, felt the more lonely and friendless as she listened. There was a murmur of respectful comment as the reading ended, but Mr. Barton was opening another paper, a small sheet, and looked about him, expecting further attention.

"I am sure that no one will object to the carrying out of our deceased friend's wishes as affirmed in this more recent memorandum. Captain Balfour was already infirm at the time when he gave me the directions, but, as far as I could judge, entirely clear in his mind. He dictated to me the following bequest and signed it. The signature is, I own, nearly illegible, but I am sure that, under the somewhat affecting circumstances, there will be no opposition.

"I desire," read Mr. Barton, slowly, "I desire the executors of my will to pay five hundred dollars within one month after my death to Nora Connelly, also to secure her comfortable second-class passage to the port of Queenstown, in Ireland. I mean that, if she still desires, she may return to her home. I am sensible of her patience and kindness and I attempt in this poor way to express my gratitude to the good child. I wish her a safe return and that every happiness may attend her future life.

"JOHN BALFOUR."

"'Tis a hundred pounds for ye an' yer passage, me darlin'," whispered the cook, excitedly. "'Tis mesilf knew you wouldn't be forgotten an' the rist of us so well remimbered. 'Tis foine luck for ye; Heaven rist his soul, the poor captain!"

Nora was sitting pale and silent. She did not cry now, her heart was deeply touched, her thoughts flew homeward. She seemed to hear the white waves breaking about the ship, and to see the far deep colors of the Irish shore. For Johnny had said again and again that if they had a hundred pounds and their two pairs of hands, he could do as well with his little farm as any man in Ireland.

"Sind for your lad to come over," urged Cousin Donahue, a day later, when the news had been told; but Nora proudly shook her head. She had asked for her passage the very next week. It was a fine country, America, for those with the courage for it, but not for Nora Connelly, that had left her heart behind her. Cousin Donahue laughed and shook his head at such folly, and offered a week's free lodging to herself and Johnny the next spring, when she'd be the second time a greenhorn coming over. But Nora laughed too, and sailed away one Saturday morning in late October, across the windy sea to Ireland.

V.

AGAIN it was gray twilight after a short autumn day in the old country, and a tall Irish lad was walking along the highroad that led into Kenmare. He was strong and eager for work, but his young heart was heavy within him. The piece of land which he held needed two men's labor, and work as he might, he must fall behind with his rent. It was three years since that had happened before, and he had tried so hard to do well with his crops, and had even painfully read a book that was wise about crops which the agent had lent

him, and talked much besides with all the good farmers. It was no use, he could not hold his own, times were bad and sorrowful, and Nora was away. He had believed that, whatever happened to her fortunes, he should be able in time to send for her himself and be a well-off man. Oh, for a hundred pounds in his pocket to renew his wornout land! to pay a man to help him with the new ditching—oh, for courage to fight his way to independence on Irish ground. "I've only got my heart and my two hands, God forgive me!" said Johnny Morris, aloud. "God be good to me and Norry, and me poor mother! Maybe I'll be after getting a letter from me darling the night, 'tis long since she wrote."

He stepped back among the bushes to let a side-car pass that had come up suddenly behind him. He recognized the step of Dinny Killoren's fast pacer, and looked to see if there were room on the car for another passenger, or if perhaps Dinny might be alone and glad to have company. There was only Dinny himself and a woman who gave a strange cry. The pacer stopped and Johnny's heart beat within him as if it would come out of his breast. "My God, who's this?" he said.

"Lift me down, lift me down!" said the girl. "Oh, God be thanked, I'm here!" and Johnny leaped forward and caught Nora Connelly in his arms. It was like a miracle, he could scarcely speak.

"Is it yourself?" he faltered, and Nora said, "It's meself indeed then." And Dinny Killoren laughed aloud on the side-car, with his pacer backing and jumping and threatening to upset all Nora's goods in the road. There was a house near by, a whiff of turf smoke, drifting low in the damp air, blew into Nora's face; she heard the bells begin to ring in Kenmare. It was the evening of a saint's day and they rang and rang, and Nora had come home.

So she married the lad she loved, and was a kind daughter to his mother. They spent a good bit of the captain's money on their farm, and gave it a fine start, and were able to flaunt their prosperity in the face of that unkind aunt who had wished to make them spend their lives apart. They were seen early on market days in Kenmare, and Nora only laughed when foolish young people said that the only decent country in the world was America. Sometimes she sat in her doorway in the long summer evening and thought affectionately of Captain Balfour, the poor, kind gentleman, and blessed herself devoutly. Often she said a prayer for him on Sunday morning as she knelt in the parish church, with flocks of blackbirds singing outside among the green hedges, under the lovely Irish sky.

THE LAND OF POCO TIEMPO.

By Charles F. Lummis.

SUN, silence, and adobe—that is New Mexico in three words. If a fourth were to be added, it need be only to clinch the three. It is the Great American Mystery—the National Rip Van Winkle — the United States which is *not* United States. Here is the land of *poco tiempo* — the home of "Pretty Soon." Why hurry with the hurrying world? The "pretty soon" of New Spain is better than the "Now! Now!" of the haggard States. The opiate sun soothes to rest, the adobe is made to lean against, the hush of day-long noon would not be broken. Let us not hasten—*mañana* will do. Better still, *pasado mañana*.

New Mexico is the anomaly of the Republic. It is a century older to European civilization than the rest, and several centuries older still in a happier semi-civilization of its own. It had its little walled cities of stone before Columbus had grandparents-to-be; and it has them yet. The most incredible pioneering the world has ever seen overran it with the zeal of a prairie-fire three hundred and fifty years ago; and the embers of that unparalleled blaze of exploration are not quite dead to-day. The most superhuman marches, the most awful privations, the most devoted heroism, the most unsleeping vigilance wrested this bare, brown land to the world; and having wrested it, went to sleep. The winning was the wakefullest in history—the after-nap eternal. It never has wakened—one does not know that it ever can. Nature herself does little but sleep, here. A few semi-bustling American towns wart the Territorial map. It is pockmarked with cattle-ranches and mines, where Experience has wielded his costly birch over millionaire pupils from the East and the Continent. But the virus never reached the blood—the pits are only skin-deep. The Saxon excrescences are already asleep too. The cowboy is a broken idol. He no longer "shoots up the town," or riddles heels reluctant for the dance. His day is done; and so is that of the argonaut. They both are with us, but their lids are heavy. And around them is New Spain again, dreamy as ever after their rude but short-lived nudging. The sheep —which feed New Mexico—doze again on the mesas, no longer routed by their long-horned foes; and where sheep are, is rest. The brown or gray adobe hamlets of the descendants of those fiery souls who wreaked here a commonwealth before the Saxon fairly knew there was a New World; the strange terraced towns of the aboriginal pioneers who out-Spaniarded the Spaniards by unknown centuries; the scant leaven of incongruous American brick—all are under the spell. And the abrupt mountains, the echoing, rock-walled cañons, the sunburnt mesas, the streams bankrupt by their own shylock sands, the gaunt, brown, treeless plains, the ardent sky, all harmonize with unearthly unanimity.

"Picturesque" is a tame word for it. It is a picture, a romance, a dream, all in one. It is our one corner that is the sun's very own. Here he has had his way, and no discrepancy mars his work. It is a land of quaint, swart faces, of oriental dress and unspelled speech; a land where distance is lost, and the eye is a liar; a land of ineffable lights and sudden shadows; of polytheism and superstition, where the rattlesnake is a demigod, and the cigarette a means of grace, and where Christians mangle and crucify themselves—the heart of Africa beating against the ribs of the Rockies.

There are three typical races in New

DRAWN BY VICTOR PÉRARD.

Sun, Silence, and Adobe.

ENGRAVED BY G. DEL'ORME.

Mexico now—for it would be wrong to include the ten per cent. "American" interpolation as a type. With them I have here nothing to do. They are potential, but not picturesque. Besides them and around them are the real autocthones, a quaint ethnologic trio. First, the nine thousand Pueblo Indians—peaceful, fixed, house-dwelling and home-loving tillers of the soil; good Catholics in the churches they have builded with a patience infinite as that of the Pyramids; good pagans everywhere else. Then the ten thousand Navajo Indians—whose other ten thousand is in Arizona—sullen, nomad, horse-loving, horse-stealing, horse-living vagrants of the saddle; pagans first, last, and all the time, and inventors of the mother-in-law joke gray centuries before the civilized world awoke to it.

A Pueblo Nimrod

Last of all, the Mexicans; in-bred and isolation-shrunken descendants of the Castilian world-finders; living almost as much against the house as in it; ignorant as slaves, and more courteous than kings; poor as Lazarus, and more hospitable than Crœsus; Catholics from A to Izzárd, except when they take occasion to be Penitentes—and even then fighting to bring their matted scourges and bloody crosses into the church which bars its door to them. The Navajos have neither houses nor towns; the Pueblos have nineteen compact little cities; and the Mexicans several hundred villages, a part of which are shared by the invader. The few towns of undiluted gringo hardly count in summing up the Territory of three hundred by four hundred miles.

If New Mexico lacks the concentration of natural picturesqueness to be found elsewhere, it makes up in universality. There are almost no waterfalls, and not a river worthy of the name. Cañons are rare, and inferior to those of Colorado and the farther Southwest. The mountains are largely skyward miles of savage rock; and forests are far between. But every landscape is characteristic, and even beautiful—with a weird, unearthly beauty, treacherous as the flowers of its cacti. Most of New Mexico, most of the year, is an indescribable harmony in browns and grays, over which the enchanted light of its blue skies casts an eternal spell. Its very rocks are unique—only Arizona shares those astounding freaks of form and color, carved by the scant rains of immemorial centuries, and towering across the bare land like the milestones of forgotten giants. The line of huge buttes of blood-red sandstone which stretches from Mt. San Mateo to the Little Colorado, including the "Navajo Church" and a thousand minor wonders, is typically New Mexican. The Navajo Reservation—which lies part in this Territory and part in Arizona—is remarkably picturesque throughout, with its broad plains hemmed by giant mesas split with wild cañons. So are the regions about Jemez, Cochiti, Taos, Santa Fé, Acoma, and a few others.

The most unique pictures in New

Mexico are to be found among its unique pueblos. Their quaint terraced architecture is the most remarkable on the thick skull of the Old; Indians who do not make pack-beasts of their squaws —and who have not "squaws," save in

A Pueblo Clotho Spinning in the Sun.

the continent; and there is none more picturesque in the world. It remains intact only in the remoter pueblos—those along the Rio Grande have been largely Mexicanized into one-storied tameness. Laguna, on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, has some three-story terraced houses still. Acoma, on its dizzy island-cliff, twenty miles southwest, is all three-storied; and Taos, in its lovely, lonely valley far to the north, is two great pyramid-tenements of six stories.

And the Pueblos—they are picturesque anywhere, and always, but particularly in their dances, races, and other ceremonials. These are Indians who are neither poor nor naked; Indians who feed themselves, and ask no favors of Washington; Indians who have been at peace for two centuries, and fixed residents for perhaps a millennium; Indians who were farmers and irrigators and six-story-house builders before a New World had been beaten through the vocabulary of less-bred barbarians. They had nearly a hundred republics in America, centuries before *the* American Republic was conceived; and they have maintained their ancient democracy through all the ages, unshamed by the corruption of a voter, the blot of a defalcation or malfeasance in office. They are entitled, under the solemn pledge of our government in the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, to every privilege of citizenship, but have received few, if any. Their numerous sacred dances are by far the most picturesque sights in America, and the least viewed by Americans, who never found anything more striking abroad. The mythology of Greece and Rome is less than theirs in complicated comprehensiveness, and they are a more interesting ethnologic study than the tribes of inner Africa, and less known of by their white countrymen.

The flat Mexican towns themselves are picturesque—for the ardent sun of

the Southwest makes even an adobe beautiful when it can pick it out in violent antitheses of light and shade. Their people—ragged courtiers, unlettered diplomats—are fast losing their pictorial possibilities. The queue and the knee-breeches, the home-woven poncho with a hole in the centre whereby the owner may thrust his head through the roof of his combined umbrella and overcoat, are past or passing away; and in their place have come the atrocities of the Hebrew clo'man. But the faces —they are New Spain still.

New Mexico, like the dearest women, cannot be adequately photographed. One can reproduce the features, but not the expression—the landmarks, but not the wondrous light which is to the bare Southwest the soul that glorifies a plain face. The positive is an enchantment, the *negative* a disappointment. One cannot focus upon sunlight and silence; and without them the adobe is a clod. Description of the atmospheric effects of the Southwest is the most hopeless wall against which language ever butted its ineffectual head. "The light that never was on sea or land" spends itself upon the adobe and the chapparo. Under that ineffable alchemy of the sky, mud turns ethereal, and the desert is a revelation. It is Egypt with every rock a sphynx, every peak a pyramid.

Life is the least vital feature of New Mexico. The present is a husk—the past was a romance and a glory. The Saxon invasion which came with the railroad has reacted almost to syncope. It is in little hope of revivification until the settlement of land titles shall be effected, and a national shame of forty years effaced. The native, stirred to unwonted perspiration by the one-time advent of the prodigal *peso*, has dropped back to ease with dignity—dignity in rags, mayhap, but always dignity. To the old ways he has not wholly returned—just to the old joy of living, the broad content of sitting and remembering that one has lungs for this ozone and eyes for this day-drean. I would not be understood that it is idleness. There is work; but such unfatal work!

A Pueblo Church.

The *paisano* has learned to live even while he works—wherein he is more wise than we, who slave away youth (which is life) in chasing that which we are past enjoyment of when we overtake it. He tills his fields and tends his herds; but there is no unseemly haste, no self-tripping race for wealth. *Lo que puede*—that which can be—is enough. It needs not to plough deep, nor to dun the land with fertilizers. The land has taken it easy, too, and after three centuries of uncrowded fruition appears not exhausted, but restful and conservative. Why urge it? There will be enough! The river's wily pulse circulates in ten thousand *acequias*, and gives drink to the thirsty fields, cupped with their little irrigating-beds. Its sediment is fertilizer sufficient. So shall the brown bean, the quenchless chile, the corn and the wheat, fill the storeroom—and what need of more?

Pueblo Girl Winnowing Beans.

If the Neo-Mexicanized Saxon were as minded to spiritual graphicism as the un-Saxonized New Mexican, he would

have one chief fetich in the territory of his adoption — the burro. That devoluted donkey is the sole canonizable type of northern New Spain—the genius of the adobe. He works—as New Spain works—faithfully but without friction. He dreams, meanwhile, as New Spain dreams—ruminating on dignity and wisdom; by the wall to the sun in winter; by the wall to the shade in summer. Here he is not an ass, but a sage. The tatters of a myriad cockle-burs fray not his ease—*he* can *afford* rags. He is slow, but more sure than the End. He humps his load up dizzy heights where a chamois might have vertigo. He rolls down a precipice a few hundred feet, alights upon his pack, and returns upon his way rejoicing—grateful for exercise without exertion. He likes life, and life likes him. I never saw a dead burro, save from undue confidence in railways—which have been the death of many worse citizens. He rouses now and then in the dead watches of the night to sing about it. The philosopher who has a few lifetimes to spare might well devote one to the study of the burro. He is an honorable member of the body social and politic. Indeed, he is the cornerstone of New Mexico. Without him civilization would have died out. He ambles cheerfully in such burdens that one doubts if chemical analysis may not be necessary to determine the presence of burro in the mass; and in such solution or at ease he is perfectly content.

The house to which the burro is natural complement, is worthy as he. The adobe is the easiest made and the most habitable of dwellings. It is cool in heat, and warm against utter cold. As for its making, one merely flays one's lawn, stands the epidermis on edge, and roofs it. There is the house—and as for lawn, a bare one is as good as one with cuticle. The unadulterated adobe is a box, boarded of sods two feet long, eight inches wide, four inches thick; cut, turned over, and left to dry out; then laid upon one another in a mortar of their own mud, floored with clay, roofed with peeled pine-trunks crossed with branches that are in turn thatched with hay, and that buried under a foot of gravel.

From that, the adobe mounts up by easy degrees to any elegance. Its possibilities are endless. Charming residences, creditable four-story blocks, are equally facile to the adaptive "mud brick." It moves at ease in the prouder society of brick and stone, and teaches them new manners which are far from uncouth.

The bone of New Mexican industry is unchanged, but new ways have tattooed the skin. The ploughshare of a pine-stub, the phaeton with half-ton wheels of wood, and their frontier associates have yielded to steel and iron. The *carreta* is no longer a familiar institution. To find it one must go to the utter hamlets, where the shriek of its ungreased wheels—hewn cross-sections of a giant sycamore—still affrights the drowsy land. There are even a few threshing machines; but most of the people are content to be no better than the Scripture, and thresh with quadrupedal flails. Within the limits of the territorial capital, the bean and the shock of wheat are trodden out to this day by scurrying hoofs. The mission grape still pays its ruddy juice to the importunity of bare feet and tireless knees. The sickle is king of the harvest field; and the pasture is three hundred miles square.

Mines there are, but no monumental ones. The stories of ancient and wonderfully rich Spanish mines in the Southwest are unmitigated myths, every one. The placers of the Real de Dolores date only from 1828, and nuggets are still washed out there with primitive rocker and pan. There is not, and never has been, a hydraulic mine in New Mexico, despite the enormous areas of placer-ground. As for the mines in rock, they do not count here, for they are purely Saxon institutions, and have in no wise affected the native life of New Spain. The most important of our mines, ethnologically, is the ancient "Great Turquoise," in the round, gray crown of "Mount" Chalchuitl—a hoary knob seven thousand feet above the sea-level, and seventy above its own base. This was the only prehistoric mine in the Southwest; and the veins and nuggets of green and rarer blue through its chalky heart were worked with the stone hammer before

The Carreta.

Columbus and before gunpowder. Its output made a dim commercial link between the buffalo robe of Dakota and the parrot plume of Yucatan. The mine is viewed with awe by the sporadic tourist as the tomb of a few hundred Pueblo Indians imprisoned at hard labor by those cruel Spaniards, and caved upon by the more merciful rocks. That is a characteristic invention of the Saxon enemy. The Spaniard invariably treated the aborigine better than we did; he never made an Indian work in a mine in New Mexico; and he never worked the Great Turquoise — which, in turn, never caved upon anyone. The only significance the mine had was as the supplier of a substance prized by all Indians, and hence as a promoter of distrustful intercourse between the near Pueblos who controlled it and their more or less distant neighbors; none of them knowing gold until the Conquest, and none having use for it even yet. A few absolutely perfect turquoises have been mined there by Americans; but the game was never worth the fuse.

Society is little bitten with the unrest of civilization. The old ways are still the best ways; and the increasing reprobates who would improve upon their fathers are eyed askance. The social system is patriarchal, and in many degrees beautiful. Mexican and Pueblo children are, as a class, the best-mannered, the most obedient, the least quarrelsome in America. Respect for age is the corner-stone of society. A son, untouched by our refining influence, would as soon put his hand in the fire as smoke before his parents — even though he have already given them grand-children. A stranger, be he poor or princely, is master of the house to which he shall come. It may be the veriest hut of a *jacal* amid the farther ranges, it may contain but a single crust of bread and a sheepskin upon the clay floor; but house and crust and couch are his, though his hosts sleep supperless upon the bare adobe — and

DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

A Day of the Saints.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DELORME.

all with a high, gentle courtesy that palaces might study. The Anglo-Saxon is not born to intrinsic hospitality, and can understand its real meaning as little as anything else one has to *learn*. He promulgates the Brotherhood of Man; but to him man *means* his brothers, and not his fifty-ninth cousins. It is partly because of this that he disavows, and is infested with, the tramp. Hospitality is as Latin in fact as in name. It is in the blood; and outside that blood it is not. In the old days, one might zigzag the whole incomparable area of Spanish America, without money or letters, with no introduction beyond his patent of humanity, and be assured everywhere of a "welcome to your own house, Señor." It is very much so to-day, and the traveller in the outer darkness will meet a hospitality as utter as he shall find the lack of it in the few "civilized" communities along his way. There are some Mexicans and some Pueblos who have learned in bitterness to shut their doors upon the hospitality-robber of late years; but they are very few. Almost every Spanish home in New Mexico is a home too for the wayfarer; and in the pueblos it is the sacred office of the Cacique to see that no stranger is uncared for. There are poor people among both races —fewer in the Indian ranks—but no Mexican and no Pueblo since time began ever went hungry, unless lost in the wilderness; and none ever suffered for the necessaries of life, and none was ever outcast of his kind. One or two Pueblos in a generation, and several Mexicans in a week, go behind the bars; but if the Southwest were peppered with poorhouses, no soul of either race would ever be found therein. To Saxons who are associable, both peoples are the kindliest, the most thoughtful, and the least meddlesome of neighbors.

The Mexican is popularly listed—thanks to the safely remote pens of those who know him from a car window, and who would run from his gray wrath—as cowardly and treacherous. He is neither. The sixth generation is too soon to turn coward the blood which made the noblest record of lonely heroism that time ever read. As for treachery, it is merely a question of philosophy whether, in exterminating a rattlesnake, we shall invite it to strike us first, that it may have "a fair show." The Latin method is *not* to allow the foe the privilege of the first bite—which is sense if not chivalry, and the code of Christian warfare if not of the duello. And on the other hand, there is as great a ratio of absolute "chivalry," and of giving one's self the disadvantage in favor of a worthy foe, among Mexicans as among the Superior Race.

As the burro is the spiritual type of the Southwest, so is the sheep the material symbol. He rendered the Territory possible for three centuries, in the face of incomparably the most savage and interminable Indian wars that any age or any country ever knew. He fed and clothed New Spain, and made its customs, if not its laws. He reorganized society, led the fashions, caused the only machinery that was in New Mexico in three hundred years, made of a race of nomad savages the foremost of blanket-weavers, and invented a slavery which is unto this day in despite of the Emancipation Proclamation. The first sheep that touched what is now United States came to New Mexico with Coronado in 1540; but they did not last. Half a century later, Oñate brought the merino flocks whose descendants remain. The modest wool-bearer soon came to the front. He was the one available utilization of New Mexico. Society gradually fell apart into two classes—sheep-owners and sheep-tenders. One man at the beginning of this century had two million head of sheep, and kept a thousand peons always in the field with them, besides the thousands more who were directly dependent. That was the Spanish governor Baca. "El Quero"* Chaves, the first governor of New Mexico under the Mexican Republic, had a million sheep. The last of the great sheep-kings, Don José Leandro Perea, of Bernalillo, died a few years ago leaving two hundred thousand. Since his time, the largest flocks range from eighty thousand to one hundred and ten thousand; and there are more than a dozen individual holdings of over fifty thousand head.

The social effects of such a system, wherein four-fifths of the Caucasian

* "The Blonde."

male population were servants at five to eight dollars a month to a handful of mighty *amos*, are not far to trace. The most conscientious of these frontier czars had perforce a power beside which the government was a nonentity; and the unscrupulous swelled their authority to an unparalleled extent. It was easy to get a few hundred poor shepherds into one's debt; and once in, the *amo*, with the aid of complaisant laws, took good care that they should never get out. He was thenceforth entitled to the labor of their bodies—even to the labor of their children. They were his *peons*—slaves without the expense of purchase. And peonage in disguise is still effective in New Mexico.

Sheep made commerce, too. There were no railroads, and hence no markets. The wool was of necessity consumed at home. In the cumbrous Mexican looms it grew into invincible carpets and perennial garments. It was practically the only material of wear, save the Indian buckskin. Every Mexican woman wore a head-shawl, and every man a blanket, both home-woven. The surplus went into blankets for "export." Every March a representative from every Spanish family in New Mexico joined the annual *conducta* at the rendezvous below Soccorro, with his flintlock in the crook of his elbow, his burros laden with the winter's weaving and a little hoard of coffee, popcorn-meal and dried meat. Thus secure in numbers against the incessant Apache, the mercantile army marched down the Rio Grande and overran Sonora; trading its staples, to the "fool Sonoreños" of its weaving-songs, for brazil-wood, silks, cattle, oranges, coffee, dried fruits, and Indian girls. This caravan was gone out of New Mexico from March to September. Then the traders turned hunters, and sallied out in force to the vast eastward plains to kill and jerk the year's supply of buffalo-meat. After that long and perilous trespass on the lands of centaur Comanches, came the expedition to the salt-lakes of Zuñi for the year's salt; and by the time the horses were rested from that arduous march, it was the season for starting on another *conducta*.

Wool was not an unmixed blessing to the New Mexican lover. It was his bread and butter, but also the excuse for a curious hardship. Every New Mexican Rebecca had a Rebecca's father, and Jacob's lot was multitudinously hard. Matches were not trusted to heaven, but made sure by parental hands. Having elected a son-in-law prospective, the first concern was to prove him. In return for the proposed honor of admitting him to the family, the *padre político* demanded his services as representative in the *conducta;* then in the bison-hunt; then in the salt-harvest. Having been thus arduously and dangerously employed for a year without material reward, the lover might receive the girl, or he might get the squashes. It is but a few years since a young Mexican friend was mittened with a gift of *las calabasas*. If the match was still on, however, the suitor had still one important social agendum before betrothal—the presentation of an Indian girl to his dulcinea for a handmaiden. As Indian girls ruled steady in the Sonora market at about five hundred dollars—which was several times more money than most young *paisanos* ever saw—the only resort of the average lover was to organize a band of similarly circumstanced friends, take the war-path against the marauding Apaches or Navajos, find an encampment, slay the warriors, and bring the females home captive—or go themselves to the land where are neither rigorous fathers-in-law nor *calabasas*.

The railroad swept away all this a decade ago, bringing the world's markets to the corral-side, and making the *conducta* a thing of the past. But sheep remain as much the life of the Territory as in the old days. A commercial aberration once led trusting souls to plant cattle on the plateaus of New Mexico; and as the fever grew, Scottish lords and Holland bankers absorbed counties and became cattle-kings. The counties, in turn, absorbed banks and baronies; and very little remains to show, save costly maps promulgating gaudy steamers plying upon lithographic rivers, where in fact a minnow must stand upon his head to keep his gills wet. For a couple of years

and more the railroads in New Mexico have been largely a procession of cattle bound for Kansas and other States of corn and water, until a vast majority of the great herds has been shipped; and the sheep lords it again over his own. New Mexico was made for him and not for steers; and he has come out first-best in the costly contest with those who would have revised nature.

There is, perhaps, no essential kinship between sheep and superstition; but here at least the twain are next-door neighbors. In this simple, restful, patriarchal, long-lonely world, the chief concerns of life are the field, the flock, and—the warding-off of witches. The entire Indian population believes in them to a soul; and "They who have the Evil Road" are a daily menace to every aboriginal community. The prime duty of the numerous medicine-men of each tribe and village is to keep down witchcraft and punish witches; and the faith figures in every phase of the infinitely complicated superstitio-religion of these thirty thousand New Mexicans. Of the fourfold more numerous Mexican population, the assertion cannot be quite as sweeping, for there are many educated families; but probably full sixty per cent. of the whole people are as firm believers in witchcraft; and every undiluted Mexican hamlet has its suspected *brujas*. They are even in Santa Fé. The judicial history of the Territory abounds in formal witchcraft trials, and summary executions *extra legem* had not wholly ceased among the Mexicans half a decade ago; while among all the Indian races such punishments are still of full force and judicial form.

Cumulative penitence is a deep-rooted custom of both races. With the Indians, the tribal vicars mortify the flesh in behalf of their people, but almost solely by excessive fasts. Among the Mexicans still survives that astounding perversion of the once-godly Franciscan Third Order, the Penitentes, but now confined to a few remote hamlets. These fanatics do penance for themselves only, and in Lent achieve their sin-washing for the year. They flay their bare backs with plaited scourges, wallow naked in beds of cactus, bear crushing crosses, and on Good Friday actually crucify one of their order, chosen to that supreme honor by lot. This is not all of the past. The Penitente crucifixions had not missed a year up to 1891. Hundreds of Americans have witnessed this ghastly passion-reality; and I have had the privilege of photographing it.

With the superstitions dwells the simple folk-lore. That of the Mexicans is scant; but that of the Indians infinite and remarkably poetic. And both races have great store of folk-songs — composed by Those of Old, or by lonely shepherds.

These are but fugitive glimpses of the Land of Pretty Soon. A picture of sharp outline and definite detail would better diagraph some of the contents of New Mexico, but it would not be a true picture of the country. Landscape and life are impressionist, and will submit neither to photography nor to figures. Years of study and travel do not itemize the picture—there still remain in the memory but a soft, sweet haze of shifting light and shade, a wilderness of happy silence, an ether of contentful ease, wherein we live and die and are glad.

PELEUS TO THETIS

By Bessie Chandler.

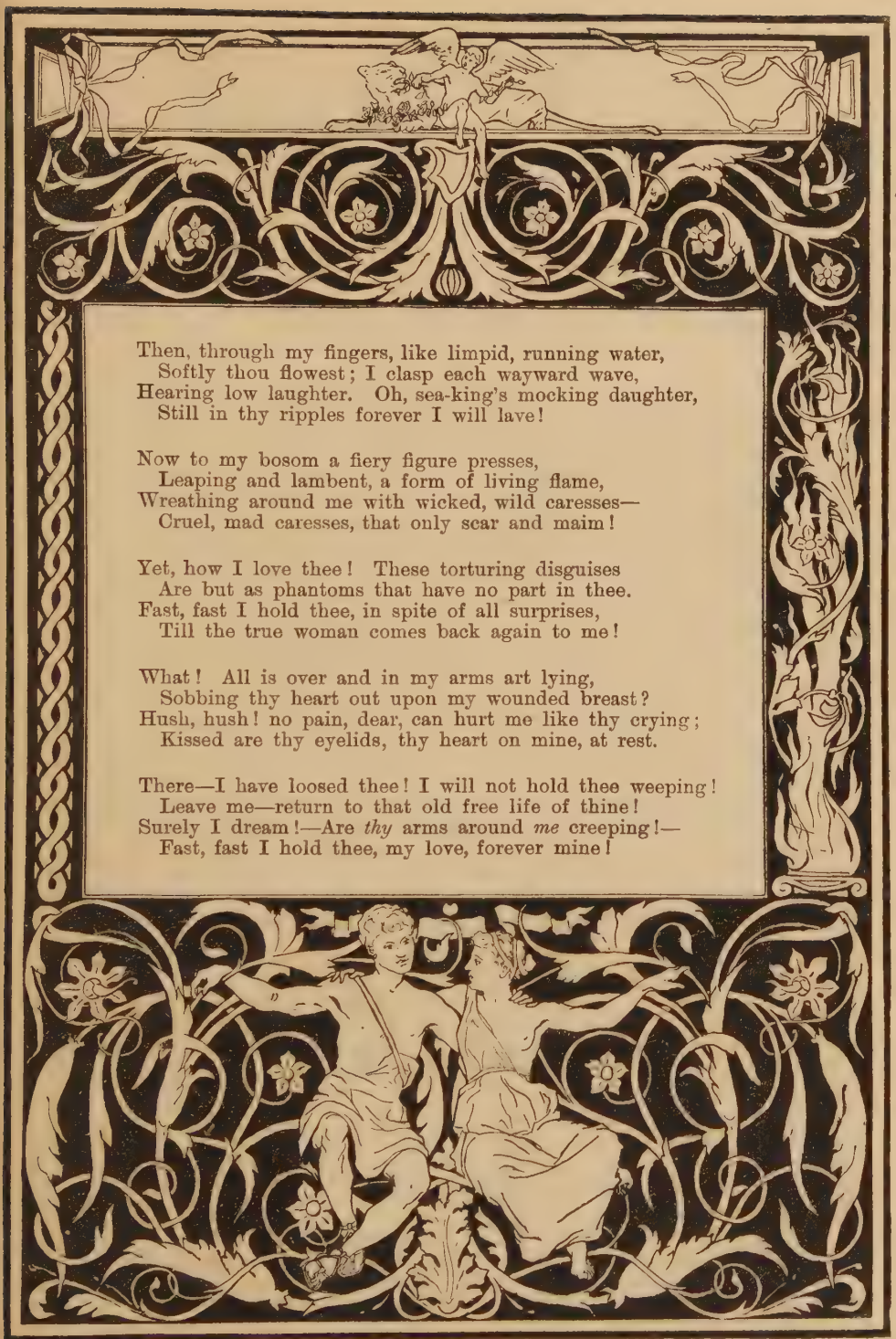
After long watching and waiting, I have found thee!
Thou art the fairest, the sweetest one I know.
See—I have caught thee—I fling my arms around thee,
Fast, fast I hold thee, and will not let thee go!

What! dost thou struggle, nor tamely will surrender!
What! wouldst thou strike me, wild creature that thou art!
Ah, but I know thee—thou loving art and tender;
Underneath the sea-nymph lies the woman's heart!

Vainly thou strivest! Those white arms cannot smite me,
I will but kiss them along their soft white length.
Now—art a lioness, that thou shouldst tear and bite me?
Look—Love is stronger than all thy lion strength!

Fast, fast I hold thee and now I can but fear thee!
Is it a serpent that hisses soft and low,
Slimy and writhing, whose baneful eyes burn near me?
Woman or serpent—I will not let thee go!

*** Thetis, one of the Immortals, daughter of a sea god, was decreed by Jove to be the wife of a mortal. Peleus wooed her, and held her fast, though she constantly changed her form to escape him. At last he won her heart, and she gave herself to him as the beautiful woman that she was.



Then, through my fingers, like limpid, running water,
Softly thou flowest; I clasp each wayward wave,
Hearing low laughter. Oh, sea-king's mocking daughter,
Still in thy ripples forever I will lave!

Now to my bosom a fiery figure presses,
Leaping and lambent, a form of living flame,
Wreathing around me with wicked, wild caresses—
Cruel, mad caresses, that only scar and maim!

Yet, how I love thee! These torturing disguises
Are but as phantoms that have no part in thee.
Fast, fast I hold thee, in spite of all surprises,
Till the true woman comes back again to me!

What! All is over and in my arms art lying,
Sobbing thy heart out upon my wounded breast?
Hush, hush! no pain, dear, can hurt me like thy crying;
Kissed are thy eyelids, thy heart on mine, at rest.

There—I have loosed thee! I will not hold thee weeping!
Leave me—return to that old free life of thine!
Surely I dream!—Are *thy* arms around *me* creeping!—
Fast, fast I hold thee, my love, forever mine!

A FRESH-WATER ROMANCE.

By George A. Hibbard.

I.

THE Lone Star was the oldest propeller of standard class "on the Lakes." It was twenty years or more since the blocks were knocked from under her at the Cleveland shipyard where she had been built, and she slid down the ways, her starboard side striking the water first and a great wave rising as she struck, that foamed across the basin and broke high upon an opposite pier. During this score of years she had run between Buffalo and Chicago, touching sometimes, but not always, at Cleveland, at Detroit, at Milwaukee, with a regularity so great that some grew to think it was now her greatest if not her only merit.

For "on the Lakes," as elsewhere, the favor of the many is fickle, and the conditions and fashions of a hardly distant yesterday are not the conditions and fashions of a perhaps over-confident to-day. Once the Star — that soon had become her name in common usage — had been the pride of her owners, the boast of her home port. She was shown to "visiting statesmen" when it was desired to impress them with the importance of the "commerce of the Lakes;" she was mentioned in swelling editorials whenever the local newspapers descanted upon that theme. Her speed, her tonnage, her power, her build, were the subject of frequent eulogy. She was a practical wonder; a marvel of naval architecture. But now all was different. She was no longer visited by committees. She was no longer mentioned in print except in some such brief announcements as: "Detroit—Passed up, Lone Star, 11.20 P.M." "Buffalo —Arrived, Prop. L. Star, Starkweather, wheat and flour. Stoke & Pogis." Other propellers had been built—others upon better lines, of greater speed and power—others in whose holds could be stowed thousands more bushels of the beaded amber of the billowy Minnesota wheat-fields, thousands of more feet of the yellow Michigan lumber, and tons and tons more of the tawny copper, of true aboriginal hue, taken from the Lake Superior mines. But the Star held steadily to her original trade; had grown old, evidently old, in it. Even the new coat of paint given her every spring did not hide that unpleasant fact. There were dents and patches and cracks which paint could not entirely cover or caulking quite conceal. But if advanced years did not make her appear wholly shabby or dilapidated, they did not give her picturesqueness. She was only a "lake propeller," with nothing of that charm of association which gathers around her far-away kindred of the ocean; she stirred no thoughts of distant lands; of

> "The Indian winds,
> That blow off from the coast and cheer the sailor
> With the sweet savor of their spices;"

of many climates; of strange peoples; of monsters with uncommon names; of drifting icebergs; of all that adventure, that poetry, that romance have given to ships, even in their fallen estate, that have sought wider seas.

Her very form would have killed imagination. She was broad of beam. Her bows were bluff. Fancy could liken her to nothing known to poetry, unless, perhaps, to the blunt-headed grasshopper. She was not unlike that insect in build, for her high arches rose above her hull like the insect's legs above its folded, sheathing wings. Still she was as admirably adapted for the purposes for which she was intended as are the most of our American productions, even if she was as frankly and fearlessly ugly a thing as we Americans alone dare make or use when we have a distinct and practical end in view — as ugly as an elevator, an elevated railroad, the advertisement of the last patent medicine, a new political theory.

There was probably only one person who ever thought the Lone Star beautiful—Nettie Starkweather, the daughter and only child of the captain—of Captain Samuel Starkweather, who "brought out" the boat and had been her captain ever since. And why should she not? She was a Lake girl, born and bred in the big city which owed its origin and early growth to the Lakes, and had never seen anything different. Besides, there was one proud day in her very young life always vividly remembered. Had she not, an insignificant mite of a thing, but upon that great day, far from unimportant or inconspicuous in her stiff-starched white dress and broad blue sash, had she not christened the boat when it was launched, and, hardly realizing what she did, but knowing that it was something very important, had she not broken the bottle over the boat's bow and seen the bright, foaming wine run slowly along the rail? And then she had been brought up with the boat, so to speak. She had called it her "sister;" and it was a provident sister to whom she owed much. For not only had her father had his pay as captain for so many years, but he had come to own a sixteenth interest in her, and had always had that share in her net earnings besides. Therefore to the old propeller they owed not only their living but all they had, even the ring upon her small finger, the chain around her slender neck, and the watch her father had given her at Christmas.

But now there was a new interest to Nettie Starkweather in the old propeller. That very morning her father had told her that if David Sackett received his license as chief mate—and there was no doubt that he would—that "Dave" was to go mate of the Star—he went second on her last season—that is if he, Starkweather, and about this there seemed to be a suspicion of doubt, was to be her captain. Of course Nettie was interested in this, and—but it is quite impossible to dissever and distribute in parts of speech the thoughts, the fancies that mingled in the reverie of the girl as she sat silent on the lower veranda step stirring with her foot the gravel in the walk before her — thoughts and fancies so vague, so disconnected, so novel, that she herself scarcely recognized even that they were delightful.

All at once she laughed a little, in that sudden, mysterious way in which happy young girls will laugh, as if from the very superabundance of their joyousness, as if moved by some sudden, unbidden thought far too delicate and tender, far too evanescent and slight, for ruder comprehension; and then she looked hastily up at a young man who sat on a chair perilously near the edge of the platform, watching the little foot as it scattered the pebbles.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I don't know why I laughed," she answered, quickly; "I just had to."

The young man was about to speak when Starkweather came out at the front door.

"I thought I heard you," he said, as he walked with heavy tread to a chair, "and I—" he paused for a moment and beamed placidly upon the pair, "didn't wait for you to come in — was afraid you'd think you'd bother me and stay out."

And then he laboriously sat down. Nettie gave a pebble larger than the rest, a quick, impatient push; a sudden look of disappointment shot across the young man's face.

"Mild for the season—ain't it?" the Captain said, turning to the young man.

"Yes, sir," he answered, meekly. "They told me down at the office——"

"Stoke & Pogis's?" asked Starkweather.

"Yes, sir, that they'd heard the ice was almost out of the Straits."

"No!" said Starkweather. "When'd they get word?"

"This afternoon," replied the young man.

"Navigation'll be open right away," said Starkweather, rather eagerly. "No more cribbage for us; don't think of any more cribbage this year. Cribbage is well enough for a winter evenin', and I won't say I don't like it. Night shuts down, shutters are pulled to, soft coal in the grate, a storm outside, a pipe, Nettie playing on the piano, and cribbage ain't at all bad. Eh? What? But—?" pausing a moment—"that ain't the openin' of navigation."

"Miss Nettie," said the young man, taking advantage of Starkweather's pause, "I tried to get that song you told me about. I went to every music store in the city, but they didn't have it."

"I'm sure, Mr. Sackett," said the girl, "you needn't have taken that trouble. How did they know what it was?"

"I told them the name."

"You don't mean to say you remembered the name?"

"As if I would be likely to forget it," said Sackett, with lowered voice, "'When the Stars come one by one, Love.' They've sent for it. It'll be here to-morrow."

"Mr. Sackett!"

"And there's such a difference in seasons," continued Starkweather, blandly. "Along about '78—must have been along there—it was the season she"—Captain Starkweather hardly ever mentioned the propeller's name—"came near bein' 'bliged to winter in Chicago—there came the blamedest season—ice wasn't no name for it—why, she didn't get out o' here, Sackett, for three weeks after what she'll do now."

"No?" said Sackett, absently.

"Emily Marvin's to be married next week," said the girl, a little impatiently, "and I'm to be bridesmaid."

"Are you?" asked Sackett, rather anxiously. "If—if—we aren't out of port by that time, can—would you mind—will you let me go to the church—to see you?"

"I! The idea!" half-exclaimed the girl. "I keep you from church! It'll do you good. It must be an age since you've been in one."

"When I walked home with you——" began the young man.

"But you weren't at church then. You only happened to see me in the porch where I was waiting for father, who had gone back for his spectacles he had left in the big prayer-book. You only happened"—the slightest accent—she couldn't help it, on the word—"along that way and came into the porch, not a step further."

"'Happened!'" said the young man. "There's a good deal in this world that 'happens' on purpose."

"I don't think it'll amount to a thing—not a thing," said Starkweather, partially to himself, "'specially as it's now so late in the season; but they're keepin' up the talk that I'm to be retired."

"Who says so?" asked Sackett, indignantly.

"Oh, them that pretend to know. As if a man who won't be sixty-three till December wasn't in the prime o' life. Why, Sackett, you know I've sailed these lakes forty-five years—I've told you that often. 'Failin' faculties!' Between you an' me and the pawl-bitt, Sackett, there's fools down on them docks that can't be beat—as fools. 'Failin' faculties!'" The Captain paused in utter indignation.

"I've heard nothing about it," said Sackett, confidently.

"An' wouldn't be likely to," went on Starkweather. "But there's those that bring me the news straight enough. I s'pose some one wants my place. He'll have a good time gettin' it, whoever he is," and Starkweather brought down his fist on the arm of his chair with a thud that almost startled himself.

"Emily has lots of presents," said the girl. "I gave her the loveliest looking-glass you ever saw."

"Did you look in it to see?" asked Sackett.

"Nonsense!" said the girl.

"There's been more or less talk about this for a year or two," continued Starkweather; "but there seems more substance to it this spring."

"Who's at the bottom of it?" asked Sackett, a little alarmed at the boldness of his last speech, and running for pro-

tection under the lee, as he might say, of a word or two with the Captain.

"I think it's Jacox," said Starkweather.

"Jacox?" asked Sackett. "What has he got—what can he have—against you?"

"There's them," said the Captain, impressively, "that seem to think you're doin' 'em harm by livin'. They feel you see through 'em, and they don't like it. Jacox is one of that sort. He can't bear the sight of me because I know him. They feel streaks of meanness, that kind, just as I feel shoots of rheumatism—in the winter," he added, cautiously, "only in the winter—to speak of."

Starkweather settled silently back into his chair, and again Sackett took heart.

"You'll be getting out the flowers in the garden soon, Miss Nettie?" he asked.

"Yes, the beds ought to be dug right away."

"There's a new kind of border I saw in Detroit last summer, and I was thinking——"

"They say it's goin' to be the best season the Lakes have had in many a year," interrupted Starkweather. "Elevators are full in Chicago. Lots of coal to go up. Freights'll just be boomin'."

"I hope so," said Sackett, a little impatiently.

"You saw a border in Detroit——" suggested Nettie, decidedly.

"But the Lakes are not what they used to be," continued Starkweather; "freights nowadays ain't nowhere. It's them railroads that do it."

"That fill the elevators in Chicago, that burn the coal, that——" began Sackett, innocently, and stopping suddenly as the Captain turned and looked sharply at him.

"No," said the Captain, severely. "They kill freights; don't they carry all winter? They don't have seasons of navigation. Have we ever had any such freights as we used to have before they got to runnin' the way they do? What did the Lord create the Lakes for if it wasn't to travel by?—to carry cargoes on? I say railroads go aginst nature. They ought to be put down by act of Congress."

Sackett rose determinedly as the Captain paused.

"What are you doin'?" asked Starkweather, in some surprise.

"I think," said Sackett, desperately, "I must be going."

"Already!" said the Captain. "Why, I came out here for a good, long talk."

"I think I must go," maintained Sackett.

"All right, if you must," replied the Captain. "Come and see us again; drop in any time. Always glad to see you. Good-evenin'."

"Good-evening, sir."

Sackett shook hands despondently with Nettie, who had also arisen.

"Come again soon," said the girl, gently.

"I will," said Sackett. "I'll bring the song right away."

Nettie stood looking at him until she heard the latch of the gate click, and saw him turn down the street.

"Well," she said to her father, as she sat down and resting her hand on her chin gazed into the darkness, "I hope you enjoyed yourself."

"I think," said the Captain, "David Sackett's a very smart young man. He seems to set value by what I say to him. But it's curious that sometimes, when we've got an evenin' all before us, and I'm just warmin' to a subject I know all about, it's 'Good-evenin',' and off he goes. It's curious, it really is."

He shook his head slowly, and, rising, went into the house, there perhaps to reflect on the unaccountable conduct of this otherwise ordinary young man, leaving his daughter to her own unuttered thoughts, as she sat out upon the veranda and watched the stars "come one by one."

II.

It was a very quiet, rather out-of-the-way part of the city, although it lay near its heart. The bustling "docks" were not far off; great factories were near; only a couple of blocks away began the shop-bordered and principal street where the main line of the street-cars ran, where the great hotels stood, where omnibuses, carriages, wagons, carts, rumbled and rattled from early morning till late at night, and where at least half the population of the whole city, it

seemed, within that time, passed up and down. Grass grew in the cracks in the sidewalks and along the curbstones in many places in this comparatively deserted quarter. There were even scattered trees in the streets, some of them thriving and with spreading branches; others but the dry skeletons of what they had been.

The mild spring evening was just closing in, and the stars were just beginning to show, like saffron-drops on the dark violet sky, as Sackett walked along Hyphen Street toward Starkweather's house, which stood well toward the uptown border of this part of the city. The neighborhood itself was still; the bell of a locomotive running along a street three blocks off, even if it did not have a pastoral tinkle, was not at all unmusical. Only that and now and then the quick whistle of a tug in the harbor, or the deep-throated roar of a propeller as she rounded in from the Lake, broke the silence. The time, the place, were conducive to reverie, and there was plenty in Sackett's head and heart to furnish material for that pastime. He was not given to introspection. He took his psychological conditions very much as a more sophisticated and more complex person might take the warmth of sudden sunshine or the coolness of an up-springing breeze. But a man cannot help but think when he is troubled, eager, anxious, in love—for moments perhaps over-bold, for minutes sunk in fear; cannot help but walk, as Sackett did, unconscious almost of where he was going, but still with a decided persistence in one direction.

And Sackett thought of what he only was; thought of Nettie and of all she was; reflected upon their differing conditions, and, in the lucid and usual manner of lovers in such strait, fancied how different things would be if they were only—otherwise. Not that he was not a fellow of pluck and resource. But he was quite overcome with his own audacity, the audacity of his daring even to think that he, whose father had been, at most, a wheelsman on the old brig James and Jane, and who had died at thirty, leaving his mother and him in poverty—that he, who in his boyhood had "taken to the Lakes" that he might aid in fighting the want he knew so well—that he, who had learned what little books had taught him, only at the city's winter schools and in the scant hours in the dim forecastle—that he should dare even to dream in such way of the daughter of the captain of the Lone Star and the owner of one sixteenth of that boat. Why the thing was ridiculous. What would Nettie herself think of such presumption? Hadn't he better stop right where he was—give up the little unreasonable hope that now whispered to him to persevere—turn the other way and walk down Hyphen Street instead of up it? But he had such an excellent excuse for going to see her to-night—was ever lover without one?—for he had the song, in a roll, in his hand. What was the harm of going on? Undoubtedly he would find the Captain at home. But suppose Starkweather did run on about "good years" and "bad years" on the Lakes, and condemned, right and left, new things as troublesome to peace and prosperity; still could he not watch Nettie sitting quietly in the twilight; and—really, it wasn't worth while to turn back after he had walked so far. And so he held on his way, a disturbed, doubtful, downhearted, yet — for was there not that little, rather impertinent, whispering hope?—a far from despairing and a quite happy young man.

As he came near the house he could see that Nettie was sitting alone on the veranda. He opened the gate absently, but briskly made his way up the walk. Perhaps he might have a word with her before the Captain appeared. She did not rise to greet him, and he stood with his arms on the railing.

"Father's gone out," she said.

His heart sank, then gave a great leap, then stood still.

"Gone out?" he repeated.

"Yes, gone up to see Mr. Stoke at his house," she said. "He is troubled about what he has heard about his not being captain. It's nonsense, I tell him. I know it's nonsense."

"Of course it is," said Sackett.

"But he says," continued Nettie, "that if he oughtn't to be captain any longer—oughtn't to be trusted with the boat and valuable cargoes—he oughtn't; and so he has made a matter of con-

science of it, and he has gone to have a long talk with Mr. Stoke—you know Stoke & Pogis own her, except," this with a little pride, "our share—and tell him all he thinks, and," she had not failed to see the roll he held in his hand, and, of course, she knew what it was, "is that the music? Do come up and sit down. I'd like to look at it. Father'll be in soon."

He mounted the two or three steps and stood leaning against one of the supporting posts of the veranda. She took the song, opened it, and said quickly:

"Oh, how good of you! I thank you so much. Let's go in and try it right away." But she did not stir, and neither did he move from where he was.

"Won't you come?" she asked, still not moving herself.

He did not reply, and for a moment they stood silently looking at each other.

Now was his time. But where was his courage? And where were the words, the phrases, that he had conned and studied — the words in which should mingle expression of humility, fear, ardor, hope, devotion, courage, love as true as any the world had ever known? Gone, lost in a bewildering, vanishing haze. He did not speak for a moment.

"There's something," he said, at last, "I'd like to say to you, Miss Nettie. May I?"

"Me? Why not?" she said, looking up at him with that perfect air of surprised curiosity that a woman can best assume when she knows exactly what she may expect.

"I know you won't like it," he said. "Not that it's anything a fellow shouldn't say, or a girl shouldn't be willing to hear, for that matter. I've tried to say it for a long time—not that there's any reason why I should say it—or that I expect it to lead to anything——"

"But what is it?" she asked, as he paused as if to gather and choose his words. "You don't know how interested I am."

"Are you?" he asked, looking at her earnestly and steadily, and leaning a little forward so that she shrank back, as one might who had raised a spirit mightier than it was supposed the simple spell could evoke.

"I have got my mate's certificate. There it is," and he pulled it from his pocket, "and I want to tell you how much I owe you—and him—and—to thank you—and to——" and he paused in actual anguish. There was a pitiful, pleading look in his eyes—a rhetoric beyond all eloquence of speech.

"I don't think," she said, slowly, with eyes a little downcast, "that you're telling me much. I thought——" and she, too, paused.

"You thought?" he asked, eagerly.

"I thought," she said, "that you were—going to say something—that—don't thank me—I'm provoked—you've nothing to thank me for," and she took the certificate from his hands and held it listlessly and without looking at it: "Not a thing — I thought you were going to say something that meant something—a great deal——"

"You thought—it is a great deal that I want to say," he replied, excitedly, "a great deal to me—if I dared—if I only dared," and he paused again.

"What," she said, looking up at him quickly, and for the smallest fraction of an instant, in which it is possible for a girl to look a dozen things at once, her voice sinking a little in spite of valorous effort that it should hold its own, "are you afraid of?"

"You?"

"Of me! Am I so frightful?"

"Nettie," and as he drew near to her she did not draw away. "Nettie," and he drew nearer to her, and still she did not stir. "Nettie, will you let me say it?"

"Yes," she whispered.

It is the imbecility of unoriginality to go on. The words in which love is told are ever really the same, a divine something breathes through them, and in its strength and glow all differences are lost. All is provided for, and foreseen, in the old, always new, forms of Love's chancery; there are blanks for the use of all suitors, for all parties to such contention in that court, to be filled in with words and statements, protestation and promise, of return and assurance, all, process, pleadings, proceedings, proofs, leading to the same final and unappealable decree.

It is well, however, to note somewhere

on the papers in this cause, that the first embrace of the beloved object begins awkwardly, when one has a chief mate's certificate in one hand and the song, "When the Stars come one by one, Love," in the other, unless one promptly drops them both, as Nettie did.

"It's all right," shouted Starkweather from the gate. "I'm a fool," he cried, as he stormed up the walk, "a downright fool. Pack up a bag for me, I'm off for a lunatic asylum. It was only some of that dock talk. Why Stoke'd never heard of such a thing, never'd thought of such a thing; and Pogis said —Oh, you're not alone."

He brought up at the foot of the steps and gazed with something of a puzzled expression at the pair before him, for even to his eyes it was evident that something unusual had happened.

"No, Captain Starkweather," said Sackett, firmly, "I'm here and I want to see you."

"Sorry to have missed your call," said the Captain, genially; "but you're not goin' yet. Sit down for a while."

"You don't exactly understand me; I've something important to say to you."

"Oh, you have, have you," said Starkweather, blankly, and evidently at a loss how to act.

"You've got to know it some time, and I don't see why you shouldn't know it now. I've asked Nettie to marry me, and she has said that she would."

"No?" And he sank into a chair.

"I know I'm poor and she is rich, that I'm nobody and she's somebody; but I'm not always going to be that, and if she'll wait, and she says she will——"

"I don't see——" began Nettie.

"And you say—think this all right?" said the old man, looking at the girl.

"I think it is the best thing in all the world," she answered, proudly, "and if he hadn't asked me I should have asked him, and I'm not sure but I did."

"It's rather sudden," said Starkweather, doubtfully, "and I don't exactly know——"

"I do," said the girl, "an' it isn't sudden. It seems as if it had been always. And you don't mind?" she added, beseechingly.

"I don't know," repeated her father, helplessly.

"Dave isn't rich, but he will be some day, and now he's mate, the Lone Star 'll take care of all of us. You were poor —poorer than he—when you and mother were married, you've told me, and why should it make any difference with us?"

"I don't know as I've any real objection if you haven't," said Starkweather, slowly. "I suppose I ought to have more worldly views, but I haven't. I haven't had many views but your happiness, and if you say it must be, why, I s'pose, it must."

"It must," commanded the girl, authoritatively.

"Well," continued the old man, "then we'd better call it concluded and be done with it. There's my hand," he said, turning to Sackett; "I like your principles and I don't mind your prospects, and I guess you'll make her happy if you can."

"I'll try," answered the young man, simply.

Starkweather glanced at the two, neither of whom had sat down, and there seemed something almost questioning in his look and attitude.

"I guess," he said, at length, "I'll just step inside for a moment."

Somewhat later, when Nettie entered the house, she found her father smoking vigorously, and evidently pondering upon some subject deeply. She had kissed him good-night, and was leaving the room before he spoke. When he did, it was with something of an air of abstraction, with the manner of one who has only succeeded in convincing himself of an astounding fact after mature deliberation. He rested the hand that held his pipe upon his knee and rubbed the other slowly over his chin; the words came slowly, as if even now he were not quite ready to trust himself to make, or was unwilling to commit himself to an open avowal of what on further reflection might appear to him different.

"Do you know, Nettie, I don't half believe that young fellow used to come to see me, after all."

She had kissed him once, but returning she threw her arms wildly around his neck, hugging him to her, and kissing him a score of times.

III.

When Sackett came on watch at one o'clock in the morning the Lone Star, bound from Buffalo to Chicago, was on Lake Erie, about forty miles to the southward and eastward of Pointe Pelée Island. The wind was strong from W.S.W. and was increasing. A considerable sea had risen. The night was clear. The stars, seen through the wind-swept space, shone brightly and seemed strangely near. Now and then a scouting cloud started above the horizon and advanced swiftly. On either hand, and even ahead, could be seen the green and red signal lights of sail vessels—the lights of some grain-laden fleet "bound down" from Chicago. They had the wind free, and as one of them passed swiftly, and not far away, it could be seen that she was carrying all sail. Sackett ordered the man, far forward on the promenade deck, to keep a sharp lookout, and he himself mounted to the hurricane deck and stood in front of the pilot-house. There were two men at the wheel. He glanced in at the compass. The propeller was on her course, N.W. by N. ¾ N. She ran along, and as signal lights farther up the lake were visible, he thought of "checking down" his vessel, but he did not. Now the clouds came on in skirmishing squads. The wind shifted three points—to W. by N. The sea was rising; it was vexed by the changing wind. Vigilant as Sackett was, with the acquired and ever present vigilance of a true sailor when on duty, with sight and hearing keenly if unconsciously alert, he really could not keep his thoughts from wandering. Was not the prosperous season drawing to a close, and was not the time—the coming Christmas—not far away, when Nettie and he were to become "shipmates" for the voyage around the world of their joint lives? and——

"Green light on the port bow," sung out the lookout; "close aboard."

With a glance Sackett saw it. It flashed quickly into plain sight, not many lengths away—not four points off the Star's port bow.

"Starboard — hard a starboard!" shouted Sackett.

"Starboard," answered a man at the wheel, and the Star swung to port. It was rather a close thing; but the big "fore-and-after," now showing a torch-light, rushed at almost a ten-knot speed across the bows of the propeller, and the propeller passed safely under the stern of the sail vessel.

Sackett glanced at his signal lights. They were all right.

"That vessel must have changed her course," he thought; "why, what fool could guess? Her jibs must have hid her red light or we would have seen it before? She couldn't have kept a good lookout."

The propeller back on her course, held steadily on at her usual speed. All signal lights to be seen were now distant and broad off either bow. There were none ahead.

How beautiful Nettie had looked as he hurried away, not an hour before the propeller started on this trip. Even though the wind was still increasing, he could see that the clouds had thickened and were in closer array to the northward and westward; all was safe, and he could not but think of her as he now stood gazing ahead. Unconsciously he pictured to himself the room in which he generally saw her—its comfortable look—its home look—to which she added so much, and—the door opening into the dining-room was at the end of the piano, against which she leaned for a moment. How many panels had that door? There certainly were two at the top. But were there two at the bottom? He could not tell. This puzzled him. And——

One of the deck-hands had come from aft out on the promenade deck. Sackett seemed to hesitate for a moment as he looked at him.

"Come up here," he said to him.

The man mounted to the "hurricane roof" and stood silent. He was an old man whom Dave had known a long time. When Sackett first shipped, as a "boy," on the old Yellowstone, the Englishman was deck-hand on her, and as deck-hand the man had "followed the Lakes" ever since. Drink had been his curse and had kept him down.

Sackett glanced ahead and looked around.

"What do you think of it, Mason?" he asked.

"Looks like a nasty night, sir," said Mason, an old salt-water sailor. "And," he added, contemptuously, "there's no sea-room on these puddles."

There was a rumble amid the distant clouds. At last they seemed to march in battalions and with regulated step. The wind had died away a little.

"It will be nothing," said Sackett, "I'll wait a while. He hasn't had half a dozen hours' sleep in the last forty-eight. And he'll want to take her up the river. But—stay where you are, Mason."

"Yes, sir," said Mason, and he turned and stood looking off to windward.

Darkness began to gather over the heavens and the water. The wind fell away more and more. There was not a signal light in sight. And Sackett stood gazing steadily ahead, and off either bow, absently, as one who did not know him or his kind, might have supposed. How wonderful—so ran his disjointed thoughts—it all was. Wonderful that she, the spoiled child of the prosperous Captain and owner of a sixteenth of the Star, should have placed the soft hand that so many had sought, in his hard palm. Like many another good fellow—like all good fellows, who never quite get over the idea that a pretty woman is a being above and beyond earth, sacred, and, if loved, to be loved with the feeling that consecrates its object—like all good fellows in such cases, he felt that Nettie was to be tenderly adored and carefully guarded, as if otherwise she would spread her wings and take flight to the native region in which she could only be at home. That she even could think of him seemed a sort of divine condescension that filled him with ineffable gratitude; that she said that she loved him amazed him with a sort of dazed ecstasy that he could neither analyze nor find words to express. And then her money! It was both a shame and a delight to him; a shame that he, who had nothing but his chief mate's license, should receive so much from her; a delight—because it must prove that she loved him when, against all self-interest she gave so much to one so poor. But in this thought there was much that was inspiriting. Here was something that a man might accomplish. He swore gently to himself that he would own the Star — all except the sixteenth—before some indefinite, not far-away time. He would save money. He would make money. He would own a half-dozen propellers better than the Star. He would——

The heavens flashed and crashed. Its artillery was at last wheeled into action. The roar and flame were incessant. The rain fell in almost compact mass. It beat down the crests of the mounting sea, threshed them out as flails thresh out and flatten unbound sheaves. But the long roll of the waves swept along. It was blowing more than "half a gale of wind."

"Steady on your course," shouted Sackett to the men at the wheel. "Mason, call the Captain. Send another man forward. Come back here yourself."

Mason was down the ladder in an instant. In a minute he was on the deck again—the Captain and he. Two men now were forward on the promenade-deck, "in the eyes of her," one port, the other starboard.

"How's her head?" asked the Captain, as he looked forward and off either bow.

"Northwest by north, three-quarters north, sir," replied Sackett.

"Keep her there," said the Captain.

"Shall we sound the whistle?" asked Sackett.

"There's no fog," said the Captain.

"Lights can't be seen far, sir."

"Sound it," said the Captain; "it can do no harm."

The whistle string led to the hurricane-deck.

"Sound the whistle," said Sackett to Mason, and its first warning was soon heard.

"What's her speed?" asked the Captain.

"About seven miles," said Sackett.

"Check her down still more, but give her good steerage way."

Sackett gave the order to the engineer through the "bells." He could soon tell that the boat was "slowed down."

All were silent, waiting, watching, listening. There was the booming thunder, the splintering lightning, the roar of the whistle every minute, the hissing of the trampling rain, the sound of

the wind, sharp, as it was cut by the standing rigging, as it swept along the decks.

"I've lost my nerve this trip," said the Captain to Sackett. "Perhaps I'm really not fit for duty," he added, solemnly.

"Captain Starkweather!" exclaimed Sackett, in firm remonstrance and strong denial.

"Nothing must happen," said the Captain; "nothing this season. I'd be ruined. They'd say I was to blame."

"Nothing," began Sackett ——

"Bright light—and red and green close on the port bow," yelled one of the men forward.

The words were scarcely spoken when the three lights burst into plain view.

"Back her," shouted Starkweather. "Back her strong."

Sackett had the rope in his hand. At once he signalled the engineer to stop—the engine must not "catch on the centre"—then instantly to back. The order was immediately obeyed. The Star was "backing," "backing strong," when a huge dominating mass, about four points off the port bow, seemed to rise out of, to detach itself from, the darkness and the obscuring rain. At full speed apparently, a large, heavily laden propeller came down upon the Star. The crash was terrific. The Star was struck just abaft her forward port gangway. The force of the blow swung her bow to starboard. The standing rigging gave way; running rigging parted; the Star's mast fell. The stranger evidently had ported just before the collision. This lessened the force of the blow a little. As it was, her sharp bow cut into the Star's side almost to her midship line. The engine of the stranger was now "backing." The Star was "backing" when struck. The vessels quickly drew away and lost each other in the darkness.

For a minute all was confusion on the Star. The lookouts rushed aft; the engineer had stopped his engine and hastened up; the "watch below" hurried on deck.

The Star lost her headway, "fell off," and was soon rolling in the trough of the sea.

"Go below," said the Captain to Sackett; "and see how bad she's hurt."

Sackett swung himself off the hurricane deck. He ran aft. He could see that the port side was crushed in, he could hear the water pouring into the hold. He knew that nothing could be done; that the Star must sink. He hurried back; he could not see the Captain. The men had rushed to the two boats hanging at the davits. The second mate headed those about to lower the starboard boat; Mason was with the others, and stopped for a moment and held on to his rope, even after it began to run through the block.

"Lower away," shouted some one to Mason; "there's a hole in her bigger'n a house."

"Quick," yelled the second mate, "if you ever want to see daylight again."

All discipline for the moment at least was really lost. Sackett saw this as he reached the hurricane deck. The clamor of voices stopped. Above the swash of the waves, above the "swish" of the rain along the deck, above all the tumult of the storm, Sackett could hear the shout of the Captain as he stood between the boats on either side:

"Stop! Hold on everything!"

In an instant Sackett was by his side, The Captain stood with a revolver, which he had hurried to his room to get, in his hand, and as he turned from port to starboard, he shouted to the men at either boat:

"Leave the ship would you! A pack of cowards! I'll shoot the first man that stirs to lower a boat."

"Captain Starkweather," said the second mate, "we'd stand by you and the Star as long as any living men, but it's no use. She's bound to sink."

"Bound to sink!" shouted Starkweather. "She mustn't sink. She shan't sink."

"We'll do what we can, or we'll sink with her," said Mason, resolutely, taking a turn of the rope he held around a belaying-pin. "I don't want no better mourner'n the old Star at my funeral." He looked around, and as he saw Sackett, he gave the rope another and quicker turn.

For an instant nothing was said. The power of command was arrayed against the determination of men who knew that in the boats lay safety.

"They're right, sir," said Sackett. "She'll sink in a few minutes."

"You!" shouted the Captain, turning fiercely upon Sackett—"you! I'm captain of this ship—I'll——"

A heavy wave struck the port side. The vessel rolled to starboard. She righted with sudden jerk. The men clung to the ropes and to the rails on either side. Starkweather was thrown to the deck, his head striking heavily. Sackett staggered but did not fall. Instantly he was beside the Captain, and sought to aid him. But Starkweather did not stir. Sackett and Mason lifted him to his feet.

The Captain was powerless and unconscious.

"The old man"—the captain of a vessel, no matter how young, is always "the old man" to his crew—"sha'nt go down if all the rest do," said Mason.

Together they carried the captain to the vessel's side.

"Lively now," shouted Sackett. "Get clear of her before she sinks."

Mason rose up to take an oar. The boat rolled. He was jerked overboard. A wave swept the boat away from the vessel. Mason snatched at a rope trailing over the propeller's side. It seemed to render slowly, as if through some block above. He tried to climb it hand over hand—to keep his head above water.

"Good-by, Dave," he shouted to Sackett, as if they were still man and boy on the Yellowstone. "It's no use."

The rope fell over the side. The propeller lurched to port, pitched, and went down. The struggling boat half filled, but did not sink.

"Back! We may save him yet," shouted Sackett.

They rowed back. They lay upon their oars. With every flash of the lightning they strained their eyes to see what they might see. They shouted. They heard nothing but the rumble of the thunder, the wash of the waves. The old deck-hand and the oldest propeller on the Lakes had gone down together.

And now they had time to look around. Off to the southward and westward they could see the red light of a steam-vessel. Now her green light had come into view, and they could hear her whistle.

Evidently she was seeking to give what aid she could, and sounding her whistle that it might be known that there was aid at hand. As the lightning flashed, Sackett could see the second mate's boat not far away. The propeller reached her first, stopped, and took her men aboard. Then she went ahead and came up to them. They rowed under her lee quarter. In that sea it was not easy to hoist the still unconscious Captain aboard. But it was soon done. In a minute all, officers and crew of the Lone Star—all except Mason, the deck-hand—were safe on board the propeller Autocrat. The Autocrat went ahead, ported her wheel, and took up her course down the Lake. Nothing of the Lone Star was above water, nothing except the two boats now left adrift.

IV.

The winter was severe. The Lake was covered with ice. Hundreds were busy upon it, sawing it out in large blocks. These were loaded upon sleds which strong horses dragged slowly around the light-house to the city, where it was stowed in huge ice-houses. Fishermen, through holes cut in the ice, plied a craft, a "gentle craft," of which old Walton never dreamed. You could see them coming, going, away out upon the ice in the dull winter light. The snow lay thick everywhere—on wharves, on the great bulky elevators, even on the vessels moored for the winter in the harbor. Only occasionally could a living thing be discovered on any of them. The wharves were deserted. The silence there was seldom broken, and then only by slight sounds which appeared to come from far away like echoes. Where there is human neighborhood and the sense of human presence, there is no place within city bounds where, it seems, at times, that desolation is so complete as the harbor and wharves of a winter-bound port upon the great Lakes.

Up at the Starkweather cottage the rigid season held sway with equal vigor. As Nettie sat looking out of the window this afternoon she could see the leafless tops of the bushes in the yard, in stalky

stiffness, above the snow. The branches of the lilac-tree were encased in frozen sleet; the small evergreens were weighted with ice. The gravel walk lay as if its pebbles were embedded in hardened cement. The afternoon was drawing toward its close. Without, it was a cheerless prospect. It was a sad house. There was the sense that there may be other calamity impending and imminent, even where calamity had lately struck so suddenly and so heavily. In his room lay Starkweather, senseless, ever since he fell upon the deck of the Lone Star. He might never be better. But there was one relief, he knew nothing of what had happened; another, that he did not suffer pain. These things the doctors said, and these things were good.

Sackett stood silently behind Nettie as she sat looking out.

"And last year it was all so different," she said, as she looked sadly up at him.

"Perhaps," he replied, with at least some show of confidence, "next year—or it may be sooner—it will all be as different in another way."

"Then," went on the girl, disregarding what he said, "father was well and strong, and she — the Star — hadn't sunk, and there wasn't the lawsuit; and"—and with a girl's capricious wilfulness, taking a strange delight in affecting to taste a bitterness which she knows does not exist—"and you loved me."

"Nettie!" half-exclaimed the young man.

"I don't know," she was answering his tone, not his speech; she knew well enough what he would have said had he said more. "Everything else has changed so much. And the money—the lawsuit——"

"Nettie," he said, and he held her hands up under her chin and looked over into her upturned eyes, "let the lawsuit do its worst; your money has made me feel awkward and ashamed many a time. Lose it, and you will be like many another girl, only you won't—won't be like any one in all the world."

She laughed contentedly in the way that women will, when what they have sought to have said is said in exactly the right way and as they expected it would be.

"But if we win the lawsuit?"

"But you will not win it. Right or wrong, you won't win it. I feel you won't. But you won't mind, if it will be a little hard at first?"

"Will it? I shall be so glad. But father——"

"When is it to be?" he asked in a moment.

"At eleven o'clock. But do you really think it will be successful?" she asked, anxiously.

Sackett did not answer.

"Even if it is," she continued, "they say that he will think and feel as he used to do."

"Yes."

"And he'll know that the boat is gone, and then he'll feel—you know how he felt last spring—he'll think that he is disgraced. Then there's the lawsuit. It will be awful."

"It will be hard."

"But there's no other way?"

"None. I must go, Nettie. I will come again this evening."

Now, at noon, the operation was nearly ended.

All the time Nettie had been in the room.

"I will hear his first word," she had said, for the doctors had told her that as soon as the pressure upon the brain was relieved, it would instantly resume its normal functions.

She had not spoken, scarcely moved; the look of determination in her face was like that of resolved despair. Sackett stood beside her. His expression changed often. He was a man, and had a man's revulsion from a sick-room. He had not a woman's courage in such place—a woman's blessed adaptation to all such scenes of visible suffering. He could not bear the sight of the glistening, torturing instruments upon the table. There was a large bowl half filled with water, and over its edge hung a blood-stained towel, the deeper color fading off into a dull yellow. The sight sickened him. Nettie tempered her agony with a strength of love, a tenderness of sympathy, so blent with her pain, that her whole nature, if as rigid for the time, was as filled with controlled distress as her face. There is an endurance only the body of which

is courage; it is much more than the endurance of men. "If I could but hold his hand," this was her thought. "If I could carry her in my arms away from here," was his.

But few words were spoken. The physicians understood each other's every act. But little now remained to be done.

"It will be a success," said Doctor Mayne, at last, confidently.

Nettie would have fallen had not Sackett sustained her. Her tears came —there had been none before. The arid sands of sorrow drank them up, and there was gladness.

"My dear young lady," said Doctor Mayne, "stand here. Let him see and know you first."

"Leave the ship!" said Starkweather, faintly. "I'll shoot the first man that stirs."

Then she took her father's hand and smiled.

"Why, Nettie," said Starkweather, "is there—is there something the matter?"

"Yes, father," she said, kneeling on a low stool by his side; "you are not well. You must let me take care of you until you are."

"Take care of me!" he said, with just strength enough to show a little impatience; and then in a lower voice, as if to himself, "bright light, and red and green. Why didn't she hear us? Why didn't she port? Why didn't she stop and back?"

"He must not be excited," said Doctor Mayne, "nor made tired, nor yet allowed to puzzle and wonder."

"Father," said Nettie, "when people are sick they are often delirious, you know. You'll be all well again soon."

"If—if it had been real," said Starkweather, "and I hadn't stopped 'em, we'd have lost the boat, and I'd never have held up my head again."

"He doesn't know that the Star is gone," she whispered to Sackett, who bent down to listen when she beckoned to him.

"And God help him," Sackett said, "he never shall."

The wedding did not take place till the middle of the next spring. Then the doctors said that Starkweather was as well as he ever would be; then the lawsuit had been decided, and the future of Nettie and Sackett lay before them. It was not a particularly brilliant future, for the lawsuit had been lost and all except the house had gone, and the Captain, though he did not know it, never would be in command again; but they were not unhappy.

The wedding was a quiet one. It took place in the room where the Captain sat day after day. There were but few present. There was no wedding-trip, of course. That, they said, would come some other time.

And all through the season there was a mystery in the house—not a very terrible mystery, but one which all assisted in maintaining. For the Captain, the Lone Star made her trips as regularly as usual, and marvellous trips they were, or you would think so if you heard the talk between the Captain and Nettie and Sackett. Never had the old propeller accomplished so much, and all that he heard about the wonderful doings was in itself true. There was a little harmless suppression, a little evasion here and there, and certain newspapers were kept carefully away from the old Captain. But the story itself was always true, except that the Lone Star was not the old boat at all, but one entirely new, of which Sackett was the master.

Nettie is sitting reading silently. Sackett is busy at the table. He is looking at the drawing of a new propeller-wheel, in which Starkweather and he have great faith. Starkweather himself is watching the dancing blaze of a soft coal fire in the grate.

"If it had been real," he says, half to himself, "if she had been lost, I should have gone down with her—I couldn't have lived disgraced."

Neither of the others heed him. They have heard it so often before.

Then Nettie reads aloud from the book of "The Pilgrim's Progress, from this World to That which is to Come," and Sackett lays down the drawing, and Starkweather turns half around and looks at her as she reads:

"Now as they were going along, and

talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean cloaths, but of a very fresh and well-favoured countenance; and as he sat by himself, he sung. 'Hark,' said Mr. *Great-heart*, 'to what the Shepherd's boy saith;' so they harkened, and he said,

'He that is down, needs fear no Fall;
He that is low, no Pride:
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his Guide.

'I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much:
And, Lord, Contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

'Fulness to such, a Burden is,
That go on Pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter Bliss,
Is best from Age to Age.'

"Then said their Guide, 'Do you hear him? I will dare to say, that this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called *Heart's-ease* in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet.'"

ELMWOOD.

IN MEMORY OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Here, in the twilight, at the well-known gate
I linger, with no heart to enter more.
Among the elm-tops the autumnal air
Murmurs, and spectral in the fading light
A solitary heron wings its way
Southward—save this no sound or touch of life.
Dark is that window where the scholar's lamp
Was used to catch a pallor from the dawn.

Yet I must needs a little linger here.
Each shrub and tree is eloquent of him,
For tongueless things and silence have their speech.
This is the path familiar to his foot
From infancy to manhood and old age;
For in a chamber of that ancient house
His eyes first opened on the mystery
Of life, and all the splendor of the world.
Here, as a child, in loving, curious way,
He watched the bluebird's coming; learned the date
Of hyacinth and golden-rod, and made
Friends of those little redmen of the elms,
And slyly added to their winter store
Of hazel-nuts; no harmless thing that breathed,
Footed or winged, but knew him for a friend.
The gilded butterfly was not afraid

To trust its gold to that so gentle hand.
Ah, happy childhood, ringed with fortunate stars!
What dreams were his in this enchanted sphere,
What intuitions of high destiny!
The honey-bees of Hybla touched his lips
In that old New-World garden, unawares.

So in her arms did Mother Nature fold
Her poet, whispering what of wild and sweet
Into his ear—the state-affairs of birds,
The lore of dawn and sunset, what the winds
Said in the tree-tops—fine, unfathomed things
Henceforth to turn to music in his brain:
A various music, now like notes of flutes,
And now like blasts of trumpets blown in wars.
Later he paced this leafy academe
A student, drinking from Greek chalices
The ripened vintage of the antique world.
And here to him came love, and love's dear loss;
Here honors came, the deep applause of men
Touched to the heart by some swift-wingèd word
That from his own full heart took eager flight—
Some strain of piercing sweetness or rebuke,
For underneath his gentle nature flamed
A noble scorn for all ignoble deed,
Himself a bondman till all men were free.

Thus passed his manhood; then to other lands
He strayed, a stainless figure among courts
Beside the Manzanares and the Thames.
Whence, after too long exile, he returned
With fresher laurel, but sedater step
And eye more serious, fain to breathe the air
Where through the Cambridge marshes the blue Charles
Uncoils its length and stretches to the sea:
Stream dear to him, at every curve a shrine
For pilgrim Memory. Again he watched
His loved syringa whitening by the door,
And knew the catbird's welcome; in his walks
Smiled on his tawny kinsmen of the elms
Stealing his nuts; and in the ruined year
Sat at his widowed hearthside with bent brows
Leonine, frosty with the breath of time,
And listened to the crooning of the wind
In the wide Elmwood chimneys, as of old.
And then—and then. . . .

The after-glow has faded from the elms,
And in the denser darkness of the boughs
From time to time the firefly's tiny lamp
Sparkles. How often in still summer dusks
He paused to note that transient phantom spark
Flash on the air—a light that outlasts him!

The night grows chill, as if it felt a breath
Blown from that frozen city where he lies.
All things turn strange. The leaf that rustles here
Has more than autumn's mournfulness. The place
Is heavy with his absence. Like fixed eyes
Whence the dear light of sense and thought has fled
The vacant windows stare across the lawn.
The wise sweet spirit that informed it all
Is otherwhere. The house itself is dead.

O autumn wind among the sombre pines,
Breathe you his dirge, but be it sweet and low,
With deep refrains and murmurs of the sea,
Like to his verse—the art is yours alone.
His once—you taught him. Now no voice but yours!
Tender and low, O wind among the pines.
I would, were mine a lyre of richer strings,
In soft Sicilian accents wrap his name.

September, 1891.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Receiving is traditionally such a poor thing compared with giving, that there is a prevailing tendency to take a discouraged view of it, and not to make a proper effort to make of it as good a thing as possible. It is capable of development into a very pleasant accomplishment, however better ones there may be; and this much may be remembered in its favor to start with, that it is the complement of giving, and an indispensable incident thereto; so that if we were wholly out of patience with it on its own account, we must still, out of a reasonable regard for the golden rule, take our turn at it, or else forego the counter-practice. It would be a mean person, certainly, who should seek to gobble up all the blessings that givers enjoy, and dodge all the pains and difficulties of receivers.

From the receiver's stand-point all gifts may be divided into things that we want and things that we don't want. It takes no particular skill or grace to receive things that we want; but as, in times of general giving, like Christmas, the gifts we get are for the most part things that we don't want, that branch of receivership is worth attention. The two ordinary reasons for not wanting things are the vulgar one that they do not strike us as intrinsically desirable, and the more complex reason that we don't want to receive them from the particular giver. A general remedy applicable to reluctances due to either of these causes is, to keep strenuously in the mind the happiness of the giver in giving. Remembering that, you are delighted with a trifle from someone you love, because it makes you happy to have been even passively instrumental in procuring him the happiness of giving; applying the same principle, you can accept ever so costly a gift from someone for whom you care little without any irksome sense of obligation, since of course the giver had the best of it any way, and it is a great deal kinder and more generous to sacrifice one's personal inclinations and accept, than to refuse. Remember persistently that by receiving with due grace you secure to another person a desirable form of happiness.

The very essence of successful receiving is to rise superior to the sense of obligation. The purpose of a gift, from the giver's point of view, is to make the receiver happy. But obligations are apt to be irksome, and the receiver who suffers one to weigh on him, meanly permits the giver's intentions to be frustrated, and the whole value of the transaction to be destroyed. Appreciation is what is wanted. To appreciate is a generous emotion, pleasurable to the receiver who can experience it, and highly agreeable to the giver. Both are blessed by it, and mutual love is quickened. Contrariwise, over obligations there is the trail of the serpent. Once recognized they have to be paid off, and when recompense comes in, gift degenerates into mere barter, and the true spirit of giving exhales and disappears. Receivership that yields to the impulse to give something

back is clumsy and inapt. Giving back is mere retaliation. If it is revengeful, it is neither pious nor philosophical, and the wise receiver will have none of it. But oftentimes it is merely the refuge of the inexperienced. A receiver who knows his business will no more resort to it than an expert horseman will hold on to the pommel of his saddle. The way to receive is to receive, not to retaliate.

To receive trifles from the rich and be charmed with them is a simple matter. To receive gifts of value from the poor and not be oppressed is a finer art, but on no account to be neglected. If Dives gives you a paper cracker, be as charmed with it as if it came from Lazarus; but on no account fail, if Lazarus gives you an heirloom, to receive it with as much gayety and as little remorse as if it came from Dives, and you knew he would not miss it. Nevertheless, don't feel obliged in your heart to undervalue Lazarus's heirloom, but be happy rather that Lazarus has had feelings toward you that have demanded so notable an expression.

After all, little children do it best. They are the superlative receivers, and it is because they are that we delight to give them things. They are frankly and delightfully appreciative. Obligations sit as lightly on them as air. They value their gifts simply by the pleasure they get out of them, and prefer a rag-baby to the deed of a brick house. They take a jumping-jack from Mary, the laundress, and a jewelled pin from Aunt Melinda Crœsus, without the least distinction of happy approval. The nearer we get to their guilelessness, the nearer we approach perfection in receiving, and in all the Christmas attributes besides.

THERE is the suggestion of something extremely fine in the preface to Mr. Herbert Spencer's new volume, "Justice," where Mr. Spencer explains that he has taken up this branch out of its due order in the general scheme of his philosophy, lest his life, or at least his energies, might not be spared to complete the whole, and because he preferred, if any must be left undone, to leave parts that he regards as of less importance than this.

It is not the first time that Mr. Spencer has exhibited the power of contemplating with perfect clearness and equanimity the likelihood of having to die before his great life's work, which must now have grown unspeakably precious to him, can be finished. In this very preface he quotes from that of an earlier volume, where the same reason was assigned for writing that too out of its due order. Nor, indeed, is Mr. Spencer himself the first of the philosophers to give example of a noble serenity of mind. Bacon, it will be recalled, though he had been engaged on the "Novum Organum" near thirty years, put it out at last in a form that he accounted still imperfect, and his reason for doing so, he said, was, "to speak plainly, because I number my days, and would have it saved." And nearly the whole race have been of this mould.

The comedians and the satirists, it is true, have afforded us no end of sport at the absence of philosophy from the philosopher's personal conduct, and they have left a popular impression of him as a person of the Square kidney, who, in the very act of instructing young Tom Jones that "such accidents as a broken bone were below the consideration of a wise man," bit his tongue and fell a-swearing at the pain. But in only one particular have their portrayals done the philosopher other than the grossest injustice. In the fierceness of his professional controversies they have had him on the hip: no caricature could outdo herein the actual fact. An unworthy heat in controversy granted, however, no other group of lives is richer in high qualities and freer from base ones than that of the lives of the philosophers. And there is a touch even of ungraciousness in the fun of the comedians and the satirists at the philosopher's expense; for they have shown a special susceptibility to the mania of philosophy themselves. Altogether the merriest fellows in this sort have been Molière, whose favorite diversion was to sit disputing in philosophy by the hour, and Fielding, who had Aristotle at his fingers' ends.

In outward circumstance and condition the lives of the philosophers have varied as widely as those of any other class of men. While Aristotle gathered riches through the patronage of kings, Comte constructed the "Positive Philosophy" on an income that

once, indeed, in a phenomenal tide of good fortune, amounted to £400 a year, but which usually was less than £200, and often less than £100. While Descartes, before entering upon that eight years' solitary study of himself which was the last stage in the evolution of his philosophic system, had the means and inclination to wander the better part of nine years up and down Europe studying other men, Kant in all his long life never got outside the boundaries of East Prussia, or as much as a hundred miles away from the town of Königsberg. But, however different in opportunities and rewards, the lives of the philosophers are at one in the love of truth for its own sake, and in a readiness to spare no labor, and none of the ordinary forms of worldly success to find it. Such examples of self-denial and of long, secluded diligence as some of the philosophers furnish, are scarcely to be matched elsewhere. "In no pursuit," said Hegel, "is one so solitary as in philosophy." And what fine instances they have furnished, too, of patience, of calmly biding one's time! Ten, twenty, thirty, even forty years of hard, high thinking expended on a single system before the world was taken into the author's confidence!

Philosophy is being constantly asked of what earthly use she is. She certainly can take some credit to herself for her capacity to satisfy the highest energies and aspirations of such a company of choice spirits. She can hardly claim, however, that her own maxims, deliberately chosen and resolutely lived by, have made her eminent devotees the pure and even beautiful persons that they have so often been; for these examples of noble living are found in all the schools. No; the choice, high natures may find their full development and their most congenial pleasure in philosophy, but they are not created there. Kant would not have plunged into adventures and folly even though Leibnitz and Descartes had never lived.

Recurring to the instance of Mr. Spencer: It is now thirty-one years since he issued the prospectus of his system of "Synthetic Philosophy." He had already been at work upon it several years. He has since never rested from it save as lately ill-health has compelled him to. There yet remain to do less than three of the ten large volumes that are to complete the set. One need be one's self no Spencerian, no disciple who awaits eagerly every new word from the master's pen, to wish most heartily that Mr. Spencer may live to get the last item of his plan executed. The project enlists admiration and sympathy by its very extent and laboriousness, and quite apart from its contents.